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THE ODALISQUE.

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NEW SERIES.

THE
ART JOURNAL
FOR 1876.



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THE ART JOURNAL.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.



ERE any apology necessary for continuing the series of sketches by Landseer into another year, it must be found in the universal interest they have attracted during that which is passed. Each succeeding month, as they appeared, has borne witness to their popularity, not only in Great Britain, but also on the

Continent of Europe, and especially in the United States. Landseer's name is known wherever British Art of any kind has penetrated, and whatever comes from his hand finds a most

ready welcome. The success of these illustrated papers has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, high as our anticipations may have been, and it encourages us to proceed with them. Valuable studies of a most diversified character have been liberally placed at our disposal, so that our subscribers may confidently look forward to a series of subjects even more interesting than those which have already been presented.

The sketch on this page, executed in chalk on grey paper, bears the artist's name and date. It represents a group of five Merino sheep, the first imported into England by the late



Merino Sheep.—Lent by Henry Kettel, Esq., Camberwell.

Lord Somerville—the title became dormant in 1871—who exhibited them at the cattle-show, in 1814, at the old Sadler's Repository, Goswell Road. Young Landseer presented the original drawing to Mrs. Sadler, in acknowledgment of her kind-

ness and attention during the five days he was sketching various animals "on show." In the distance is seen a spire, which, we are told, is that of Islington Church, then recently erected. There is in existence an etching-plate, by Thomas Landseer,

engraved in 1818, of these five sheep, which, in Mr. A. Graves's comprehensive catalogue of Sir Edwin's works, are described as "belonging to Squire Western," a well-known Essex agriculturist. The animals are differently arranged in the etching, and were most probably engraved from another drawing; the three sheep on the left stand as they do in our woodcut; the two

others are lying down at a short distance from each other and from their companions, while all are in an open field, a high hedge, running almost across the scene, forming a background.

Anyone acquainted with the engraving from Landseer's famous picture of 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time,' can scarcely fail to recognise in it the nearer figure in the annexed woodcut—to



The Falcon (1834).—Lent by A. Harris, Esq., Lunefield, Kirkby Lonsdale.

which we have given the title of 'The Falcon'—from a most masterly sketch in oils, undoubtedly the original idea for the same figure in the 'Bolton Abbey' picture, though a comparison of the two shows considerable difference. In the latter the young falconer, or "keeper," whichever he may be, wears

no cap on his head, and the left wing of the huge bird slung across his shoulder is not disposed in the same manner as it is in the sketch: the general attitude is very similar in both works.

The next illustration, a 'Study of Oak-trees,' from a most elaborate drawing in black and white, is another evidence of

what Landseer might have become as a landscape-painter, had he chosen to devote his genius to that department of art. But who could wish he had done so? In landscape we have had, and still have, artists of the very highest class, but of animal-painters such as was Landseer the world has seen only one; one, that is, who endowed the creatures with qualities almost

human, and still not higher than those which nature has given them, and in a greater degree than man too often is disposed to assign to them. These oak-trees appear to have grown within the palings of a park: the sketch was left unfinished, but how carefully has the artist studied these oaks, and how truthfully has he represented them both in their forms and ramifications.

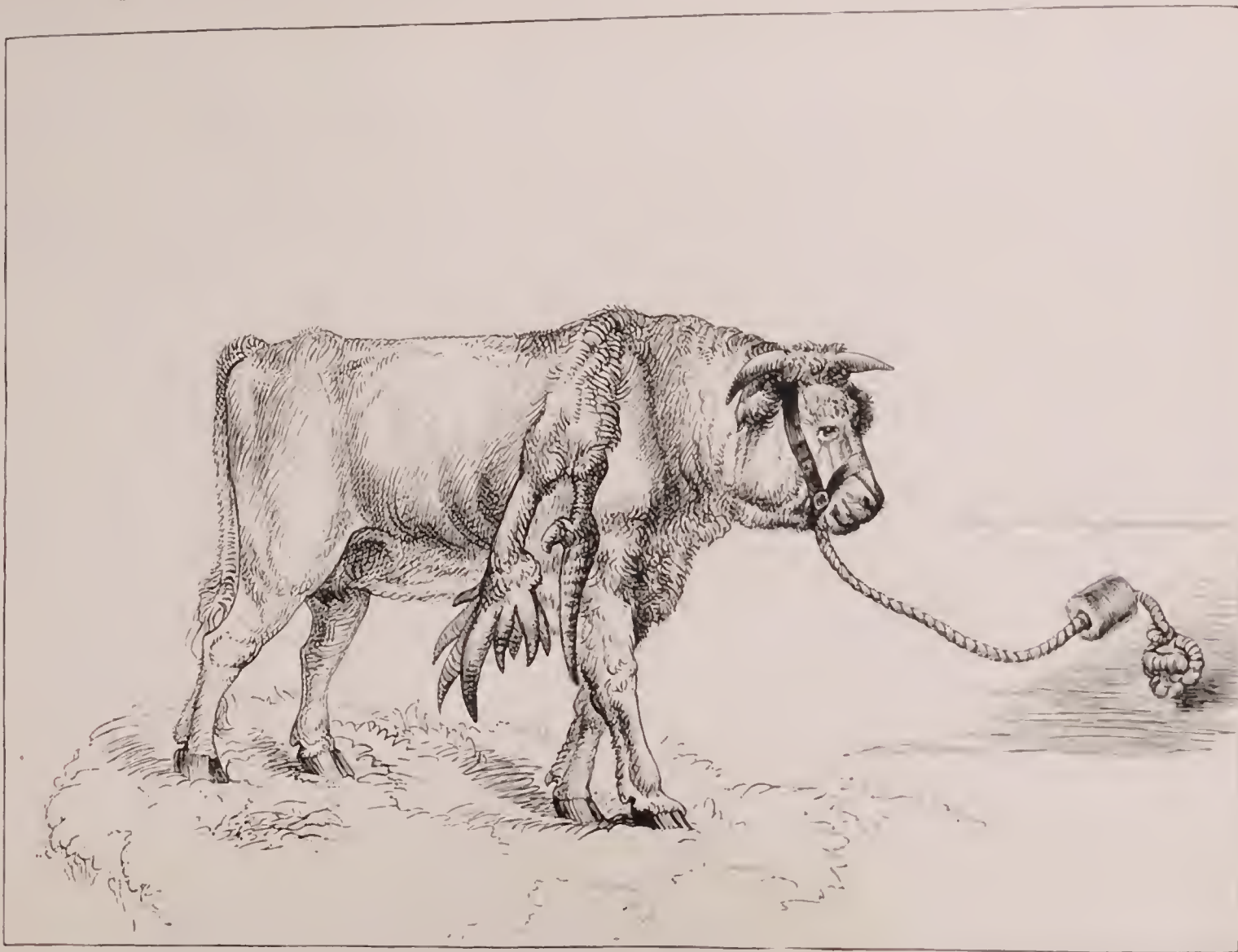


Study of Oak-Trees.—Lent by Messrs. Agnew, Waterloo Place.

We are quite at a loss rightly to designate the strange-looking animal which forms the subject of the first engraving on the next page: it is from a pencil-drawing in the possession of a gentleman to whom we are indebted for the loan of numerous sketches by Landseer; but it seems to defy all intelligible de-

scription, and can only be regarded as a *lusus naturæ* which the artist had seen at some time or other, and was tempted to sketch on account of its singularly odd formation. At first sight it would seem as if something or other—it is impossible to say what—were thrown over the creature's shoulders; but the

drawing shows no separation or detachment of this from the skin of the animal to justify the opinion, and the only probable



A Lusus Nature.—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

conclusion is that the outgrowth is a cluster of horns which | nature, in one of her strangest freaks, has placed where they



Swiss Mules (1840).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

are. The 'Swiss Mules' are from a sketch drawn with pen and | ink, the shadows being washed in with sepia.

THE WORKS OF FRANK HOLL.



THE annals of artists offer occasional evidence of talent being hereditary, though in such instances not necessarily in equal degree, or developing itself in the same way. Sometimes the father transmits to his son only a meagre portion, comparatively, of his own genius; and sometimes the fame of the father is almost totally eclipsed by the greater talents of the son, as, for example, was the case with the elder Teniers, whose works, even during his lifetime, were held in much lower repute than those of his son; and now the difference between them in public estimation is very far wider. It would be easy to multiply instances of a similar nature, but this one must suffice. Sometimes hereditary Art-talent shows itself in a second generation, after a form altogether distinct from that whence it was derived by descent; and this is especially noticeable where the son of an engraver becomes distinguished as a painter. Our own school has, within the memory of many now living, supplied examples of this, as in those of Sir Edwin Landseer and his brother Charles, sons of John Landseer, an engraver of good repute; Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., and his two brothers, William and Walter, sons of the late Edward Goodall, the distinguished landscape-engraver;

Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., son of the late George Cooke, also a famous landscape-engraver; and, not to mention others who might be brought forward, Mr. Frank Holl, who is a son of the well-known engraver of the same name.

And it is not difficult to understand how a love of Art, if not always the talent to cultivate it successfully, is transmitted from father to son; the latter is, as it were, born to it. Art is the element in which he first draws breath, and he grows up from childhood amidst its surroundings; pencils are his playthings almost as soon as he is able to use his fingers, and the colour-box becomes an object of ambition as he advances into boyhood. Other pursuits may in process of time supplant the aspirations of his early years, but if he still holds on to the latter there is everything in his home-life to foster them and to encourage him to perseverance. Art to such a one is not an exotic brought from a foreign land; it is indigenous to the spot on which he himself has been planted by nature, and it thrives—more or less according to the faculties bestowed upon him—simply because both soil and atmosphere are favourable to its growth.

FRANK HOLL was born in London in 1845, and was educated in the school of University College. Soon after he had passed



Deserted.

the fifteenth year of his age his desire to be a painter led him to enter himself as a probationer of the Royal Academy, and a few months subsequently he was admitted a student. At the distribution of prizes in 1862, Mr. Holl received a silver medal for "the best drawing from the antique," and also the premium of ten pounds. A picture 'A Mother and Sick Child,' was painted by him about this time, as a commission given by a cotton merchant of Rochdale: the work was never exhibited. In the

competition of the students in the following year (1863) Mr. Holl was yet more successful, obtaining the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of twenty-five pounds for two years, "for the best historical painting," and a silver medal for "the second-best drawing from the life." The subject of the picture for which the gold medal, &c., were awarded was 'Abraham about to Sacrifice Isaac;' we referred to it at the time as a work "which might hold place among the productions of veterans in Art."

In 1864 he made his first appearance as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy with two pictures, one being 'A Portrait,' the other bearing the title of 'Turned out of Church;' it chanced, however, that both escaped my observation when visiting the gallery. The same remark applies to Mr. Holl's single contribution of the following year, 'A Fern-gatherer.' His picture exhibited in 1866, 'The Ordeal,' fared better at my hands; the subject is not novel in itself, for it is one which few young artists have, it may be assumed, not had to pass through; and it is one also that has not unfrequently been painted: it shows a tyro submitting a picture he has just executed to a patron, and waiting with no little anxiety for the decision of the latter. There is considerable point in the composition, so far as it tells the story, while the manner in which it is carried out, though evidencing, as might reasonably be expected, an inexperienced hand, gave promise of a future which has now been in a great measure fulfilled. The very next year (1867) produced two

pictures at the Academy which went a long way towards the realisation of the success foreshadowed in 'The Ordeal:' these were respectively entitled 'A Convalescent' and 'Faces in the Fire.' I can pay them no higher compliment than to quote the notice of them which appeared in the *Art Journal*, when reviewing the exhibition: "'The Convalescent' is as remarkable for intention as for high technical qualities. The patient suffering, the wasting away not beyond reach of recovery, are admirably expressed. For colour, the treatment of greys may be commended. The execution is free as it is firm; the parts sketched have as much value as the points that are finished. 'Faces in the Fire,' by the same artist, is a picture which shadows forth a story, and moves to sympathy. Mr. Holl has only to continue as he has begun, and his career is sure." His only contribution to the Academy exhibition of 1868 was a striking portrait of his father; but at the end of that year we find his name at the head of those students of the Academy on



Want: her poverty, but not her will, consents.

whom prizes were bestowed, his award being the "two years' travelling studentship for painting." The picture which obtained for Mr. Holl this distinction was exhibited at Burlington House in 1869, the year in which the Academy removed to Piccadilly from Trafalgar Square. It had for its title a passage from the Book of Job—"THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY; BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD:" an engraving from it forms one of our illustrations. On referring to my catalogue of the Academy exhibition in 1869, I find this picture marked as one of the most striking works of its character in the gallery, sad as is the subject, which was suggested by a story wherein is an incident describing the assembling of a family for the first time after the death and funeral of the last and only parent. The eldest son, a young minister, now assumes the headship, and, as such, says grace at the meal, and alludes to the loss in the words adopted for the title of the picture.

Another scriptural subject was contributed to the Academy in 1870; it inculcated the duty of loving-kindness as taught by Solomon in the Book of Proverbs—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." The composition is made out in conformity with the first portion of the text, and therefore needs no description; but the execution throughout is certainly less successful than that of the picture just mentioned, inasmuch as there is an absence of finish in some parts where such a quality seems to be required to give value to the work; in other words, the execution is too broadly generalised. As a kind of set-off to this, the picture is remarkable for richness of colour.

Mr. Holl's works had already arrested the attention of the Queen, and he had the honour of receiving a commission from Her Majesty to paint a picture for her: the result was 'No tidings from the Sea,' exhibited at the Academy in 1871, with

another entitled 'Winter:' the former tells a pathetic story, and the execution is as earnest as the conception. Both works fully maintained the reputation already acquired by the young artist.

Founded on the verse of Scripture, "I am the resurrection and the life," and adopting the words for the title of his picture, Mr. Holl sent to the Academy in 1872 a work the subject of which is a village-funeral; the scene represents a procession of mourners following the dead along the churchyard-path. The "pomp and circumstance" of interment find no place amid such an assembly as is gathered here, dressed in habiliments of mourning which show more the scantiness of the purse than the depth of grief felt by those who wear them. And perhaps it is owing to the absence of so much of the outward and visible manifestation of sorrow that one feels the solemnity of the composition, which is worked out with impressive pathos, and shows much artistic excellence in treatment and manner. With this

very touching picture was exhibited another, but of a different character, simply 'A Milkmaid.'

'Leaving Home,' Mr. Holl's solitary contribution to the Academy in 1873, represents part of a railway station, where two or three persons are seated, waiting the arrival of a train to carry them away. Though the subject is not novel, this version of the incident reveals many commendable qualities of painting. To Mr. Wallis's gallery in Pall Mall he sent, in the winter of the same year 'WANT—HER POVERTY, BUT NOT HER WILL, CONSENTS,' which is among the engraved illustrations here introduced. The sentiment of the composition is of a kind with which, unhappily, the world is only too familiar—at least by what one hears or reads of. The scene is the interior of a pawnbroker's shop, which a rather young woman has entered with an infant in her arms, to raise money for the necessities of herself and her child by pawning her wedding-ring, to



"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

which she is driven by the drunken habits of a dissolute husband. She stands a short distance from the shop counter, apparently half-ashamed of what she is compelled to do; while a young man, the pawnbroker's assistant, bends over the counter to write out the pawn-ticket: behind him is the pawnbroker himself, who is gazing at the poor woman with an expression of pity, as if he would advance more for the pledge than she has asked.

There is yet one of the engravings introduced here which has not hitherto been noticed: it is the 'DESERTED,' taken from Mr. Holl's picture exhibited at the Academy in 1874: it tells its own story perspicuously enough. The scene is presumed to lie on one of the wharves on the banks of the Thames in Southwark: on it is a crane for landing and shipping merchandise, half visible in the fog; and it is probable that the infant which

the policeman carries so carefully was found concealed behind it. It is early dawn, and a thick dingy mist envelopes everything but the nearest group of figures, which alone are seen with any distinctness. The men, judging by their dress, are evidently not yet off night-duty, and the people who are with them were probably about to begin their daily labours when the discovery of the "deserted" one arrested their attention; and their curiosity, excited by the occurrence, leads them to accompany the officers to ascertain, if possible, what will come of it. The woman in the distance, who furtively watches the whole procedure, knows, it may be presumed, more about the foundling than she cares to disclose except upon compulsion. The subject in itself cannot be considered either pleasing or attractive, but it is truthfully worked out, and its artistic merits are neither few nor insignificant.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

A PRESENTATION TAZZA.

THE Tazza of which we give an engraving has been presented by the Committee of the "French Hospital" to Dr. Vintras, their honorary physician, as a testimonial to recognise the valuable services he has rendered, gratuitously, for many years to that Institution, which he largely contributed in founding. The tazza is the latest, and certainly will rank among the best, achievements of the famous firm of Elkington; it is in *repoussé* silver: the design, by the celebrated French artist,

M. Morel-Ladeuil, is emblematic of Charity, represented by a female figure holding in her arms an infant, and with a sick child lying at her feet; in the background is the portico of the Hospital. The details of the ornamental border of the tazza are the esculapian cup, and medicinal plants. On the escutcheon are the names of the different countries whose subjects find relief in the establishment, for although it is denominated the *French Hospital*, its doors are open to foreigners



from all parts of the globe; and since its foundation it has assisted patients belonging to no fewer than twenty-one different nationalities. The admirable institution is liberally supported, not only by French residents in England, but by many Englishmen who have relations with France or desire to relieve, everywhere, the ailments incident to humanity, more especially among those who, being strangers, are not always within reach of aid. The good the Hospital has done is very great; it is in

truth one of the links that bind the great nations of the world closer together; it has long been classed among the most useful of the many charities that grace the British Metropolis. Like the great number of our own benevolent societies of every kind, it is "supported by voluntary contributions;" thousands there annually obtain relief or cure, as we learn when the Anniversary takes place, year after year, from its indefatigable honorary secretary, M. Eugene Rimmel.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

III.—CHINESE PORCELAIN.



VENTURE to introduce the subject of porcelain with a picture of Pou-tai, the god of Contentment, once thought to be the god of Porcelain (No. 1): "Corpulent, his chest uncovered, mounted on or leaning upon the wine-skin which holds his terrestrial goods; his face, with half-closed eyes, beaming with an eternal laugh."

His image is found in the workshops of China—where men wish what they cannot obtain. He might safely be adopted among our American deities; for, in this universe of ours, no spot can be found where non-content or discontent reigns so supremely as here.

We shall help to bring about the recognition of Pou-tai if we can



No. 1.

make every home a temple of comfort and beauty, and every dinner a delectable feast.

How we eat, makes "china" a most interesting subject. I say "china" rather than porcelain because the word has come to express fully and vividly that most exquisite manufacture of fictile vessels which, from a very early day, had reached such wonderful perfection in China, later in Japan. In writing upon this subject, which seems to follow the dining-room, I may therefore use the two words "china" and "porcelain" to express the same thing.

"China-mania" is a subject of ridicule, and china-lovers may run into mania. But the subject itself is full of interest and worthy of all the care, skill, and art, which have been bestowed upon it.

The dinner being, as I have suggested already, the central and important fact of human (and of all) life, the dishes which we human creatures use therefore become of perennial interest; the hand, the eye, the taste, the soul, are daily gratified by the combination of "use and beauty," nowhere so fully and delicately and



No. 2.

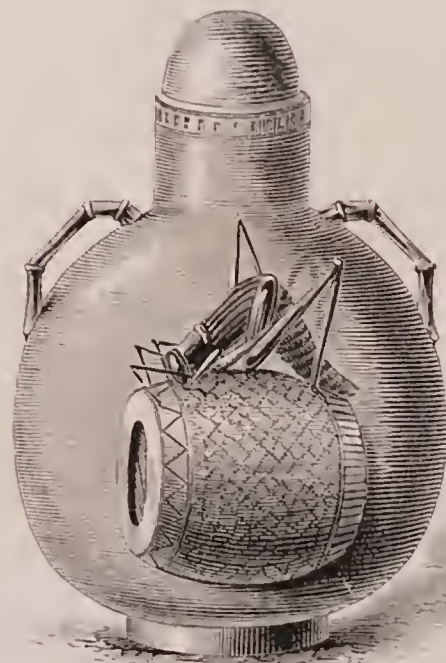
deliciously shown as in the productions of the potter's wheel; or they are repulsed and disgusted by a display of clumsy forms, coarse paste, and crude colours.

I take this opportunity to protest with my full force against the cruelty and brutality of our servant-maidens, who seem to love to



No. 3.

break the edges of our best china. I have been obliged to eat off broken plates and drink from ragged cups at most hotels in Ame-



No. 4.

rica, and I regret to say in many private houses. I have notified my domestic tyrants that, if any more of my dish-edges are broken into, I shall deduct it from salary, and, if necessary, vote no more

supplies. I wish all readers would take the same position boldly, firmly, and persistently.

The history of pottery is in a good degree the history of man. All nations have done something in this way, from the rude clay pots of the barbarians, through the gaily-painted dishes of the incipient civilisation, up to the culmination of the art, when perfection seems to have been reached in China through the centuries extending up to the sixteenth. This manufacture, which reached in



No. 5.

China and Japan to the point of finest art, has not been surpassed by any civilised race, if equalled. I am unable to do any thing but admire a people whose workmen did and liked to do such fine and faithful work, and found such large patronage for it; and it seems a ludicrous and stupid judgment for us, who admire and pay for the sculptures of Mr. Mills and Miss Ream, to call those peoples barbarians!

Are they not justified in calling *us* "outside barbarians?"

This paper will treat briefly upon these Oriental productions, and



No. 6.

I am sure no apology is needed. It is only a question whether any Occidental can do it sufficiently well; perfectly, of course, we cannot, as there is so much we do not and cannot know.

Three thousand years before our Christian era these Chinese were great potters, had reached to a high point in form and decoration; and porcelain, the finest pottery, began to be made some two hundred years before our era. At that time our ancestors were in a state of gross if not beastly barbarism; while *they* showed skill, taste, refinement, in this and in other ways.

As late as the twelfth century cups and trenchers of "honest tre," or wood, were used in the best castles of England, and the dishes were often square bits of board; and down even to a much later day the fingers were used to carry the meat to the mouth.

Some two hundred years, then, before Christ, it appears that the Chinese had discovered and applied to the making of porcelain two fine clays, one called *kaolin*, and the other *pe-tum-tse*; which last is a decayed feldspar; combined, these produce the fine semi-transparent body which we call china or porcelain. All china, then, has in a greater or less degree this quality of translucency. It



No. 7.

appears, therefore, that most of the Canton-ware brought to us is not porcelain at all, but simply a kind of stone or earthen ware, coated with an enamel or glaze, which sometimes may contain porcelain.

So, too, the most beautiful Satsuma-ware from Japan is not



No. 8.

porcelain, but a fine sort of pottery or earthenware, the decoration of which is most marked and harmonious.

For more than two thousand years the "heathen Chinese" has been working at the production of porcelain—and working most intelligently and skilfully. He has done this:

1. The materials used are selected with the greatest care.
2. They are combined, and ground, and mixed, with consummate knowledge.
3. The articles desired are turned and modelled with great pre-

cision and dexterity, oftentimes with the keenest perception of beauty of line.

4. The decorations exhibit an exquisite feeling as to value and harmony of colour, and freedom of design.



No. 9.

This combination of knowledge, skill, and taste, the Chinese were the first to combine in pottery and porcelain, and they have not been excelled.

To those who are ignorant, it seems a very paltry thing to make



No. 10.

a dinner-plate; but to make a perfect one requires all the best faculties of man. Ignorant and foolish people hold the china-lovers in contempt; we reciprocate: we believe that the man who does not perceive and enjoy all this beautiful handiwork is wilfully ignorant or pitifully stupid: he has our prayers.

Traces of porcelain are found in the ancient tombs and among the mummies of Egypt, in the form of a small bottle, as here shown (No. 2). Just what was their use or significance we do not know; but they prove that intercourse of some sort existed between those countries in those early days.

Marco Polo visited China in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and he told of the great factories for the production of porcelain there; and how certain kinds of earth were collected, and, after being exposed to air and rains for thirty or forty years, were then fit to be made into cups and bowls. Great quantities were sold in the city. "For a Venetian groat you may purchase eight porcelain cups."

Beginning of course with useful articles simply, this manufacture progressed until pots and vases and dishes were made for purely decorative purposes.

As porcelain was introduced into Europe by the Portuguese about the year 1578, we are obliged to pierce into the dimness of the past with the aid of the Chinese themselves. M. Julien,* a



No. 11.

Frenchman, has compiled from the Chinese writings mostly all we know, some parts of which may come into this paper. Jacquemart, Marryat, Chaffers, Demmin, and others, have drawn from him.

As early as the Tch'in dynasty (about 583) fine qualities were produced, and the court of the emperors demanded it. Artists began to appear, and rare and rarer qualities were made. We find that different styles were sought for and were held in highest esteem; that "the Tsin held the blue china in high estimation;" the Soni (581-618) gave the preference to green. The Thang dynasty (618-907) required it should be white; and in 621 Ho made porcelain for the emperor of a white ground, "brilliant as jade;" while the Emperor Tchi-tsung (954-959) gave his family name to a beautiful blue, the most highly esteemed of all the ancient porcelains of China.† How fine this was we cannot know,

* "Histoire de la Porcelaine Chinoise."

† Marryat, "Pottery and Porcelain."

as it is not likely that any piece of it exists with us, if even among the Chinese. The production grew, until in 1369 in the city of King-te-Chin, according to the statement of Father d'Entrecolles, it was estimated at a million; where a vast and varied industry in



No. 12.

making china was carried forward, down even to the present times; when the Tae-ping rebels (who we were told were *Christians*) utterly destroyed it.

From the accounts, mostly of the French missionaries, it seems that while the three thousand furnaces at King-te-Chin baked the porcelain which was modelled there, it was taken to Nanking and Canton to be decorated; and, as far as we know, the painting of Nanking was superior to that of Canton. King-te-Chin is swept away, and Nanking is almost destroyed; so that we can expect no more fine Art-work in porcelain from China.

It is likely, however, that much decoration was done at the great city of King-te-Chin; but what we know now as "the celestial" or Nanking blue was undoubtedly done at Nanking; of this more will be said in the progress of this paper.

It is impossible here to dwell upon or to know much of the various descriptions of china made down to the period of the Ming dynasty (1368-1649). Upon the productions of this period the Chinese collectors and antiquarians place the highest value—in many cases much greater even than now rages in Europe.

Some examples of this period are to be seen in Europe and a few in America.

One of our commissioners, who met the Chinese and Japanese at the Vienna Exposition, was told by them that they were purchasing choice pieces of porcelain, intending to take them back to their countries, where they are more valuable than in Europe: for, from the earliest days, it seems that both the Chinese and Japanese have been keen critics and lovers of this most fascinating work.

Jacquemart and others have attempted to arrange the decorated work into groups as follows:

The *ARCHAIC*—of which perhaps none exists.

The *CHRYSANTHEMO-PÆONIENNE*.

The *FAMILLE-VERT*, or *GREEN*.

The *FAMILLE-ROSE*, or *PINK*.

Besides these are many sub-varieties. These groups indicate the style of decoration of which we shall attempt to give some sketches, though they are but faint, wanting colour.

The chrysanthemo-pæonienne exhibits the use in various ways of the chrysanthemum and peony. We give here examples, to show the style of decoration, as far as we are able to do it, without colour.

Picture No. 3 is a pot from Mrs. Burlingame's collection. It

stands some twenty inches high, and is a fine example of the early style of work. The paste and glaze are not so good as in the rose family, but still all is excellent. The chrysanthemums are yellow, red, and black. This work is no doubt very old.

We give (in No. 4) a sketch of a small snuff-bottle from the same collection, drawn the real size. It is a perfect piece of work; the paste is a fine white, the overturned preserve-pot is a clear lemon-yellow, with a little colour in the rings; the grasshopper is alive and is brilliant with greens, blacks, and blues. The stopper is a bit of purple amethyst. It is so *complete* that it fills the mind with satisfaction, more thorough than the sight of St. Peter's can give.

The *famille-vert*, or green, is so called because a clear brilliant green is the only or prevailing colour.

The plate here shown is also from Mrs. Burlingame's collection. The paste is a brilliant white, the glaze perfect; and the dragons, in green, have all that freedom and fancy for which the early Chinese artists were remarkable (No. 5).

The vase pictured as No. 6, also belonging to the green family, from Jacquemart, is a beautiful example of this style of work. The figures are most deftly drawn and coloured. The subject we suppose to be historical.

The *famille-rose*, or red, describes a group where the rose and ruby colours are the distinguishing ones. This fine colour is produced from gold. Nearly all of this work shows the colour in low-relief, and thus may be termed enamelled.

Three very fine examples are given of this rose-family.

No. 7 is an octagon plate, with an exquisitely flowered and diapered border, from the collection of Miss Wyman, of Cambridge.

Nos. 8 and 9 are equally good from Mr. Wales's collection.

In these three divisions is contained much of the very best productions of China. The chrysanthemum and peony decoration was probably most in use, and was made in greater quantities than any. Some of the older pieces of this show the chrysanthemum in black (No. 3), as well as in other colours. The body of this group is not so fine as the two later descriptions, but the decoration is full of beauty and variety. In the green and rose groups, the paste, the decoration, and the colouring, reached perfection; and it is impossible to surpass the best work of these classes.

But in all this work there is no imitation, no absolute copying of the flower, the bud, the landscape, the lady.

The Chinese were fond of a symbolic or fabulous decoration. The engraving No. 10 pictures a conflict going on between the spirits or demons of the water and the air; it is most free and effective. This vase belongs to the collection of Mrs. Burlingame.

I saw in England a small blue vase, at Mr. Talbert's, upon which was shown the Trinity (three figures) in a sort of balcony in the sky; beneath them was a sea of fire, out of which appeared the dragon or devil spitting venom at the Godhead, one of which was warding it off with a drawn sword. It was curious, if not true, and showed their notions of European beliefs, obtained, no doubt, from the early missionaries.



No. 13.

The Dog of Fo is one of the sacred symbolic animals, and was placed at the thresholds of temples to defend them from harm.

He has feet armed with claws, a great grinning face full of teeth, a curly mane, and might be supposed to be modelled, by an Oriental

fancy, from the lion. Sometimes this creature has been described as a chimera.

The fong-hoang also is sometimes pictured. This is a strange and immortal bird, which descends from the regions of highest heaven to bless mankind. It bears a fleshy head, soft silky feathers about its neck, the body ending with a tail combining the feathers of the peacock and the argus pheasant.

In very early centuries this bird was the symbol of royalty.

Other symbolic and sacred creatures are often pictured:—

The kylin, which was believed to foretell good fortune:—

"Its body is covered with scales; its branched head represents that of the dragon; its four delicate feet are terminated by cloven hoofs, resembling those of a stag; it is so gentle and benevolent, notwithstanding its formidable aspect, that it avoids, in its light step, to tread under foot the smallest worm."*

The dragon, symbol there of empire and power, is thus described:—

"It is the largest of reptiles with feet and scales; it can make itself dark or luminous, subtle and thin, or heavy and thick; can shorten or lengthen itself at pleasure. In the spring it rises to the



No. 14.

skies, in the autumn it plunges into the water. There are the scaly dragon, the winged dragon, the horned and the hornless dragon, and the dragon rolled within itself, which has not yet taken its flight into the upper regions."†

The example No. 5 shows this dragon as pictured by the Chinese.

The dragon is shown with five claws, for the imperial household; four claws, for a lower rank in China; while in Japan the creature is usually figured with but three claws. He appears to have been accepted as the symbol of power, much as the lion has been with Occidental nations.

The white stag, the axis deer, and the crane, express longevity; the mandarin duck, affection.

Symbolism also prevailed in the uses of colours and of flowers. Green and vermillion upon the walls of a house belonged only to the emperors.

* Jacquemart.

† From a Chinese Dictionary quoted by Jacquemart.

The primary colours were applied in this way:—

Red belonged to fire;

Black to water;

Green to wood;

White to metal.

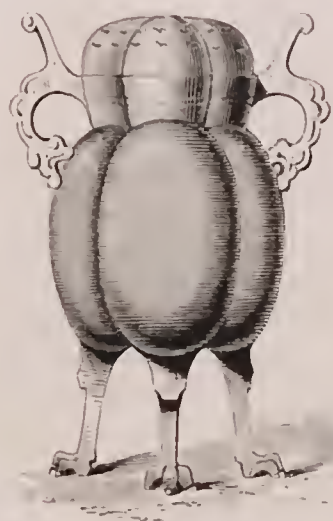
Earth was represented by a square;

Fire by a circle;

Water by a dragon;

Mountains by a hind.

Pots and vases were made for special occupations, such as those for soldiers, governors, writers, &c. Jacquemart describes a bowl in his collection:—

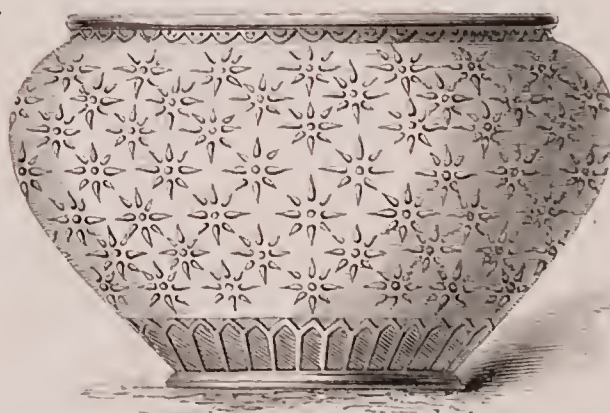


No. 15.

"It is a cup of 'the learned;' at the bottom is seen the author, seated under a fir-tree, in deep meditation; his *ssé*, placed near him, permits him to modulate the songs he may have composed. On the exterior we see the scholar, with his elbows on the table, surrounded by his literary treasures. He reflects, and from his forehead, which he leans on his hand, issues a stroke which unrolls into a vast phylactery, upon which the painter has traced various scenes of the drama to which his genius is giving birth."

Vases, figures, &c., were made for religious uses, and upon the household altars were placed vases for burning perfumes, cups and bowls for wine, images of Fo and other representative deities.

Use was, at the beginning, the motive for the production of all fictile dishes, and china was at first, and it has always been, made for the purposes of the table. Twelve small dishes of fine porcelain were presented to Mrs. Burlingame while at Peking; and the high compliment was enhanced by the fact that they were sent after eating from them, without being washed. The paste and



No. 16.

glaze are excellent, and the decoration of the outsides exquisite; while the insides show painting of a much commoner type.

Hospitality was held to be a great virtue in China, and the visitor was treated as a friend.

In their houses were found decorative pieces of the highest excellence and value. It is no rare thing for a piece of rare china to sell for a thousand dollars there.

Many of them bore inscriptions, such as:—

"A precious thing to offer;" "Splendid, like the gold of the house of Jade;" "I am the friend of Yu-Tchouen."

The chrysanthemo-pæonienne, the customary decoration, was

most in use; but, so far as I know, never seen on dinner-services sent to us.

I may ask attention to a characteristic of all the best Oriental Art: *it is not imitative*—not absolutely a copy.

The artist seizes the *spirit*, the action, the colour, of a bird or flower, and, by a few fine, keen strokes, fastens them upon the china. No attempt is made to display a botanical or ornithological specimen. All is free, bold, effective—a sketch, but not a slovenly one. It is not easy for words to explain this.

Now, the methods of the Occidental and civilised peoples, as we call them, are the reverse of this. At Sèvres and Dresden, for example, is to be seen the most elaborate, careful, and detailed pencilling or imitation of a flower, or a face, or a landscape, requiring extreme and persistent attention and labour.

This is copying—the *spirit* is rarely seized; the other is Art, and is certainly the highest and the most satisfactory.

The Oriental feels;

The Occidental reasons.

The Oriental perceives and creates;

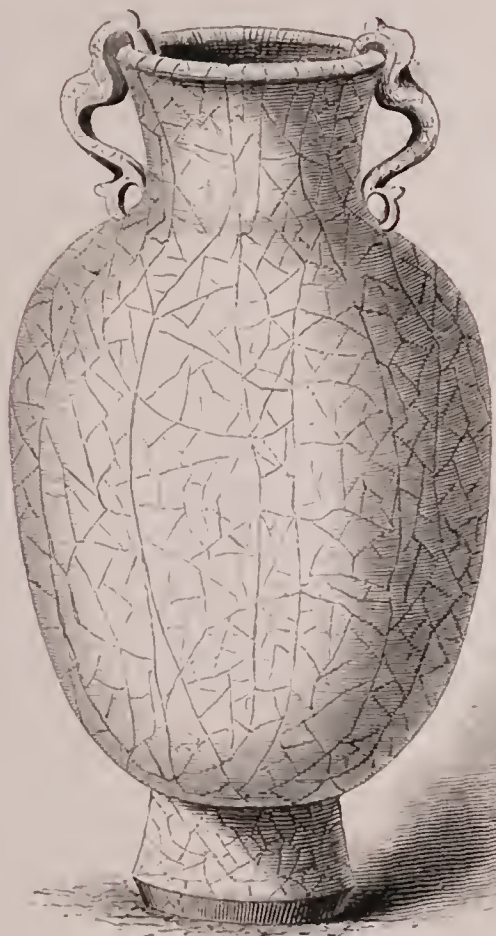
The Occidental criticises and copies.

Herein lies a supreme difference, sufficient to explain why so much of the Oriental china touches the imagination, and why the European china so rarely does.

The Oriental leads us away out of the region of the real and the commonplace, into a state of ideal and spiritual-sensuous Art. He is never without body, the real part, the base of all life and Art; but he has glorified it by a display of the fine and subtle essence which may be called its soul.

This is not always so. Often he is most clumsy and rude in form, and common in decoration; but, when he is an *artist*, he is the finest we know of.

During the Ming period (about 1500) was introduced into China, from Europe, the cobalt blue. The Chinese at once seized it, and from it was produced that charming variety known as the “heavenly” and “celestial” blue; the glaze, the clay, and the colour, are all perfect; and it certainly deserves its name of heavenly. A mania for it has existed, and continues to exist, in Europe. One of the finest collections in England—that of Mr. Rossetti, the poet—was recently sold. In America, Mr. Avery and Mr. Hoe, of

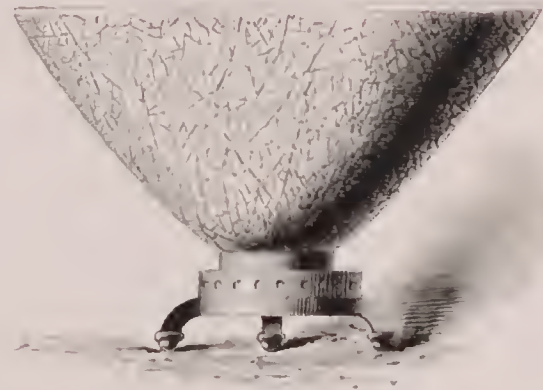


No. 17.

New York, and Mr. Wales, of Boston, and Mrs. Burlingame, of Cambridge, have many beautiful examples. Fine pieces of this blue sell from \$25 to \$500. The colour varies from light to dark; some collectors choose one, some the other. Some pieces are known as the “six-mark,” and many attach an added value to this

evidence; but it does not seem to indicate greater perfection: many of the finest pieces I have seen have no potter's mark.

This celestial blue was painted at Nanking, and is a wholly different thing from the ordinary Canton blue of trade. It is probable that some of this blue dates back to the Ming dynasty.



No. 18.

This luminous blue is nothing like the turquoise, which also the Chinese carried to great perfection. The turquoise was produced from copper, the celestial from cobalt.

The pieces Nos. 11, 12, and 13, are excellent examples. No. 11 is a large vase of Mrs. Burlingame's, and has the stately palm which is much used in this colour. The vase is some eighteen inches high. No. 12 is a delicately-formed teapot, with exquisite glaze and paste, the blue showing in the reserves and along the handle and spout. It was given to the writer by a gentleman in Holland. No. 13 is a most dainty bit, a small snuff-bottle. There are some few others in this country—a few, mounted in silver, belong to Mr. Schlesinger, of Boston.

The Art-Museum of Boston has now two exquisite pots of turquoise blue, bought at the sale of Mr. Heard's collection for some \$600. We picture one of these to show the form, and the dragon which finishes the top (No. 14). The dragon is in dark red, the pot in turquoise blue; but this blue has another and a rare quality: it is covered all over with delicate spots or dots of the same colour, what is called “soufflé”—this is said to be produced by blowing the colour through a fine screen or gauze on to the clay.

The sea-greens (*céladons*) are among the rarest Chinese colours, and some pieces are thought to be among the oldest—dating back possibly one thousand years.

The violets and crimsons are also rare and beautiful; they are almost always applied to vases and bottles; and are often flamed, splashed, or clouded.

The imperial yellow, some pieces of which are in the Green Vaults at Dresden, was never sold; it was made only for the royal family of Peking. I have not seen it, but it is described as a very clear and beautiful citron-colour. Marryat mentions two pieces in Mr. Beckford's collection, as having been sold for their weight in gold; they would now sell for ten times that.

The small incense-pot (No. 15) is from Mr. Avery's collection. It is a very pure lemon-yellow, and is quaint in form and peculiar in every way.

Porcelain painting is done in two ways: under the glaze directly on the clay, or upon the glaze. Most of it is upon the glaze, into which it is melted by a mild heat. To show to the uninitiated what time, talent, and labour are applied to pottery and porcelain, it may be well to state that fine work requires many firings, and that the delicate teacup which fools hardly look at, passes through some seventy hands to reach its perfectness! In some eyes a big thing (even if ugly) is admirable, a small thing, however beautiful, is contemptible. In the eye of God is anything small, anything large?

ENAMELLING is a style of decoration mostly applied to a stronger, more opaque body, often not porcelain at all. This shows masses of colour so applied upon the glaze as to produce the effect of slight relief, or cameo. Much of it is beautiful, but it often lacks the fineness and preciousness of china.

The EGG-SHELL china most have seen, from excellent examples brought from Japan, where it is now made. The cups are turned down to an extreme thinness, almost to that of thick writing-paper, before the last glaze is applied. The oldest egg-shell was a pure white; later, flowers in colours were applied.

The "reticulated" cups are very curious and interesting; the inner cup for holding the tea is surrounded by another pierced through its side with a variety of designs. It is difficult to see how these could have been baked together without fusing and fastening them.

The "grains-of-rice" cups are made by cutting the design through the body, which spaces are then filled with a translucent glaze; the cut spaces show when held up to the light, and resemble in most cases grains of rice. The engraving No. 16 represents a pot in Mr. Avery's collection.

Just when the "crackle" decoration was applied cannot well be known, but in the beginning of the Ming dynasty it was in vogue.

It seems that the purity of the paste was greater during this period than later, and that the colours, therefore, became more brilliant. "Crackle" china has long been prized, and much sought for, especially the best specimens. This ware shows a network of veins covering the whole piece, the lines of which are sometimes filled with a colour such as brown, black, green, &c. It remains a mystery to us how this effect is produced, though it is still made in Japan. Marryat seems to believe that the crackle is produced in the glaze, and possibly by subjecting it, when heated, to sudden cold, which causes the contraction and crackle; a close examination shows that the crackles are in the body itself, and are afterward covered with the glaze. This decoration is curious rather than beautiful. The crackles vary in size from a half-inch to a very fine network; and this last is most valued.

The Japanese now produce a crackle under the glaze, and also a very fine crackle in the glaze itself; which last is probably much the easiest to do.

The vase No. 17 is copied from M. Jacquemart's work, and represents a rather clumsily-shaped vase with the larger crackle which is less prized. No. 18 is finely crackled, and is most subtle in form. It is in Mr. Avery's collection.

It is impossible here to give the various marks and letters used upon Oriental china, which often express the year or the maker's name or place, or a motto; they may be found at large in Marryat's, Chaffers's, and Jacquemart's elaborate works. A few here given are the most important:

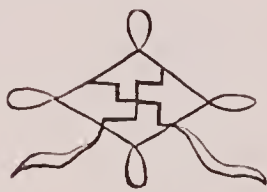


Pearl.

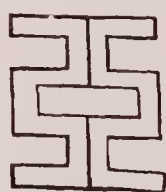


Sonorous Stone.

The *Pearl* is the symbol of talent, and was sometimes used to mark pieces intended for poets and literary men; the *Sonorous*



Tablet of Honour.



Sacred Axe.



Cockscomb.

Stone was for high judicial functionaries; the *Tablet of Honour* for men in official positions; the *Sacred Axe* for warriors; the "Cockscomb" promised longevity; and the "Outang or Leaf," the "Shell," the "Precious Articles," had each a significance, and often indicate pieces of china intended as presents or as expressions of honour.



Outang.



A Shell.



Treasures of Writing.

The key to Oriental decoration may be expressed by the word *individualism*. The artist did draw from the "depths of his moral consciousness," and did not copy blindly. He seems to have expressed what he *felt* rather than what he saw. His perception and arrangement of colour seem to have been inspired, not learned. He is daring; he does not hesitate to hang his ladies in a balcony up in the air above the procession passing beneath, as may be seen in a very ancient vase belonging to Mrs. Gridley Bryant, of Boston; he does not fear to put blue leaves to his trees, or to make a green horse; his butterfly is as large as a man if he wishes to show a figure or a mass of colour; his boats are smaller than the passenger if that suits his fancy; he attempts little perspective, and it is, we may say, impossible on a china bowl; symmetry he abhors; pairs do not exist.

What is the result? We see it in the porcelain of China and Japan, the shawls and carpets of India, the pottery of the Persians and the Moors, the architecture of Karnak and the Alhambra.

I believe they had no schools of Art; they were not *taught* to do what some one else had done, to copy a master or to copy Nature, or to think symmetry beauty, or the circle the perfect line.

The artist was, as he ought to be, a law to himself; he saw what *he* saw, and felt what *he* felt, and he expressed these in his own way; not in Titian's way or Rembrandt's way, or Giorgione's way. There is, therefore, a freedom, a freshness, an *abandon* about this work that we find nowhere else, and a charm which never tires.

We are intellectualists rather than artists; and, moreover, we are ruined by cheap and incompetent criticism, the whole gospel of which is, "Always condemn, never praise." Too much writing *about* art and too little doing it, is the fashion of to-day; and he who does least finds most fault with him who creates. The artist is the creator, the critic the destroyer; and yet the last values himself most! The "third estate" did not rule in China.

If *we* are to have a true and high artistic expression, our artists must dare; and we must allow them to dare; we must encourage rather than discourage.

We must, above all, get rid of the base old notion that head-work is divine and "gentlemanly," hand-work ignoble and vulgar: both are divine, and when the two are combined we shall see the finest possible man—an ARTIST, whether he works with paint, marble, wood, clay, or metal.

THE ODALISQUE.

(See Frontispiece.)

F. LEIGHTON, R.A., Painter.

LUMB STOCKS, R.A., Engraver.



FROM the time of Mr. Leighton's first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy, in 1855, when he exhibited his fine picture, 'Cimabue's celebrated Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence,' to the present year, we have had a succession of paintings from his pencil which have won for him almost unqualified admiration. The Florentine procession gave him at once a name, and his subsequent works have more or less added to his high reputation, and he now stands among us almost, if not quite, unapproached in the elegance of his style and the classic character of his subjects. What better example of these qualities could be adduced than this graceful fig-

ure, an attendant of the ladies of some Eastern harem, leaning on the marble parapet of a bath or basin, and gazing wistfully on a magnificent swan, which seems to recognise her? The sculptural attitude she assumes is surpassingly refined and beautiful. The expression of her face is pensive even to sadness; the thoughts of her mind probably contrasting her own condition of enforced servitude—the *odalisque* being almost invariably a slave—with the comparative freedom of the bird. The picture is remarkable for its brilliancy, the rich colouring of the girdle and of the fan of peacock's feathers contrasting most effectively with the white gauze of the girl's loose robes. The delicate work of Mr. Stocks's burin commends itself.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—JOHN W. CASILEAR.



HERE are very few artists belonging to the American school of landscape-painters who have achieved such wide-spread popularity as JOHN W. CASILEAR, the subject of this article. Like Durand, the late Mr. Kensett, and one or two other leading artists, he began life as an engraver, and followed that profession until he had reached the middle age, and secured a handsome competence to enable him to enter into the new pursuit which had been his early ambition—that of painting. Mr. Casilear is a native of New York City, and when in his sixteenth year went into the *atelier* of old Peter Maverick to study the art of engraving. He continued in the employ of Maverick until the death of that engraver in 1831, when he made an en-

gagement with Asher B. Durand, and worked assiduously at bank-note engraving until 1854, when he finally abandoned the burin for the more congenial employment of painting. A part of the latter period, while employed as an engraver, he belonged to the eminent firm of Messrs. Toppan, Carpenter & Co. While working with the burin his artistic taste found employment in composing bank-note designs, many of which were drawn with rare gracefulness, and are yet held in high esteem by the profession.

One of the largest works executed while he was an engraver was Huntington's 'Sibyl.' This was published by the American Art Union, and was much admired for the freedom of its execution. In 1840 Mr. Casilear, with an ardent desire to get an insight into the art of painting, went to Europe in company with Durand,



Riverside.—From a Painting by John W. Casilear.

and the late Messrs. Kensett and Rossiter. He sketched and studied with great earnestness while abroad, and, aided by his friends with their kindly advice, he made rapid progress. Indeed, some of his studies made during this trip, which are yet in his studio, are marvellous in their expression of force and individuality. On his return to New York in the following year, he again went to work with his burin, and did not throw it down finally until many years after. During the summer seasons, however, he continued his studies in the country, among the mountains of Vermont, and in the neighbouring States; and from that time became a frequent exhibitor in the National Academy of Design. He had already received recognition as an artist by that institution, having been elected an Associate in 1835. Mr. Casilear says the Academy "took in anybody at that time," but it is evident that the members were guided by wisdom when they cast their votes for him. His first picture exhibited at the Academy was a storm-effect. It is a small, unpretentious effort, and yet, as an illustration of the phenomena of a storm of wind and rain breaking over a midsummer landscape, possesses a power of delineation and a thorough grasp of

one of Nature's most impressive phases, which has but few equals among the works of contemporaneous painters. This picture attracted the favourable notice of critics at the time, and it is yet held by the artist in his studio as one of his early master-works.

Mr. Casilear is no admirer of large canvases, and it is a rare event for him to execute a picture more than twenty-four by thirty-six inches in size. Most of his works are what are known as cabinet size, and it is those which are so greatly appreciated by the public. After retiring from the business of bank-note engraving he opened a studio in New York, and at once met with fair success as a landscape-painter. In 1857, with a view to study his art more thoroughly, he again visited Europe and passed several months in Switzerland and other romantic regions on the Continent. On his return home, he at once settled down in his studio, and from that period to the present day has assumed a leading position as an artist.

Mr. Casilear is a great lover of pastoral scenes, and some of his most notable pictures of this character have been drawn from the neighbourhood of Lake George, and the Genesee Valley in Western New York. His work is marked by a peculiar silvery tone and a

delicacy of expression which is in pleasant accord with Nature in repose, and of his own poetically-inclined feelings. He finishes his canvases with great care, and in that respect shows the influence of his early training. Casilear sometimes paints a mountain-scene drawn from his Alpine studies. In these pictures he shows not only great precision in matters of form and substance, but also in the more subtle features of colour, light and shade, and tone. His pictures when sent from the easel are as harmonious as a poem,

and it is this perfect serenity in their handling which is so attractive to connoisseurs. Mr. Casilear is an Academician of the National Academy of Design, and, since the organisation of the Artists' Fund Society, has been one of its most efficient members. There is a marked individuality in Mr. Casilear's landscapes which asserts its force wherever they may be placed, and any departure from his usual congenial style is detected at once even by the casual observer. A few years ago he painted a view of Niagara



Moonlight in the Glen.—From a Painting by John W. Casilear.

Falls in a novel way, and one entirely distinct from that which is so familiar to the public; and, although his well-known monogram was attached to the canvas, the absence of the familiar manner of the painter caused it to fail of appreciation by his admirers. The picture is still to be seen in his studio.

We engrave two characteristic pictures by Mr. Casilear, which give a good idea of his pure and elaborate style. The 'River-side' represents a late afternoon study on the upper Connecticut. The sky is broken by luminous cloud-cumuli, and the surface of the river is as quiet and serene as the heavens which cover it with its

airy vault. The delicate painting of the foreground herbage, the boat and figures, and floating lily-pads and water-lilies, shows the close study of the artist and the precision of his treatment. The companion picture, 'Moonlight in the Glen,' is as impressive in its solitude as the 'River-side' is expressive and sparkling in light and aerial effects. Even in the moonlight view there is a precision of drawing shown in the tree-forms which suggests Mr. Casilear's conscientiousness, but its most poetical feature is the strong feeling of solitude with which the scene is invested. Mr. Casilear is now in the full maturity of his powers.

HOUSEHOLD ART IN CHICAGO.



THE interest so recently awakened in what is termed "household art," in Eastern cities, has also borne its fruits in Chicago, and, at the recent display of the International States Industrial Exposition in that city, the Art Committee, associated with Messrs. P. B. Wright and W. L. B. Jenney, architects, organised a department devoted to household, decorative, and architectural Art, and the result was very satisfactory to all concerned. It is to a few American architects that the developments in this field of Art are mainly due, and especially those who have made a study of the Arts of the middle ages. A careful attention given to the interior finish and decoration of a house naturally leads to a consideration of the appropriateness of its furniture, hangings, and in fact every moveable article that can contribute to the comfort and culture of its occupants. The chief interest in the



No. 1.—Library Arm-Chair.

present revival centres in those articles made for special use, and designed for the purpose.

In this field, individuality is seen in every place where the interest in household Art is developed. Chicago claims, very justly, originality in two kinds of manufactures. One is the making of artistic pottery, recently undertaken on a limited scale by the Chicago Terra-Cotta Company, under the direction of Mr. Loring, formerly a Chicago architect, and Mr. Taylor, superintendent of the works, who brings the best experience of the English potteries to bear on his work. The artists who have contributed their share to the work are James Degge and Isaac E. Scott: the former a worker in stone, wood, and plastic materials; and the latter especially distinguished for his wood-carving, while his recent attempts in pottery are decidedly successful. Of course these unglazed pots, vases, and water-coolers, are not to be compared to the original designs of Doulton, or the imitative work of



No. 2.—Sideboard, with Pottery.



No. 3.—Sideboard, with Pottery.

Minton and the Royal Worcester Works. They are original, however, in their way, and may lead to an American school of artistic pottery which will be creditable to the country. The terra-cotta work is mostly made in red clay. In the collection was a small bust of Apollo, produced from a combination of clays, which when burned produce the colour of modelling clay, and is the result of some successful experiments of Mr. Loring. There were also some beer-mugs with heads, the only examples of glazed work in the collection. All of the turned jugs are thrown on the wheel, and modelled with human hands. This company has executed some fine copies of antique statuary, reduced in size, to fill private orders. Its principal business is the manufacture of terra-cotta for building purposes, and the cornices made by it are largely in use in Chicago.

The other process is a new Art of wood-carving, and is similar in its results to cameo-cutting.

The latter, which is indigenous to Chicago, is the decoration of wooden panels by placing successive layers of different kinds of wood together, and carving away the several strata, preserving form as well as outline, and thus securing from the different materials the same effects obtained in cameo-cutting when the material used is either shell, agate, onyx, or other precious stones. After the panel is prepared, the artist has only to draw and to carve, and is not troubled with any mechanical processes. The effects produced, especially when holly and ebony are used, are somewhat like cameo-work, for gradations are secured, not only by the form of the carving, but by reducing the outer layers to such thinness as to show the colour of the wood which is under, through the outer layer. Colour and gold have been added to these panels with good pictorial effect.

In organising the Household Art Department, the committee was led to believe that the exhibition of the large quantity of mediæval



No. 4.—Pulpit or Altar Chair.



No. 5.—Bookcase.

furniture which had accumulated in private hands, together with contributions from the Chicago artisans, would lead to good results. The time was short, however; and, after the preliminary arrangements were made, there remained only a month to organise and perfect the display. A structure in accordance with the design of the committee was erected near the middle of the exposition building. It consisted of a public passage, with three courts on each side and open at the top for light. The exterior was surrounded with a platform and railing, and was used for the display of actual architectural details. The courts were arranged as follows: on one side there were three complete apartments of the dwelling-house, comprising a dining-room, library, and chamber; on the opposite side was the ceramic court, divided into architectural, decorative, and furniture departments. The south-west court was devoted to miscellaneous objects.

Everything contained in the exhibition was of original design, and manufactured in Chicago, except a number of rugs and a loan collection of choice, artistic pottery. There were also some fine examples of artistic gas-fixtures, painted glass, and wall-paper.

We engrave five subjects selected from this exhibition. The pottery shown in connection with the several pieces of furniture was lent from private collections during the exhibition. No. 1 is a library arm-chair, designed by John Addison, architect, and made by Isaac E. Scott. No. 2 is a sideboard, designed by Mr. Lyon, and the carvings by Mr. Scott. The pottery was lent by Mr. Waters. No. 3 is a solid chestnut sideboard, after a design by Mr. Fiedler, and arranged with rare pottery from the loan collection. No. 4 is a pulpit-chair in white oak. The carved work is by Mr. Scott. No. 5, which was considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection, is a butternut and white-holly bookcase, made by Mr. Scott after Mr. Copeland's design.

NEW AMERICAN CHURCHES.



The Roman Catholic Cathedral in New York.

THE new Roman Catholic Cathedral, the erection of which is now in progress on Fifth Avenue, will be, when finished, one of the most imposing structures of the kind in America. At

present the towers are unfinished, and some sections of the side-walls are also incomplete; but the work is far enough advanced to give an idea of the symmetrical and striking beauty of its archi-



VICAT COLE, A.R.A. PINXT

C. COUSEN, SCULPT

SHOWERY WEATHER

IN THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK WILKINSON ESQ BIRMINGHAM

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK

tectural proportions. Our engraving represents the finished temple. The extreme length of the edifice, the exterior of which is constructed of white marble, is three hundred and thirty-four feet; the interior dimensions being three hundred and six feet; the length of the transept is one hundred and forty feet; the width of the nave ninety-six feet, including the aisles, or from pillar to pillar forty-eight feet, giving to each aisle a width of twenty-four feet. The height of the nave is one hundred and eight feet, and of the aisles, fifty-four feet. The clustered columns of the nave, choir, and transept, are all of white marble to the spring of the arches, where they are capped with a dark sandstone. Our view is of the Fifth Avenue façade, with the southerly side of the structure in perspective. The front has three doorways, of which the centre has a total width of thirty-one feet, with a height, including the gables, of fifty-one feet. Above this door is a transom of pure white marble, sculptured with leaf-forms and tendrils, with a dove hovering in the centre.

Above this exquisite sculptured work is the small rose-window of the porch. On each side of the porch are the massive buttresses of the façade, which rise to the middle of the main gable, and these are crowned with delicate pinnacles. The main gable is richly panelled, and each is filled with exquisitely-sculptured tracery. The apex of the gable, when finished, is to be surmounted by a grand foliated finial. The centre buttress is decorated with elaborately-carved niches for statues. Below the superbly-ornamented apex of the main gable is a large rose-window, the tracery of which is wrought in a style of rare ornamentation. The lower arc of the circumference of this grand window touches the arched heads of the mullions, which are in the varied form of foils. Under

these mullions is a row of sculptured niches running the whole length of the front above the main porch. The pediments of the gables are ornamented with crockets representing morning-glories and other familiar flowers. The portals on either side of the main entrance are elaborately adorned with sculptured work and in harmony with it.

From these portals spring the two towers, which are crowned with spires three hundred and thirty-four feet in height. The towers are thirty-two feet square at the base, exclusive of the massive buttresses. At the height of one hundred and thirty-six feet they change to an octagonal form, which is maintained for fifty-four feet, after which the spires gracefully taper to the capstones and crosses by which they are surmounted. On the side the buttresses rise in a series of terraced gradations high above the coping of the aisle roof, and terminate in pinnacles also. The coping is surmounted by battlements of rich tracery, in designs of foil-forms. The walls of the clear-story are strengthened by buttresses between the windows, and these will be still further strengthened by flying buttresses uniting them to the part of the flanking buttresses above the coping. There is another line of traced and pierced battlements at the base of the pointed roof, lighter but not less beautiful than the line below. The flanking buttresses of the transept rise to a noble height, and are pierced and panelled, and surmounted by pinnacles, the central apex of the gable terminating in a very rich cross of foliated design. Below the eaves-line is a row of niches for statues, and there are also niches in the centre of the buttresses on each side of the central body of the transept. The height of the central part of the transept is one hundred and seventy feet.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.

THE thirty-first Semi-Annual Exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association was opened in the galleries of the society in that city on the evening of November 29th, and was continued during the ensuing two weeks. The exhibition was, as usual, made up of contributions from the studios of New York and Brooklyn artists, and from private collections. It numbered more than four hundred pictures, of which about fifty were water-colours, and was of a good average quality. One of the most important pictures was a 'Twilight in the Adirondacks,' by Sanford R. Gifford. It is a lake-scene in the forest, just as the shadows of approaching night begin to creep over the landscape. The sky glows with reflected light, and this brilliant after-glow is repeated in the quiet water. In the deep shadow of the forest on the bank of the lake in the middle ground, there glows the firelight of a hunter's camp, but otherwise there is nothing in the landscape to disturb the impressive quiet of the scene. Regis Gignoux, an old Academician of the National Academy of Design, and for many years President of the Brooklyn Art Association, sent a French landscape view, entitled 'Spring in Normandy'—a canvas glowing with pink-tinted apple-blossoms and early flowers, and is a clever picture. Among the younger artists, Arthur Paiton contributed a large picture, a reminiscence of the Scottish Highlands, entitled 'A Misty Morning on Loch Lomond.'

From J. B. Bristol's easel there were companion-pictures of 'Lake Champlain' and 'Taghanic Gorge.' The latter is a sunset, and the effect of light as it strikes the cliffs on either hand is very brilliant. Kruseman van Elten contributed several studies of landscapes in Holland, and an 'Afternoon in the Berkshire Hills.' The latter is what may be termed a green-picture, as the Berkshire hills during the summer season show a luxuriant growth of vegetable life, and this effect Mr. Van Elten has rendered with great strength and beauty. Maurice F. H. De Haas sent a large coast-scene, a wreck on the Long Island shore, and a view of the 'West Hampton Beach.' The scene of the wreck occupied the post of honour in the exhibition. Of Mr. Hubbard's work there were an Adirondack lake-scene, a picture of large size and of sterling merit, and a fresh and charming pastoral landscape drawn from the interior of Long Island. Mr. Thom sent two fine landscape-studies with figures; and Mr. James H. Beard a dog-picture, entitled 'The Mutual Friend.' The friend in this instance is the big dog who interferes between two pets, who have been quarrelling over some dainty morsels from their master's table. There were also noticeable pictures contributed by John L. Fitch, George H. Story, Constant Mayer, Charles H. Miller, A. H. Wyant, J. W. Casilear, G. H. Boughton, Jarvis McEntee, Edward Moran, E. W. Perry, J. C. Nicoll, and others.

SHOWERY WEATHER.

VICAT COLE, A.R.A., Painter.

THE view in this picture was taken on the banks of the Arun. The rain-clouds have gathered heavily over the quiet place, and the fine elm-trees seem shaken as by a mighty wind. In contrast to this dark side of the picture is the river reflecting the bit of light which the storm has not yet veiled. The treatment of the subject is very effective, and the whole is worked out with infinite care, and a feeling for the picturesque: note especially what relief is given to the dark masses by the introduction of the grey horse, a striking point in the composition, across which it carries the eye from one side to the other.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

Mr. Cole is one of those landscape-painters whose works are always pleasant to contemplate. Some artists appear to delight in representing Nature in comparatively mean attire and in poverty-stricken aspect, but such pictures as his 'Decline of Day,' exhibited at the Academy, in 1864, and his 'Sunshine Showers,' in the exhibition of 1870, with others of more recent date, show true poetry of Art, while they present to us the earth in its glory, as when the Creator pronounced a blessing upon it, and declared that all He had made "was very good."

THE COSTUME OF ENGLISH WOMEN

FROM THE HEPTARCHY TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

CHAPTER I.

ANGLO-SAXON AND FIVE NORMAN REIGNS.



BETWEEN fig-leaves and flounces what an interval! From Cain's wrapping of wolf-skins, which he wore when he hid himself from the Accusing Voice, to a frock-coat of Poole's last cut is a long stride in civilisation. Though whether the tailor and the milliner have much improved God's handiwork may still be a question with all but milliners and tailors.

That in the later ages, before the Romans ebbed back to Rome, our British women adopted the garb of old Rome, there can be little doubt. Remains, still existing, of votive and monumental statues at Bath and elsewhere have already proved it. Women wore an inner tunic, girt with a strophium, or bosom-band, and the stole or outer tunic with short sleeves fastened over the shoulders by a fibula, or brooch. The stole had always, according to Boettiger, a broad flounce at the lower part, and a coloured binding round the neck, of purple, according to some. This stole was the special badge of a Roman matron; and when convicted of crime she was forbidden to wear it. Above the tunic and the stole the Romanised British lady wore the palla, which resembled the male toga. It was a dignified dress, is familiar to us in classical statues, and was suitable for women who probably took little exercise at a time when roads half a mile outside a town were frequented by robbers, and it became those stately stalwart beauties when they visited the temple, the bath, or the arena.

The Anglo-Saxons modified the stately garb, which the ancient sculptors have rendered immortal, into a sort of careless semi-oriental costume adapted for inactive women in a climate severer than that of Italy. Their attire seems subdued by an ecclesiastical character, as if priests had sanctioned its length, regulated its folds, and denounced its exuberance. There is a heavy simplicity about it, from which the Normans soon broke loose.

About the Saxon gunna or gown, tunic, kirtle, and mantle, the antiquaries, as usual, have read themselves stupid, and created considerable confusion. The gown seems to have been a long full robe with loose sleeves braceleted at the wrist, and worn over the kirtle or short sleeveless under tunic which was the ordinary outer attire of the female Briton who, when of humble birth or evil life, sometimes merely wore the looped-up toga above that. The Roman stole and toga, though adaptable to the breezes of Salerno and the soft twilights of Rome, were hardly close fitting enough for the damp air of the fens or the boisterous, sweeping winds of the English wolds. The Saxon head-dress, the "head veil," was seldom worn, except out of doors, and appears from illuminations in Abbot Elfnth's Book of Prayers and the Benedictional of St. Ethelwold, to have been a veil of linen or silk thrown over the hair like a nun's hood or capuchin, and allowed to droop over the fair shoulders in a simple and unaffected manner, the neck and bosom showing but little. For travelling, the Saxon lady, according to a Cottonian MS., sometimes wore a hood (square round the face), the lower part of which reached to the knees. The sleeves of the inner dress for winter travelling came down broad and loose far below the hands.

In a drawing of the Virgin Mary in the Harleian MS. given by Mr. Fairholt, she wears a hood formed by a folded coverchief, the end of which falls gracefully on her right shoulder. Her inner dress is tight at the wrists, but her short outer tunic has sleeves widening at the elbow and jewelled or bossed at the edges.

A line of ornaments also runs down the middle of the dress and round the bottom of it.

The Saxon fair were fond of many bracelets and wore folded bands for girdles. If they required gloves they had mufflers with thumb-pieces but no fingers, but many merely pulled down their sleeves over their hands.

Hair is the glory of a woman, whether it streams down like a cascade of gold on the Danae it adorns, or rises like a diadem which Art has woven for Venus. The Saxon women do not seem often to have unhooded, but they certainly arranged their hair in flat curls which they bound with a fillet; and Adhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in the eight century, in his description of a Saxon wife, dwells on "the twisted locks delicately curled by the iron," and in a fragmentary Saxon poem called "Judith," that resolute lady is spoken of admiringly as "the maid of the Creator's with twisted locks." The plaited tails of the Franks



Jacob's Family in Anglo-Saxon Costume, riding on Camels.—From a MS. in the British Museum.

and Normans no doubt struck the modest Saxons as bold and immodest. To judge by old drawings, the favourite colours for dress were red, blue, and green, but this may have partly been a conventionalism of the restricted illuminator. In an Harleian MS. copied by Mr. Fairholt, a Saxon queen wears a long red gown which trails over her feet; and has wide hanging sleeves. Round her waist is wound a blue mantle, the end of which is gracefully thrown over her left shoulder, leaving her right arm entirely free.

In ornaments, the Saxons were gluttons, affecting brooches, buckles, and bosses of massy Byzantine character, and not unlike the Norwegian ornaments of the present day. There are still found in their graves scattered over England—the country the Norse won and partly lost—shoulder brooches, or fibulae embossed with amber, turquoise, and garnet, knotted with threads of gold filigree and embedded in mother-of-pearl. Their girdles were clasped and buckled with gold, and studded with jewels. Their rings were rudely-fashioned silver and copper wire. Like their descendants of the present day, they were fond of chatelaines to hold purses, keys, and metal-ornaments by their side, and they wore decorated sheaths for their scissors, combs, &c. They were also fond of pendant ornaments like our lockets

and the Roman bulla—sometimes gold, and sometimes jewels sheathed in gold.

That the Saxon lady, so often borne weeping to the black Danish ship, was fond of sumptuous dress, the figure of Etheldrytha, Princess of East Anglia, in the splendid Benedictional of St. Ethelwold, is a sufficient proof. The princess wears an embroidered scarlet mantle over a gown of gold tissue, of which the vail and shoes are also made. This seems to have been the



Queen Etheldreda, the Foundress of Ely Cathedral.

splendour often assumed by royal Anglo-Saxon nuns, who thus rewarded the body to compensate for the mortification of the flesh. According to that excellent antiquary, Mr. Thomas Wright, Saxon women dyed their hair sky-blue; but this we are slow to believe. Mr. Thrupp, in his "Saxon Home," sketches a Saxon lady-abbess as wearing scarlet, with violet and red shoes. The face of this outrageous female ecclesiastic, he says, was rouged, and her hair curled over her forehead—while she revelled in rings and bracelets. As for her nails, they were with exquisite taste cut to sharp points to resemble the talons of a hawk. Horrible old creature!

In such costume lived and moved those quiet gentlewomen, so often pious and industrious, who waited on such noble Saxon ladies as Osburgha, Alfred's mother; the pious St. Etheldreda, the foundress of Ely; or Edith, the learned, amiable, and unhappy wife of Edward the Confessor. Such was the mother of King Edgar. That they could degenerate, we require no proof greater than Eadburga, daughter of Offa, king of the Mercians,

who was banished for poisoning her husband; and Elfhrida, who assassinated her stepson, Edward the Martyr, as he was drinking on horseback at the door of Corfe Castle.

The change from Saxon gravity to Norman gaiety and fantasy in dress commenced in the sleeves and the mode of dressing the hair. Pride and wealth demanded more variety and less monastic plainness and austerity. During the wars of William and the quarrels of his rebellious sons, the Norman ladies retained the modest Saxon coverchief, the long tunic and the Saxon gown; but they now laced it close to the figure, wore gold borders to their dresses, and had sleeves which widened at the wrist and drooped almost to the ground. Convenient for reaching across a dinner-table! A yard in length was nothing for a sleeve in the reign of Rufus. The trains also were worn so long that it was sometimes necessary to tie them up in a knot. An illumination in a MS. of the Cotton collection representing the Temptation of Christ, portrays a rueful-looking Satan in this dress; his tail, with a conspicuous sting, protruding from the gown which opens down the right hip.

But the dress of William the Conqueror's worthy queen, Matilda of Flanders, given by Montfaucon, from the ancient portrait in St. Stephen's Chapel in Caen, will show us best the costume of a period when Italian taste was effecting many changes in the English art of dress. She wears no knotted sleeves or long tails of plaited hair—her dark hair is simply parted on the forehead, and falls unimpeded on her fair shoulders—a simple white veil is bound by her trefoiled crown. A plain white stole, without a fold, covers her shoulders. There are no ugly mufflers on her hands, nothing is extravagant or grotesque. This portrait, Montfaucon says, was copied from an original in the aisle of St. Stephen's Chapel in Caen, which Matilda herself built and endowed, before it was pulled down in the seventeenth century. These new fashions, Mr. Wright considers, came to England from Italy and Provence, as did also the somewhat outrageous custom of ornamenting ladies' robes with *plaques* of gold set round with pearls.

In her will, Matilda, queen of William the Conqueror, left to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, her tunic "worked in Winchester by Alduret's wife, and the mantle embroidered with gold, which is in my chamber, to make a cope." She also be-



An Anglo-Saxon Family.—From a MS. in the British Museum.

queathed two golden girdles, "that which is ornamented with emblems for the purpose of suspending the lamp before the great-altar." She also left the same abbey a large candelabra, her crown, sceptre, horse-trappings, cups in cases, and some lands in Normandy.

The Norman fashions of the reign of Henry I. are chiefly memorable for the eccentric mode of dressing the hair. In a statue of his queen, Matilda of Scotland, which forms a pilaster

to the west door of Rochester Cathedral, the queen's hair is bound in two long plaits, which fall below her knees. In some cases, according to Mr. Fairholt's examples from old MSS., these plaits all but touched the ground, and were either bound with ribbons, or cased in variegated silk and tipped with tassels. The plaited tails of a woman found in a coffin in Romsay Abbey, in 1839, were only eighteen inches long.

A record of Queen Matilda's usual dress has been preserved



An Anglo-Saxon Conversation.—From a MS. in the British Museum.

to us in a curious old illuminated book, a sort of monastic album called the Golden Book of St. Albans, now in the British Museum. It contains the portrait of the queen, who, on the consecration of the abbey, Christmas-day, 1115, gave the two manors of Bellwick and Lilleburn to St. Albans. The king, the archbishop of Rouen, and many barons and prelates were present at this visit, and this album was commenced in the



Three of the Virtues in Anglo-Saxon Costume.—From a MS. in the British Museum.

fourteenth century, to contain the portraits of the abbey's benefactors. She wears a royal mantle of scarlet "square to the bust," lined with fur. The fastening is a red-and-gold cord, with a large tassel passed through two golden knobs. Her tight kirtle is of dark blue, buttoned down the front with gold. Her sleeves fit close to her arms. Her white veil sits square over her forehead and is bound by the crown, while gold lappets,

called oreillettes, appear beneath the veil and cover her ears. She sits on a carved stone-bench, the Anglo-Saxon throne, on which is a scarlet cushion embroidered with gold leaves and having four tassels of gold and scarlet; a piece of tapestry is hung at the back of her seat.

Adelicia of Louvaine, "the Fair Maid of Brittany" was recommended to Henry I. for his second wife, when, old and soured, he was brooding over the loss of his son William in the great white ship, which struck on a rock and sank as the prince and his bride were returning to England. This lady was of the Lorraine branch of the house of Charlemagne, and was so skilful in embroidery that a standard woven by her in silk and gold for her father, the Duke of Brabant, when captured by the Bishop of Liege, was regarded as an historical trophy. A portrait of Queen Adelicia still exists on a seal attached to a charter that she gave to Reading Abbey. She wears a transparent veil, which passes over her head, is tied in front of her neck, and from there flows over her whole body. The robe is worked all over in a diamond pattern, and seems to fit closely to her shape.

The scanty record we have of the personal appearance of stout King Stephen and his faithful wife, Matilda of Boulogne, is sufficient to prove that female costume in this reign was singularly modest and quiet. The queen's bust at Furness Abbey, which her knightly husband built, is distinguished by



Anglo-Saxon Ladies Hawking on Foot.—From Queen Mary's Psalter in the British Museum.

the hair being evenly divided over the forehead, and the plain gown entirely unadorned except by a small mullet-shaped brooch on her bosom.

And now we come to a reign of special luxury in dress—that of Eleanor of Aquitaine, the queen of Henry II. The effigy of this queen, the divorced and unfaithful wife of Louis VII. of France, was discovered by Mr. Stothard in a cellar near a ruined abbey. Her dress shows considerable modification of the early Norman costume. The gown is long with a close collar at the neck, and is fastened round the waist by an ornamental girdle. The sleeves are tight to the waist, where they widen and droop. A portion of the under tunic is visible at the neck, where it is fastened by a circular brooch. From the shoulders falls a royal mantle, supported by a band across the breast, which is wound about the lower part of the figure and partially upheld by the right hand. "The pattern upon the queen's dress," says Stothard, "consists of golden crescents in pairs placed point from point within lozenges formed by the crossings of the diagonal bars of gold that cover the whole service." The virtue of Eleanor we are by no means inclined to defend, but it should be remembered that she did not put to death the Fair Rosamund the mistress of her husband, but that, on the contrary, Fair Rosamund entered a nunnery at Godstone, and lived in repentant sorrow for her sins twenty years after the separation from her royal lover. Her last words to the sisterhood that had protected and cherished her were touching:

"When that tree you see below the window," said the dying woman, "turns to stone, then you will know that my sinful soul has passed into glory."

In the illuminated portraits of Eleanora she wears a wimple or close coif passing round her face and under her dimpled chin, and fastened by a circlet of gems; her kirtle or close gown has tight sleeves, and closes with full gathers just below the throat, which is bound with a rich jewelled collar. Over this falls a pelisse or outer robe bordered with fur, the very full loose sleeves circled with ermine, showing the tight kirtle sleeves beneath. Over all is thrown a square of fine lawn, like a veil, and worn like the Venetian faziola still in use. This could be drawn over the face. The queen's hair, says Miss Strickland, who by no means neglected the millinery department of history, in some portraits is braided and close wound round the head with jewelled bands. This frail queen, who had led a band of amazons to the Crusades, brought from Syria and Constantinople a profusion of silks and brocades, and introduced them into England, even among the ecclesiastics. Her second husband, Henry II., was conspicuous at all court ceremonials for his short Anjou cloak, which gained for him the soubriquet "Courtmantle."

And now we come to a beautiful woman and a good wife, Berangaria of Navarre, whom Richard Cœur de Lion fell in love with at a tournament at Pampeluna, and whom he eventually married after a long engagement. The brave girl was married to Richard at Limona in Cyprus, and accompanied him to the Crusades. At his marriage Richard wore a tunic of rose colour and a mantle of striped silver tissue; Berangaria wore her hair down, after the fashion of brides in those days, and had a transparent veil that flowed from her head to her feet. Her crown was covered with fleurs-de-lis. A good and faithful wife, Berangaria accompanied her warlike husband through all his campaigns, forgiving his faults, and being with him at his death. Berangaria lies buried in the abbey of Espan near Mans, where Mr. Stothard drew her effigy, which he found concealed under some wheat, for the church had been converted into a barn. The bones of the beautiful Spanish lady were lying near it. A canon of a neighbouring church had in his possession a slate on which was an inscription recording the tomb of Berangaria, queen of England, and founder of the monastery, whose bones had been found in this ancient sepulchre in 1672. The flowing hair is partly concealed by the coverchief and the crown. A narrow band fastens the mantle across her breast, while a large



From the MS. Cotton.—Claudius Alfrie's Version of the Pentateuch. An Anglo-Saxon idea of a Patriarchal Family.

fermail or brooch, richly set with jewels, confines her tunic at the neck. A new feature of female costume is the small aumonière or pouch which is attached to the ornamental girdle that encircles her waist. This resembles a modern reticule with chain and clasped top, and hangs on her left side. The queen holds in her hand a breviary, on the cover of which the artist has ingeniously duplicated the scene by showing us Berangaria again, and this time lying on a bier with candles burning on each side of her. Queen Berangaria was never in England, and bore her husband no children. Richard would have made his nephew Arthur heir to the crown but for the rashness and folly of Arthur's mother, Constance, who joined the French party then at war with England.

That that utterly worthless scapegrace King John, the oppressor of men and the seducer of women, was a coxcomb in dress we have ample evidence. At a certain Christmas festival, between the hurry of his wars, he appeared in a red satin mantle embroidered with sapphires and pearls, a white damask tunic, a jewelled girdle and baldric, and jewelled gloves. But whether he lavished as much on the dress of the queen he neglected we know not, all we know is that her enamelled effigy at Fonterrand is clad in blue and gold, with embroidered

cuffs and collars, and wears the wimple and a veil. The wardrobe rolls of King John specify many items of the queen's dress—a grey cloth pelisson with wide bars of grey fur; two robes for the queen of five ells each, one of green cloth; cloth for purple sandals; and four pairs of women's boots, one pair to be embroidered in circles round the ankles. But there is no mention of robes and mantles covered with crescents of gold, such as Eleanor, Henry II.'s queen had worn; and King John had too many favourites to have much spare gold to devote to his neglected wife.

The unhappy and inglorious reign of Henry III., which, though extending over fifty-six troublous years, is remarkable for the few changes in the national costume, commenced with the king's marriage with Eleanor of Provence, a clever girl of only fourteen. She was the accomplished daughter of Beranger, Count of Provence, the grandson of Alfonso, King of Arragon, and had been instructed in troubadour poetry by Romeo, whom Dante mentions as one of the greatest Italian poets of his time. Henry had already paid court to five princesses, was eager in his suit for the beautiful poetess, and even waived part of the dowry, no small concession for a man thirsty for money. The magnificence of the dresses worn at the queen's coronation

(the Saturday after the king had laid the first stone of the Lady Chapel in Westminster Abbey), is especially mentioned by the astonished chroniclers. England had grown rich, during the long regency. The London citizens now wore Eastern garments called cyclades, made of silk and velvet worked with gold. When Henry III. conferred knighthood, in 1247, on William de Valence, he was arrayed, says Matthew Paris, in vestments of a newly-introduced and most magnificent material called cloth of Baldekino, which was manufactured at Baldeck (Babylon). It was rich silk, embossed and woven with gold, and portions of such material can, no doubt, still be detected among the faded brocades of old cathedral copes. Velvet, too, is also mentioned about this time. The ciclaton, "a rich stuff manufactured," says Mr. Planché, "in the Cyclades, gave its name to a garment like a dalmatica or super-tunic worn by both sexes. It was known in Germany as early as the year 1096, when Judith, daughter of the king of Bohemia, wore a cyclas embroidered or interwoven with gold; but we first hear of it in England at the coronation of Henry III. and his queen. Furs, too, grew more common and richer, and to the skins of sables and foxes were added those of ermines, martens, and squirrels.

Queen Eleanor was the first to introduce gold and jewelled chaplets for the hair, and she is said to have had countless garlands of gold filigree and jewels. Her state-crown was valued at £1,500, and her whole casket was supposed to have cost her weak husband £30,000—an enormous sum when translated into modern coinage.

The only authentic portrait of Eleanor extant was in the window of a church at Bexhill, in Sussex, and was presented by Lord Ashburnham to Horace Walpole for his Strawberry Hill collection. The royal mantle has a low ermine collar, which is fastened by a square jewelled brooch, and it is bordered by gold lace of a scale pattern. The gown fitting close to the shape, is of gold brocade, with a diamond diaper pattern. The sleeves are cut very deep on the hands, which they nearly cover, a special peculiarity of this epoch. The queen wears no girdle.

There was also introduced a new fashion in this deplorable reign of trimming dresses with long vandyked borders. This fantastic fringe, cut into all varieties of *tongues and scollops*, is much ridiculed in the "Romance of the Rose," and was no doubt often extremely costly, perishable, and extravagant. These *quintises* adorned small sleeveless upper tunics, and Queen Eleanor wore one with a train which had to be held up. The robes were, no doubt, often embroidered with armorial bearings before and behind, and Mr. Planché indeed notes an order for a robe of the best purple-coloured samite (silk) to be embroidered with three little leopards in front and three behind. The robes were frequently embroidered with heraldic emblems, and those of Henry III. in Westminster Abbey are fretted (cross-barred) with gold, and within each fret is the figure of a leopard.

The fashion of ladies' hair changed considerably in this long and licentious reign. The long plaited tails were disused, and the hair was packed up in nets of gold thread; but these nets were much hidden by the monastic-looking veils and wimples of earlier, thriftier, and more innocent times. The veil and wimple were sometimes, says Mr. Planché, of gold tissue, or richly-embroidered silk, and were often crowned by round caps.

The diapers, too, of Ypres, in Flanders, became now celebrated, and are frequently mentioned in the romances of the period.

In the reign of Edward I. when our kings and nobles arrayed themselves in red silk damasks, crimson satins, and stoles of rich white tissue studded with gilt quatrefoils and filigree, we may be sure the ladies were not far behind. The ugliest portion of dress worn at this extravagant period was the gorget, an exaggeration of the semi-monastic wimple, which we have already described. A figure in the Sloane MS. shows us a lady embarrassed with this choking gorget, which is wrapped two or three times round the neck, hiding that beautiful portion of the body, and rising far above the ears, giving the wearer the appearance of a miserable child suffering from earache and mumps. "I have often thought in my heart," says a satirist of the day, "when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that

her neckcloth was nailed to her chin, or that she had the pins hooked into her flesh." The same fierce denouncer of transitory folly, also alludes to the women throwing back their hoods and advancing their horns as if to wound the men.

A series of these head-dresses selected by Mr. Planché from rare instances, presents us with some extraordinary examples of folly. In that of Jeanne de Sancerre (1350), the lady resembles a Knight Templar with his helmet on, with curious side-projections that cover the ears; Jeanne de Senlis, a pretty face peers out from a sort of coronetted cupola; Donna Savelli at Rome (1315) has pins projecting from the sides of her head over which her coverchief is thrown and falls like a curtain; Can. de La Scala (1329) has her head-dress twisted into small horns over her two temples; while in another instance the gorget is strained out as if by wire, and is kept away from the face and ears. These ram's horn dresses were violently attacked by the clergy of the day, who advised their congregations whenever they met a lady so attired to shout, "Heurte, beliers," "Butt, rams." But Mr. Wright considered these satires were launched at the steeple-shaped head-dresses of a later period. Great importance is attached in ballads and romances of this period to the tight and dainty lacing of ladies. "Y laced small," is always a proof of the poet's approval. The Crusades seem to have introduced into Europe gauze (from Gaza), brunet or burnett, a fine stuff, and Indian silk; while tartan or tiretanus (the tint of Tyre), was a rich purple woollen cloth, mentioned among other places in the "Romance de la Rose."

The amiable queen Eleanor, it is said, first introduced the custom into England of using tapestry as hanging for walls; before her time it had been solely used to decorate altars. The thirteen beautiful crosses her irascible husband erected to her memory are a proof of his very poignant grief at her loss. This queen's dress is especially tasteful, for she abjured the frightful helmet of linen worn by her ladies, with its square visor and awkward muffling for the throat, and the only setting her face had were the ringlets of her own hair, clustering down from under her diadem.

The second queen of Edward I., Marguerite of France, a charitable and good woman, is known to us only from a portrait, which represents her in the dress of a royal widow, swathed in a wimple, which is pinned under her chin, and a French widow's veil. On this veil she wears the crown, while her girdle is studded with jewels.

That evil woman, Isabella of France, queen of Edward II., whom she murdered, seems to have arrived in England with a most costly outfit. Her dresses were of gold and silver stuff, velvet, and shot taffety. She had four hundred and nineteen yards of linen for the bath only, and tapestry for her own chamber lozenged in gold with the arms of France, England, and Brabant. Six of her dresses are especially mentioned, they were of green cloth from Douay. She had besides, six "beautifully marbled" and six of rose scarlet. The king's offerings at Westminster were kingly indeed. The first was a pound of gold fashioned in the likeness of a king holding a ring; the second was eight ounces of gold in the form of a pilgrim receiving the king, in allusion to the legend of St. John the Evangelist giving a ring to Edward the Confessor. An effigy of this intolerably bad woman is to be seen among the alabaster statuettes which adorn the tomb of her son, John of Eltham, in Westminster Abbey. "Her features," says Miss Strickland, "are Moorish, and greatly resemble those of her mother, the queen of Navarre. She wears a head-dress of a most singular type, it is half cowl half wimple, and she took to it during her long imprisonment at Castle Rising. It is flat on the top of the head, but stretches out very wide over the ears, disclosing two curls, and at the back of the head it stretches out like a veil, shutting in the queen's long muffled neck."

In this reign the hair was frequently, however, uncovered, and ornamented with bands of fretwork. Sometimes the coverchief is twisted into a kind of cap on the top of the head. The apron was now occasionally worn in humble life, and is called by Chaucer the barme, or lapcloth.

The splendid and victorious reign of Edward III. led to great

changes in dress. As the sumptuous banquets and tournaments given by the king brought knights and ladies more together, the costumes grew more varied and less monastic. Ladies began to imitate male dress, particularly the cote hardies, or light short tunics, which had come into fashion. The bronze figure of one of Edward III.'s daughters on the south side of Westminster Abbey, is a fine example of the fashion of Queen Philippa's court. This princess has a jewelled band round her forehead, while her hair rests against her cheeks in two straight square pleats. Her plain light gown, ungirdled, hangs in folds over her feet, and her hands are inserted in her front pockets. Long streamers called tippets reach from the upper part of her arms down to the level of her ankles. There are buttons down the front of the cote hardie to the waist.

The ladies whom Froissart describes frequently embroidered their gowns with the armorial bearings of their families, for this was an heraldic age above all others, and they rode to shows and tournaments with pouches and daggers by their side and in parti-coloured tunics, and they affected short hoods with the liripipes or tails of them twisted round their heads. The cote hardie or jacket, borrowed from the men, was faced and bordered with fur, according to the rank of the wearer. The sleeve sometimes reached to the wrists, at other times the coat had neither sides nor sleeves, and the arm-holes, as Mr. Planché says, were "cut so large that the girdle of the kirtle worn under it is visible at the hips," as is well shown in the effigy of Blanche de la Tour, a daughter of Edward III.; a woman described in the

anti-monastic vision of Piers Plowman, has scarlet garments puffed and faced with rich furs adorned with ribands of red and gold studded with gems. Her fingers, says the poet, were all embellished with rings of gold, set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and Oriental amulets to prevent infection.

In a drawing of a lady of this period given by Mr. Fairholt, we see a gown covered by a long cyclas, or tight-fitting upper tunic. She carries in her hand her gloves. Her hair is fastened up in a tight net caul, and from it streams the long contoise then worn by both knight and lady. In the romance of "Sir Degrevant" an earl's daughter is dressed in a velvet gown covered with fretwork of pearls, with a sapphire in the centre of each square. Her gown is furred with ermine, and decorated with rows of enamelled buttons. A golden girdle binds her waist. Her hair towers up into a coronet of gold, bossed on each side, and she has a pointed frontal of pearls. In the romance of the "Adventures of Arthur at the Tarnewathela," a lady appears leading a knight. She wears a gown of grass green, and her girdle is of white cloth embroidered with birds. It is enriched with golden studs, and fastened by a buckle. Her hair is braided with gold wire and coloured ribbons set with jewels, and her kerchief is secured by rich bodkins. When we couple with such dresses the blazoned surcoats of the knights, their gilded and sable armour, their plumes, their bright weapons and their illuminated shields, we can gather some faint notion of the splendour of King Edward's court at Westminster, say in the year of Cressy or Poitiers.

SÈVRES PORCELAIN.



HE productions of the National Porcelain Manufactory of Sèvres hold a high rank among that class of manufactured objects wherein Art goes hand in hand with industry. Nor is this world-wide reputation undeserved. All that royal patronage, artistic toil, and universal appreciation, could effect to perfect the products of this celebrated manufactory, has been lavished upon it. And so it has come to pass that a handful of men, working in a damp, dreary building in a suburb of Paris, maintain the superiority of this renowned porcelain, and read a lesson to the china-manufactories of the world.

The first idea that strikes the visitor to the *ateliers* of Sèvres is the gloomy nature of the building in which these brilliant products of this industrial art find a birthplace and a home. A long, grey edifice, pierced with small windows, and bearing the aspect of a convent without and within, vaulted corridors with whitewashed walls and brick floors, long, narrow, chill with damp, and marked here and there, on wall or ceiling, with traces of the shells of Mont Valérien—such is the present abode of the royal porcelain-factory.

Had not the war intervened, it would, long ere this, have been lodged in new and more sumptuous quarters in the Park of St.-Cloud, but the period of its change of domicile remains as yet undetermined. Meanwhile, its present abiding-place is left without paint and without repairs, and is rapidly assuming a dismal aspect of neglect and decay. The manufactory has been established there since 1756, the epoch when Louis XV., having bought out the original promoters of the enterprise, installed the works in their present home, then and for the first time founding the *royal* manufactory of Sèvres. But the actual foundation of the works dates from 1695, a M. Morin having established then a pottery for the imitation of Chinese porcelain, which was the germ of that which has so long enjoyed such wide-spread repute.

At first, however, the Sèvres porcelain was composed only of *pâte tendre*, or soft paste, an artificial composition, admirable for decorative purposes, taking colour readily, and demanding a much lower temperature in baking, but too soft to stand any wear. The enamel with which it was covered, an artificial product as well, was brilliant and fusible, but easily cracked. Such was the composition of the so-called old Sèvres. France in those days did not possess

a real porcelain-clay. Therein Sèvres was surpassed by its Saxon rival at Meissen, the birthplace of the famous old Dresden china. In 1709 the great discovery of real porcelain-clay, the so-called kaolin, was made in Saxony by Frederick Bottcher. His attention was one day called to the softness and unctuous nature of a white powder wherewith his hair-dresser had powdered his peruke. On questioning the man as to the origin and nature of the substance he had employed, he confessed to having made use of powdered clay instead of the regular French hair-powder on account of its superior cheapness. Thus was the precious kaolin discovered, the possession of which was guarded with such jealous care by the Saxon Government, heavy penalties being laid on the exportation of even the smallest quantities. In France, an inferior quality of kaolin was discovered at Alençon, but the pottery made from it was coarse and grey. It was not till fifty years later that Madame Darnet, the wife of a surgeon at St. Yrieix, undertook to substitute for soap in her household a species of soft, unctuous white clay, which she had found in the neighbourhood of her house, and that brought into notice the now celebrated clay of Limoges, and established the manufacture of hard paste at Sèvres. The material now used at that factory is composed of the clay from Limoges, mingled with a certain proportion of a fine sand found at Fontainebleau, which being fusible in its nature seems to lend transparency to the porcelain. After being carefully purified, washed, and kneaded, the clay comes into the hands of the potter, a soft, dough-like, greyish-white mass, which has been worked till on cutting the mass with a wire neither crack nor bubble can be observed in its substance. Then comes the operation of moulding. Most of the smaller articles, such as cups, *tazzas*, plates, flower-vases, &c., are shaped on a wheel by hand. The thin, egg-shell-like cups are produced by pouring into a plaster mould a quantity of paste, diluted with water to the consistency of very rich cream; the mould is then suffered to stand for a minute or two, the liquid is then poured off, and the inside of the mould remains coated with a thin layer of clay, the plaster having absorbed a certain quantity of the water which deposits the clay. The workman then passes a thin, sharp knife around the edge of the cup so as to detach its rim from the mould, and the mould is afterwards set aside to dry. The clay in drying contracts, so that when the process is finished, the thin, egg-shell-like cup is entirely detached from the mould.

Large vases are moulded in the same way, only, instead of a few minutes, as in the case of the cup, four hours are allowed to elapse for the clay-deposit to form of sufficient thickness.

The difficult and delicate process of baking comes next in order. The pieces intended to be glazed are submitted to a preliminary baking called the *dégourdi*, an operation which renders them solid enough to permit of their being dipped in water without melting, and which leaves them porous enough to absorb a certain quantity of fluid. They are then dipped into a liquid enamel, composed chiefly of the powder of a stone called pegmatite mixed with water. This liquid is spread carefully over the surface of the article by the after-application of delicate knives and brushes, the first destined to remove too great an accumulation of enamel in certain points, the second to spread it over the parts that have not fully received it. The piece is allowed to dry slowly; it is then ready for actual baking. The cylindrically-shaped furnaces are lined with plates of white porcelain, the article to be baked is enclosed in a case of hard, infusible crockery, and is then submitted to the action of the fire. Some pieces pass nine times through the ordeal of baking, four times before decoration and five times afterwards. Sometimes an article decorated with a design in several colours requires a separate "firing" for each colour. The state of the furnace is tested by means of small plates of porcelain attached to iron rods, which are thrust into the oven through an opening in the door. These plates are white, painted with two or at most three stripes, one of gold, one of carmine, and one of blue. The carmine is the test colour. When freshly applied it is a purplish brown, when the heat is not great enough it becomes of a brick-dust red, when it is too great it changes to a dirty crimson or dregs-of-wine colour, and when the temperature is exactly right it shows its true tint, a rich and brilliant rose-red.

As to the decorative portion of the works, their only peculiarity is in the extreme finish and artistic merit of the designs; as a branch of manufacture it affords no special interest. It is the soft porcelain or *pâte tendre* which readiest takes the celebrated ground-tints of the factory, the rich dark blue or *bleu-du-roi*, the turquoise blue, Persian green, and the new rare Chinese red or *rouge de cuivre*, imitated from Chinese porcelain and first produced at Sèvres in 1848.

In passing through the museum at Sèvres it is interesting to note the changes in the fashion of decorating particular shapes or articles from one epoch to another. When the works first took their widest artistic development, that is to say in the reign of Louis XV., copies of celebrated paintings on flat surfaces of porcelain became the rage. These were speedily superseded by cups, saucers, plates, and vases; those exquisite little cups painted with miniatures and with gold designs upon a white or turquoise-blue ground; plates reproducing the paintings of the Louvre or the most admired landscapes of Europe; *bleu-du-roi* vases adorned with historic or classic scenes of incomparable execution—all now cheaply purchased at their weight in gold. The first Revolution and the first Empire left their imprint on the taste of the day, and classic shapes and classic subjects became the mode at Sèvres. The *bleu du roi* as a ground-colour gave place in many instances to the imperial green, a rich dark hue, but scarcely so beautiful in itself as the tint it displaced. At present it is no longer the fashion to reproduce the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Louvre upon plates and vases, objects which by their inequalities of surface or of outline do not present proper facilities for the reproduction of paintings. The fabrication of *pâte tendre*, abandoned in the early part of the present century, has been revived since 1847. At present large vases appear to be the articles most in vogue at the manufactory, articles which by their shape and extent of surface afford space and opportunity for the display of the special colours and artistic designs which have formed the glory of the Sèvres porcelain ever since the days of Louis XV., its royal patron, and to a certain extent its creator. The subdued colours now in vogue for dress, furniture-coverings, draperies, &c., have found place amid the groundings of the Sèvres porcelain, thus showing how the fashions of the day have influence even over Art.

Among the vases on view in the show-room were a pair about three feet high, the grounding a deep, soft mist-grey, the designs, aquatic leaves and plants, in delicate shades of bluish and yellow green; a white-plumaged waterfowl nestled at the base of the plants, and lent light to the subdued colouring. Two larger vases,

with the same mist-grey grounding, were painted each with a peacock perched upon a branch, the full resplendent tail of the bird flowing downward so as to fill the curve of the body of the vase. Another pair, of smaller size, showed on a background of deep purplish brown an iris with its leaves, and hovering above the flower a single black parrot. A very beautiful combination of tints was shown in a pair of vases, dark blue at lip and base, and shading into pale blue at the centre, where was depicted a mass of pale-red roses and rosebuds with faintly-tinted foliage. Less novel in tint and design, yet very beautiful withal, were a pair of vases with *bleu-du-roi* ground, painted with a single stalk of white lilies with buds and leaves, the creamy white of the flower, and the dark green of the stiff formal leaf, beautifully relieved against the dark azure of the background.

A large vase of antique shape was painted a dull purplish red, with deep leaf-shaped *plaques* in dull gold, extending downward from the upper border to the centre. From the base sprang branches of heath in white and dark-blue tints, with dull olive-hued foliage; these flowers were in relief and continued to the upper border of the vase, branching over the gold *plaques*. Below, a white-plumaged bird gave light to the design, the tints of which, though of extreme richness of tone, were subdued and even sombre.

Very exquisite in colouring were a pair of vases with dark-blue lip and base shaded to pale blue in centre, and painted with wreaths of morning-glories, the blossoms white, dashed with deep blue on the edges of the petals. Scarcely less beautiful were another pair with bluish water-green ground at the top, shaded to pale yellow-green at the base, and painted with clusters of aquatic plants of dull pink, white, and vivid gold-yellow tints, with gem-like dragonflies and a hovering paroquet of brilliant plumage above. Very singular in colouring was a vase, painted with gold over a bluish-green ground, with the under-tint showing through the gold; the design was magnolia-branches with pure white blossoms, amid which sat enthroned a paroquet with dull-pink plumage and blue shaded wings. A vase with a pale, opaque, red ground, was adorned with a charming design, representing Sleep, a colossal stalk of poppies with one pendent blossom, while on one of the curved leaves lay a nude, slumbering Cupid.

A vase of antique shape, with curved gilt handles, was of a white ground, bordered with acanthus-leaves in dead gold. On the side was painted in palest and most delicate hues a cluster of lilac and yellow chrysanthemums with a single branch, heavy with the weight of one pendent lilac-flower, trailing from one side of the group. Another pair of vases, of the same classic shape and white ground, were decorated with representations of Earth and Water: two female figures, one laden with fruit and flowers, the other holding up a colossal shell dripping with water. These figures were drawn in shades of dusky purple. Another pair of a rich red hue, were adorned with classic groups in shades of pale umber-brown. Among the smaller objects I noted a pair of slender, bottle-shaped vases in white porcelain, each painted with a single flying Cupid most exquisitely executed. A design of lilacs and field-daisies on a dull-grey ground decorated a pair of vases at least five feet high.

In shapes there seems to be far less modification or aim at originality than is manifested in the colours and decorative designs. The vases are in shape mere modifications of two classes of form, the Chinese and the antique. The mug-shaped cups of the First Empire have been replaced by the more graceful oval, or by the shallow tazza-shaped cup; the latter form, however, lends itself but ill to the reproduction of any but a certain class of designs. Articles in unpainted biscuit, known with us as Parian-ware, form no inconsiderable portion of the products of Sèvres. Life-sized busts of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., one on either side of one of the doors of the museum, recall the period of the Restoration, the lace cravat of the latter being a very triumph of the ceramic art. Small busts of Marie Antoinette, of the two Bourbon kings aforesaid, of Louis Philippe, of Louis Napoleon, and of MM. Thiers and MacMahon, form articles of daily commerce for the factory, the image of the unfortunate queen being the most popular. Strange to say, the Empress Eugénie, even when in the very flush of womanly beauty and of imperial dignity, positively refused to permit her likeness to figure in this collection. The biscuit-figures of Sèvres hardly sustain the artistic reputation of the factory, being



C. G. LEWIS SCULPT

HARVEST-TIME IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF A. BARRIS ESQ. LUTWELL KIRBY LONSDALE.

nothing extraordinary either in subject or in style. The best of the smaller pieces is a reproduction of the well-known statue of Jeanne d'Arc, by the Princess Marie d'Orléans.

Very little of the Sèvres porcelain can be purchased, the finest and most artistic of the pieces being reserved either for exhibition in the collection, or to adorn the palaces inhabited by the chief of the nation, whoever he may be. Then come a certain number which are set aside as presents to foreign potentates or to celebrities. A few inferior pieces may sometimes be purchased, but at prices which are well-nigh prohibitive. Thus a finely-decorated plate, painted with a landscape or group in the centre, and with a border of the exquisitely-pencilled gold-work on a *bleu-du-roi* or dark-green background, is valued at a price ranging from 200 to 350 francs (from \$40 to \$70). As to the vases, they are valued according to size and decoration, some being worth \$2,000 and others \$10,000. And yet Sèvres porcelain is by no means an uncommon or priceless article in ordinary commerce. It is to be found in abundance in the *bric-à-brac* shops of Paris, and in still greater profusion in the retail shops of New York and Philadelphia, and that in the teeth of the fact that the painted porcelain of Sèvres is never sold in quantities, the cost and time employed in its production, and the extremely limited number of articles produced, preventing all supplies to the trade. Yet is the riddle an easy one

to solve. The manufactory turns out large quantities of plain white articles; these, possessing the traditional lightness and brilliancy of enamel of the Sèvres porcelain, and bearing its trade-mark, are eagerly bought up by the trade, are decorated by inferior artists in the style of the productions of the royal manufactory, and are then sold as genuine Sèvres-ware. Then, too, a large number of objects, after being decorated by the artists of Sèvres, are marred in the baking; these are likewise eagerly bought up by the china-merchants and sellers of *bric-à-brac*. Of course a certain number of articles in genuine Sèvres are thrown on the market annually by sales of art collections or of the household effects of deceased royalty or aristocracy, a large number of really fine specimens also fell into private hands after the fall of the monarchy of July and after that of the Second Empire. But, these sources of supply being naturally limited, it will be seen that the amount of genuine Sèvres-ware that is offered for sale must be extremely small. Of course there is no protection for the buyer against counterfeited trade-marks. But against one form of imposition it is possible to guard. The undecorated ware sold at Sèvres bears the regular trade-mark, but cut with a transverse dash. If this is effaced and a forged trade-mark substituted, the traces of the operation can readily be detected.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

HARVEST-TIME IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

ANY one acquainted with the picture well known through the engraving published by the Art-Union of London some years ago—'Harvest in the Highlands,' the joint production of Sir E. Landseer and Sir A. W. Callcott, and exhibited at the Academy in 1833, will be reminded of it by the work here engraved, which, in all probability, formed the original idea of the principal group in the larger painting, where the landscape is by Callcott and the figures by Landseer. The construction of the group in both pictures is very similar, but the component parts differ to some extent: the cart and horse, with the colt by the side of the latter, are identical in both; but in the finished picture the cart has no one seated in it, but is laden with corn, while the sketch shows the outline of a female figure. But the greatest difference is seen in the figures and animals immediately in front of the cart; and here, we venture to assert,

the group in the sketch has the advantage in sweetness of sentiment, the young woman diligently plying her distaff, while the man, holding under his arm a quantity of newly-reaped corn, bends over her in conversation, the goats and the kids lying lovingly at the feet of the woman, and the calf standing near by, constitute as pretty and picturesque a group of its kind as can well be conceived. In the large picture some of these objects are introduced; for example, there is the young female, but she is standing with her side towards the spectator, holding a sheaf of corn under her right arm, while conversing with a group of children seated in front of her. The calf seen in the sketch is also there, but at some distance to the right of the group, in front of which lies a dog. The subject here engraved is, as already remarked, far more interesting than its assumed counterpart, excellent as the latter undoubtedly is.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ITALY.



AT Rome an important discovery has recently been made. While working in the garden of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, for the construction of the central hall of the archæological exhibition, to be opened next December, the eastern side was brought to light, of the area in *opera quadrata*, already previously discovered in the neighbouring Caffarelli garden, and which occupies almost all the western summit of the Capitoline Hill. Some topographers had already timidly suggested that this immense area might be the substruction of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, to which edifice Dionysius attributes an extent of 4,000 square feet.

This supposition seems now to become an absolute certainty, especially in consequence of the discovery, also, of a part of a fluted column of white marble, 5.43 metres in circumference; for a column of such extraordinary dimensions could have belonged to no other Capitoline edifice, except to the temple of Jupiter Maximus. Thus, the respective positions upon the two Capitoline summits, of the citadel and temple, may be considered as at last de-

cided. It is superfluous to add that the marble fragments found in the garden of the Conservatori Palace are a part of the temple restorations made by Domitian.

Upon the Esquiline Hill, in the area formerly occupied by the gardens of Mæcenæ, a pilaster of Lunigian marble has been discovered, terminating with the hermes of a Faun. In the same place has also been unearthed a wall made of sculptured fragments, among them a statue of a Cupid bearing a vase upon his shoulders, from which once, probably, the waters of a fountain fell; a colossal head of Jupiter Serapis, and pieces of a nude statue, probably representing an Apollino.

In constructing the drain in the Via de Crescenzi, several walls of excellent brickwork have been brought to light, belonging to the Neronian and Alexandrine baths, as well as a number of pieces of majolica, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of them adorned with figures.

In continuing the excavations nearer the northwest corner of the portico of the Pantheon, a basement has been found, perhaps of a trophy monument, and also a part of the pavement of the

ancient piazza, formed of large travertine squares; it extended beyond the piazza of the *Maddalena*, so that the monument could be seen from its just point of view.

Much has already been written in reference to the twelve *columbaria*, discovered near the temple of Minerva Medica and the Porta Maggiore. Two of them, recently excavated, are very important, since one belonged to the family of the Statilius Scaurus, who constructed at his own expense an amphitheatre in the Campus Martius, as was learned from the numerous inscriptions found. The other is especially interesting from its frescoes, some of which are being copied in water-colours by the order of the municipal committee.

Descending into the sepulchre by a ladder, on the right, in the frieze surrounding the tomb, is one fresco, a metre long, and 38 centimetres high (the uniform height of the frieze), divided into two parts. Although it is somewhat defaced, the seven persons represented are easily understood to be the workmen constructing the Roman walls of *opera quadrata*. They are of proud, robust mien, and carry enormous stones. In the second part are warriors; it is probably the conflict between Romulus and Remus.

The other fresco is still longer, measuring 2.90 metres in length. It is also divided into two parts. The first is a battle-scene, comprising thirty-six half-clad figures, dealing each other most vigorous blows. The words "Aeneas" and "Rotulus," inscribed on the fresco itself, explain its signification. Another inscription, "Latini impetrant pacem," is placed under the figures of two warriors, holding each other's hands, one of whom is nude, and the other is the same represented in the previous division of the fresco, as crowned with the emblems of victory, in a Greek costume, and a crest upon his head.

Another group in the second part of this fresco represents the building of *Lavinium*, for the name is inscribed below the figures of Ascanius and Lavinia; the latter is seated on a block of stone watching the work attentively.

The third fresco, very much defaced, consists of three groups. The first represents a king with his sceptre, accompanied by five warriors and eleven women, one of whom is a vestal. In the second are Mars and Rhea Sylvia, and in the background the figure of the Tiber is seen. The third consists entirely of women seated.

In the three groups of the last fresco are, first, a shepherd weeping in the midst of his flock; then, a man and a woman with two little children (the two former are carrying a rush-basket) on their way towards the Tiber, represented as an old man crowned with sea-weeds and having a rudder at his feet, to show, doubtless, that the river was navigable. The third is an admirable figure of a young man, of noble features and simple attitude, standing near flocks of sheep. It is evidently Romulus.

Farther above, among the decorative figures, is a very fine one, the armed goddess of Rome. The paintings on the ceilings, most of them allegorical, do not seem to have the artistic merit of those on the walls. Some of them represent Apollo, Ceres, a funeral banquet, doves, etc.

Besides the frescoes, objects of female and domestic use in the imperial epoch have been found, in so great a number as to fill a small museum near by.

These excavations are being made under the direction of the *Compagnia Fondiaria Italiana*, and were induced by the discovery here, in the last century, of two *columbaria*, one of them for the family and slaves of the Arruntians.

All the *columbaria* show that posterior constructions had been made over them, drains for the gardens into which this part of the necropolis was changed by the Emperor Licinius Gallienus, towards the end of the third century. The tombs were covered with tiles, some of them having the circular stamp.

It was on account of the great number of antiquities found in the construction of the new quarter, that the city government decided to erect the additional hall for them, adjoining the Conservatori Palace, which led, singularly enough, to the important discovery in the foundations already referred to.

In this new museum will be assembled many objects of great value, especially in bronze and terra-cotta.

The terra-cottas have been divided into six distinct classes, comprising potteries of Italian, Greek, or Roman-Etruscan style, ob-

jects relating to worship or superstition, materials for construction, utensils of domestic use, figured decorations and reliefs, and the Aretine earthenware.

Of these, the examples of the first class, of *Italian*, not Roman Art, were found in the most ancient of the Esquiline tombs, in that vast necropolis which, during the republican period and later, extended underground, from the Campus Viminalis to the Castrense amphitheatre, and which has been brought to light in several localities during the present Esquiline works.

In the entrance-court of the museum stands a very elegant fountain in the form of a drinking-horn, terminating with the figure of a Chimera. In the upper part, under the rim, are three figures of *Menadi*, in bacchanal attitudes; it has also a large cup. On the base is the name of its Athenian artificer. Also, from the Esquiline, are two *trapezofori*, beautifully cut with winged figures on the corners, and a very learned inscription of the pro-prætor of Asia, Numicius Pica. There is also a semi-colossal statue of Bacchus, without one arm and the limbs; and three large tablets finely carved with acanthus-leaves.

On the ground-floor, in the first room to the left, are, a remarkable bas-relief, the representations of which are referred to the worship of Mithras; an immense cup of exquisite work; and a part of a large basin, adorned with the entire figure of the *Menadi* in revelling attitude, supposed to be derived from the original of Scopa.

In the next room is a group in relief representing Mithras Taurotonus, again, from the Esquiline.

In the *Stanza* of the Emperors is the much-discussed and admired bust of Commodus, with the attributes of Hercules. It is of Pentelic marble, 1.18 metre high, giving the half of the person, and was discovered in the precincts of the Villa Palombara. The insane emperor is here seen in the character of the deity it pleased him most to represent, his head covered with the lion's spoils; in one hand the club, and in the other the apples of the Hesperides. This strange bust-figure, the style of which is very rare, rests upon a base entirely different from the kind usually seen. It is formed of an Amazonian buckler, between two cornucopias, an evident allusion to the strength of the new Hercules, guardian of peace and abundance. These rest upon the globe, on which are three signs of the zodiac, the scorpion, the ram, and the bull, probably referring to important events in the life of Commodus, that occurred in the months thus symbolized. On each side of the globe are two amazons, having each one knee on the ground. As Commodus, among his other names, assumed that of *Amazonius*, these figures may have been intended to suggest this title. The whole rests on an elegant base of rare alabaster. The fineness and severity of the work, as well as its singular preservation, make this an almost unique antiquity. It must have been made during the last two years of the life of Commodus, A. D. 190-192, when his insane desire to be represented as Hercules showed itself. As the senate abolished the images of Commodus, its preservation is probably due to its having been hidden, and only brought to light now, after so many centuries.

The beautiful statue of Venus, which now adorns the *Salone* of the Capitol, was found in December, 1874, in the grounds of the villa Palombara, at equal distance from the mansion and the tomb *Casa Tonda*. Here, anciently, as has been already remarked, extended the Mæcenian and Læmian Gardens, which had become imperial property already in the time of Caligula. Here were found the Niobe group and the Wrestlers, now in the Museum of Florence, the Discobolus of Myro, in the Palace Massimo, and the Nozze Aldobrandine, in the Vatican Library. The recent discoveries here are not unworthy of the preceding, and show the taste with which the various possessors of the gardens, including the Augustan emperors, adorned them.

The Venus of the *Salone*, of Greek marble, 1.54 metre high, is a nude figure, ideal in its expression, arranging a ribbon around the head, after the bath, for a vase, over which a cloth is thrown, serves as an attribute and slight support to the figure, which rests on the right limb, and holds, somewhat raised, the left, the foot of which touches the earth only with the point. The goddess has put on her sandals, and with both hands upraised, one to hold the ribbon upon the knot of hair and the other to bind the front tresses with it, seems as if looking in a mirror. From the severity and elevation of the style, as well as the inequality with

which the figure is executed, archæologists* are inclined to consider it as not an original, but a copy of the famous Venus of Scopa, existing formerly in the temple of Mars, constructed by Decimus

* Carlo Ludovico Visconti, in the "Bulletino Archeologica Municipale."

Junius Brutus near the Flaminian Circus, a statue so excellent, that, as Pliny describes it, it sufficed to illuminate, however humble, the place in which it might be.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

STANLEY FOX.—This artist, whose death occurred December 10th, at his home in New York, was a native of Fort Plain, Montgomery County, New York. He was for many years a contributor to *Harpers's Weekly*, the *Daily Graphic*, and other illustrated journals. He confined his attention exclusively to drawing on wood, in which branch of Art he possessed considerable taste. His health had been poor for a year or more before his death, but he was enabled to continue his work, and up to the last two or three days of his life was engaged in preparing drawings for publishers. He was thirty years of age at the time of his death.

ALEXANDRE COLIN.—The death is announced from Paris of Alexandre Marie Colin, at the age of seventy-seven. He was a pupil of Girodet, and had been for twenty-five years professor at the Polytechnic School in Paris. His greatest work, entitled 'Columbus discovering America,' is at the Luxembourg Museum. M. Colin was a native of Paris. He was awarded medals of the second class at the *Salon* in 1824 and 1831, and a medal of the first class in 1840. His son, Paul Colin, is a popular landscape-painter in Paris.

ANNA MARIA CHARRETIE.—Mrs. Charretie was born on the 5th of May, 1819, at Vauxhall. Her first effort in Art was in flower-painting, in which she was a pupil of Mr. Valentine Bartholomew; and she became an amateur exhibitor at the Royal Academy when twenty years of age, in the first instance of flower-pieces, and subsequently of miniatures, in the painting of which she acquired considerable proficiency.

She was married in the year 1841, but continued her study of Art. Through reverses—among which may be chiefly named the death of her husband—a few years since, Mrs. Charretie adopted Art as a profession, and took to painting in oils, in which she succeeded by her own almost unaided efforts. She obtained admission at the Royal Academy for her first picture in oils, entitled 'Lady Betty Germain,' which was much admired for the grace of the figure and the high finish of the details. This was in 1872, and the following years she exhibited at the Academy 'Lady Betty's Maid' and 'Lady Betty Shopping;' and this year, 'Mistress of Herself, though China fall.' Mrs. Charretie died suddenly from heart-disease on the 5th of October.

THOMAS ENDER.—This veteran artist, a distinguished Austrian landscape-painter, died in his native place, Vienna, in the month of October, in his eighty-fourth year. Conjointly with his twin brother John, an excellent portrait-painter and a professor in the Academy of Vienna, Thomas studied in the schools of that institution. In 1815 and 1816 he visited Bavaria and the Tyrol for the purpose of sketching; and when, in 1817, the Austrian Government sent out an expedition to Brazil, he accompanied it as a draughtsman, bringing back with him a large number of sketches, amounting to about nine hundred, very valuable for their topographical and ethnological characteristics. Later on, Ender passed four years in Italy, in the suite of Prince Metternich. His works, which are very varied in subject-matter, may be seen in the Museum of Vienna, and in the collection of the Archduke John, for whom Ender painted numerous truthful pictures of the scenery of the Rhine.

NOTES.

NEW PICTURES.—Sanford R. Gifford's latest picture illustrates an 'Autumn Storm in the Catskills,' and is one of the most forcible works in effect that he has painted during the present year. The picture is more of a composition than a real scene from Nature, although it is strongly suggestive of the scenery of the region which it purports to represent. There is a little lakelet in the foreground, and on the right a range of mountains leads off into the perspective. The left bank of the lake shows some broken masses of rock and forest-trees brightly tinted, though in a low tone, with autumn colours. Hanging over the lake, on either hand, are dense masses of drifting storm-clouds, while at the zenith, and to a line midway between that and the horizon, the vapour assumes a warm golden tone as the sun's rays struggle with the prevailing blackness for ascendancy. The picture is painted in a low tone, but in a style of vigorously impressive solemnity. The lake is as quiet as when under the influence of a mid-day's summer sun, for the tempest has not yet broken, and the autumn colours of the foliage upon its near bank are reflected with mirror-like accuracy on its surface. Mr. Gifford painted a somewhat similar effect from Nature several years ago, in illustration of a scene on the beach near Sandy Hook; but it possesses very little of the grandeur and solemn beauty of this his latest work. —E. Wood Perry has recently finished one of the pleasant old-time domestic scenes for which his pencil has become so justly celebrated. The subject is entitled 'A Month's Darning.' A pleasant-faced young woman sits beside a great basket of woollen stockings, one pair of which she is busily engaged in darning. The figure is neatly drawn, and there is a homelike feeling expressed in it that is very attractive. The drawing of the minor objects, such as the basket and bundles of stockings, is also well done, and they are cleverly arranged in connection with the figure. In the colouring of the work, every detail, in the matter of treatment, shows the conscientiousness of a study from Nature. The old basket is admirably handled in this respect; but in the suggestion of texture, given to the old coloured stockings of almost every tone and hue, there is a knowledge of the relations, colour, and harmony, which not only gives

evidence of careful study, but also of rare technical skill.—Frederick A. Bridgman, a young American artist now residing in Paris, has recently painted, and sent to his home in Brooklyn, a large and important picture, entitled 'Interior of a Harem, or the Nubian Fortune-Teller.' The room is of large dimensions, and is of a rich Moorish style of architecture, with an elaborately bracketed ceiling, and superbly-coloured side-walls. The tessellated pavement is slightly sunk in the middle, where a miniature fountain plays, and luxuriant divans arranged against the walls, and rugs on the pavement, serve as lounging-places for the enervated inmates. The end of the apartment is in the form of an alcove, with a latticed window, but it is left in shadow, as if to give additional quiet to the scene and force to the figures. In the foreground, reclining upon a divan, is the Moorish master of the house, and at his knee sits a favourite wife with her arm thrown around a little child; and near the group is the tawny fortune-teller, reciting her story with weird gestures and an accompanying swaying of the body. The costume of the wife is of a crimson tissue, and its brilliancy is increased by the warm and rich tones of the browns and emerald tints with which the walls are coloured. In the background there are several figures of Moorish women standing and reclining in picturesque attitudes of dreamy indolence, but all, evidently, intently listening to the story that the weird woman is reciting. In the way of minor accessories there are niches in the walls containing jars, and rich Oriental vases ornament the door-easings and rest upon brackets in every nook and corner of the room. The colouring of the work is exceedingly rich, and the composition generally gives expression to the most perfect harmony of feeling and sentiment. Every incident is portrayed with a free hand, and with a knowledge of the technicalities of Art worthy of the pencil of Gérôme, under whose direction this accomplished young artist studied. The picture has been purchased by Dr. S. Hopkins Keep, of Brooklyn.

JAPANESE LACQUER-WARE.—The British consul at Yokohama, in his printed report to the English Foreign Office, gives some interesting in-

formation respecting the preparation of lacquer-ware in Japan. Some Japanese, he says, give A. D. 724 as the date when the art of lacquering was first discovered, but those among them who have given attention to the subject fix the date as A. D. 889 or 900. It would appear to have attained to some perfection in 1290, for the name of a distinguished painter in lacquer at that time is still handed down as the founder of a particular school of art in lacquer-painting. Having described the manner in which the lacquer-varnish is obtained, some details of the mode in which designs in lacquer are worked are given. "The first thing," he says, "is to trace out on the thinnest of paper the required pattern or design, and the tracing is then gone over with a composition of lacquer-varnish and vermilion, afterwards laid on whatever it is proposed to impart the design to, and well rubbed over with a bamboo spatula." The outline thus left "is now gone over with a particular kind of soft lacquer-varnish. When this industry is pursued in hot weather the varnish speedily dries, and consequently where the pattern is a good deal involved a small portion only is executed at one time, and the gold powder, which enters largely into most of the lacquer-ware for the foreign market, is applied to each part as it is being executed. For this a large and very soft brush is used, and by its aid the gold powder is well rubbed in with the lacquer or varnish. The work is then left to dry for about twenty-four hours, after which the pattern is lightly rubbed over with charcoal made from a particular kind of wood, this process securing evenness of surface. The work is next rubbed with polishing powder, and afterwards carefully wiped. After all this outlining has been done there still remains a good deal of finishing work, such as the tracing of leaves on trees, the petals of flowers, the wings of birds, &c. Into all this gold powder largely enters, the working in of which requires a light brush and skilful hand. After this has well dried, a particular kind of lacquer-varnish, known as *yoshimô urushi*, is well rubbed in, and the whole then polished with horn-dust. The polishing process is done with the finger, and is continued until the gold-glitter shows out well."

SAMUEL COLMAN.—This artist, after passing three years in Europe, has again opened a studio in New York for the practice of his art. Mr. Colman recently placed on exhibition at the Snedecor Gallery a collection of forty-five water-colour sketches from Nature, made during his rambles in France, Switzerland, Italy, and on the northern coast of Africa. Many of the works are of great beauty, and in tone and sentiment represent the highest development of water-colour painting. The group includes landscape, architectural, and figure studies. Of the latter there is a sketch of an 'Arab Woman crossing the Desert,' riding on the back of a camel. The figure of the woman is not particularly attractive, but in connection with the desert landscape it possesses considerable interest. Another study of figures is given in a sketch of the beach, during the bathing season at Etretat, France. Here there is a superb example of the massing of figures; and the texture of the broad and sandy beach and the towering cliffs in the background is rendered with considerable power. Among Mr. Colman's architectural studies is a view of the 'Cathedral at Rouen.' This is one of the finest drawings of the kind in the collection. The drawing is excellent, and every detail of the sculptural tracery in that grand old edifice is shown with conscientious fidelity. There is also a clever drawing of the entrance to the 'Ducal Palace in Venice;' and of 'Andernach on the Rhine,' in which the towers of the hamlet appear clearly defined against a delicately-toned sky. A sketch of the 'Jung Frau from the Murren,' with its crown snow-clad, and a view of 'Dutch Boats on the Scheldt,' are also attractive subjects. The entire collection was the result of Mr. Colman's out-door study, and its exhibition will, no doubt, give a new impetus to water-colour painting in this country.

CERAMIC INFATUATION.—"The most recent spasm of ceramic infatuation," says a London journal, "was at the Hooton Hall sale, near Chester, England; and, although the attendance of buyers was limited, and those buyers were mainly 'in the trade,' the biddings were, it is said, on the whole satisfactory. A punch-bowl in old Derby was sold at £42—forty years ago it would probably have fetched as many shillings. Four candlesticks of Capo di Monte, a by no means artistic and very *rococo* ware, were knocked down for £84; had they been of sterling silver they would have been dear at the price. For a Battersea enamelled casket adorned with landscape, cattle, and figures, 118 guineas was bid. A pair of pugs fetched 31 guineas; a centre vase and cover realised 161 guineas. For a circular Gubbio dish of majolica, twelve inches in diameter, 226 guineas was paid. A collector, wise in his generation, secured a parcel-gilt cup and cover, attributable to Benvenuto Cellini, for 270 guineas; and we congratulate him on his purchase. He has got value, and probably more. As for the ceramic craze, it has spread, we are sorry to say, from country manor-house sales and West-End auctions, from St. James's and Oxford Street and Holborn, into the once sequestered regions of Gray's Inn Lane and the Brompton Road, where *bric-à-brac*

hunters of moderate means were once enabled to pick up really artistic bits of rare old china at very moderate prices. The smaller dealers, all over London, are now quite as well aware as the large ones, of the prevalence of 'moody madness laughing wild amidst severest woe,' and are demanding woful prices for Dresden and majolica, the genuineness of which is sometimes open to more than a doubt. A slight *planche de salut* is afforded to the unhappy collector when the pawnbrokers choose to put any good porcelain in their windows; for the landlords of the 'Lombard Arms' are, above all things, anxious to realise, and are generally open to a fair offer for unredeemed pledges."

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The Ninth Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours will open in the galleries of the National Academy of Design, January 31st, and will continue four weeks. Works in water-colours, and black-and-white, will be received from January 12th to the 19th, inclusive. The hanging committee this year is composed of able artists, who will, it is thought, rigorously exclude poor pictures; and, judging from the average increase of works offered, they will have more than one thousand to choose from. The exhibition will be preceded by the usual private view, which will take place on Saturday evening, January 29th. The officers of the Society have secured one of the best rooms in the Art-department of the Centennial buildings in Philadelphia, and expect to make a creditable display in the exhibition. Many of the leading works in the exhibition in New York will also appear in the Centennial.

FRENCH ART AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The French Commissioners have given notice that all French artists who desire to exhibit their works at the Centennial Exhibition must give notice of their desire to do so at once. All charges for packing, shipping, &c., will be borne by the commission, but they distinctly decline all responsibility in case of averages, damage, or total loss. No work of Art will be sold for a less sum than that fixed upon by the artist at the time of sending, and all sums will be immediately sent to the Commissioner in Paris for those interested. Every work of Art destined for this exhibition must be sent to the Hôtel Cluny between the 1st and 15th day of January, to be submitted to the Committee of Examination.

JOEL T. HART.—This old sculptor has been at work for many years on a group generally known as 'Charity,' but was called by himself 'Purity.' In a private letter to a friend living in Lexington, Kentucky, the sculptor says: "The group, my life-work, is finished and beautifully cast in plaster of Paris. I put the Cupid at his place to-day, reaching up for the last arrow that the statue 'Purity,' shall I call it, holds up out of his reach, for which he is tiptoeing. My instrument will copy it exactly, and, '*ad infinitum*,' I have devoted to this work eleven years and six months."

THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.—General di Cesnola has lately been making excavations in an old tomb of very large dimensions at Cyprus. Among the relics discovered were a large gold sceptre, some bracelets, and a chain. The bracelets have inscriptions on them, in what are supposed to be Cyprean characters. These objects are to be shortly sent to America.

CHRISTIANIA.—A statue of the French Marshal Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, with the title of Charles John XIV., was unveiled in this city on the 7th of September. It is the work of a Swedish sculptor, Herr Bergslien, and was cast in bronze in Copenhagen; and it now stands in the centre of the eminence on which the palace is built, and fronts the principal street.

M. BARYE, THE SCULPTOR.—An exhibition of the works of the late M. Barye, the celebrated sculptor, has just been opened in Paris. It comprises six hundred and fifty-six different lots, among which are bronzes, plaster casts, terra-cotta groups, paintings, and water-colour drawings.

MOSCOW.—On the 2nd of September the Emperor of Russia laid the first stone of the Historical Museum instituted by the Czarewitch. H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh laid the second.

ANTWERP.—The bust of the Belgian painter, the late Baron Wappers, which has been placed at the entrance of the museum at Antwerp, has recently been formally unveiled.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—This artist is at present working upon a canvas twenty by thirty feet in size. The subject is the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem.



BIRKET FOSTER. PINXT

T. BROWN. SCULPT

A FEAST OF CHERRIES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF LEWIS POCOCK ESQ. F.S.A.



STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.



LANDSEER was eighteen years of age when we meet with his first sketch of a deer, which was in all probability made from some of the animals in Windsor or Greenwich Park, for it does not appear that he went to Scotland till about four or five years afterwards, namely, in 1825, when he executed a sketch of a dead stag and deerhound, drawn from animals he saw when deer-stalking one day. From that date scarcely a year passed without some picture or other of deer, treated most variedly. In 1847 he sent to the Academy a large painting entitled 'A Drive of Deer—Glen Orchay:' it was a commission from the Marquis of Breadalbane, who presented it to the Prince Consort; it now belongs to the Queen, and is hung at Osborne. The fine engraving of this famous picture, by Mr. T. Landseer, is, we understand, the largest plate ever executed from any work by

Sir Edwin. From the number of deer introduced into the composition, Glen Orchay—or, as it is more commonly written, Glenorchy—must afford fine sport to the "stalker." It is in Argyleshire, and the range of hills amid which it is situated is a portion of the Southern Grampians, a carriage road leading over the range between Benloighe and Benour from Glen Tay to Glenorchy. The whole county, indeed, is more or less mountainous, and presents features far more pleasing to the sportsman and to the lover of the picturesque than it does to the agriculturist and the social economist. The original sketch for the 'Drive' has been kindly lent to us by its owner, and is engraved on this page: it was sold at the artist's sale for the sum of 385 guineas, and is executed in black chalk, a tint of brown crayon being used for the deer. The sketch and the finished painting differ: the two figures are not alike in both, though they are placed in the same corner; and in the painting



A Drive of Deer—Glen Orchay.—Lent by H. W. F. Bolckow, Esq., M.P., Marton Hall, Middlesbrough.

we do not find the long line of animals which in the sketch are seen hurrying along over the hills in the middle distance, and almost as far as the eye can reach. This most masterly drawing is about two feet wide.

The 'Farm Team' is from a small pencil drawing of an early date, and was probably sketched at the farm of Mr. W. W. Simpson, for whom the young artist, then about sixteen years of

age, made several drawings of animals belonging to that gentleman. The next engraving, 'At Rest,' is also from a sketch in pencil, to which we would assign the date of 1826 or 1827, from the number of similar drawings Landseer made in those years, when he visited Scotland—many of which drawings are still in existence. The action of the nearer stag has been the subject of discussion: one who has studied much the works of the artist

is of opinion that the animal has been wounded, and is in agony of suffering; we cannot so read it, but consider that both

animals are quietly resting, the one licking itself, the other looking on: the presence of a companion by the side of a dying



A Farm Team (1818).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

animal, one which had probably just been shot, negatives the | opinion first stated: besides, the position of the forelegs is



At Rest (1826-7).—Lent by Messrs. Agnew, Waterloo Place.

scarcely that of a stag whose lifeblood was ebbing out. The spirited sketch of 'Setter-dogs' is the property of a gentleman,

Mr. C. J. Lewis, whose name is so familiarly associated with a large number of etchings from the works of Landseer.

In the possession of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co. is an etched print engraved by Landseer himself at the age of eight: it is of

marvellous power for so young an artist, and was evidently made from the sketch, 'Studies in a Farmyard,' placed at our disposal



Setter-Dogs (1819).—Lent by C. J. Lewis, Esq.

by Mr. Gurney, which is engraved here: the group of heads is identically the same in the etching and the sketch, and in every line and touch, so as to leave no doubt of the origin of the former.

There is in existence an etching, by Mrs. Thomas Landseer—it is dated 1823—of a cat drawn by Sir Edwin in 1809, when he was only seven years of age: and inasmuch as there is no



Studies in a Farmyard (1810).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

instance, within our knowledge, of Landseer drawing or painting the animal except in conjunction with others, and that but very

rarely, it is only fair to presume the cat engraved here is of about the same date. It is taken from an oil picture—possibly

the first he ever attempted, for it has all the appearance of very juvenile handiwork. The attitude of the animal, which has taken possession of a couch of some kind, is natural, though rather stiff: a red curtain behind the pillows is the only bit of positive colour in the picture, but it is of considerable value.

We can find no record of Landseer visiting Wales at any time, nor, with the exception of the landscape engraved on this page, do we remember to have seen among his works anything which would lead to a different conclusion. Llyn-y-Dinas, or, as it is sometimes written, Llyn-y-ddinas, is a beautiful little lake



Quite at Home (1813).—Lent by Joseph Clark, Esq., Emperor's Gate, South Kensington.

not very far from the famous Pass of Llanberis, in Carnarvonshire, and this view of it is taken from a highly-finished water-colour drawing, the dimensions of which are very little beyond that of the print. Its owner may feel proud of possessing such a

gem from the hand of the great animal painter. The whole locality whence the view was taken abounds with most picturesque subjects: in the neighbourhood Richard Wilson made some of his finest sketches, which he subsequently worked up



Llyn-y-Dinas (1842).—Lent by Joseph Clark, Esq., Emperor's Gate, South Kensington.

into pictures that have made his name famous. Llyn-y-Dinas is reached from another small lake, Llyn Gwynant, by a road running through a narrow wooded valley: at different points on this road the traveller obtains fine views of the peaked summit of Snowdon. Passing along the north margin of Llyn-y-Dinas,

and after leaving it, the road is formed immediately beneath a remarkable isolated rock called "Dinas Emrys;" or "The Fort of Merlin," the scene of many wonderful traditions respecting the famous bard and prophet, which have given birth to many stories and poems well known in English literature. J. D.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."—MRS. HEMANS.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

BELVOIR CASTLE.



NE of the most majestic in character, commanding in situation, picturesque in surroundings, and striking in its arrangements, of all the "Stately Homes" it has been our province to describe, is the grand old seat of His Grace the Duke of Rutland, Belvoir Castle. Standing on an eminence in the midst of an undulating

country, the one object on which the eye rests from whichever side it is approached, the castle commands uninterrupted views ranging over three separate counties, and embracing within its ken such a variety of plain and water, wood and valley, hill and meadow, as no other "Home" can boast. Situated nearly at the junction of the three counties of Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln, the panoramic view obtained from the castle combines the characteristics of each, and its extent ranges over an area of fifty or sixty miles in diameter—being on one side bounded by Lincoln Minster (which is, in a clear atmosphere, distinctly visible) and the hills beyond, although thirty miles off "as the crow flies." Its immediate neighbourhood, the lovely and fertile "vale of Belvoir," the theme of poet and prose writer, and the delight of the painter and lover of nature, lies immediately below, while beyond are miles of lovely country, gloriously diversified with wood and water, and studded at intervals with hamlets, villages, and home-steads, which add greatly to the beauty of the scene.

A marked and peculiar character of Belvoir, and one of its greatest charms, is that it stands in the midst of this open country, not within the confines of its own park. There is no enclosed park; and park-palings, lodges, bolts, bars, and locks are unknown. The Duke, in this noble mansion, rests in the midst of his immense estates and draws no cordon around him. The roads, right up to the very castle, are open and free to all, and restriction is unknown. For miles in extent, and from every side, the public may wander on foot, or ride or drive, through the estate and up to the very doors, unmolested, and untrammelled by fear of porters, or deterred by appliances of state or ceremony. The stronghold of the De Todenis, the Albinis, the Especs, the De Ros, and the Manners, thus nestles securely in

the very heart of the country, as does its noble owner—the descendant and representative of this long line of illustrious men—in the hearts of his tenantry, his friends, and all who have the privilege of knowing him.

The history of Belvoir Castle dates back to very early times, and is invested with more than ordinary interest. Leaving the question as to its site having originally been a Celtic stronghold taken possession of and formed into a station, or something of the kind, by the Romans, to be discussed elsewhere; it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that at the Norman conquest Belvoir, with some fourscore manors, was given by William the Conqueror to his faithful standard-bearer, Robert de Toden, who here built a castle, and founded a monastery. This monastery was established in 1077, and was endowed with large estates; its founder, Robert de Toden, agreeing to give to it for ever a tenth part of all the lands he might acquire by the help of God or the grant of the king. Robert de Toden died in 1088, and, with his wife, who had predeceased him, was buried in the priory at Belvoir which he had founded. He was succeeded by his son William, who took the surname of De Albin Brito, by whom the grants to the Priory were confirmed and increased, and he obtained for the monks a grant of a fair for eight days in the year on the feast of St. John the Baptist. He, too, was buried at Belvoir, and was succeeded by his son, William de Albin, or Meschines (also buried here), who in turn was succeeded by his son, the third William de Albin, whose name in connection with King John and Magna Charta is matter of history. During his imprisonment at Corfe Castle by his unforgiving king, Belvoir Castle was, at the summons of the sovereign, surrendered into his hands. Under Henry III. Albin, being reinstated in favour, had a chief command at the battle of Lincoln, and took part in most of the stirring events of the period. Besides adding to the endowments of Belvoir Priory, he founded the Hospital of Our Lady at Newstead, for the health of the souls of himself and his two wives, and there his body was buried in 1236, while his heart was placed under the wall opposite the high-altar at Belvoir. He was succeeded by his son, the fourth William de Albin, who left no male issue, but, by his wife Albreda Biset, had an only child, a daughter Isabel, who married Robert de Ros, Lord of Hamlake, fifth in regular descent from Peter de Ros, who, by marriage with Adeline, daughter of Walter Espec, became the inheritor of two princely fortunes. Thus by the marriage of Isabel de Albin with Robert de Ros the estates of Espec, Ros, and Albin became united.

This Robert de Ros, after his accession to the Belvoir estates, obtained a grant of free warren and a weekly market there from Henry III. Later on, as one of the insurgent barons, he was imprisoned and fined. In 1267 he raised a new embattled and fortified wall at Belvoir Castle. He died in 1285; his body being buried at Kirkham, his bowels before the high-altar at Belvoir, and his heart at Croxton Abbey. His widow, Isabel, died in 1301, and was buried at Newstead. He was succeeded by his son, William de Ros, who became an unsuccessful competitor for the crown of Scotland, founding his claim on his descent from his great-grandmother Isabel, daughter to William the Lion, king of Scotland. By his marriage with Matilda de Vaux he added to the family estates and ecclesiastical patronage; and on his death in 1317 was succeeded by his son, William de

Ros, who was created Lord Ros of Werke; became Baron Ros of Hamlake, Werke, Hamlake and Trusbut; was summoned to Parliament second Edward II. to sixteenth Edward III.; was made Lord High Admiral, and one of the commoners to treat for peace with Robert Bruce. He died in 1342, and was succeeded by his son William de Ros, who, after a busy military life, fighting against the Scots, at the siege of Calais, and against the Saracens, died on his way to the Holy Land, and was buried abroad.

Dying without issue he was succeeded by his brother Thomas de Ros, who in turn was followed by his son, John de Ros, who also died childless, and was succeeded by his brother, William de Ros. The next in succession was John de Ros, son of the last-named, who came to the title and estates when only seventeen years of age, and dying without issue, had for successor his brother, Thomas de Ros, married to Eleanor, daughter of Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, by whom he had three sons, of whom his successor, Thomas, Lord Ros, was the eldest.

This nobleman, Baron Ros of Hamlake, Trusbut, and Belvoir,

married Philippa, eldest daughter of John de Tiptoft, by whom he had issue one son and four daughters. For his fidelity to the House of Lancaster in the Wars of the Roses, he was, with his adherents, attainted in Parliament in 1461, and is said by Rapin to have been beheaded. His estates were confiscated, and given to various adherents of the House of York; Lord Hastings receiving Belvoir and its members. By him Belvoir Castle was utterly despoiled; he carried away the lead from the roofs to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to use in his own castle there, and rendered the place no better than a ruin.

The next in succession, Edmund Lord Ros, was by Henry VII. (who had united the rival houses) restored to his father's state and dignity; the attainder was removed; and the Belvoir and other estates returned to him. He died in 1508, at his house at Enfield,—in the church at which place is a noble monument erected to his memory,—without issue, and his estates were divided between his sisters and co-heiresses, viz. Eleanor, married to Sir Robert Manners, Knight; and Isabel married to Sir Thomas Lovel. Belvoir, with Hamlake in Yorkshire, and Orston in Nottinghamshire, being the portion of the elder



Belvoir Castle from the Grantham Road.

sister, Eleanor, thus passed into the hands of the family of Manners, in whom it has remained in unbroken succession to the present hour.

This Sir Robert Manners, who, as we have said, acquired Belvoir through his marriage with the heiress of the last Lord de Ros, was succeeded by his son, Sir George Manners, who, in 1487, in right of his mother, assumed the title of Lord Ros, and was lineal heir to the baronies of Riveaulx, Trusbut, and Belvoir. He married Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas St. Leger, by his wife Anne, daughter of Richard, Duke of York, and sister to King Edward IV., and widow of the Duke of Exeter. By this lady, who brought Royal blood into the family, Sir George Manners had a numerous family.

Having, however, already given a detailed genealogical account of the noble family of Manners in our description of Haddon Hall in these pages* it is not necessary to repeat it here. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to say that the son of Sir George Manners, besides being summoned to Parliament as Baron Ros of Hamlake (and Baron Trusbut, Riveaulx, and Belvoir) was in 1526 created Earl of Rutland, and in con-

sideration of his Royal descent, had a grant of an augmentation to his arms—in chief, quarterly, first and fourth, *azure*, two fleurs-de-lis, *or*; second and third, *gules*, a lion passant guardant, *or*; that his great grandson the sixth earl, had a special patent confirming him as Lord Ros of Hamlake; and that his great-great-grandson, the ninth Earl of Rutland, who had been summoned to Parliament during his father's lifetime as Baron Manners of Haddon, was created Marquess of Granby and Duke of Rutland in 1703.

The present noble head of the House of Manners, His Grace Charles Cecil John Manners, the sixth Duke of Rutland, Marquess of Granby, fourteenth Earl of Rutland, Baron Manners of Haddon, Baron Ros of Hamlake, Baron Trusbut, Riveaulx, and Belvoir, K.G., &c. &c., is the "king of Belvoir," as he may not inaptly be called, for his is a regal residence, and he reigns in the hearts of the people around him; therefore, the direct descendant and representative in unbroken succession of the grand old standard-bearer of William the Conqueror, Robert de Toden, and of the families of De Albini, Espec, De Ros, and Manners, and by equally direct descent, has royal blood coursing through his veins. His Grace is one of the most liberal-minded,

* *Art Journal*, old series, 1871, p. 9.

kindly and generous of our nobles, and one of the best and most considerate landlords. His Grace is not married, the heir to his titles, estates, and revenues being his brother, Lord John

Manners, the eminent statesman and man of letters, who is a worthy representative of the long and illustrious line, from which he has sprung.



Belvoir Castle from the Stables, showing the Covered Exercise-ground.

The Castle, as it now stands, is an erection of the present century, built upon Norman foundations. The first castle was built, it appears, by Robert de Toden, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror, and was considerably extended by his successors. In 1461, or thereabouts, it was greatly injured (on the attainder of

its noble owner) by the Lord Hastings to whom it had been granted by the king. "The timber of the roof being" by him "despoiled of the lead, with which it was covered, rotted away; and the soil between the walls at the last grew full of elders, in which state the castle remained till it was partially rebuilt by the first



Belvoir Castle from the North-west.

Earl of Rutland, and completed by the second." On the dissolution of the monasteries, many of the monuments of the Albini and Ros families were, by order of the first Earl, removed from Belvoir Priory, to Bottesford Church, and others were also

removed to the same place from Croxton Abbey. He commenced the rebuilding of the castle, which was completed by his son in 1555, "making it a nobler structure than it was before."

In 1619 the singular trial of an old woman, named Joan Flower, of Belvoir, and her two daughters, Margaret and Philippa, for sorcery, and causing the deaths of the two sons of the Earl of Rutland took place, and resulted in the execution of the two younger "witches," the old "monstrous malicious woman," or "devil incarnate," as she was styled, having died as she was being taken to gaol; and the destruction of their cat, "Rutterkin."

In the civil wars Belvoir Castle was taken by the Royalist party in 1642, and placed under command of Colonel Lucas. In 1645 the king himself was there. In the same year Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice were at Belvoir. Soon afterwards Belvoir was besieged by the Parliamentarians; the outworks and stables, which had been fortified, were taken by storm; the entire village of Belvoir was demolished; and on the 3rd of February, 1646, the castle with its appurtenances was, in pursuance of terms of capitulation, surrendered to the Parliament, who immediately appointed Captain Markham as its governor. Shortly afterwards the castle was disgarrisoned and restored to its owner, the Earl of Rutland. In 1649 the Council of State

reported "their resolution for demolishing the castle; which the Earl of Rutland was content with," and it was accordingly demolished, the earl receiving a miserable pittance by way of compensation, and taking up his residence at Haddon Hall. About 1662 the Earl appears to have commenced the rebuilding of the castle, which was completed in 1668. In 1801 the then Duke of Rutland, father of the present Duke, who had, during his minority, conceived the idea of re-building and extending the castle, began to carry out his design by pulling down the south and west fronts next to the courtyard, and continued rebuilding under Wyatt till 1816, by which time the south-west and south-east parts were completed, and the grand staircase and picture gallery in the north-west front were nearly finished. In that year a fire broke out in the castle, by which the north-east and north-west fronts were entirely destroyed. In 1817 those parts were commenced rebuilding, the architect being the Rev. Sir John Thoroton, of Bottesford, to whose good taste and that of the Duke and his amiable Duchess, is due the majestic character of the building.

The principal apartments of the castle are, by kind permission



Belvoir Castle: Head Gardener's Cottage.

of the Duke, shown to visitors, and the surrounding grounds are literally, as we have before said, open to all, "without let or hindrance."

Passing up the steep ascent from near the cosy inn (on, or closely adjoining to, the site of the old Priory) the visitor, if on foot, wends his way along the path among magnificent forest trees, and up a flight of stone steps to the basement storey of the castle where, in the solid masonry from which the superstructure rises, are the workshops of the artisan retainers of the family; and hence, by a rising pathway to the bastion, mounted with cannon, which gives an air of baronial importance to the place. If the visitor ride or drive, the ascent is somewhat more circuitous, but the carriage-way leads to the same point—the Grand Entrance to the Castle.

The Grand Entrance, which is shown to the left of our general view from the north-west, opens from an advanced groined porch, into which carriages drive from one side and out

at the other; massive doors enclosing them while visitors alight. Over the doors are armorial bearings of the family and its alliances. From the porch the entrance doorway opens into the groined entrance passage, or corridor, decorated with stands of arms, banners, and military trophies, which leads to the Guard Room or Great Hall of the mansion. This noble room, which has a groined ceiling, and a mosaic floor of black and white marble and Nottinghamshire freestone, bears in recesses and arcades on its walls groups of arms and armour, trophies of war and other appropriate decorations, and in two glazed recesses a number of relics of the great Marquess of Granby, and of his brilliant military achievements, and his well-earned decorations. Besides many other objects of peculiar interest in this room are two tables made from remarkable deposits, of eleven years' formation, in the wooden water-pipes of the Blithe Mine in Derbyshire, and a model of the old castle.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE ART.*

By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



It would be impossible to give any adequate view of the characteristics of Japanese Art, or indeed of the claims of the Japanese to take a place in the history of Art as the creators of a school of decorative Art totally independent of foreign influences, without devoting some attention to their power in delineating not only the familiar scenes of daily life and natural objects, but their conceptions of the supernatural, and a purely visionary world. Into this, it will be seen, they carry their love of the grotesque, and the same spirit of exaggerated expression constantly noticeable in their pictures of national life and customs. They seem to have wonderful dreams and visions of another world, and possess a whole mythology of gnomes and spirits, showing an inexhaustible vein of *bizarre* invention, to feed which they lay under contribution the whole field of nature—animal, vegetable, and mineral. It is only when they throw

themselves wholly into grotesques and the land of visions that this side of their character and its irresistible tendencies can be fairly appreciated or understood. There seems then to be no limit to the extravagance of their invention, or the fertility of their imagination. A grave procession of grasshoppers carrying a fantastic *norimon* (a kind of sedan-chair used by Japanese dignitaries) forms one of the subjects. In it is seen a King Grasshopper; the different insignia of rank are carried aloft, as used to be the custom when the Tycoon or any Damio moved out; and all are given with a serio-comic air of burlesque worthy of *Charivari* or *Punch*. Another shows a procession of foxes, animals that play an important part in the popular mythology, treated with the same farcical gravity. Mr. Alt, of Woburn Park, among many other admirable illustrations of Japanese work and Art, has a large picture of one of these grasshopper processions, burlesquing, with something of a political and satirical meaning, the ordinary Damio's pro-



Fig. 1.

gresses through the country. It is painted on silk with a degree of care and elaborate skill, showing that they deemed it worthy of their best artistic power.

If it be desired to form a correct judgment as to the amount of fancy and imaginative power which the Japanese display in their artistic work, we must go to the collections of mystic figures and illustrations of their superstitions, including their de-

monology. Many of the latter series represent human figures, with wings and clawlike feet, and often a proboscis-like elongation of the nasal organ, with which they play all kinds of games and tricks. Fig. 1 may serve as examples.

We shall come to other illustrations of these wild fancies in metal and in ivory, for they never seem tired of producing them in every possible form and material. Fig. 2 is some vision of a water-sprite or aerial visitant, who is throwing the spectator into wild excitement by her apparition.

* Continued from page 339, vol. 1875.

Fig. 3 is something of a similar kind, but differently treated. It represents, I believe, a tomb, at which a husband has been praying, and the spirit of his wife appears to console him for her loss, and prove her satisfaction at such evidence of constancy.

Fig. 4 is the same subject reversed. Here it is the wife that



Fig. 2.

is constant, and the departed husband visits his disconsolate widow.

The next (Fig. 5) introduces us to something less benevolent. A pilgrim husband, it may be, visiting the tomb of a lost wife, finds her over his head, and in anything but an amiable mood.



Fig. 3.

She has a most diabolic leer, and her hands look very like claws, ready to tear his flesh.

The subject is evidently a popular one, for there are a great number of variations introduced in its treatment. The last I shall present (Fig. 6) gives a beatific vision, it may be of a spirit-wife

or the Queen of Heaven, to whom adoration is being offered by the worshipper below.



Fig. 4.

As we proceed we come upon whole pages of supernatural



Fig. 5.

beings, wood and air nymphs, or sprites, such as have never

entered into the conception of Western brains. Of these Figs. 7 and 8 may be taken as specimens.

Fig. 9 is some other supernatural being coming out of a



Fig. 6.

cobweb, and looking on at two players over a chessboard: all are drawn with great force and expression.

In Fig. 10 will be found a very clever illustration, showing how



Fig. 7.

the artist has succeeded in giving the effect of a dream or vision. To the right are the spectators, drawn in colour and firm line; to the left faint figures in outline, wonderfully drawn, and diminishing in the distance both in force and size.



Fig. 8.

Two other examples of dreamland, or opium-inspired visions, must close this series. Fig. 11 shows the recumbent body of a

maiden below, while her head, with a long spiral attachment, is floating above, enjoying the pipe, under the influence of which the body is lying prostrate and asleep. Fig. 12 is somewhat similar, only the smoker is a man, and in a sitting posture seems to have been seized with a sudden desire to visit a neighbour who is performing on a musical instrument, and is regarding this apparition of a head without its body with something of surprise, if not of dissatisfaction. The grotesque and absurd



Fig. 9.

effect of the whole is heightened by the performer's outer garment being hung over the spinal, or elongated spinal cord, as though it were a convenient clothes-line.

In these volumes there is also a remarkable diversity of styles, independent of the relative degrees of graphic power and mere artistic ability, some representing popular scenes in a natural way; but, as a rule, Japanese artists seem to have an irresistible desire for exaggerated action in all their figures.



Fig. 10.

Fig. 13 represents a game at football, in which the action, attitude, and expression of every figure in the group are all perfect in their way. Next is one figure only (Fig. 15), and drawn without ever taking the pencil off, in a single line, the colour of the flesh and the blue of the jacket helping to make a picture out of the simplest elements.

This is taken from a series of single-line sketches, aided with a touch or two of colour, reducing each object to its

simplest expression. Three men towing, their garments blue, hats straw, and a little flesh-tint on the legs; the whole subject very well depicted, makes another picture. Next a landscape



Fig. 11.

treated in the same manner; the rain, sky, and water dashed on with a little indigo and a free brush; the hills tinted with a little warm colour.



Fig. 12.

for such they are. Among the single-line drawings, as they are called, is one which must not be left out (see Fig. 14), for it is both a picture and a story, told in fewer lines than has been



Figs. 14 and 15.

hitherto thought possible. An aged couple are paying their worship to the rising sun, while two storks are taking their flight in the distance. Each of the three objects, the figures,



Fig. 13.

But it is impossible to reproduce in these pages all the examples which crowd upon one in these popular picture-books—

storks, and sun, being emblems of immortality, the whole is allegoric, yet has a pointed and instructive meaning.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

II.



HERE are a sincerity and beauty about some of our modern homes, which show us that the seven lamps of architecture have not been lighted in vain. A London author, with much good taste, has said that "the hideous wall-papers and carpets of our grandfathers, the senseless decoration, the gold and plaster, the veneer and the stucco, are now giving way to artistic decoration of a sober and exquisite beauty. The great god Sham, the creation of a plutocracy, the

almighty idol of materialism and convention, must prepare for dissolution."

The beautiful and peculiar villa of Mr. Bierstadt, on the Hudson, is indeed an exponent of the improved spirit of the present age, when household art and household beauty have become household words. A large and substantial house, built of rough blue-stone gneiss, the granite of the Hudson, it rises on its lofty side-hill, crowned with towers, surrounded with galleries, and adorned with oriel-windows; it is at once picturesque, unusual, and sincere—a



Residence of Albert Bierstadt, Esq.

rebuke to the "great god Sham," to the veneer and stucco villas, unfortunately so common in our new and hurried civilisation.

Mr. Bierstadt was five years in selecting the site for his house, and there is no doubt but that it commands one of the best views on the Hudson.

In front lies Haverstraw Bay, the widest point of the Hudson River. Looking upward, the eye catches the mountains back of West Point, and the sun lingers longest on Old Cro'-Nest, scene of the poetic sorrows of the Culprit Fay; unexpected and new combinations bring out the windings of the majestic river, through the broad mazes of the Tappan Zee, down by the Palisades, until it reaches the great city whose tributary it has been—"an honest

river," as Irving delighted to call it, "with no treacherous quicksands beneath its fair surface."

The house is four stories high, with a tower. Being an artist, Mr. Bierstadt naturally built his house to paint pictures in, and one half of it is given to studio. A noble room—this studio comprises three stories in height, starting from the second floor; on the same floor is a library, separated by doors twenty feet high, curtained with *portières* of striped Algerian stuff. One side of this room is composed entirely of glass. When thrown together, library and studio, a space seventy feet in length is gained. The studio is fitted with oiled pine-floors and woodwork; a large fireplace, surmounted by a picture, adds dignity and cheerfulness

to one side of the room, while a gallery running across one end enables Mr. Bierstadt to gain distant views of his own pictures, and to see them as others see them, and are to see them.

For internal decoration, Mr. Bierstadt has had the rare privilege of selecting, from his own studies, pictures which are set in mouldings of black walnut and oak, the effect of which is beautiful and rare. There is also a frieze of sketches about the library, which will some day give place to bas-reliefs of bronze. The furniture of this apartment is of old carved oak.

Filled thus with the artist's conceptions and studies from Nature, unique decorations, rare furniture, souvenirs of friendship, old Venetian andirons in brass, dating back to 1564, fine pictures by Bouguereau and other artists, with its pretty and unusual gallery and balustrade of bronzes after the antique, with its transparent

wall of glass rendering the magnificent landscape a perpetual tributary to its beauty, this noble room may well challenge competition in this country, perhaps in the world. Art and Nature combine to make it a reservoir of pleasure, instructive variety, and artistic surprise. The lower floor contains a billiard-room, dining-room, and kitchen, while the cellar burrows backward into a side-hill. And here occurs one of the surprises of the house: being built into a hill, one can step from every story on to *terra firma*; from a contemplation of celestial scenery in the second story, from a view which one observer described as being like that from a balloon, one can walk out on the green turf, and find a croquet-ground hung in air, like the far-famed gardens of Babylon.

Over the library, and holding the highest oriel-window, is an artist's bedroom; by an ingenious contrivance this communicates



Residence of Hon. H. G. Eastman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

with the gallery over the studio, and a sliding-door admits the occupant, with true Venetian stillness, into the splendours of the room below.

Bedrooms and parlor fill the spaces at the back of the studio, all opening on broad piazzas and external galleries, all of course commanding unlimited views. Internal galleries, commanding other oriel-windows, and "coigns of vantage" for views, or sweet spots of seclusion, where the lady of the house can withdraw with her work-box or book, and hold "communion with Nature in her visible forms," abound in this unique house.

It was built in 1866-'67 by Mr. J. Wrey Mould, an artist and architect of singular intelligence, full of the spirit of the present, informed and learned in all the glorious testimony of the past; original in his conceptions, and unprejudiced in his artistic opinions. It is also the outcropping of the artist-mind of Mr. Bierstadt.

With its strong stone front, its inlaid and polished floors, its hard-wood finish, its valuable and sincere work, its artistic suggestions, this house promises to last for centuries, as beautiful in a hundred years as it is now, perhaps more so. For Nature, which has ingeniously been made its decorator, will grow more lovely every day, and the cloud-shadows, and the distant windings of the river, the blue of Old Cro'-Nest, as autumn casts the shadow of coming winter over its bold outline, can never be less exquisite, while the hand of man, working humbly in collaboration, hangs his oriel in the air, and his balcony on the outer wall, to catch so far as he can the inspiration of Nature, her changeful beauty, and her constant solace.

Farther up the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, we find the house and grounds of Mr. H. G. Eastman. This place, which includes a lawn of nine acres in extent, other grounds embracing twenty

acres, and surrounded by a stone wall, with beautiful marble coping, 2,000 feet long, surrounding fountains, graperies, pear and peach orchard, plentiful in trees, and vines, and flowers, is only eight years old. The lawn is almost a miracle of greenness in our

dry climate—a fact which Mr. Eastman attributes to his having brought the sod from swamps, with about two inches of the local soil attached. He declares that he in that way got a pretty lawn in a month's time, and that it has never troubled him since, except to



Claverhurst, Summer Residence of Miss Louisa Kellogg.

cut and roll it. It would seem a very neat, easy, and rapid solution to the much-vexed question of lawn-making.

The house is a pretty and unpretending Italian villa, embracing some beautiful rooms, a picture-gallery, and grand *salon*, which can be made very stately when the owner chooses. The views of the Hudson and the Catskills from the upper windows are most lovely. From the grounds, which embrace an elevated knoll, once crowned by an old stone tavern, where Washington and his staff often stopped during the war, one sees the Hudson River and the Catskills. This interesting old stone tavern was too far gone to be restored, so was taken down by Mr. Eastman in the construction of his place. A few old trees, marking the former line of the Albany post-road, were all Mr. Eastman had to begin with, but he has planted hundreds of evergreens and other trees, so that his plantations already have a finished and mature look.

The white-marble gateposts, coping, and outlines to fountains, were brought from the Sheldon marble-quarries in Vermont. A fountain with thirty-eight jets ornaments the lower boundary of the park, and gold-fish swim in the basin. Birds from Florida sing in the branches of the trees, and fill the aviary in the grounds.

Mr. Eastman throws open

his park to the public, and in summer provides them with music, and in

the winter with skating-grounds. He says he has never had a flower plucked, a fruit stolen, or an injury done to his grounds, through this open-handed generosity, a pleasing proof of the wisdom of confidence. One of the parks of Europe has this interesting appeal to the same sense, in its motto over the gateway, "What is kept for the public pleasure, the public will please protect." The late Mrs.

Parrish, who drew a plan for the Central Park, proposed its adoption here. Bounding one side of his park, Mr. Eastman has built some houses for rent, which he calls Eastman Terrace. These houses are in the English Renaissance style, and perfectly meet the description of the "semi-detached villas" about Leamington and other English towns. Their tenants enjoy, with their other privileges, access to Mr. Eastman's park, and a superb view, having the Catskill Mountain-House within their easy glance, and all the noble outline of that group of mountains. They are built of Philadelphia pressed brick, with Ohio-stone copings, while iron is used for the Mansard roofs. Mr. E. G.



Lodge at Claverhurst.

Thompson was the architect. Mr. Eastman has employed, both in the outer and interior decorations of these houses, illuminated tiles, with very good effect. This is a growing taste with our people, as in England, and undoubtedly a very good and genuine adjunct to domestic architecture. It furnishes colour, which we need, to keep pace with our bright sky and brilliant foliage. Tiles are imperishable; better than stucco, which is a delusion and a snare, a purchasing of present effect at the cost of future shabbiness.

Invoking one image of the past in all this ripened newness, Mr. Eastman has placed an iron image of the 'Sphinx' at the entrance to Eastman Terrace, and, could she speak and reveal to us that riddle for which we have all been waiting so long, she could hardly tell a more curious story than this, of a country-place which, in eight years, has become so like what, in older countries, it would have taken fifty to accomplish.

The last of the group of houses given in this paper is the beauti-

ful summer cottage of Miss Kellogg, on the Hudson. This, being the nest of the nightingale, is appropriately embowered in trees. It has been "built to music," and by music, and is properly harmonious in every detail. It is mostly piazza, which shows that, like all birds, its fair occupant loves the open air. Fortunately, this nightingale has no thorn in her breast, but sings because she cannot help it. Life has been exceptionally serene to Miss Kellogg. She has been called a "lyric priestess." Since her *début* in 1860, when, as a trembling *débutante*, she sang Gilda, in "Rigoletto," and fainted at the end, up to her proud success in 1864, in "Marguerite," and passing over her triumphs in London, in 1867, when she entered the lists with Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, Titiens, and Di Murska, the course of the American prima donna has been always upward and onward, pure, noble, and dignified, and her character invests her home with interest, and makes one look with respect on the modest cottage beneath the trees, where Clara Louise Kellogg passes her summers.

BRIDGMAN'S 'AMERICAN CIRCUS IN FRANCE.'



VISITORS to the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, last spring, were struck by a very spirited painting of a circus exhibition, described in the catalogue as 'An American Circus in France.' This excellent painting we here reproduce in an engraving, which faithfully depicts the features of the scene. The painter is Mr.

FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN, an artist yet in the youth of his career.

Mr. Bridgman was born in Tuskegee, Alabama, in the year 1847. He showed a strong love for the Arts at an early age. His father having died, his mother removed North with her children, and decided to apprentice her son to bank-note engraving. Accordingly, he began work with the American Bank-Note Company in 1862. During this period he painted at home, and in the winter season studied in the Art-schools in Brooklyn. After remaining in the employ of the Bank-Note Company nearly four years, his engagement was cancelled, at his own solicitation, that he might go to Europe to study painting. He sailed for France in May, 1866, and on landing went direct to Paris. After entering the Académie des Beaux-Arts, he began his studies under Gérôme, who gave much kindly advice to him, and has since that time taken great interest in his progress.

During the first three years spent abroad, he experienced the usual discouragement of young artists struggling for recognition, notwithstanding *Le Monde Illustré* had engraved a number of his paintings, which was an honour; but in the fourth year he painted his 'Circus' and 'De quoi partent les Jeunes Filles,' the success of which at once brought him into notice. At this time his pictures were well hung in the *Salon*, and the Messrs. Goupil, of Paris, purchased many of his works. Young Bridgman spent his summers in Brittany, in the little town of Pont-Aven, the quiet resort of a little colony of artists, and his winters in Paris. The winter of 1870-'71, however, found him, together with a number of American, English, and French artists, again in Pont-Aven, the war interfering with Art in the cities. This happening to be an unusually severe winter, there were two weeks of snow and ice—a thing unprecedented in the annals of Brittany. Taking advantage of this opportunity, young Bridgman, with other Americans, extemporised skates at the village blacksmith's, and astonished the peasants by their manoeuvres on the ice. It was at this time that he painted 'Girls in the Way,' 'Up Early,' and other works.

The summer following the war he went to England, but, not liking the fog of London, after a brief sojourn of a month or two, he returned to Paris. It was in London that he conceived his 'Apollo bearing off Cyrene,' finishing it in Paris. This picture was hung between two of the famous masters of France, Jules Breton and Bonnat.

He then journeyed south and settled in the Pyrenees, on the

Spanish border, where he met with Fortuny and other painters, and where he spent two years, being charmed with the country and costumes. It was from this place that he sent one of several pictures to Mr. A. A. Low, of Brooklyn. Thence he went to Algiers staying for a season. The winter of 1873-'74 he spent in Egypt and Nubia, among the temples and obelisks, taking this occasion also to make an excursion up the Nile as far as the second cataract, engaging a boat and crew, in company with several painters. Returning from the Orient in the spring of 1874 to Paris, he brought with him three hundred sketches in oil, water-colours, and pencil, mostly of landscapes and the ruins of temples, as only a few models were to be had, owing to the religious scruples of the Mohammedans. With the aid of these sketches, together with the costumes and curiosities which he had also secured, he was enabled to finish, after his return to his studio in Paris, some fine Oriental subjects. One of the most important of these subjects was entitled 'The Interior of a Harem, or the Nubian Fortune-teller.' It was in the last *Salon*.

Mr. Bridgman's 'Circus' was painted when he was scarcely more than a student, and, when exhibited, the masterly character of the composition and its brilliancy of colouring excited general admiration, even among the critics of Paris. The scene represents the interior of an American circus. A famous athlete and woman rider are performing a "two-horse act," as described in the bills of the day. The trained horses are making their round of the ring in a gentle canter, urged by the crack of the ring-master's whip; and the so-called "trick-clown" and his companion, the jester, are engaged in their usual antics for the delectation of the admiring crowd. In the original painting this central tableau forms a superb study of colour. The athlete, in crimson jacket and buff trunks, and the woman, in her gauzy costume glittering with spangles, together with the sturdy horses, and the clowns in their raiments of many colours, was a bold subject to handle for so young an artist, but it was successful, and its spirit is well maintained in the engraving. As a study of character, the little group of rustics on the left can hardly be excelled. In the faces the different emotions of the mind are ably expressed. There is the woman spectator, with her hands clasped, and spellbound at the equestrian act, and the fellow behind her, with a different temperament, clapping his hands at the vulgar antics of the clown. Again, the lout seated near the tent-pole has more admiration for the woman at his side than the performance in the ring. In the background the usual mixed audience is shown, with the band throwing out its sweet strains to the measured tread of the horses, and the "Rocky Mountain Indian," seated in the broad light near the grand entrance.

This painting is the property of Edward F. Rook, Esq., of Brooklyn, by whose permission we are enabled to offer our readers the present engraving of it.



THE AMERICAN CIRCUS IN FRANCE.

From the Painting by FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

IV.—THE PORCELAIN OF JAPAN.



JAPANESE porcelain is a more difficult subject for study than the Chinese, owing to this circumstance: About the year 1211-'12, a Japanese artist crossed over to China, to study the processes by means of which the Chinese had reached such surprising excellence. His name, according to Dr. Hoffman, was Katosiro-ouye-mon. Through him the art received in Japan a new impulse, new knowledge, new methods. It may be of service to us to know that the wonderful perfection achieved by the Japanese in this art was due not only to the skill of her artists, but also, and more, to the fact that the



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government gave direct, persistent, and liberal pecuniary aid to the industry.

Genius will, of course, work its miracles; but, if we in the United States are to reach excellence in Art-work, it will be, must be, only fitful and short-lived, if it is to depend upon individual effort or chance patronage: only by means of the persistent and intelligent fostering of a state, whose life is perennial, can the greatest things be accomplished. There are fanatics who hold to free trade in poetry, invention, art, patent-right, copyright. No doubt they mean well, but the nation may beware of them.

The Art-museums now being established cannot fail to do some good; but they will fall lamentably short of their aims if they are not directly and powerfully aided by the state. To illustrate this, let me refer to the fine collections known as the Kensington Museum and the British Museum. Both are the creations of the

state, and both have been generously treated. It would have taken a hundred or a thousand years of individual contributions to have accomplished what the Kensington Museum has done in twenty.

Already, it is a great and noble school—teaching by example—of *Art applied to the uses of life*; and already it has placed some of the manufactures of England in the first place of the world.

I wish, then, to repeat that the work which Katosiro did would not have been done, could not have been done, by his own individual effort.

He not only added vastly to the satisfaction and delight and riches of his own people, but he has given us cause to bless the Government of Japan for the satisfaction and delight we, too, are enabled to draw from his work.

Pennsylvania is taking the lead here. With a keen perception and a profound wisdom, that State, I am told, has united with the



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city of Philadelphia to found and maintain a school of applied Art, which cannot fail to be an incalculable good to the industries and the happiness of her people.

Depending upon individual contributions, Boston and New York must struggle far behind, and finally dwindle away.

We need, in every great industrial centre, a "Council on Instruction," who shall provide models of Art-work, and teaching enough to make these models plain to industrial seekers.

We have tried free schools, free trade, free press, and no one is happy. I pray we may for a century fairly and fully try Household Art: that is the Art which shall make the home the most attractive place on this footstool of heaven.

In this work all sects and sexes may unite. Every man and woman can and will agree that his or her home shall be a page from the book of paradise; one on which they can write, and one from

which all may read. When every home shall have become a realized poem, grog-shops will starve, and gamblers and murderers will not outnumber any class in the state. Then we shall need few laws, and the services of the policeman we will dispense with; then divorce-courts will fail; miserable wives and unhappy husbands will disappear; wretched children will not disgrace humanity, and then the millennium will be at hand!

According to the best authorities we are able to get, we conclude



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that the Japanese have from the earliest days been great potters; and that the Chinese discovery of porcelain was carried to Japan probably in the century before our era.

It appears from the researches of Dr. Hoffman, of Holland, that in 662 a Buddhist monk introduced the secrets of translucent porcelain into the province of Idsoumi, and a village then became famous as *To-ki-moura*, "village for making porcelain."

In the year 859, the two provinces of Idsoumi and Kavatsi went into a violent quarrel over a mountain which contained clay and fire-wood.

But the vast wants of such a tasteful and teeming people as the Japanese advanced this most useful and beautiful industry until the time of Katosiro (in the 1200's), when it went forward to perfection, and rivalled or excelled the best work of China.

In later years the great centre of porcelain-production has been the island of Kiou-siou.

Upon the Idsoumi-yoma (or Mountain of Springs), where was found the kaolinic clay, Dr. Hoffman numbers some five-and-twenty shops famous for porcelains.

From the recent work of Messrs. Audesley & Bowes, it seems that the province of Hizen has produced the finest examples of Japanese porcelain. The first number of this work has just reached us, and gives great promise. The authors are Mr. George Ashdown Audesley, architect, and James Lord Bowes, President of the Liverpool Art Club. No work upon the ceramic art has appeared superior to this first number.

While the fine, delicate perception and touch of the Japanese have given an added grace and finish to most of their work, as a whole their porcelain may be said to be a following (rather than a copying) of the Chinese: in China, porcelain was indigenous; in Japan it was an importation. In China, then, we shall find more original invention and greater variety; in Japan, more finish. The best work of Japan is often superior in the paste and in the glaze to the Chinese. As to classification: it is found that the two styles of China porcelain called "The Chrysanthemo-Peonienne" and "The Famille-Rose" are the two which most prevail in Japan; and it is not easy to distinguish the fine work of the one country from that of the other.

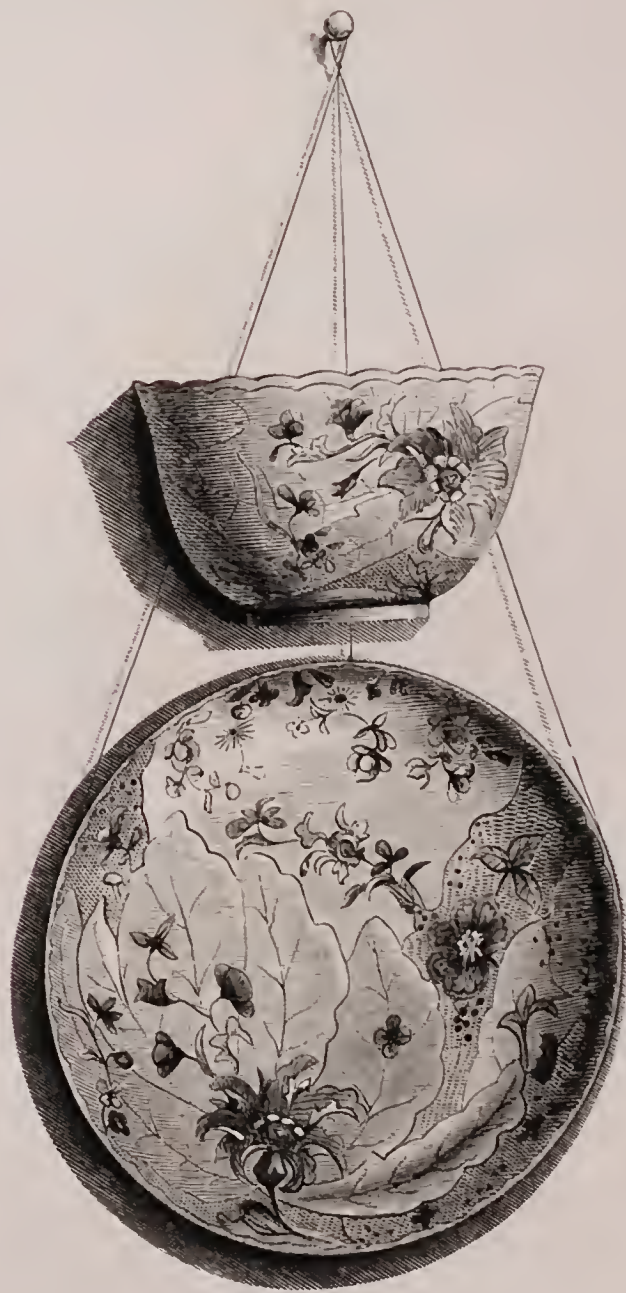
In the rose family is to be found much of the best work of Japan.

The *famille-vert*, or green, was not made there.

We cannot do better than to quote from Jacquemart:

"A radical difference separates the two countries as regards drawing. At Nippon the figures, though affected, and too much resembling each other not to be the produce of 'pouncing,' have a simple grace and softness, the evident reflex of Oriental manners. Certainly, it is not an imitation of Nature; it is not Art, such as we understand it with its complex qualities; but it is a dreamy act, a first manifestation of thought under form. A scene of frequent occurrence represents two women standing, one upon a rose, the other upon a leaf, and thus floating upon the waves in an aureole of clouds; the first, elegantly attired, holds a sceptre; the second is her attendant, and carries a basket of flowers passed through a kind of lance or instrument for ploughing. According to the indications of the Japanese Pantheon, it is the goddess of the seas or patroness of fishermen. It matters little which it may be; but, by the modest grace of the attitude, the easy elegance of the draperies, this painting approaches the graceful vellums of our artists of the middle ages. The birds and plants partake of these merits, and are truthfully drawn, the details most delicately rendered. Nothing is more beautiful than these venerated silver pheasants, the proud-looking cocks perched upon the rocks or lost among the flowers; nothing more charming than certain crested blackbirds with rose-coloured breasts, and other passerine birds of beautiful plumage."

While it is true that the Japanese flower-painting approaches



No. 4.

nearer to Nature than the Chinese, it does not seem correct to say that it approaches to, or is, a copy of Nature. It is difficult to see anything which is not treated freely and strongly rather than naturally.

Some of the decorations peculiar to Japan may be mentioned as follows:

The kiri, or flower of the paulonia.
The imperial three-clawed dragon.

The noble bird.

The sacred tortoise.

The pine, the bamboo, and

The crane.

The crane and the tortoise are emblems of longevity.

Two marks were the official signs of the Mikado; first, the kiri-

Kiri-mon.



Guik-mon.



Three-leaved Mallow.



mon, or flower of the pawlonia; and, second, the guik-mon or chrysanthemum; while to the temporal prince, or Siogoun, belonged the three-leaved mallow.

The vase here given (Fig. 1), from Mr. Avery's collection in the New York Museum of Art, is a good illustration of the way the Japanese used natural forms artistically rather than naturally.

The description is as follows:

"VASE, of elegant form, a ground of white, a branch of a tree in violet colour running around the body, from which depend the fruit and flowers of the peach of longevity in rich colours. Storks



No. 5.

delicately outlined in black, their bodies being filled in with dead white enamel, peck at the fruit or blossoms, or disport through the air. The neck is ornamented with a band of yellow, scrolls, fruit, bats, and *honorific* designs."

We give in Fig. 2 a bottle of square form painted delicately on each side with groups of figures, most likely representing inci-

dents in Japanese history. It is a fine example from Mr. Avery's collection. The colours are green, blue, and yellow, and are very rich and harmonious.

A style of decoration found among the Japanese rather than the Chinese might be described as a sort of medallion-painting: the round spaces are distributed over the pot regardless of symmetry, and the effect is charming. Fig. 3 shows one of these, belonging to Mrs. Rockwell, of Boston. It is modern work, and, while not expensive, is very satisfactory. An impression prevails that it is very creditable to pay dear for and to own antique work—not so modern work. But, if we are to do any good ourselves, we must believe in our own modern work when we can, and be glad to buy and pay for it. Also, we must praise our artists. Let us do so, and let us not forget that what is old and good now, was once *new* and good: none the less good because it was new.

The Japanese blue is delicious, certainly, but it lacks the deep vivid brilliancy of the Nanking. It is believed that the blue is applied under the glaze, and it has a melting softness which is most pleasing. Many of these pieces bear the six marks, as with the Chinese.

Another blue, which is a deep or mazarin colour incorrectly called "celestial," is quite a different thing; but very choice and beautiful. The colour is applied as an enamel, and in relief, and with wonderful skill. I have never seen any pieces of this which



No. 6.

were supposed to date far back; and it is certain that it is among the fine productions of to-day: but none the less beautiful for that.

A porcelain with very marked decoration and colouring has been somewhat of a puzzle, and has been called Indian, being so very distinct from anything produced in China. Jacquemart thus describes it:

"A particular decoration which we call variegated-leaved is very brilliant, and might have found grace even in the eyes of the Puritan Wagenaar. The principal subject is a group of pointed leaves, some in blue under the glaze; others of a pale green, or of a pink and yellow enamelled; at the base of the tuft expands a large ornamental flower, with notched pink petals lined with yellow; the heart, forming a centre, is yellow or greenish streaked with pink; notwithstanding the indentations which overload it, it is easy to recognise the flower as an anona or custard-apple. The leaves would lead one to suppose them, by their form and size, to be those of a chestnut-tree, while their colour recalls the tricolour plane-tree so beloved by the Orientals, and which decks itself with tufts, varying from light green to red, passing through the intermediary tints. Behind these leaves, and upon the edge of the pieces, appear light and delicate small enamelled flowers of iron-red, yellow, rose, or blue." (Fig. 4.) This porcelain was made in Japan, and was brought by the Dutch into Europe at a time when

their trade was so great. The Dutch East India Company was formed in 1602. In the year 1664, 44,943 pieces of rare porcelain were carried into Holland from Japan, and 16,580 pieces of the same work were sent from Batavia.

In some way not known, this peculiar work has been called "Indian." I found two pieces of it in Holland, one of which is in Mr. Wales's collection, and one piece, my own, is figured here. It is not easy to see anything more perfect.

The Japanese have excelled also in the production of "*crackle*," also of the "egg-shell" porcelain, neither of which differs enough from the Chinese to need description.

In the loan collection at New York is to be seen a crackled bottle, which has broad bands running around it, that are not crackled. More remarkable than this is a crackle vase belonging to Mr. H. Dwight Williams, which contains reclining figures delicately painted, that are not crackled. Technical skill can go no further it would seem.

The Japanese lacquer far exceeds anything made in China, and is among the most beautiful of human work. We know but little of the processes of its manufacture, and only introduce it here because the Japanese have applied it to the decoration of porcelain. Very charming and surprising effects are produced. The lacquer is laid on as a varnish made from some vegetable gum or gums, but in what way or how applied we know not. It is exceedingly hard and durable, and takes a variety of colours exquisitely. It is mostly applied to wood, sometimes to porcelain.

Mr. George James, of Nahant, has a very fine porcelain figure which is finished with lacquer.

"*Cloisonné*" work applied to porcelain has been made in Japan. How the delicate metal lines can be fastened to the surface of the porcelain, and how the vitrifiable colours can be melted into the spaces with such perfection, can never fail to surprise. To see such perfect and delicate workmanship is a satisfaction: what pleasure must the artist himself not enjoy!

The "mandarin china" (Fig. 5), as it is termed, was made in Japan rather than in China. This term is applied to such vases and pieces as bear the figures of mandarins wearing the toque or cap topped with the button which marks their grade. It appears that, when the Thsing conquerors overcame the Ming dynasty in China, they attempted to efface the old customs and dress, and among other things they ordered was the adoption of the toque or cap. Hence, to protest against their conquerors, no such designs appear on the old Chinese porcelain; but only on the Japanese, which was carried to China and sold.

This variety is not to be confused with a gaily-coloured kind of



No. 7.

heavy porcelain made in China, which often goes under the name of "mandarin."

On this Japanese mandarin-ware, gilding is likely to be found, and indeed the Japanese were much more inclined to its use than the Chinese.

European and Christian subjects were sometimes painted upon the Japanese porcelain to meet the wants of the Dutch exporters. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York are some of these pieces belonging to Mr. Avery's collection: one has a portrait of Luther; another has the baptism of Christ; another a Dutch land-



No. 8.

scape with figures. They are most curious, and upon the Scripture subjects hangs a tale:

As early as 1534 we know that the Portuguese had established a trade with Japan, and, with the aggressive spirit of all Occidentals, had attempted to introduce their religion into Japan, against the usages and prejudices of the Japanese, which were potent then. They pushed it to an irritating point, and it is asserted that *their meddling* with the decorations in the porcelain-factories at last led to their expulsion, and to the massacre and destruction of some forty thousand of their Christian converts in 1641.

The Dutch then persuaded the Japanese to allow them the privileges of trade, which they held for some two hundred years; and it is through them that most of our fine examples have been brought to Europe and here.

Besides the porcelain productions of Japan are two varieties of pottery or *faïence*, which are remarkable for richness of colour and decoration: the one is called the "Kaga-ware," the other "Satsuma," from the districts where they are produced. Most of the Kaga-ware brought to us is of a thick, heavy body, and coloured with a dark sort of Indian-red, touched with lines of gilding. Some of the finer specimens, however, like the vases shown in the recent work of Messrs. Audesley & Bowes, are in polychrome, and very beautiful.

The "Satsuma" *faïence* is made of a rich, creamy paste, and is thicker than most porcelain; but it is delicious in tone and delightful in decoration. There are a few pieces in this country; and more, but not large quantities, in Europe. Some of the finest pieces I have seen are in the collection of the eminent English artist, Mr. Frederick Leighton, whose house, as well as works, can only give pleasure.

The old Satsuma has peculiarities which, added to its rarity, make it exceedingly valuable and desirable.

Fig. 6 is one of the pieces pictured in the Audesley-Bowes book, as an example of the old Satsuma, and is very curious in form.

The modern Satsuma is much of it very beautiful, but of course it commands no such prices as the old. Most of it shows the glaze broken throughout into a most delicate network of crackle, which is peculiar and interesting.

The small teapot here shown is not only perfect in tone, glaze, and decoration, but also in form. It is modern work, and was imported by Mr. Briggs, of Boston. (Fig. 7.)

The peach, or as the Japanese term it, the "peach of longevity," is a favorite decoration with the Japanese; we can appreciate its value, as one of the finest fruits of our temperate zone. We give here Fig. 8, a teapot showing the fruit with some of the leaves. This is copied from Jacquemart; but the curious may see a better example at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, from Mr. Avery's Oriental collection.

Japanese Art is still more marked than the Chinese in that it is as free and yet more delicate. The artist clearly was a close observer of Nature, and saw and felt its infinite variety; saw, too, that Nature was never square, or round, or double. Nothing in Nature need duplicate any other thing.

We Occidentals have delighted in the use of the square, the circle, and in pairs, or a symmetrical arrangement of ornament, or of columns, or openings. We have also found a crude satisfaction in the use of strong, glaring colours. We have delighted to *copy* and to tell a common story in a common way in our decorations. I believe this is wholly wrong. The Japanese artist never uses the square, or the circle, or the pair. Nor does he use crude and glaring colours; always the most subtle and fascinating shades and vanishing tints. He *suggests* the story; he never tells it as Watteau did.

A pair of vases belonging to Mrs. James, of Cambridge, have a picture of a gentleman and lady, above whose heads is seen a canopy or roof. The meaning is thus explained by a Japanese

gentleman of this day, who was in Boston: The figures represented are a nobleman and his wife, one of the five hundred families of the *flowery class*; they are dressed in the ancient costume of Japan, now no longer worn. The part of a tent or pavilion indicates that they are out-of-doors, at a picnic; the white blossoms of the cherry which surround them show a favourite tree in Japan; the colour of this vase and the kind of *crackle* prove its age. All is suggested, the imagination is spoken to, not the intellect; the artist feels, and makes us feel.

We are forcing ourselves and our civilisation upon the Japanese who do not want us, and we curse them. We have attacked the simplicity of their lives, we shall increase their immorality, and we shall degrade their Art. Twenty years hence, artistic and patient work will have disappeared from among them.

Good work has almost disappeared from among us, as well as from Europe: we do all in a hurry, all for cheapness, all for money. The artist, the workman, delight no more in "*perfect work*," which is Godlike.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—CHARLES HENRY MILLER, N.A.



Old Mill at Springfield.—From a Painting by Charles Henry Miller, N.A.



THE subject of this sketch, CHARLES H. MILLER, is one of the younger members of our American school of landscape-painters. He was born in New York in 1842, and received his academic education in the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute. His attention was early directed to Art-pursuits, and while at school he devoted much of his leisure time to drawing and painting. His father, however, the late Jacob Miller, who descended from a well-to-do Dutch family, the progenitors of which settled at Claverack, on the Hudson, desired to have Charles adopt either the law or medicine as a profession. He chose the latter, and after the usual course of study received the degree of doctor of medicine in 1863.

During the years of his professional study, young Miller did not entirely desert his easel, but painted an occasional picture. His first painting appeared in an Academy Exhibition in 1860. It was a study from Nature, entitled 'The Challenge accepted,' and

represented the interior of a farm-barn with two young game-cocks preparing to fight. In 1864 young Miller made a professional voyage to Europe as surgeon of the ship "Harvest Queen," a Black Ball packet, and on his arrival visited London, Paris, Dundee, and other places, where he passed most of his time in studying the picture-galleries. On his return from this voyage he made up his mind that the practice of medicine was not congenial to his taste, and in consequence gave most of his time to the study of landscape-Art from Nature.

In 1867 he made another voyage to Europe, and visited London, the great International Exhibition in Paris, and other Art-centres, and finally settled in Munich, where he remained nearly three years. On his arrival in Munich, he entered the studio of Professor Lier, the landscape-painter, as a pupil, and also studied in the Bavarian Royal Academy, where he enjoyed the friendship of Carl Piloty, the great colourist, and the renowned Wilhelm von Kaulbach.

It was his ambition to become a great artist, but not the abject follower of a school, and in consequence of this resolution he made frequent visits to Vienna, Leipsic, Berlin, Dresden, and Paris, where he studied the work of the different masters with great earnestness. Mr. Miller's first pictures painted in Europe were exhibited at the National Academy in 1870. They were entitled 'An Old Mill near Munich,' and 'Roadside near Munich,' and were received with marked favour. Their method of treatment was bold, and the quiet and refinement of sentiment with which they were invested indicated a high order of genius in the painter.

Of Mr. Miller's early works his 'Twilight at Dachau, near Munich,' exhibited in 1871, is one of the most charming. It fairly sparkles with reflected light, and yet every material object in the perspective is in effect shrouded in mystery, and the impression left upon the mind when studying the picture is that the light is fading out as in Nature, so subtle is its treatment. In the following year he exhibited two pictures, one of which, 'A Long Island Mill-

pond,' was noticeable for the exquisite purity of its colouring. It was greatly admired by the artists for its originality, and it also directed attention to the hitherto neglected scenery of Long Island as subjects for pictures. In 1874 he sent to the exhibition a picture entitled 'A Long Island Homestead—Study from Nature,' and fairly startled the critics by the boldness, or, as we might say, audacity of his work. It was simply a study of a great and cold white farmhouse standing in a flat landscape, with one or two formal trees beside it. Notwithstanding the poverty of the subject, Mr. Miller, by the temperance of his treatment, in the judicious massing of the varying effect of light and shade which plays over a summer landscape, and the delightful harmony of his colouring, succeeded in making one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition; and in recognition of the genius shown in the work he was elected an associate of the National Academy.

In 1874 he sent to the Academy a study of 'Old Oaks at Creedmoor,' and 'The Road to the Mill,' both of which showed the



Return to the Fold.—From a Painting by Charles Henry Miller, N. A.

same unconventional style of treatment which had already brought his name so prominently before the public. The study of the 'Old Oaks' is particularly clever. The foliage is crisply drawn, and its colouring very truthful. The subtilty of Mr. Miller's treatment is well displayed in this work in the greens, under the ever-varying effect of light and shade. There are all shades and tones in the picture, and not the least expressive are the greys. The 'Road to the Mill' is a sparkling work, but lacks the quiet sentiment of the 'Old Oaks.' His most important picture painted in New York was in the Academy Exhibition last spring, where it was awarded a position of honour. It is a view of 'High Bridge from Harlem Lane, 1873.' The style of treatment is broad, but no matter of detail has been sacrificed for effect; every object is given as it appears in Nature. As a companion-picture, Mr. Miller sent a millpond scene, entitled 'Sheep-Washing,' which was also noticeably successful. The exhibition of these pictures secured his election as an Academician of the National Academy.

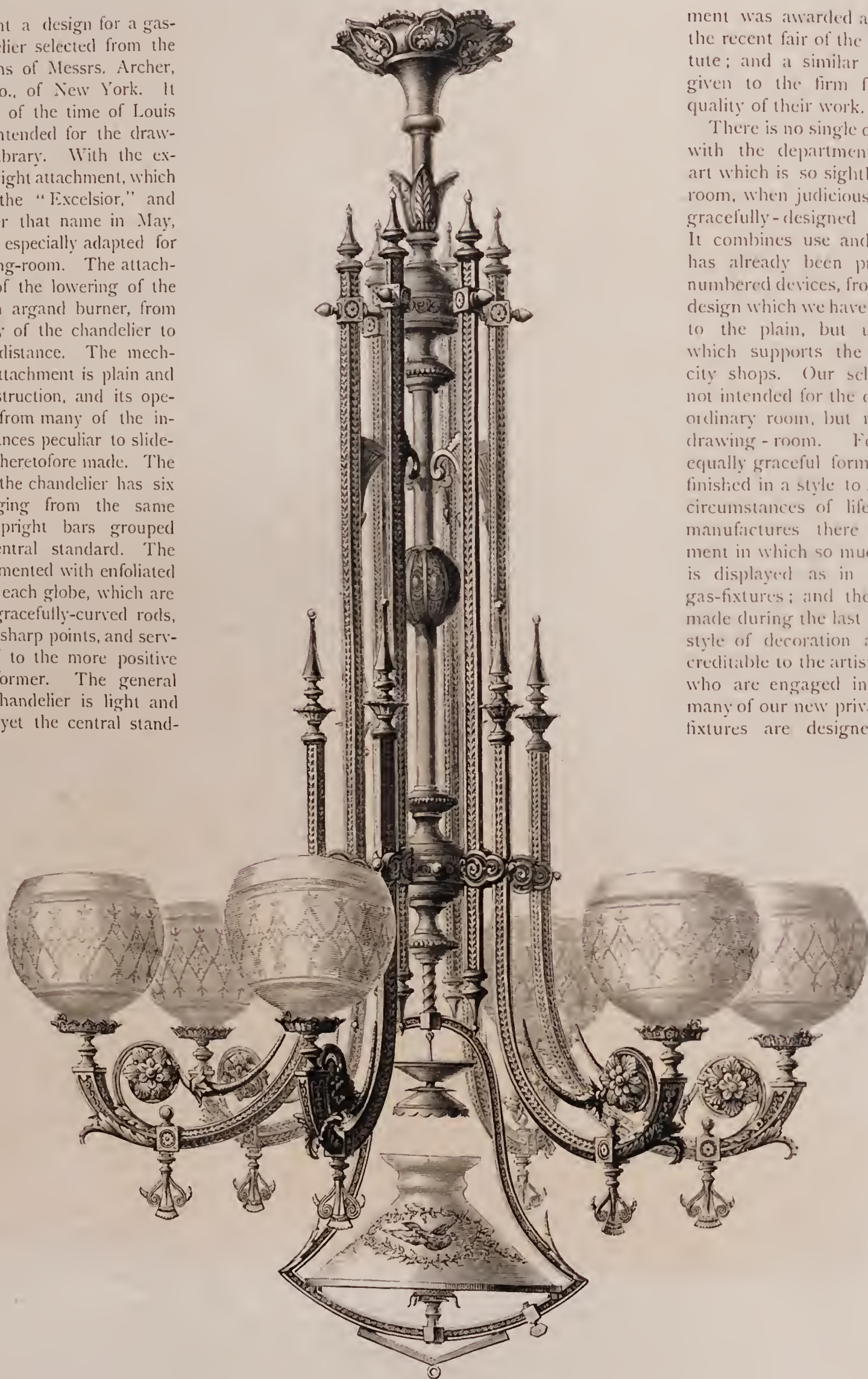
We engrave two characteristic works from Mr. Miller's easel, of which the second, the 'Return to the Fold,' is one of his earlier pic-

tures, and was painted during his residence in Munich. Although representing a German landscape, it is suggestive of American life, and quite as charming in its way. It is a twilight scene, and the flock appears passing down the farm-lane under the eye of the watchful shepherd who stands on the brow of the hill. The background is glowing with light, and this effulgence is repeated in the delicately-clouded sky, and shimmers in the distant tree-foliage with magical effect. In the foreground the shadows are massed on the right, but here, too, there is an indication of the general glow, the reflection of which strikes the still water of the duck-pond, and brings its sedgy banks into strong relief. There is a fine display of drawing in the foreground objects, as well as the trees and their broad-spreading branches in the perspective. The sentiment of the work is exquisite. The pendant represents an 'Old Mill at Springfield, Long Island,' at mid-day in summer. The scene is delightfully quiet, and yet the old mill-wheel is running, and the doves are cooing on the roof. The water shimmers in the sunlight and the clouds which hang over the horizon-line have a silver lining in harmony with the repose and poetical sentiment of the scene.

AMERICAN ART-MANUFACTURES.

GAS-CHANDELIER.

WE present a design for a gas-chandelier selected from the exhibition-rooms of Messrs. Archer, Pancoast & Co., of New York. It is in the style of the time of Louis XIV., and is intended for the drawing-room or library. With the extension centre-light attachment, which is known as the "Excelsior," and patented under that name in May, 1874, it is also especially adapted for use in the dining-room. The attachment admits of the lowering of the centre-light, an argand burner, from the main body of the chandelier to any desirable distance. The mechanism of the attachment is plain and simple in construction, and its operation is free from many of the intricate contrivances peculiar to slide-chandeliers as heretofore made. The main body of the chandelier has six burners springing from the same number of upright bars grouped around the central standard. The arms are ornamented with enfoliated designs under each globe, which are supported by gracefully-curved rods, terminating in sharp points, and serving as a relief to the more positive lines of the former. The general effect of the chandelier is light and graceful, and yet the central stand-



ment was awarded a silver medal at the recent fair of the American Institute; and a similar medal was also given to the firm for the superior quality of their work.

There is no single object connected with the department of household art which is so slightly in a drawing-room, when judiciously selected, as a gracefully-designed gas-chandelier. It combines use and ornament, and has already been produced in unnumbered devices, from the handsome design which we have engraved, down to the plain, but useful standard, which supports the argand in our city shops. Our selected design is not intended for the decoration of an ordinary room, but rather the large drawing-room. For the former, equally graceful forms exist, and are finished in a style to suit almost any circumstances of life. Of our art-manufactures there is no department in which so much genuine taste is displayed as in the designs for gas-fixtures; and the improvements made during the last ten years, in the style of decoration and variety, are creditable to the artists and designers who are engaged in the work. In many of our new private houses, gas-fixtures are designed especially to

and renders it unusually strong and massive. The ornamental work is of the finest workmanship, and the whole is richly gilt. It was designed by Mr. J. F. Travis. The centre-light attach-

suit the several apartments, and in harmony with the style in which they are decorated, and thus form an important element in their furnishing.



M. ANGELO BUONARROTI.

ENGRAVED BY A. FRANCOIS, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY THE ARTIST.

THE HOLY FAMILIES BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

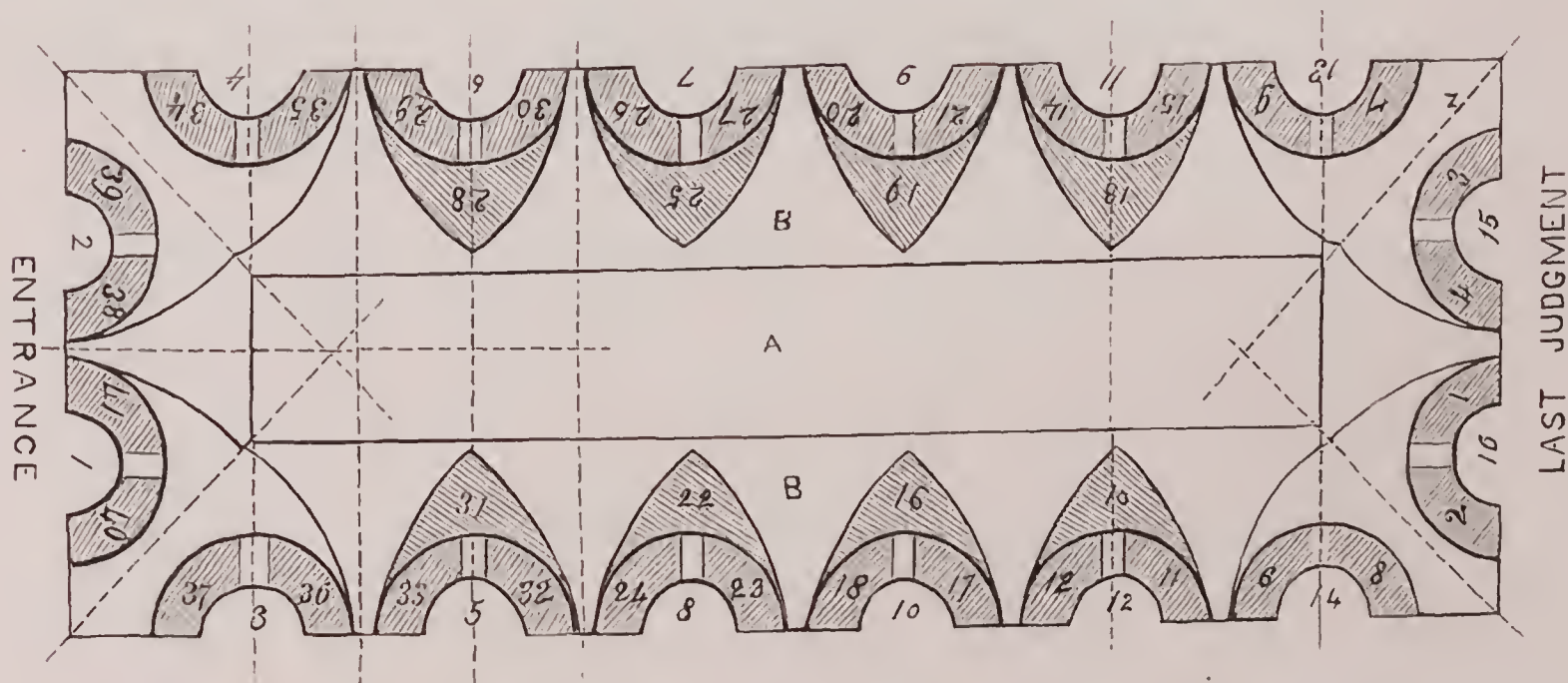


COMMEMORATIONS of great men are, as a rule, always of interest, and must serve more than one useful purpose. But even great men are apt, as time flies, to pass out of the world's memory, things present absorbing all thoughts. A commemoration calls renewed attention to them and to their doings. Michael Angelo Buonarroti suffers with others, and is, perchance, but now and then brought into present and active remembrance. Let the dead bury their dead is certainly the world's maxim. Michael Angelo's birthtime and doings in this world have been but just commemorated, in a way which can hardly have missed the notice of the most superficial. And it has at least made his special work more than ever a subject of, if not general, at least of artistic interest. It is this that may make a few thoughts—the result of some painstaking and long looking at—on his great work, the ceiling of the Capella Sistina, Rome, acceptable at the present moment.

The subject, in many ways, is a vast one, and it would take many pages to do full justice to it, even supposing it possible to do that. We propose at present to do no more than to explain, in few words and by help of the accompanying plan, the peculiar arrangement of the series of Holy Families, as they have been termed, which help to tell the story which it was the purpose of the great poet-painter to illustrate on the Sistine ceiling. The accounts hitherto given of this work have been but meagre.

It will be well first to define generally the divisions into which the whole ceiling is portioned out; it is quite necessary that this analysis should be made, and the result of it clearly and constantly kept in mind. Hitherto the ceiling has been looked at as a whole, and as altogether descriptive of the story told on it. But it is not so: a vast number of the gigantic forms depicted on it have nothing whatever in the most remote way to do with the story or idea, but are simply *accessorial* and strictly architectural, and might have been left out, and would have been so had the work been but a series of illustrative framed pictures. But the whole ceiling was regarded by Michael Angelo as a decorative work; the architecture of it, and the accessorial architectural sculpture, if we may use the term, as a consequent and necessary part of that decoration. This will be better seen as we go on.

The first division, then, of the ceiling, after the bare architectural forms, is the series of paintings in panels that run down the *centre* of it, but on which we do not at present touch; they represent, or illustrate, together the Genesis of Creation and the Fall of Man. The great architectural sculptural figures are also here. The next division, not here spoken of, are the whole series of Hebrew Prophets and Pagan Sibyls, twelve in number, which run all round the ceiling, and fill the spaces between the pointed arches in which are the Holy Families; the lunettes in the angles of the ceiling completing the work, looked at generally. The architectural forms, *e.g.* the mouldings, are all *painted* in, not raised from the surface.



These architectural forms must not be neglected in the survey of the ceiling.

The Holy Families, or the series of family-groups, of which the numbers in the annexed engraving* indicate the names, are representative of those families from Abraham to Joseph, the husband of Mary, through whom Christ in his humanity came. These groups, or families, are disposed in groups, or sets, of three, over each window of the chapel, as indicated in the woodcut. The reader should here refer to the first chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel for the consecutive names and list of these families, and then compare it with the arrangement here indicated by the figures. It will then be seen how curiously Michael Angelo went to work, and how he moved about across and across the ceiling as each group came into his thoughts to be represented. Nos. 1, 2, 3, to 16, indicate this singular arrangement of the subjects. One would have thought it better to have

begun, and then gone on regularly and systematically round the ceiling; but Michael, as will be seen, thought otherwise, and he compels you to cross and recross again and again the chapel floor to see these Holy Families consecutively and in their due order. It will be observed that, beginning with the two groups, Joseph the foster-father of Christ, and Jacob his father (Figs. 41 and 40), fill the lunettes over the window in the wall of the chapel above the entrance-door. The next group, Nathan and Eleazar, (Figs. 39 and 38) fill the lunettes over the companion window; while over, and midway between them both, is the huge figure of the Prophet Zacharias. Now comes the third group, or set of families, Eliud and Achim (Figs. 37 and 36), on the right hand side wall of the chapel as you enter, and over a window, as before, the round arches representing, in the woodcut, the heads of these windows, and figured from 1 to 16.

We now have to cross the chapel to come to the next twin groups, Sadoc and Azor (Figs. 35 and 34), over window No. 4. It will be observed that there are no pointed-arch forms over either of the last four named windows, consequent on their being placed in the angle of the building, the construction of the ceiling pre-

* The letter A indicates the long central panel above referred to; B is the spaces filled by the prophets and sibyls; 1 the four lunettes in the corners of the ceiling. The dotted lines are constructional, and indicate the architectural work. This last, which is noteworthy, we hope to return to.

venting it. But in the next series of Family groups (No. 5), three in number, and also over the head of a window, there is this pointed arch, giving a lunette or triangular arched space for a family. These three following Families are—Eliakim, Abiud, Zorobabel; see St. Matthew, chap. i. (Figs. 33, 32, and 31 in the woodcut plan). The necessary architectural forms are here most happily taken advantage of, or rather contrived to hold these groups; the *names* of them, by the way, being written by Michael himself, on square panels, placed between the two lower groups, so that there can be no doubt about what the painter meant, strange as it all is, when you come to see into it. Michael Angelo was indeed a wonderful man in very many ways, though not quite in the way the world has hitherto supposed. He was not a little fond of involved and puzzling arrangements and forms, and of taking the last first and the first last. If he were alive now he would have nothing to do! that is certain.

For the next three groups we must once more cross the chapel to No. 6 window. These groups are named Josias, Jechonias, Salathiel; Josias being, as we must conclude, the Family filling the triangular space above—that name being written first on the list in the panel below it. We now pass, without crossing the chapel, to the next adjoining window (No. 7), the groups represented being Ezekias, Manasses, Amon (Figs. 25, 26, and 27). Again, across the chapel, we come to window No. 8, with its three groups—Ozias, Joatham, Achaz (Figs. 22, 23, and 24)—in their order of genealogy backward from Joseph. It may be here noticed that Fig. 25 has not been autotyped separately by M. A. Braun. No. 9, across the chapel again—Joram, Josaphat, Asa (Figs. 19, 20, and 21). Each one of these magnificent compositions are enough to found the fortune, artistically, of any draughtsman; indeed, it seems a vain thing to pause on any one of these compositions. We reserve our thoughts on them, only now intent on indicating plan and arrangement. No. 10, immediately opposite and on the other wall, has, oddly enough, whether from intentional omission or not, but two *named* groups, Abia and Roboam, the third group being without name. In regular order it ought to have been Jesse, the father of David, King of Israel. The reason may have been that the painter wished to group together the great families of Jesse, David, and Solomon, as indeed he has done in the wall opposite—for we again cross the chapel—No. 11, and separately Figs. 13, 14, 15—and find together these

three families. No. 12 is opposite, and on its panels are seen Salmon, Booz, and Obed (Figs. 10, 11, 12). Again crossing the chapel, we find Naason (Fig. 9) and a nameless figure; this should have been, taking the names in chronological order, Aminadab (Fig. 6 or 8); but this family is on the opposite wall, together with a figure without name. Why Michael ended thus it would be difficult to say. Three Holy Families, according to the list in St. Matthew, have been left out altogether—Aram, Esrom, and Phares; while the families of Judas and Jacob, and those of Isaac and Abraham, are also omitted—the spaces on the *end* wall where they would have found place being taken up by the upper parts of the great picture of the 'Last Judgment' (Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the plan).

Thus, in this strange-enough way, have we a series of groups, and often but single figures, representative and illustrative of the "Holy Families" spoken of in Scripture story. In the historical books of the Bible many allusions to them may be found, and short histories of each Family. Michael's work consisted in the calling into visible remembrance each one of them in a way peculiar to himself, and we see them as in a dream. They are all gigantic, the men are giants, and the women "moulds of generation," as they have been not a little happily termed; not in any way ladies and gentlemen, but men and women and children—children worthy of such parentage. If you look long enough at them, i.e. at the figures on the ceiling itself, or at the autotypes of them by M. Adolphe Braun, the Michaellesque manner in them seems almost to disappear, and these children of Anak reveal themselves as nature's own types of humanity—nude or blanket-clothed, it is the same. Refinement in human existence would seem to obscure or destroy this simple *humanity*; but in very rough and humble life it may often be yet seen: the woman is the *mother* of the sucking child, and the rude man the simple father of it. The mental eye of Michael saw into the inherent greatness of this, and when Pope Julius asked for some "gilding," the great draughtsman refused to add it. He said, "Holy father, there is enough; they will not bear gilding!"

C. BRUCE ALLEN.

[The portrait of the great artist, from a picture by himself, which is here introduced, may not be considered an inappropriate supplement to Mr. Allen's remarks on one of Michael Angelo's noblest works.—ED. A. J.]

A FEAST OF CHERRIES.

(See Frontispiece.)

BIRKET FOSTER, Painter.

T. BROWN, Engraver.

WE have always associated Mr. Birket Foster and the late David Cox together, as representative artists of genuine English rural scenes, though there is such a wide difference in their style and manner and in the subjects of their respective pencils; for while the latter made his figures subordinate to the landscape, the former, as a rule, gives the most importance to his figures, the landscape portion of his composition being the setting in which his rustic groups are enshrined; and very beautiful setting it is, characterised by a thorough feeling for the picturesque in all the varied aspects of nature. The popularity of his pictures, both in oils and water-colours—we prefer the latter vastly—cannot be matter of surprise, for they always leave a most agreeable impression on the mind: he takes little, if any, notice of grown-up people, having but small sympathy with their rural occupations or amusements; but he delights in the young, and loves to represent them in their various sports and recreations—gathering primroses by the woodside, making coronals of wild flowers, romping in the hayfields, nutting, blackberry gathering, swinging on the branches of trees, building sand castles on the seashore, or launching tiny boats on tiny lakes

left by the receding tide. Out of such materials he constructs his winsome representations of juvenile life.

But in the picture engraved here we have a group of young girls about to engage in a more serious occupation than any of those just named: seated on the bank of turf which skirts a garden path, they are about to dispose of a dish of cherries, probably gathered in an adjoining orchard—and, by the way, there is scarcely a prettier sight of its kind than a Kentish cherry orchard when the fruit, red, black, and white, is fully ripe, and, in a prolific season, seems to be as plentiful as the leaves of the trees. The maidens are all intent on the work they have to do, and each appears to be making a choice of the most inviting cherries from the general stock; one of the girls, with a little excusable affectation of manner, holds out her selection for the notice of her companions. The composition of the quartette is easy and natural, and as we look at them commencing their "feast," it is only natural to desire for them that "good digestion may wait on appetite." In the flower-border opposite the girls are some fine white lilies: did the artist introduce them as emblems of the purity of his young friends?

ART IN PARIS.



THE Barye exhibition at L'École des Beaux Arts has been the main Art-event in Paris. These post-humous displays of the creations of the masters have this good effect, that they give, as it were, a finishing touch and a seal to their fame. Moreover, the revelation of the process by which the artist has perfected his power of working out his own conceptions is at once highly interesting and instructive. Thus, to turn from the display of bronzes, sketches, and plaster models, which represent the finished works of Barye, to the plaster-mouldings of animal forms, and of bones and detached limbs, and to the outline drawings in pencil which fill the ante-chamber, is to learn that the secret of success in Art, as in nearly every other pursuit of life, lies in minute and patient study, and in constant endeavour. There never was a death among the heasts at the Jardin des Plantes but Barye claimed the body, in order to renew his studies of the inner structure of those animal forms that he created so marvellously.

In going through the present exhibition of his works, one is struck with the thought that Barye was a brother-genius to Landseer. What the one did for the animal creation with pencil and canvas, the other has done with bronze and clay. And, on inspecting the water-colour drawings that form no inconsiderable part of the exhibition, one is tempted to imagine that, had Barye chosen the palette instead of the chisel, his lions and tigers might have rivalled in vigour of execution and perfect comprehension of their nature the dogs and horses of the great English artist.

The first object that strikes the spectator, on entering the hall wherein the works of the dead master are displayed, is the huge and life-size bronze of the 'Lion and the Snake' from the garden of the Tuileries. With one foot on the coiling body of his foe, the king of beasts contemplates the struggles of the serpent with a horrible snarl of blended pain and fury. Evidently, he has been bitten by his assailant, and, maddened with rage and anguish, is about to tear him to pieces. The massive face, contorted and wrinkled, is full of fierce expression. A little farther on is placed the large work which was the first that won full recognition for the genius of Barye, the 'Combat between a Tiger and a Crocodile,' first exhibited in the *Salon* of 1831. Clutched in the fierce claws of the tiger, the crocodile, in its struggle, has wreathed its body half around the crouching form of its adversary. The group thus formed is full of a rare and striking grace. Nothing can be more admirable than the figure of the tiger, replete with feline suppleness and relentless fury. A smaller bronze, placed on a side-table, shows the issue of the combat. The crocodile is extended dead upon the ground, while the tiger, panting from his exertions, is lying in an easy attitude upon his side, evidently seeking repose after the struggle. Another small bronze represents a tiger in the act of devouring a hare. Nothing can be imagined more perfect in its way than is this image of savage sensual enjoyment; every fibre in that lithe ferocious body is quivering and instinct with carnivorous delight. Here, too, are two groups, 'Arab Cavaliers contending for a Buffalo with a Lion and Lioness,' and 'Spanish Cavaliers of the Fifteenth Century hunting the Wild Bull;' the plaster models for a table-service executed for the lamented Duke Ferdinand of Orleans. These groups are marvels of force and animation. Clustered together in so small a space, men, dogs, horses, wild beasts, contend, struggle, combat, without confusion, and, while marvellous as to details, each group forms a harmonious and picturesque whole. A dying horse, struck down in the bull-hunt of the second group, is admirable in pose and in expression; there is something hopeless and lifeless in the very droop of his head. There is also exhibited the model, in gilded plaster, of a group executed for the Princess Marie d'Orléans, the sculptor-princess who has given to the world its sweetest and most touching image of Joan of Arc. In this group Barye has revealed some of the latent force of his peculiar genius—a genius which, if otherwise directed, might have conducted him to the higher paths of historic art. This group represents 'Charles VI. terrified in the Forest of

Mons by a Lunatic,' an incident which brought about the first outbreak of the mad king's malady. The group is combined with skill and originality. The madman (whether a real or pretended one, historic authorities cannot yet decide) is rolling on the ground in front of the king's horse, whose onward progress he has checked by seizing the bridle. His strange, weird, bearded face looks from a mass of swathing and complicated bandages. Stricken with horror and amaze, the king stretches forth his two arms in a weak, witless way, while his face bears an expression which is half of vacancy, yet wholly crazed. The steed shares in the alarm of his master, and falls back with dilated nostril and startled eye, every limb instinct with affright. The wonderful expressiveness of this little group, and the ease and skill with which the story is told, are beyond all praise. Another interesting work is the small model for the gigantic seated lion, which at the side-portal of the Tuileries, overlooking the Seine, keeps watch and ward beside the abode of departed kings. This lion is celebrated as a perfect image of strength and grandeur in repose. There is a pair of them visible at the portal, one on either side, but only one of them (that on the left) owes its existence to the creative power of Barye; the second lion being merely a reproduction of the first with its head turned a different way. It is said that the artist was very indignant at this tampering with his original conception. Many critics consider this lion as Barye's *chef-d'œuvre*. As to the smaller works they are too well known by reproduction to need any special mention or description.

The water-colour drawings number about sixty; they all represent different forms and phases of animal life, seized with that marvellous vigour and truth which were the characteristics of Barye's talent. Some are faithful reproductions of Nature merely—a boa contorted into a mass of spotted, sinister folds, with the flat, repulsive head protruding from one side; a lion asleep, with his nose between his paws like a pet cat; a tiger rolling and playing like a frolicsome kitten; a lion flat on his back with his four huge paws in the air—all evidently studies from life. Then there are little dramas of animal existence—a lion about to attack a serpent, which, with uplifted head and wide-open jaws, awaits the onslaught of the king of beasts; a jaguar crushed within the folds of a boa; a pair of tigers in fierce and deadly combat; a hunting-scene in India, with tigers attacking a party of hunters mounted on an elephant. The oil-paintings are less interesting, representing, as most of them did, merely bits and glimpses of landscape. The plaster models from life and the pencil-studies are extremely curious and valuable for any student of Art to examine. There are limbs, heads, shoulders, bones, modelled from the actual objects, either in a natural state or flayed, even to so apparently useless a part as the palate of a tiger. There are the paws of lions, dogs, tigers, cats, the hoofs of stags and horses, the fore-paws of a monkey, fish, serpents, cats, small dogs, copied entire. There are drawings of animals, and parts of animals, and of skeletons, and of flayed beasts—all the patient toil by which Nature is made to yield up her secrets to Art is displayed before us. Hence we could understand why the bronzes of Barye *live*, why his tigers have all the supple grace and cruel symmetry of Nature, his lions so much grandeur and strength, his horses such fire and animation. It is said that he never attempted to fashion the image of any animal without knowing the exact length and weight of its bones, whether it were elephant or humming-bird; he then proceeded to make his reductions in due proportion. No wonder that his works, originally considered merely as admirable types of decorative art, should now have attained to so high a standing in the ranks of contemporary sculpture.

It is probable that the great picture by Meissonier, called indiscriminately '1807,' 'The Battle of Friedland,' and the 'Charge of the Cuirassiers,' will be detained for some time longer in France in order that it may be exhibited at the École des Beaux Arts, for the benefit of the poor. No little stir and excitement have been created in Art circles here by the fact that this, the largest, and, in many respects, the most important work that the renowned painter

has ever executed, is destined to adorn an American gallery. Hence, much adverse criticism, tinged with that bitterness which robs criticism of all its force by revealing the presence of prejudice. Manet, with the true spirit of failure in the presence of success, is said to have declared that the whole picture was of tin, with the exception of the cuirasses of the soldiers, and that *they* were of pasteboard. Such an unjust and unfounded criticism from the lips of the painter of the hock-tin 'Argenteuil' at the *Salon* of last year, is amusing and merits preservation. The amount of care, and thought, and labour expended by Meissonier on this work, which he evidently intends to be the crowning effort of his career, is beyond all comprehension. It was commenced ten years ago, was sold five years ago to Sir Richard Wallace, was afterward exhibited as an unfinished work at the Viennese Exposition, and it is said that the artist even now lets it go reluctantly. His studio at Poissy was crowded with studies and sketches of every inch and personage which it comprises; heads and legs of horses, arms, heads, hodies of cuirassiers, the personages in detail, and then the personages complete; scraps of the grassy ground, studies of the distant sky and clouds, and effects of light. The horses were not only studied from life, but were modelled in wax by Meissonier himself, who spent in that manner the evenings that he could not devote to painting. The trappings, accoutrements, &c., were studied with most minute and painstaking accuracy. The tiny buckles, clasps, and ornaments of metal used on the trappings of the wax-models of horses, were manufactured by one of the leading jewelers of Paris under M. Meissonier's supervision. The uniforms and arms of the cuirassiers were studied with the same care. The picture was nearly finished when Meissonier discovered that the colouring of a certain portion of the uniforms was incorrect. At once he set to work to alter the colour in question, although by so doing he was compelled to repaint the whole of the picture, its tones no longer harmonising when the hue of the uniforms was changed. It is by such painstaking and conscientious labour that the great master of modern French Art has achieved his greatness and won his world-wide fame. He exacts from his pupils a toil no less conscientious. One of these pupils, Mr. D. R. Knight, the young American painter, whose 'Laveuses de la Seine' attracted so much favorable notice at the *Salon* of last year, has just finished a large picture of a 'Harvest Scene' in France, painted under Meissonier's immediate supervision. The picture was well under way when Meissonier saw it for the first time. "The figures are too small in proportion to the landscape," was his quick comment. They were immediately effaced and altered in accordance with the master's suggestion. Again he saw it when it was well-nigh completed. There was a group of horses in the background on which the young artist had expended much time and pains. "Those horses narrow your horizon," was Meissonier's remark. The horses disappeared, and the finished picture received warm commendations from the master, usually so chary of his praise. It is now on exhibition at the studio of Mr. Knight, who purposes retaining it for exhibition at the next *Salon*. It shows a great advance over 'The Washerwomen of the Seine,' deservedly admired as that picture was. The group of harvesters in the foreground busy over their noonday meal, grandmother, mother, and grandchildren, and especially the figure of one little girl lying prostrate on the ground, is admirably executed; there are a breadth of handling and a

finish combined visible in the execution, that are truly remarkable.

It is as yet too early to give any account of the spring work of the artists, their studios being usually closed against all visitors till the preparations for the *Salon* are well under way. M. Castiglione, the painter of 'The Villa Torlonia,' now in the possession of A. T. Stewart, is at work on a picture for the *Salon* called 'A Collocation in the Atelier.' A party of gaily-dressed dames and cavaliers, in the rich, picturesque attire of the seventeenth century, have invaded a painter's studio, and are examining his pictures, and his stores of *bric-à-brac* and curiosities. One fair lady is drawing aside a curtain which has shrouded from view a completed picture, while in the act of listening to the melody of a guitar on which a blond-bearded cavalier is playing. In the background is a table set out with fruit, flowers, flagons of wine, &c. The numerous picturesque adjuncts of a studio—the carved oaken furniture, antique tapestries, Venetian mirrors, and curious glass and porcelain, the bronzes and stuffed birds, and Limoges enamels—are all painted with extreme finish and delicacy of touch. The same artist has also under way a picture entitled 'A Petition to Marguerite de Valois.' In a superb palace-hall, aglow with gorgeous frescoes, rich with massive carving, there sits upon a settle, beside the open door in the centre of the picture, a young and handsome man in the riding-garb of the days of Charles IX. Wearied by the long journey, which is revealed to us by the condition of his mud-splashed riding-boots and disordered attire, he has dropped asleep, with his head resting against the lintel of the door, while his petition—a large and conspicuous leaf of parchment—is loosely held in his slumber-relaxed fingers. Through the doorway, brave in satin and pearls, and other regal finery, comes Marguerite de Valois, the laughter-loving Reine Margot, followed by her ladies. She is just in the act of drawing the petition from the languid hand of the sleeper, while one of her attendants, a starched old duenna in the background, looks on with an air of horror at such a breach of royal etiquette. If this picture fulfils the promise of the sketch, it will be a remarkable one. M. Castiglione has just finished a charming female head—that of a laughing girl wearing a broad-brimmed hat lined with blue silk, and entitled 'La Rieuse'; this was painted to order. His 'Haddon Hall' and 'Villa Frascati' are to be exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition of Philadelphia.

The latest exhibited picture by Gustave Doré represents a thunderstorm coming up at the seashore. The foreground, a broad beach of yellow sand, strewn with grey and moss-grown rocks, is still bathed in the golden light of day. Beyond, stretches the ocean, emerald green and flecked with little spirts and jets of foam as the first puffs of wind from the coming storm smite its sparkling, dancing surface. Here and there a startled sea-bird skims low above the waters. Overhead a dense mass of cloud of a dusk, yet livid leaden hue, dark and sinister above the still shining sea, is sweeping slowly over the heavens. It is the moment of intense hush that precedes the thunder-crash and the war of winds and waves. Like all of Doré's pictures, whatever their technical faults may be, there are a force—a meaning—an originality—about this scene that thrill the imagination and hold attention captive.

Doré's 'London' has recently been issued in Paris for the first time. It receives full meed of praise, even from the most carping of the Art-critics of the day.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Delt.

THIS engraving is from an early drawing in pencil made, it may be assumed, on one of Landseer's first deerstalking expeditions: the stag has fallen to the bullet of the rifle, and now lies ready to be carried away as soon as the stalwart gillies get the necessary aid to enable them to bear the lifeless body home. One has seated himself on the body of the animal to rest himself, while both he and his companion gaze on it with an expression of face which betokens pity rather than any other feeling. Excellent are the attitudes of the hounds, especially the couple on

the right of the composition; both of them appear to be intently watching the dead stag with as much interest as do their masters; and both exemplify the skill of the artist who, with little more than mere outlines, could impart such life and vigour to animal form.

We have endeavoured to ascertain whether Landseer ever carried out this sketch so as to make a complete picture of a subject so excellent, but can find nothing in the record of his paintings which would lead to such a conclusion.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Engraver.



THE DEATH OF THE STAG

FROM THE SKETCH IN THE POSSESSION OF H. W. F. BOLTON, ESQ. M. C. MARION HALL, MIDDLEBROOK, N. H.

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ITALY.

II.



THE ruins in which this and the other statues mentioned were found are those of the subterranean building, into which they must have fallen from an upper story, by the giving way of the division between. There are two square cells opening upon a large subterranean corridor or *criptoportico*, curved on one side, and divided into two parts by a line of columns of *giallo brecciato*, the stucco-bases of which were probably gilded. The pavement was of various coloured alabasters. The sculptures lay broken in one of the two cells. Besides the Venus, the bust of Commodus, and the two statues of the Muses, here were found two half-figures of Tritons, upon pedestals of African marble, the half-figure of Bacchus and other objects now in the Capitol.

The *Salone* contains also, from the Esquiline, the head of the Emperor Hadrian, and three female busts. One of these, found in the Villa Massimo, not far from the railway-station, represents Pompeia Plotina, wife of Trajan, likenesses of whom are very rare. It is in the best style of the Greek-Roman school. The arrangement of the hair is in the high, artificial manner which prevailed, with more or less modifications, from the reign of Augustus to that of the Flavii; a custom introduced by Julia, the daughter of Titus. The face of Plotina is thus increased in height by nearly its half. Sabina, the wife of Hadrian, having followed the same fashion for several years, discontinued it, probably after the death of Plotina. The honours that Plotina had received from her husband were continued to her during the reign of Hadrian, whose way to the throne she had helped to clear. She is associated with this emperor upon a golden coin, ten examples of which were found, with others, at Castronovo. The memory of Plotina was also consecrated and worshipped.

Two other busts, found not far from each other in the precincts of the Villa Palombara, also have honourable posts in the *Salone* of the Capitol. They are of Manlia Scintilla, wife of the Emperor Didius Julianus, and of their daughter, Didia Clara. Perhaps the site where they were found was a possession of the branch of the Cornelii to which Cornelius Repentinus, the husband of Didia Clara, belonged. Both busts, from their accurate style and fine preservation, are a great addition to the Capitoline collection. The simple arrangement of the hair aids, from its special character, in the recognition of these personages, when confronting them with the medallion or coin portraits, which exist of both, though of great rarity. They belong to the period of Roman Art when the sculpture of portraits was the most successful. This was the more difficult in the case of Manlia Scintilla, as she is said to have been deformed. In fact, one of the eyes was evidently dull of sight, and the expression of the mouth is not pleasing. Since her husband was killed after only sixty-six days of rule, his successor, Septimius Severus, pardoned Manlia, and permitted her to live. She returned then to private life, and the chief fact concerning her recounted by history is the care she took for the burial of her slain husband.

Both the mother and the daughter, Didia Clara, who must have been beautiful, judging from the bust, received the title of Augusta by the decree of the Senate. It was withdrawn from them, however, by Septimius Severus, together with the patrimony assigned to Didia by her father, who had also appointed her husband, Cornelius Repentinus, prefect of Rome.

From the same locality are two statues in Greek marble, life-size, of excellent style and work. One lacked only the fore-part of the right arm, and the other both the arms. According to a custom frequently seen in ancient sculpture, especially in copies, the head, neck, and nude part of the breast as far as the border of the tunic, were made separately and then attached to the rest. These figures represent two Muses, and probably form part of the whole series once adorning the museum of the Lamian Gardens. The faces are serious and noble, the hair simply arranged, the garments

modest, with a tendency to theatrical effect, as have also the expressions and attitudes. One probably was playing on a lute, or some musical instrument, from the evidences on the marble and the existence of two holes in it, evidently made to support an accessory held in the hands. This statue would appear to have been copied from the original of some illustrious sculptor who flourished in an epoch after the revival of the Attic school, but perhaps not before the period in which Greek Art was under the Roman influence. Archæologists suppose this Muse to have been Terpsichore, who presided over the choral song and dancing and the other, Polymnia, the Muse of the "sublime hymn."

The worship of the Muses in Rome succeeded to that of the *Camenæ*, prophetic nymphs belonging to the religion of ancient Italy, to the most important of whom a temple was dedicated at the foot of the Capitoline Hill. These were eclipsed by the Muses, when, in the year 565 of Rome, the consul Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, conqueror of *Ætolia*, having despoiled Ambracia, in the kingdom of Pyrrhus, of an infinite number of statues, and among them of the Muses in bronze, as well as the statue of Hercules Musagetes, erected for them the temple *Herculis Musarum*, near the Flaminian circus. This building was restored and surrounded with a portico, by Lucius Marcius Filippus, step-father of Augustus. It was very natural that, as the Romans increased in the cultivation of letters and the fine arts, the images of the goddesses symbolising knowledge, poetry, music, dancing, &c., should have been more honoured. Thus, they were frequently used for the adornment of Roman dwellings and villas. The well-known series in the Vatican Museum, supposed to be copies of the originals of Philiscus of Rhodes, that adorned the porticoes of Octavia, forms one of five reproductions of the same.

Also the Pieridian Muses were favourite subjects of sculpture for sepulchres, even though the deceased were not *literati*, and as late as the second and third centuries after Christ. Those in the museum at Florence, inscribed with the name of the sculptor Atticianus of Aphrodisium, are not considered to have been made before the first century of our era.

The wealth of objects from the Esquiline, collected in the Capitol, can easily be accounted for after an exploring walk through the new quarter. The scene presented is undoubtedly unique. New-laid streets and foundations, squared and planned with modern accuracy, are interrupted, here and there, with the remains of ancient buildings, some of which are left standing, to be preserved as historical monuments. The mass of antique masonry is so great, however, that much of superlative interest has been and will be destroyed. Even splendid specimens of the Servian wall are being demolished, evidently with great difficulty, on account of the solidity of the material.

That the members of the Commercial Congress, in their recent visit to Rome, might have a favourable idea of what has been accomplished for the improvement of the city during the last five years, the whole quarter was brilliantly illuminated with Bengal lights, which showed out admirably the new streets, squares, the large, high, commodious buildings, as well as the still larger tract where, as yet, only the plan of what is to be has been developed, and where archæologists find so large a field for study, that it is difficult for them to obtain clear and sure explanations for all the wonders unearthed. One can hardly help wishing that the location of the whole modern city might be changed to another less interesting site, and that the excavations, begun with the intention of erecting new buildings over them, might be continued for the sake only of the remarkable discoveries to which they have led.

This may not be, however, and soon all these wonderful excavations, that have thrown so much light upon modern Roman archæology, will not only be covered and hidden, but their existence probably forever concealed with the evidences of another civilisation. Thus layer after layer thickens over the old times,

and one generation flourishes upon the bones and *débris* of another.

The excavations made especially for the purpose of discoveries by the Italian "Fonditaria" Society form the only oasis of the sort, in the whole vast extent of the building quarter. The heaps of earth they have thrown up, and the strange little tomb-houses thus

looked down upon, have made the point between the *nimphæum* in the gardens of Gallienus (miscalled temple of Minerva Medica), and the Porta Maggiore, a true Mecca for antiquarians. Thither, too, all strangers of archaeological tendencies wend their steps, for it is one of the most interesting sights Rome has to offer, this autumn, to its visitors.

CLARA L. WELLS.

LONDON EXHIBITIONS.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—The Dudley Gallery has space for four hundred and fifty pictures, and the number sent in was over fourteen hundred. Among the thousand thus turned away there were many works, we understand, worthy of the line; but as there was no room for them there, the hanging committee were quite right in choosing the least of two evils, and in turning away pictures to whose merits they were unable to do justice. In the present collection there is no work of merit supreme enough to attract special attention. Painters of recognised reputation have been content to allow their talents to shed a subdued light from canvases of limited dimensions, and to maintain their connection with the gallery by sending such scraps as came most readily to hand. E. M. Ward, R.A., for instance, sends quite a small canvas, but then it is very adequately filled. He calls it 'Polly's Desert,' and the desert consists in some delicious-looking strawberries, with which a sweet young girl in dark velvet dress and muslin slip, or pinafore, is feeding the dainty bird. It need scarcely be added that the picture is admirably painted. Mr. Whistler sends two canvases bearing the enigmatical titles of 'Nocturnes.' The one "in blue and gold" represents as in a glass darkly—indeed, both pictures are glazed, as if they were water-colours—a deep slate-blue sky above darker slate-blue water. We know that in the distance there are the habitations of men, for we see reflected in the said dark slate-blue water dots of gaslight. This row of dots means the "gold," no doubt, and the flickering sparks of what we suppose to be an expiring sky-rocket mean also the gold in the other 'Nocturne,' said to be "in black and gold." Now, as the black and the blue in both cases are very black and very blue, and the "gold" fills an infinitesimally small space in both, these dark surfaces are to the glass of the frame what quicksilver is to a mirror, and the visitor standing opposite these pictures is startled to see the reflected figures of himself and others passing and repassing like troubled ghosts in the mysterious gloom of the 'Nocturnes.' Mr. Whistler can do other and better work than this, and we would put it to him in all seriousness whether it is worth his while to devote, and we fear waste, his life in the vain endeavour to educate a backward and perverse age which does not believe in "Nocturnes," and will have none of his teaching. The other leading contributors are G. F. Watts, R.A.; Alma-Tadema, Val Prinsep, J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A.; W. F. Yeames, A.R.A.; G. D. Leslie, A.R.A.; P. R. Morris, Percy Macquoid, Frank E. Cox, Kate Thompson, H. Fantin, G. F. Munn, J. Macbeth, J. C. Dollman, Alice and Helen Thornycroft, and others.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy contains two hundred and six pictures. The *Athenæum* says: "Among them are two Raphaels—I. The predella picture of 'St. John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness,' from Bowood, belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne; being the middle part of the predella of the altarpiece at Blenheim, painted in 1505, and, of course, a transitional specimen of the painter's art, and fortunately in exceptionally good preservation, though it has not been well cleaned. The cartoon for this work is in the Stirling Collection. It comprises what is said to be a portrait of Raphael himself; it is about eight inches high and twenty-one inches long, and has been engraved, very indifferently, by Capellan. 2. The other Raphael is also a predella picture. There is also a splendid Titian, the famous work belonging to Lord Darnley, from Cobham Hall, and representing Europa mounted on the bull, and in the sea—a marvel of rich, deep tone and golden colour, full of spirit and spontaneous design. The Earl of Elgin has lent his fine Velasquez, an equestrian portrait, half the size of life. From Buckingham Palace comes the noble Claude, called the 'Europa,' from the appearance of that nymph in the foreground. Mr. Leyland has lent his Luca Signorelli, one of the most interesting pictures of the class in England. The Queen has contributed her fine Metsu, from Buckingham Palace—the gentleman at the harpsichord, with a violoncello, a lady approaching. Her Majesty has also sent the two large Gainsboroughs from Buckingham Palace, portraits of

Queen Charlotte and the Duke of Cumberland. Besides these, various generous owners, including Lord Morley and others, have lent some very fine Reynoldses, Gainsboroughs, and admirable Dutch pictures.

SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.—The Winter Exhibition of the Society of French Artists is now open in the galleries in New Bond Street, London. Besides the many sketches and studies of the human figure by J. A. M. Whistler, and two sculptured portraits by Jules Dalou, the present collection consists of one hundred and twenty-four pictures. Among the many names familiar to the visitors in this gallery is that of Madame Cazin, who sends eight pictures, not one of which could be wished away. 'A Pond in Picardy,' reflecting red-tiled houses, and trees, is charming for its tone, as 'Low Tide,' with lots of black boats left aground on the level sands, is for its truth. She has also several picturesque village landscapes, in which she shows facility of brush-work and close study of Nature; but the picture on which she has shown greatest strength and daring is 'A Storm on the Coast of France.' Of course all such subjects are but impressions, or rather recollections of impressions, and, if the tinge of her storm-cloud, which rolls away seaward from the village, is correct, we should be inclined to think the rest perfectly true to Nature. Of the late J. B. C. Corot's work there are eight or nine excellent pictures. 'View from the Cliffs at Dieppe' is very small and very slight, but in treatment it is very large, and to artists very instructive. We look down upon the jetty, or pier, which runs out into the sea, the gentle ripple of which is fringing the sands. The grey tone of this picture is delicious. 'A Tanner's Yard' is low in key, and suggestive of Frère; while in 'The Lake of Nemi' we have Corot at his best. The lake, which is overhung with trees, and in which sunny clouds mirror themselves, is full of water-weeds and sedges, and away to the left are some villas on the heights. For the sake, we suppose, of lending interest to the landscape, M. Corot has introduced a nude figure getting out of the water; but no bather would venture into such a treacherous pool as is here. Before he swam a dozen strokes he would be hopelessly entangled in the weeds. The other leading contributors are Roybet, Fantin, Clairin, G. Bellenger, Alfred Stevens, Gérôme, Daubigny, Jules Breton, the late Baron Leys, Huguet, Fromentin, and Duez.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The Society of British Artists has created about a dozen new members lately, and the result is the best Winter Exhibition it has yet held. The display comprises seven hundred and seven pictures, many of which are above the average in Art-qualities and would receive frank recognition in any gallery. The places of honour in the exhibition are occupied by the works of Keeley Halswelle, A. B. Donaldson, J. W. B. Knight, J. Gow, R. Meyerheim, J. W. Waterhouse, W. Bromley, J. Morgan, W. L. Wyllie, J. T. Peele, E. Elleston, A. H. Davis.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—In spite of a little backwardness on the part of the honorary members, the Winter Exhibition of this society, numbering three hundred and ninety drawings and sketches, is a good one. Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, an honorary member, sends an excellent water-colour drawing of the good old-fashioned kind, in respect of its avoidance of body colour, representing some cattle in a tree-shadowed 'Meadow at Fontainebleau.' The picture of the exhibition, so far as English Art is concerned, is from the easel of James D. Linton, and represents a group of cavaliers 'Off Guard,' sitting round a table. One nearest the spectator sings to his guitar, while another in the background is seen tuning his instrument, and the serving-maid to the right comes in with a tankard in her hand. She is too far off to interfere with the unity of the group; but so much cannot be said of the man on the right. He is out of keeping, and scarcely belongs to the party. The same soothing entirety of tone we have here will be found in Mr. Linton's young olive-complexioned halberdier 'On Guard.' Herkomer, Gregory, Elizabeth Thompson, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, V. W. Bromley,

James Hardy, John Absolon, W. L. Leitch, J. W. Whymper, and Charles J. Staniland, are also creditably represented.

WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Visitors to the present exhibition will have but a melancholy pleasure in looking at a collection of the last works, sketches and studies of the late G. J. Pinwell. If ever a pencil was instinct with beauty, it was his; and, if ever an Art-career looked bright and promising, it assuredly did so in his case. The thirty-three sketches on the screen show Mr. Pinwell in most of his phases, both as to subject and colour; and if the visitor's eye light here and

there on a weakness, let him remember the declining state of the author's health, and turn to the works which show his strength and beauty. The worthy President, Sir J. Gilbert, A.R.A., appears on the walls in considerable force, and on the screens he is largely represented. Under the latter head come his 'Studies for Pictures.' Each of these frames contains three subjects, in black and white, of the usual chivalrous and stirring kind. Among his finished drawings is his 'Reconnoitring,' which shows halted cavaliers gazing across the country while their two comrades, on their knees, examine the map spread out before them on the ground. But, for artistic treatment, 'Prince Henry and Falstaff' is preferred.

OBITUARY.

E. LUNDGREN.—This well known artist, who was a prominent member of the English Society of Painters in Water Colours, died suddenly in Stockholm, Sweden, on December 16th. He was in his sixtieth year. The *Athenæum* gives a brief sketch of his career as follows: "His first introduction to England seems to have been due to Mr. John Phillip, who met him at Seville in 1851; in 1853 he came to London. He received his Art-education in Paris, where he remained more than four years; he afterwards resided for about as long a time in Italy, and five years in Spain. Among his numerous works are several which were produced for her Majesty, and which have not been exhibited. The sketches he made in India, while with the staff of Lord Clyde, were lately sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods. About 1861 the King of Sweden made him a Knight of the Order of Gustavus Vasa. He was a most amiable man, a good linguist, and highly accomplished in many ways. His loss is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Two books by him were lately published in Stockholm, being 'Letters from Spain,' and 'Letters from India.'"

ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON.—It is not a little strange that within a period of six months death should have taken away three English artists in the very prime of their lives, who began their career almost about the same time and in the same manner, and whose art has been characterised throughout by a similarity of feeling and expressive style: Frederick Walker, A.R.A., George J. Pinwell, and Arthur B. Houghton, who died on the 23rd of November last, were, it may be said, disciples of the same school. Each of these artists made his mark by drawing on wood before he became known to the public as a painter; and each in due time was elected into the Society of Water-Colour Painters.

Neither in subject nor in manner of treatment are Mr. Houghton's paintings, generally, of a character to attract the attention of the many, though his genius is not for a moment to be disputed. Affecting much the mediæval style, he carried it out to an extent that gave his works a peculiarity which, to most eyes, was far from agreeable; then, too, his subjects often made no appeal to one's feelings and sympathy, as, for example, his two pictures exhibited last year from the "Arabian Nights," 'The Enchanted Horse' and 'The Transformation of King Beder.' In the earlier part of his career he exhibited several oil-pictures at the Royal Academy; for example, in 1861, 'A Fisher,' and 'There i' the Sands;' in 1864, 'The Mystery of Folded Sleep;' in 1866, 'Mending the Jack-in-the-Box;' others followed in succession down to 1870, from which year he appears to have confined his labours to water-colours.

Mr. Houghton died at the age of thirty-nine; he was the fourth son of the late Captain Houghton of the Indian Navy.

PAUL LAUTERS.—The Belgian papers announce the death of Paul Lauters, in November, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was one of the most distinguished landscape-painters in water colours in Belgium, and held one of the professorships in the Académie des Beaux Arts of Brussels. His works (among which must be classed some

oil-pictures) are characterised more by a refined feeling for Nature and delicate representation than by brilliant colouring and force of manipulation. In the Brussels water-colour exhibition of the last year were several of his pictures, good examples of his pencil, though executed under much bodily suffering. M. Lauters contributed two landscapes to the English International Exhibition of 1862—'A View in the Pyrenees,' and 'A View in the Forest of Mariemont.' The decoration of a *Chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold* was conferred on him some time since.

GEORGE BOLTON MOORE.—The death of this artist, in the seventieth year of his age, occurred in the month of November last. In seasons long gone by Mr. Moore occasionally exhibited pictures, chiefly of foreign scenery, at the Royal Academy; his last work hung there, 'Monument of Lord Norris, Westminster Abbey,' was in 1859. For some time Mr. Moore was engaged, we believe, as teacher of drawing in the Military Academy, Woolwich, and at University College, London. Two useful educational treatises of which he was the author, "Perspective, its Principles and Practice," published in 1850, and "The Principles of Colour applied to Decorative Art," in the year following, were favourably received.

ALBERT JACQUEMART.—The death of Albert Jacquemart, towards the close of last year, is a serious loss to Art in general, mostly so to ceramic Art, which he had made his special study. He was born in Paris in 1808, and early entered the École des Beaux Arts, where he devoted himself to drawing; and his fine anatomical studies exhibit an accuracy of expression and precision of drawing which have descended to his son, M. Jules Jacquemart. Entomology, botany, and conchology, were his first studies, and in 1841 he published the "Langage des Fleurs," and other botanical works. It was not till 1861 that M. Jacquemart put forth, in conjunction with M. le Blant, his "Histoire Artistique Industrielle et Commerciale de la Porcelaine," and in 1873 his "Histoire de la Céramique;" the latter being the three volumes of the "Merveilles de la Céramique," enlarged and rewritten. His habit of classifying natural products by orders and families led M. Jacquemart to introduce the same system in the study of ceramics, and though some of his Oriental classifications have been considered open to criticism, yet M. Jacquemart has produced the most useful, complete, and learned dissertations upon the art which have yet appeared, and his works are text-books on the subject.

M. Jacquemart lately retired from the Ministère des Finances, in which he had worked since 1826, to give himself wholly to his favourite studies, and took an active part in the organisation of the several Exhibitions of the Champs-Élysée, the retrospective of 1865, that of "travail" of 1867, Oriental of 1869, and the Oriental section of the Museum of Costume. With great simplicity of character and singularly-retiring modesty, M. Jacquemart never sought the place to which his learning entitled him, and when latterly Government made some recognition of his long and persevering labours, the distinction may be said to have been "thrust upon him," rather than of his own seeking.

NOTES.

IN THE STUDIOS.—R. Swain Gifford, who recently returned from a sketching tour in Northern Africa, has already produced some striking pictures drawn from the semi-barbarous countries which he visited. There seems to be a peculiar fascination connected with Art-study in the Orient, and our American artists are devoting much attention to it.

Mr. Gifford has made two visits to Morocco and the neighbouring countries bordering on the Great Desert, and has extended his trips well into the interior. His portfolios are filled with all kinds of picturesque material, comprising studies of figures, architecture, and landscape views, many of which are of extraordinary beauty. When looking over a

portfolio of Oriental sketches in which the bright costumes and brilliant atmospheric effects of tropical countries are portrayed, one can readily understand why an artist who has once visited these scenes is anxious to go back and refresh his senses with such pleasant studies. Since Mr. Gifford's return he has devoted most of his attention to water-colour drawing, in which medium most of his studies were made. During his latest trip to Northern Africa he passed through France very leisurely, and made many sketches. In Brittany he found much material for his pencil, and one of his recent drawings portrays a wayside scene at Gironde in that province. It is a charming rural view with a roadway in the foreground, partly in shadow, and a massive windmill in the middle distance. The treatment of the subject is broad, and its colouring is expressive of the greatest harmony. From the harbour of Venice he has a delightful scene looking towards the city, with gondolas filled with gaily-costumed people floating with the current in the foreground. There is a delicious feeling of quiet pervading the scene, and its expression of sentiment is very impressive. The gondolas and the bright-tinted costumes are reflected in the quiet water; and in reproducing this effect the opportunity for the use of strong tones of colour was very great, and this incident has been taken advantage of to its fullest extent, and the result is a work of marvellous force and beauty. In Algeria, Mr. Gifford passed some weeks at El Kantara, in the province of Constantine. This is the first inland neighbourhood where the palm-tree is found in a wild state. Near the coast it is only grown in the gardens. It is also on the border of the Great Desert. One of his most elaborately drawn studies portrays a view near El Kantara with a grove of palm-trees and a sterile mountain-range in the background. The scene is picturesque in its natural features, but its brilliancy is increased by the introduction of a caravan and Moorish horsemen who have apparently just entered the oasis from the sterile mountain-pass in the middle ground. The local colour of the region and its peculiar atmospheric effect are apparently rendered with much force. Another interesting subject relating to the customs of the country gives a view of the market-place in Tangier, with a group of market-men encamped in the early morning light, and awaiting the hour when business is to commence. The picture is painted in a cool grey tone, and is delightful in expression.

One of the latest works from the easel of Prof. John F. Weir represents the interior of a library, with the figure of an old gentleman seated at a window reading. There are a palette and brushes on a table, and other evidences of the artistic taste of its occupant scattered around the room. The pose of the figure is easy, and the quiet lines of the face and its expression of dignity are suggestive of a life well spent. The figure is not a portrait in a strict sense, but it suggests the idea that the artist when putting it on the canvas had in his mind the form of his venerable father, Prof. Robert W. Weir, of West Point, and the likeness is very striking. The drawing is well studied and every detail is carefully painted. The colours are harmonious but subdued in tone, as if the artist in his interpretation of the scene was fearful of disturbing the serenity of the figure. If this may be called a portrait-picture, we feel assured that it will be admired as such, not only on account of the interesting character of the subject, but also for its conservative and thoughtful treatment.

DETAILLE'S 'LE RÉGIMENT QUI PASSE.'—'Le Régiment qui passe' by Detaille, of Paris, recently received at the Coreoran Gallery of Art, Washington, is a work of striking character. It was in the Paris Exposition of 1875, also at Brussels, whence it was brought to its permanent abiding-place. At the close of a snowy, wet December day, a regiment of the line is passing along the Boulevard near the Porte St.-Martin. The solid mass of soldiery fills the centre of the street, the band playing, and a gigantic drum-major striding in front of the drum-corps. Contrasted with these serried lines of the military are troops of workmen, *gamins* and schoolboys, marching along on either side, in advance, while the *trottoirs* show well-dressed groups of men and women, admiring the pageant, some of them holding up their children to enjoy the sight. Beyond these are omnibuses and *fiacres* loaded with cloaked and umbrellaed passengers, and above these vehicles loom up and disappear gradually in the misty air lofty buildings snow-covered. To this fine architectural vista a good effect is given, by the imposing forms of the Portes St.-Martin and St.-Denis. As a portrait of that section of the Boulevard, it is perfect in all its details. The charm of the picture lies in the great diversity of character in the groups heading the regiment. The groups of schoolboys, shawled and muffled, and the bakers' apprentices with trays on their heads, seem inspired with the music. A *sergent de ville's* lounging attitude well contrasts with the *motion* of all the surrounding figures. A man dragging a hand-cart and looking aside at the procession is a marvel of close observation and of fine drawing. The sturdy form of Meissonier, the artist, is seen in the right corner, gazing at the scene so well rendered by his great pupil; and a fine touch of Nature is seen in the little muddy dog trotting in the middle of

the street, the yellow Parisian mud of which, mingled with snow and streaked with ruts, is painted to the life. The picture is painted in a subdued grey tone that admirably renders the wintry aspect of the scene. The size is four feet square.

BOSTON ART-CLUB.—The annual Winter Exhibition of the Boston Art-Club was opened by a reception on January 12th, and to holders of tickets the next day. It comprised fewer foreign and more native works than usual, and, while less various and striking than the exhibition of last spring, was a worthy display of Boston taste in selecting and Boston talent in conceiving and executing works of Art. The loaned pictures comprised works of Colman, Verboeckhoven (whose pictures are very much affected by Boston connoisseurs), Hubner, Martinetti, Le Jeune, Merle, Musin, Vedder, Vertuni, Waller, and some others. Among the more striking new pieces are several by Inness, whose landscapes lose nothing in fineness of tone and skilful colouring as he progresses. Inness must be confessed to be, in some respects, the first of Boston landscape-painters, for he seems to be more happy at once in seizing upon good subjects and in treating them so as to attract the attention of the cursory spectator than his more famous rival, Hunt. In this exhibition Inness has a very fine scene at Etretat, Normandy, which calls forth all his power as a masterly colourist; and there are smaller landscapes of his, one representing a group of Italian pines, and another a smiling Massachusetts rural scene. Hunt has a characteristically bold and rough landscape sketch; and beside this hangs a Bierstadt, a California cañon, which is certainly very far from being in the artist's happiest style. 'A Venetian Sunrise,' hazy, golden, and highly imaginative, is George L. Brown's contribution. There are portraits by Hunt and the young Ohio artist, Duverneck, whose portraits were so highly esteemed last year. Edgar Parker sends a charming cabinet picture of a blond demoiselle; and some of Langerfeldt's water-colours are very attractive for their finish and fidelity. Bellows is represented by only a single picture, 'The Village Road'; this is so good as to make one regret that he has nothing else to display. Every year the number of lady-artists whose works appear on the walls of the Art-Club increases. There are some this year which reflect credit upon the progress of the gentler sex in the arts. Such are Miss Becket's 'By the Brookside,' soft, quiet, gentle, and thoroughly feminine in treatment, and showing rather the promise than maturity in skilful colouring; Mrs. Darrah's marine landscapes, one of them quite spirited; and Miss Booth's vivid representation of 'January'—a January very unlike the example immediately before us. Young Longfellow shows some progress in landscape painting; and De Blois has a pleasing French 'Twilight.' Among the attractions are several fine charcoal views by Key. The exhibition as a whole is interesting and well worth visiting. William Page is painting a portrait of President Eliot, of Harvard College, which will be exhibited in Boston when completed.

SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION.—At the December meeting of the San Francisco Art Association, held for the purpose of distributing prizes to the successful pupils in the School of Design connected with the institution, the director, Mr. Virgil Williams, made an address in which he spoke of the organisation of the society and gave a sketch of its work, in substance as follows:

The San Francisco Art Association was founded in 1871 by a number of well-known artists and gentlemen, whose taste and culture created in them an interest in Art. Prominent among the latter was the late Benjamin P. Avery, United States Minister to China. The Association and the school are both greatly indebted to him for his unfailing sympathy and encouragement. By spontaneous action the directors decided to link his name with the fortunes of the school by calling the gold medal awarded in painting the "Avery Medal," feeling that in thus honouring the illustrious dead they also honoured the school. The other gold medal, awarded for excellence in drawing, they decided to call the "Alvord Medal," in appreciation of great services and the almost parental care with which the worthy president has watched over and protected the organisation. During the first year the average number of pupils was fifty-eight; average daily attendance, forty-three. Second year, average number of pupils, sixty-one; average daily attendance, forty-five. Number of drawings in the present exhibition, six hundred and two. Number of oil-studies, one hundred and thirty-four. The expenses of the school for the first year, including furniture, advertising, salaries, &c., amounted to \$4,229.80; second year, to date, \$3,184.84; total, \$7,414.09; receipts, \$6,487.53; deficit, \$926.56, assumed by Art Association.

In our notice of "Household Art in Chicago," in the January number, we gave Mr. P. B. Wight's name as *Wright*, and also the name of Mr. James Legge as *Degge*. We should also have acknowledged our indebtedness to Mr. Wight for the substance of the letter-press material.



THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BELVOIR CASTLE.



PPPOSITE the entrance is the Grand Staircase and the Guard-Room Gallery. In the windows of the latter are finely-executed stained-glass figures (by Wyatt) of Robert de Todeni, William de Albini, Walter Espee, and Robert de Ros, with their armorial insignia. From the landing at the head of the Guard-Room Staircase, which contains full-length portraits of Queen Anne, and George Prince of Denmark, access is gained to the Grand Staircase leading to the principal apartments; the walls of the staircase itself are hung with full-

length paintings of the first eight Earls of Rutland, with the armorial bearings of each within the archways. The ceiling is richly groined.

The Regent's Gallery, so called from the Prince Regent (George IV.), for whose use it was fitted up on his visit to Belvoir in 1813, is one of the main features of the castle. It is a noble apartment, 128 feet long by 18 feet wide, with a central bow, formed by the central tower, of 36 feet wide. At one end is Nollekens's fine bust of George IV., and at the other the equally fine bust of the late estimable duke, while various parts of the room are adorned with



Belvoir Castle: the Statue Garden.

corresponding sculptures of the late Duchess of Rutland, the Marquess of Granby, Lord Robert Manners, Pitt, Cromwell, William III., George II., Earl of Mansfield, and others. One striking feature of this gallery is the Gobelins tapestry (eight pieces) which adorn the walls. They are in perfect preservation, and represent scenes in the story of "Don Quixote," from designs by Coypel, and appear to have been made in 1770. The walls are also hung with

many family portraits and other paintings. The opposite end of the Regent's Gallery to that which the visitor enters from the Grand Staircase is a gigantic mirror, filling the whole space, and thus, in appearance, giving it a double length. From this end one doorway leads to the private gallery of the chapel, and another opens into the library. This apartment is entirely of oak, the ceiling divided into compartments, with carved bosses at the intersections, and

armorial bearings decorating other parts. Over the fireplace Sir F. Grant's fine portrait of the late Duke, "Presented to His Grace as a token of affection and esteem by his tenantry, 27th February, 1856," is placed, and forms a pleasant feature in the room. The collection of books is, as is natural to expect, of the most choice and costly kind, many of the literary treasures being priceless gems of past ages. Among these are several curious and valuable MS. rarities, and sketches by the old masters.

The Picture Gallery is a noble apartment of admirable proportions, with a coved ceiling, rising from a cornice richly ornamented in gold and white, with figures and foliage in bold relief. The collection of pictures in this gallery, some two hundred in number, is remarkably fine and choice, and contains many notable examples of the best and most reputed masters—Murillo, Rubens, Teniers, Gerard Douw, Rembrandt, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Parmegiano, Carlo Dolce, Berghem, Carracci, Guido, Van Dyk, Holbein, Bassano, Paul Veronese, Bronzino, Vander Heyden, Netscher, Van der Velde, Reynolds, Jansen, Ruysdael, Correggio, Albert Durer, Dekker, Schalken, Spag-

noletto, Caravaggio, Wouwerman, Cuyp, Berghem, and a host of others are all well represented on the walls of this gallery, which contains many of the painters' most choice productions.

The Duchess's Boudoir is a beautiful room, commanding an almost enchanting view of the grounds and distant country; it was the favourite apartment of the late Duchess, and remains as left by her. It, as well as the other private rooms, passages, and corridors, contains many genuine pictures of note, as well as family portraits.

The Grand Corridor, or Ballroom, which, seen from the landing of the staircase, is shown in the following engraving,* is one of the most striking features of the interior of the castle. It is of Gothic design, the whole being of stone, and copied from various parts of Lincoln Cathedral. It is lighted by nine windows in its length, with stained-glass armorial decorations, and has an elegant groined ceiling with carved bosses at the intersections; the walls are arcaded, and contain full-length life-size and other portraits of the present noble Duke (two) by Grant; the late Lady John Manners, by Buckner; Lord Robert Manners, by Reynolds; and several others.



The Grand Corridor, or Ballroom.

The Queen's Sitting-Room or Green Assembling-Room, in the Staunton Tower, besides being an elegant apartment, commands a magnificent view of the charming grounds and the distant country, including Croxton with the Duke's Deer Park, Woolsthorpe, Harlaxton, the Kennels, and the Lake. Adjoining this are the Chinese Rooms—a suite of bed and dressing-rooms, so called from the style of their furniture and papering, which were occupied by Queen Victoria in 1843.

The Grand Dining-Room has a richly-panelled ceiling of white and gold, and contains a side-table of white marble, carved by Wyatt, so as to look like a table "covered with a white linen table napkin; the folds being so accurately represented in the marble as to require a close inspection to convince the observer of the solidity of the material." It weighs between two and three tons. In this room are magnificent examples, life-size full-length portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The Elizabeth Saloon, so called after the late Duchess (Elizabeth, second daughter of Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, and wife of John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland), by

whose taste and judgment it was arranged and decorated. The walls are hung with satin drapery, and the ceiling, which was painted by Wyatt, is filled with mythological subjects and portraits. The furniture and appliances are sumptuous and elegant, and altogether this saloon is the most gorgeous in the castle. Among its Art-treasures is a full-length marble statue of the late Duchess, by Wyatt, two full-length life-size portraits of the late Duke and Duchess, by Sanders; several rare enamels and pictures; and many cabinets, caskets, and other choice objects.

Other apartments are the King's Rooms, so called because used by the Prince Regent while at Belvoir; the Hunters' Dining Room, the Wellington Rooms, so named because occu-

* The engravings which illustrate this article are from photographs taken specially for our purpose by Mr. R. Keene, the eminent landscape photographer of Derby, and are admirable examples of his manipulative skill. The view from one of the towers of the castle, showing the turrets and distant landscape, which forms our initial letter, is from a water-colour drawing by Mrs. Ingram, to whom we are indebted for it. Admirable photographic views of various parts of Belvoir and its surroundings are to be had from Mr. Keene, and from Mr. G. Greene of Worthing, whom we have to thank for many beautiful examples of the Art he so well practises.

pied by the Duke of Wellington, the Family Dining-Room, &c., but these require no word of comment.

The Chapel, with panelled stone walls and an elegant groined ceiling, has a canopied reredos, containing one of Murillo's grandest and choicest works, the Holy Family, the value of which is estimated at four thousand guineas.

The Wine Cellar in the Staunton Tower, with its vaulted ceiling and carved boss with crowned monogram of the Blessed Virgin (one of the oldest parts of the castle); the Housekeeper's Rooms, with their fine assemblage of old Chelsea, Derby, Sèvres, and other china-services; the Steward's Room; the Plate Pantry, with the grand and invaluable services of plate; the kitchens and other offices, perhaps the most perfect of any in their arrangement and appliances, are all deserving more notice than the mere mention we can now give them.

The Muniment-Room, under the able guardianship of Mr. Green, is, in our estimation, one of the most important and interesting features of the castle, and one in which we would fain "live and move and have our being" for the rest of our lives. It is a perfect mine of historical wealth, and as a storehouse of genealogical and antiquarian lore is unsurpassed in any other mansion. It literally overflows with deeds and MSS. of one kind or other, and all in the most admirable order and condition. The deeds in this room are above four thousand in number, the greater part of which date back to the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Among the treasures are the cartularies and registers of Belvoir Priory and Croxton Abbey; rent-rolls of Croxton; household books of various early periods; a vast amount of original letters; personal accounts and bills relating to Haddon Hall; inventories of Riveaulx Abbey, Belvoir, Croxton, St. Dunstons in the West, Haddon, &c.; plea-rolls, charters, and grants and confirmations of lands, pedigrees, agreements, &c.

One of the great glories of Belvoir, however, is its grounds, and surroundings; but to these, which to do them justice would require a special article to themselves, we can only now devote a few lines. The whole place is a labyrinth of beauty, each separate spot that one reaches, exceeding in exquisite loveliness those we have passed; and each turn bringing to view fresh glimpses of charming scenery which show how well Nature has been studied, and how thoroughly Art, with the pure and accomplished taste of the late duchess, has been wedded to her. The Duchess's Garden, below the slope on the west of the castle, is formed in an exquisite glade, surrounded on all sides by grand old trees and luxuriant shrubs; the beds terraced one above another, or gently sloped and planted in their amphitheatre form, with masses of colour which give a richness and peculiarity to the scene. The Duke's Walk—an availed path extending in its devious way for about three miles in length—passes above this garden, and is broken by glimpses of all the varied scenery on the way, and rendered pleasant by rustic summer-houses, seats, and other resting-places. Near to the Duchess's Garden, in this walk, a tablet, admirably carved by the late Mr. Bath, of Haddon, bears a sonnet from the pen of the fifth duke in memory of the duchess. It runs as follows:—

"One cultivated spot behold, which spreads
Its flowery bosom to the noontide beam—
Where num'rous rosebuds rear their blushing heads,
And poppies rich, and fragrant violets teem.
Far from the busy world's unceasing sound—
Here has Eliza fixed her favourite seat,
Chaste emblem of the scene around—
Pure as the flower that smiles beneath her feet."

The Statue Garden, a view of which we introduce, is one of the most striking "bits" in the ground. It is so called from the statues by Cibber which adorn it. This garden, when viewed from the terrace, is entirely screened from observation from the castle, and is of remarkable and old-world beauty; the majestic and venerable silver firs—remarkable for their gigantic growth and their hoary age—the grounds, half garden, half wood (a strange combination of natural wildness with artificial planting) adding much to the effect of the scene.

The dairy, the kennels, the stables, with the covered exercise-ground, and the farm, as well as the magnificent lake of ninety acres in extent, are all objects of special interest, but to which we can only thus direct attention.

The Mausoleum is situated on the summit of an eminence on the opposite side of the valley from the castle, on a spot immediately facing the windows of the duchess's boudoir, chosen by herself as a fit place wherein she might rest. Her grace died in 1825, and was buried at Bottesford church. In 1826 the mausoleum was commenced, and completed in 1828, when her body, and those of nine other members of the family, were removed to it and deposited in the vault; since then others have been removed there, and the "good duke" also there rests, as does the lamented Lord George Manners (brother of the present duke), who died in November, 1874. The mausoleum is approached by an avenue of grand old yews, which give a solemnity to the place that is eminently in keeping with its character. The building is in the Norman style, and consists of what may perhaps be called a chapel, with apse and a projecting porch, and vaults beneath. Within the apse, lit with a golden flood of light from above, is one of the most exquisitely-beautiful pieces of sculpture it has been our good fortune to see. On it the duchess is represented as rising from the admirably-sculptured tomb with expanded arms, and her face elevated towards the clouds, in which are seen four cherubs—the children who preceded her to the grave—one of whom is holding over her a crown of glory. It is by Wyatt, and is considered to be his masterpiece.

The Kitchen and Fruit Gardens are about eight acres in extent within the walls, and more than that outside. They are arranged in the most effective, convenient, and admirable manner, and managed with that care and judgment which are the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Ingram's skill. The charming cottage of the head gardener forms one of the engravings in the preceding notice. It is overgrown with clematis and other climbing plants, which grow with natural luxuriance over its porch and hedgerows. Nature, indeed, in the grounds and gardens of Belvoir is the first, the main, and the ultimate study; and thus at all points, and in every direction, natural, instead of artificial beauties, present themselves to the eye, and thus give the greatest charm of all to whatever the visitor sees. Wild flowers are especially cultivated and bedded out in all their native simplicity, while numbers of Alpine and other plants are also acclimatised, and mingle their beauties with those of our own country. *Bel-voir* is indeed well named, not only for its "beautiful prospect" from the building itself, but for its hundreds of glorious prospects within its own boundaries.

The neighbourhood of Belvoir Castle is one of great beauty, and it is rich in objects of interest both to the botanist, the naturalist, and the geologist; while to the lover of nature it presents charms of unusual attraction. In the hills and vales surrounding the castle, nearly the whole series of loweroolitic rocks may be traced, from the white limestone down to the black liassic shales. Capping the hills to the south, which are of greater elevation than the castle, is the inferior oolite, or rather a variety of it called "Lincolnshire limestone," a hard, light rock, very rich in fossil remains. On these hills the growth of trees is stunted, but the ground is covered with a profusion of lovely flowers. Underlying the oolite is the upper lias clay, rich in fossils and shells. Belvoir Castle itself stands on the extremity of a long northern spur of these hills, upon the middle lias, or marlstone, which caps all the neighbouring heights, and gives their soil a remarkably red tinge. It is very rich in iron, both in veins and in lump ore. The vale of Belvoir, below the castle, towards the north, lies mostly upon the lower lias, which is celebrated for its richness in fossil remains, some of the ammonites here found being of gigantic size. The vale is, however, best known to geologists on account of its sauria, which are both numerous and well preserved. In the old river ways and hollows of the vale, in the drift, are also found traces of the mammoth, gigantic antlers, and other remains of extinct races of animals, which through untold ages have been hidden from sight.

LEGENDARY BALLADS.*

THIS volume is one that deserves high praise from all lovers of art. We select from it an engraving as an example of the effective style in which the ballads are illustrated—'Bacchus and the Water Thieves,' from the masterly pencil of John Tenniel, admirably engraved by Mr. Swain. The volume contains upwards of one hundred, all nearly as good as this; it is indeed a collection of engravings seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed. The list of artists will sufficiently bear out the assertion; the engravers are not named, as we think they ought

to have been, for much of the issue of the costly undertaking must be the result of their work.

Four of the artists who drew the designs have died within the year—the year 1875—Messrs. Walker, Pinwell, Morten, and Lawless; and these may be regarded as their latest productions. They were the personal friends of the author, who refers to the loss the world has thus sustained.

The ballads are all original, and there are nearly a hundred of them, the scenes of which are laid at various epochs, in



several countries; the themes are Greek, Roman, Oriental, Norse, Saxon, English, Scotch, French, German, Swiss, Italian, and one American ("Duel in Arkansas"), besides a number of no particular people or kingdom, under the general term miscellaneous. With some of them we are familiar, and probably many have been previously published in periodical works. They will be new to most readers, but they will bear reading again and again, for there are not a few of them so admirable that

they may astonish while they delight, by amazing vigour in some cases, and touching tenderness in others. In fact, some may be pointed out as so grand or so beautiful as to merit conspicuous places in the ballad literature of the century, worthy to rank with the best that have been renowned for ages, and will live as long as the language in which they are written.

To the print we select the author thus refers:—"How finely the artist has given the shrinking of the young god's limbs as the pirates wave their keen knives before his eyes, and threaten him with cruelty and torture. The picture seems to have risen like a beautiful vision out of my verses, yet the writer never imagined anything half so fair."

* "Historical and Legendary Ballads and Songs." By Walter Thornbury. Illustrated by J. Whistler, F. Walker, John Tenniel, J. D. Watson, W. Small, F. Sandys, C. J. Pinwell, T. Morten, M. J. Lawless, and others. Published by Chatto and Windus, London.

THE COSTUME OF ENGLISH WOMEN

FROM THE HEPTARCHY TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

CHAPTER II.



WHEN a king like Richard II. could be vain and extravagant enough to spend 30,000 marks, as Holinshed tells us, on one coat, we can easily imagine that his queen, Anne of Bohemia, was not far behind in lavishness. Her effigy in Westminster Abbey is attired in a dress studded with heraldic emblems, while his displays, as proudly as if he had reigned well, the interlaced letters R and A, the badge of the white hart crowned and chained, the broom-plant of the Plantagenets, and the sun emerging from a cloud. His queen is decorated with her badges of the ostrich with a bar of iron in his beak, an interlaced knot, and the letters RA joined by a chain, and regally crowned.

We are indebted to this amiable queen for the introduction into England of pins and side-saddles, and less especially for those absurd Polish boots with the long flexible toes, which used to be fastened up to the wearer's knees by gold and silver chains. John, the grandfather of Anne of Bohemia, had united the kingdoms of Bohemia and Poland, and from thence came this ludicrous example of extravagant taste. Parti-coloured dress was now frequently worn, giving a *bizarre* and harlequin effect to the assemblies of the period; and the long streamers and tippets we have mentioned in previous reigns were abandoned.

When Isabella of Valois, the child-queen of Richard II., arrived in England after the death of Anne of Bohemia, she brought with her, the historians tell us, a costly wardrobe, as befitted the daughter of Charles of France. Stored up in her massive chests was a robe and mantle which became the talk of the court, for they were made of red velvet embossed with golden birds (of goldsmiths' work) perched upon branches of pearls and emeralds. The robe was trimmed down the sides with miniver, and had a cape and hood of the same royal fur, and the mantle was also lined with ermine. Another of this fair child's robes was of murray-mezereon velvet, and studded with pearl roses. The value of her coronets, rings, necklaces, and clasps amounted in the whole to 500,000 crowns. Her chamber hangings were of red and white satin, embroidered with figures of vinedressers and shepherdesses. This sumptuous little princess of nine summers was solemnly crowned Queen of England at Westminster Abbey on Epiphany Sunday, 1397. Her jewels, after the murder of Richard her husband at Pontefract, were the subject of long and grave diplomatic conferences between France and England. Henry IV. surrendered the child-widow to France, but had scruples about restoring the dowry—liberally, however, offering to deduct its amount from the ransom France still owed for King John, the captive of the Black Prince. The jewels he also retained, though Richard II. in his will had expressly ordered them to be restored to France in case of his death. Henry V., the prince, seems to have fallen in love with the child-widow, but she eventually married the poet Duke of Orleans, who had to lament her loss in her twenty-second year, a few hours after the birth of her first child. He wrote several touching poems to the memory of his young bride. He calls her in his earliest verses

"My life,
My good, my pleasure, my riches,"

and, prettiest epithet of all, "My lily." One verse of his poem, "J'ai fait l'Obsèques de Madame," is very beautiful, and is worth quoting:—

"Above her hath spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue.
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;

For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelier portray'd
When gracious God, 'with both His hands,'
Her wondrous beauty made;
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes."

The husband of Isabella was struck down and left for dead at Agincourt; but, dragged out from the slain, he was eventually restored to life by an English squire named Waller. Henry, his old rival in love, refused all ransom for him under the pretext that he was heir to the throne of France, and he lingered in the Tower of London and other English prisons for twenty-three years.

A portrait of Isabella in a Harleian MS. represents her as the young bride of Duke Charles. She has on the *fleur-de-lis* coronet of a French princess, and a jacket bodice of blue velvet figured with *fleurs-de-lis*, and bordered with white miniver. Her stomacher is also of the same costly fur. She shows no



A Young Noble Lady.—From a Painted Glass Window in the Cathedral of Chartres.

jewels except in her plain coronet, and her hair is worn loose, as was the custom with maiden brides for many centuries: It was this young German queen who introduced into England the curious and ugly horned cap which was then worn by the ladies of Bohemia and Hungary. They were of Syrian origin, and the priests denounced them as resembling "the head-dresses" mentioned by Ezekiel. They were two feet high and two feet wide, and the horns of wire and pasteboard were covered by veils of tissue or gauze. This strange head-dress was torn off the head of her effigy at Westminster by Cromwell's troopers; her robe, however, still displays the royal device of the ostrich, and her husband's Plantagenet emblem of the open pods of the broom-plant, arranged into an elegant border for her dress, which somewhat resembles a farthingale.

This kind of gown, open at the sides, says Mr. Fairholt, is observable in monuments of the time of Edward III., particularly in the effigy of that king's daughter, Blanche de la Tour, in Westminster Abbey. The dress of the humbler classes was a

modest tight-fitting gown high as the throat, with a girdle loosely encircling the waist and joined in the centre by circular clasps, from whence hung an ornamental chain. But the higher class wore sideless gowns, faced and bordered with fur, a straight line of jewels running down from the neck to the waist, while



A Noble Lady.—From a Painted Glass Window in the Cathedral of Chartres.

the tight-fitting gown beneath was often of cloth of gold. This dress trailed on the ground, and hid the feet.

In the general female attire of the reign of Richard II., the fanciful parti-coloured costume of Edward III.'s reign still held its place, with variations of the tight-fitting cote-hardie or spencer, before described; some of them, as that excellent authority, Mr. Planché, suggests, being probably German or Bohemian. Gower, the old poet, in his "Confessio Amantis," describes a party of ladies on their side-saddles, with rich copes and kirtles, half blue and half white, and embroidered all over with fanciful devices. The simple modest-looking kirtle was sometimes worn alone, when ladies served in hall, and round this kirtle the jewelled belt hung low, with the ornamented purse hanging to it. A lady sometimes wore the outer robe so long that the end had to be gathered up and thrown over the arm. Sometimes the dress was bordered up the side with ermine; long white streamers from the elbow were worn in the beginning of the reign, but later the strips grew wider, and were of the same material as the dress.

There was, however, one essentially mediæval adornment of the richer dress in this reign, which was very characteristic, very varied, and very splendid, and marked the chivalrous pride of class in an unusual way. The ladies' gowns, kirtles, and mantles were frequently emblazoned with the scarlet lions and white swans of their husbands' hard won escutcheons, like the shields of the barons and the tabards of the heralds; and round these blazonings were knightly mottoes in old Gothic, so that the wearer's rank was at once apparent. Chaucer mentions, for instance, "Bien et loyaulment" as a motto worked on the facings and borders of a lady's dress; and in this reign, at a grand tournament in Smithfield, four-and-twenty ladies rode from the Tower leading four-and-twenty mounted knights with gold and silver chains, and every knight, lady, page, and pursuivant had their dresses, shields, and horse trappings blazoned with King Richard's emblem—the white hart coroneted and chained, *or*. The trains of the gowns were worn so long that a monk wrote a pamphlet "against the tails of the ladies."

Ladies' hair in this reign was worn in gold networks, sur-

mounted by gold coronets, with or without veils. Chaucer frequently mentions these "frets of gold," which were often composed of jewels arranged as natural flowers.

Of the dress of the humbler classes in the reign of Richard II., or the end of Edward III.'s reign, we gain many glimpses from the broad bright pages of Chaucer. First and foremost of these pleasant women comes the wife of Bath, who wore on Sundays kerchiefs on her head that weighed a pound, gay scarlet hose, and moist new shoes. Her travelling-dress was a monastic-looking wimple, a hat as broad as a target, and a mantle. In the "Miller's Tale," the carpenter's wife wears a silk barred girdle, a white barmcloth or apron, full of broidery or of gold-work, as Mr. Fairholt thinks. Her collar is embroidered with black silk, and is fastened by a brooch as big as a buckler. Upon her head she wore a white cap tied with tapes, and a broad silk fillet round her head. At her girdle hung a leather purse adorned with metal buttons and silk tassels, and her shoes were laced high up over her ankle.

The effigy of Joanna of Navarre, the queen of Henry IV., at Canterbury, displays a graceful and rich dress; the arms are naked. The royal mantle is fastened to the back of her cote-hardie by a jewelled band which passes round the corsage, and rich brooches clasp this mantle on the shoulders. The bosom and shoulders are much displayed; round the throat is a collar of SS.—the oldest example extant, says Miss Strickland, of this royal ornament. Jewelled studs run down the front of the cote-hardie, which is a tight skeleton sleeveless jacket trimmed with ermine. Round the queen's hips is a jewelled band, from which belt the gown falls in full folds over her feet.

In a drawing in one of the Beauchamp MSS. in the British Museum, Henry IV. and his Queen Joanna are represented watching Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, surnamed the Courteous, defending the lists, in honour of the royal bride, against all comers. The queen wears a tight-fitting gown, and one of those high Syrian head-dresses then fashionable in England, with a large stiff transparent veil supported on a wire framework two feet high. The court ladies have hoods and veils gracefully draped, but less ambitious in structure. Henry IV. displays a simple furred gown and a velvet cap of maintenance looped up



Marguerite de Provence.—France, xiii Siècle.

with a plain *fleur-de-lis*. Joanna retained the device of her first husband, the Duke of Bretagne—an ermine collared and chained, with the motto "Temperance." In some examples of the reign of Henry IV. the gown is buttoned from the neck to the feet, and the cuff of the under sleeve covers the hand. The hair is

confined in a rich caul, and a veil hangs from it on both sides of the face. The girdle, in many cases, is very beautiful, and terminates in an elaborate Gothic ornament.

In the reign of Henry IV. the long-trained gowns and ermine waistcoats of Richard's spendthrift reign still continued, but the



Citizen's Wife and Child.—France, end of xiii Siècle.

A Noble Lady.—France, end of xiii Siècle.

gold hair-nets and coronets grew into a stiff padded square shape, which indignant monks compared in form to the crosstree of a gibbet. Ladies who wore such dresses were compared to horned snails, harts, and unicorns; and when a chariot load of such ladies fell during a procession of the time of King Richard II., the rough mob was delighted. The political satirist and the ecclesiastic reformer of the day also denounced as a vanity the excessive use of costly furs on collars, sleeves, and hoods, and especially on the tails of dresses, where it got daubed with mud.

In a MS. on dress, written by a Norman knight about this time for his three young daughters, extravagance is assailed in the following legend, which must have made the milliners of those wasteful ages shiver in their shoes. A knight, having lost his wife, applied to a hermit to ascertain if her soul had gone upwards or downwards. In a dream that came after prayer, the good man saw St. Michael and the devil weighing the soul of the dead lady. In the one side were her good deeds, in the other lay her costly clothing, over which the devil sneered in his way. "Behold," cried the devil, "this woman you claim had ten diverse coats, and as many gowns; half would have been sufficient; and with the value of one of these gowns no less than forty poor men could have been clothed and kept from the cold; and the mere waste cloth in them would have saved two or three from death. She is evidently mine." So saying, the devil contemptuously bundled up all the trumpery, rings, jewels, and all, and tossed them into his scale with the evil actions, which at once sent it down heavily; and St. Michael turned on his heel with a groan, leaving the lady and her wardrobe to the grinning adversary of mankind.

One of the eccentricities of the warlike reign of Henry V. was the baldric strung with silver hawkbells, a German custom, as

Mr. Fairholt tells us, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A horned head-dress was still worn by the ladies, but does not seem to have been universal: a loose veil hung between the two horns. In the effigy of Beatrice, Countess of Arundel, in Arundel Church, these horns are as wide apart as a deer's antlers, and from them a veil falls as low as the shoulders; the head is covered with a coronet, and on both sides of the face hang large squares of some jewelled drapery. A mitred head-dress, with side ornaments closing the cheeks, was also worn. The head-dress is often light and square; and in some cases a roll of some rich fabric binds the head, and comes down in a peak over the forehead. The gown with the long train and tabard sleeves, and the various descriptions of tight-fitting cote-hardie continued in fashion, but the waist is shorter when a girdle is worn. In some cases the sleeves of an inner tunic descend beyond the outer robe, and partly cover the hand like gloves, which were not yet worn by English women.

In a magnificent folio (still preserved in the British Museum), which the brave Talbot presented to Henry VI. and his wife, Margaret of Anjou, there is a splendid title-page representing the king receiving the volume. The scene is some palace hall, and rich tapestry, blazoned with the royal arms, stretches from pillar to pillar. Margaret's fair golden hair falls from under a diadem and over her purple mantle, which is fastened across her breast with gold and gems. Beneath the mantle the queen wears the furred cote hardie we have already described. She is very beautiful, and majestic, and Talbot kneels, presenting the precious folio. His dog is near him—the dog from whom he took his cognisance. The title-page of the book is studded with the daisy, Margaret's emblem flower. The Gallic ladies wear large heart-shaped caps, formed of a stuffed roll, to quote a lady chronicler, wreathed with gold and gems, and fixed in a fanciful turban shape over a close caul of gold cloth or network, brought to a point, low in front, and rising behind the head. When Margaret was in mourning for her mother, Isabella of Lorraine, she wore dark blue weeds.

The most-extravagant head-dresses ever worn in England



Eleanor de Guienne, Queen of Henry II.—From her Effigy at Fontevraud.



Eleanor, Queen of Edward I.—Effigy in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, Westminster Abbey.

were those that came into fashion in the reign of Henry VI. Large Oriental turbans, large as pumpkins, plain rolls of cloth, silk, or velvet, through which the hair was drawn and allowed to flow down the back, were not uncommon. The life of St. Edmund, by John Lydgate, written to please Henry VI., a

splendid illuminated quarto in the Harleian collection, contains drawings of many of these outrageous articles of costume. Some are like huge mitres, others have two horns; some are shaped like crescents, and have veils streaming from them; the heart shape is not uncommon. The hideous hornshaped head-dress roused Lydgate to a "Ditty on Woman's Horns." One verse of this poem, which, however, produced no reform, runs thus:—

" Clerks record by great authority,
Horns were given to beasts for defence,
A thing contrary to femininity
To be made sturdy of resistance.
But arch wives, eager in their violence,
Fierce as tigers for to make affray,
They have despite, and act against conscience,
List not to pride, their horns cast away ;"

and the burden of every verse is, "Beauty will show, though horns were away."

The chief characteristic of the female dress of the reign of Henry VI. was the awkward heart-shaped head-dress, the gowns with enormous trains, girded tight in the waist, and the turnover collars of fur, coming to a point in front, and sometimes disclosing a square-cut stomacher of a different colour to the outer robe. The sleeves were sometimes tight, sometimes long, but the waist was very short, as in the previous reign. Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles V., is said to have worn the heart-shaped head-dress so toweringly high, that the doors of the palace at Vincennes had to be raised to admit her and her *suite*.

Our best warrant for the female dress of Edward IV.'s reign is a portrait of Edward's queen, Elizabeth Woodville, in a Book of Chronicles in the British Museum. The yellow hair of the bride streams down her back. She is dressed in gold brocade, striped with rich blue, in a formal pattern. The sleeves are tight, the bodice is close fitting, with robings of ermine turned back over the shoulders; and it is girded at the waist by a broad crimson sash. The skirt of the robe is full, with a broad ermine border, and terminates in a train, which is partly held by the queen, and partly folded round the arms of her train-bearer. A rich blue satin petticoat is seen beneath the dress. She wears pointed shoes, the fashion of the time, as it had been of that of Richard II. Her ladies have high Syrian caps, with the hair passed through the tops, and their trains display furred borders.

In the Rous roll now in the Herald's College, Anne of Warwick, the queen of Richard III., represents the mournful and unhappy woman in a huge transparent gauze head-dress like a firescreen. "Its two enormous wings," says Miss Strickland, "are stiffened on frames, and her hair is seen through it strained back from the temples, and has the appearance of being powdered"—probably to convey the fact that it was grey. She wears a close dress, and, as if careless of the coronation, has no jewels, but a row of large pearls. Her hair is simply flowing, and a veil hangs from the back of her head. It seems to have

been a marriage forced upon her, and a wretched destiny it brought her, for their son, a lad of promise even in childhood, faded early; she herself died soon after of decline, and Richard, as we all know, was run to earth at Bosworth, and no one in all England sorrowed for the wild boar who there fell under the axe and sword.

In this reign the ladies compressed all their hair into a caul or cap of gold net, or embroidered and covered it with a fine kerchief, that was occasionally, as in the queen's case, stiffened into broad wings. These kerchiefs were sometimes plain and



Two Noble Ladies and Servant.—From C. Louandre.

small, and sometimes very large, and paned or chequered with gold. The gowns had turnover collars, and fur or velvet cuffs. In state dresses the kirtles and ermined jackets were still worn. The day before her coronation, says Mr. Planché, Anne wore a kirtle and mantle of white cloth of gold, trimmed with Venice gold, and furred with ermine, the mantle being also garnished with seventy rings of silver gilt. At the coronation her robes were made of crimson and purple velvet, and her shoes of crimson tissue and cloth of gold.

THE PARTING.

J. D. WATSON, Painter.

C. H. JEENS, Engraver.

IT would be very difficult to name a more industrious living English artist than the painter of this picture, nor one whose works, in some form or other, have been made more familiar to the public. Thoroughly well trained in a department of Art—that of designing for book illustrations—in which so many other artists gained their earliest honours, Mr. Watson, more than twenty years ago, commenced his career as a painter both in oils and water-colours. In 1865 he was elected an Associate of the Society of Water-Colour Painters.

The picture of 'The Parting' was, if we remember rightly, in the Academy exhibition of 1867; the composition is well put together, the manipulation most careful, and the general effect very striking. It tells, as we read it, a sad tale, the disruption of domestic happiness and the final separation of a noble couple who

once vowed eternal fidelity to each other at the altar. The fragments of letters scattered on the floor bear, in all probability, testimony to wrong-doing, and in an agony of conscious guilt, the unhappy wife prostrates herself, now speechless, before him whom she has deceived. With his hand outstretched over her, and with a look of deep sorrow and pity, rather than of wrath and indignation, he

"leaves her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

There is far deeper pathos, and a more instructive lesson, in the manner in which the artist has presented the incident than if he had made it a scene of violent rage and crimination.



J. W. WATSON PINXT.

C. H. JENNINGS SCULPT.

THE PARTING.

ENAMELLING ON PRECIOUS METALS IN INDIA.

BY DR. ALEXANDER HUNTER.



THE art of enamelling on gold and copper has long been practised in India, and was carried to great perfection three or four centuries ago. Some of the finest patterns are Persian in design, but variously modified to suit the tastes of different wealthy patrons. There is probably no branch of industrial art, with the exception of the embroidered shawls of Cashmere, in which so much real taste for harmony of colour and manipulative dexterity has been attained. The time, labour, and expense incurred in producing some of the finest enamels upon gold, have restricted the application of this refined branch of industry to the wealthiest rajahs, nawabs, and zemindars, and in only a few of the native courts has the art been carried to great perfection. The most liberal patrons have been found in Upper India, among the Rajpoot rajahs, who have retained in their employ the most skilled families of enamellers. The processes followed in the East are very similar to those in use among Chinese, Italian, French, German, and English enamellers; the colours, vitrifiable bases, fluxes, and tools being very similar. As a general rule, the fluxes used in the East are harder than those of Europe; and this seems to be requisite, so that the enamels may stand the variations and vicissitudes of a hotter climate. There are two or three mineral substances almost peculiar to India, which produce very beautiful vitreous, transparent, as well as opaque bases, for the enamel. These are icespar, indianite, fibrolite, and glassy fresh felspar. When exposed to intense heat these minerals melt into a semi-opaque vitreous glass of a very pearly white, or bluish grey. Greater opacity is given to them by the addition of oxide of tin, oxide of antimony, or white arsenic. A softer flux is made with metallic lead and tin, exposed to a red heat on a porcelain tile, and kept stirred till the metals are oxidised, the grey oxide which forms on the surface being carefully removed as it is produced. It is then exposed to a higher heat in a crucible, and carefully stirred till the colour becomes uniform. It is then ground under water, decanted, and the coarser particles are again heated and washed in the same way. The proportions of lead vary from three to five parts, with one of tin. Equal parts of this flux, and one of the above natural enamels, are mixed with a half-part of pure crystallised saltpetre, and an equal amount of purified borax. These substances form the bases with which the coloured enamels are subsequently produced.

Blue colours result from mixtures of oxide of cobalt, one part, with five of tin and lead flux, and five or six of one of the silica enamels. Various shades of deep blue, and pale opaque greenish blue, are made with the binocide of copper; green enamels, opaque or transparent, with the oxide of chromium; violet enamels with peroxide of manganese; yellow and orange with various mixtures of chloride of silver and antimony; purple enamels with the purple of cassius made from gold; black and brown enamels with mixtures of oxides of copper, cobalt, manganese, and iron. Within the last twenty or thirty years some very beautiful shades of pale green and blue enamels have been produced at several of the native courts by mixing English coloured broken glass, which has been largely purchased at some of the large presidency towns, as Madras, Bombay, Hyderabad, Bangalore, and Calcutta, where Mahomedan and Lubbay merchants have been large purchasers of coloured glass. There are two shades of green glass manufactured in Europe from oxides of uranium and nickel, which appear to be particularly liable to break during the hot weather in India. The native enamellers have found by practice that these delicate shades of green can be hardened, and greatly improved in brilliance, if again fluxed with indianite, icespar, or fibrolite; and in this way some very tender and transparent shades of apple and leek green have

been produced. A very simple and chaste style of enamelling, with gold embedded in transparent green enamel, is manufactured at Purtabghur and Jeypore, in Rajpootana. A very handsome set of necklace, brooch, bracelets, and ear-rings, was made for Lady Mayo at Jeypore in Rajpootana. A beautiful golab dancee, or scentbottle, ten inches in height, enamelled upon gold, was made for the Earl of Mayo in the School of Arts, Jeypore. The colours are a delicate ground of greenish grey, with flowers of red, yellow, and white, relieved at the neck and foot by dark shades of green and blue. A clear outline of gold runs through and relieves the pattern, the colours of which are



Fig. 1.—Golab Dancee, or Rosewater Sprinkler, enamelled upon Gold.

all in most exquisite harmony (Fig. 1); but the most gorgeous piece of enamelling is a golden salver, fifteen inches in diameter, ordered by the Earl of Mayo shortly before his Excellency's lamented death. The prevailing colours upon this enamelled salver are emerald green, with gold, in the border, relieved by an outline of crimson, with an outer circle of gold. The centre of the salver is a pale rose tint, with white, grey, green, orange, and gold, with a large tripartite star of dark grey, black, and gold, relieved in the centre with a bright white stellate flower of six petals, and six points of the green calyx

intervening, and a central dot of crimson. This salver was designed by F. W. A. De Fabeck, when in charge of the Jeypore

School of Arts, the drawing having been executed by Luchman and Ram Bux, two of the prize-pupils of the school. It is rarely

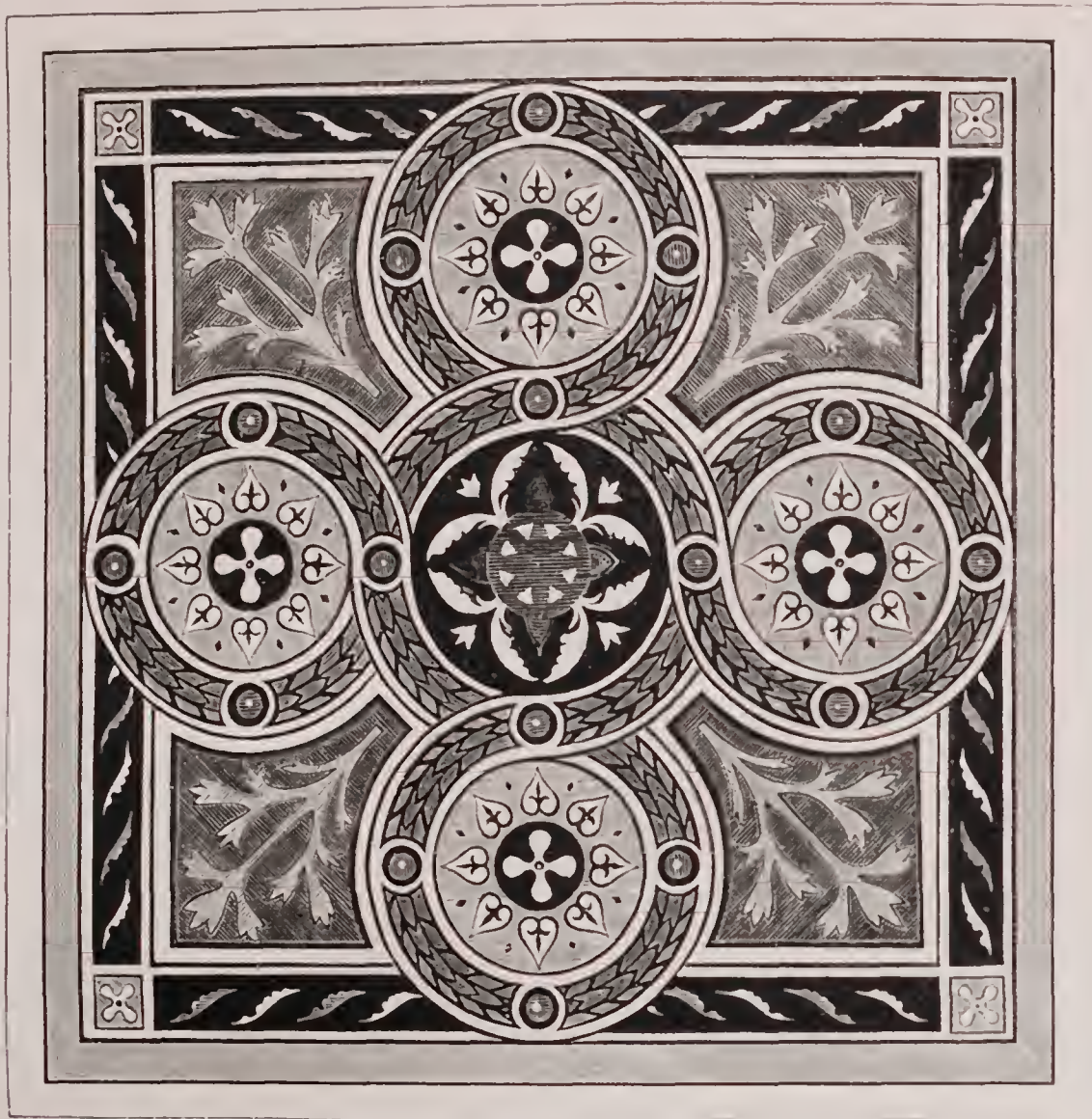


Fig. 2.—Indian Enamelled Tile, from Jeypore.

that one sees in Europe enamels of such elaborate, tasteful, and | costly manufacture; the reason being that few patrons can be



Fig. 3.—Indian Enamelled Tile, from Amber, in Jeypore.

found who are willing to pay for such very expensive productions. Enamels upon silver and copper of cheaper descriptions have

been made at a number of the courts of native princes, but in general the art has deteriorated within the last two centuries.

chiefly from want of sufficient encouragement. Occasionally enamelled scabbards, handles, and sheaths of swords, daggers, battleaxes, and other weapons, can be found at the courts of Mahomedans, Rajpoots, and Hindoos; and fine specimens are to be seen in the various museums of India and in private collections.

ENAMELLING ON PORCELAIN AND PRECIOUS STONES.

This art appears to be of greater antiquity than the enamelling on metals in India, as specimens have been found of a very old date in tombs, cairns, and cromlechs. Among these are beads of cornelian, rock crystal, and other hard stones, ornamented with white and coloured enamels of a very solid, flinty texture. These probably belong to the Greco-Buddhist period; but this branch of Art industry seems to have died out, and to have been subsequently followed by a coarser but softer description of enamelling, applied upon small tiles, which have been inserted in the walls of Mahomedan tombs. These tiles are usually from five to six inches square. They are made of a hard, greyish-white porcelain, the surface of which has been decorated with an enamel about the thickness of an ordinary eggshell. In the tombs at Golcondah, Aurungabad, and Beejapore, plain flat tiles of brilliant colours, blue, green, yellow, white, orange, and purple, but without any pattern on the surface, are built into the walls. In Scinde enamelled tiles, with various floriated patterns, chiefly Persian in their character, have been manufactured for many centuries, and the art is still kept up. A coarser description of enamelling is also manufactured on a soft, reddish-brown clay, with a lead glaze, the objects being chiefly bowls of pipes, hookah bottoms, and small plates. These are principally used by Mahomedans. The finest specimens, however, of enamelling upon porcelain were found in the old palace of Amber, in Rajpootana.

About three hundred years ago the Rajah Maun Sing engaged a number of Chinese workmen to decorate his palaces, and on the floors, fireplaces, capitals, and bases of pillars in the old palaces of Amber and Jeypore are a number of quaint Hindoo, Rajpoot, Mahomedan, and Persian patterns of tiles, which have been used for flooring baths, verandahs, and public halls. The quality of the ware bears a strong resemblance to some of the porcelain of China, the glaze being hard, uniform,

and flinty. The designs of many of the tiles are taken from the mythology of the Hindoos and Rajpoots, the outlines being in a plain blue colour on a white tile. The capitals and bases of some of the pillars have been made in two halves, and of a considerable size, from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, and eight or nine inches in depth. The colours employed for these are pale and dark blue, white and gold. Some of the flooring-tiles in this old palace were very beautiful, but few of them now remain. In one of these the colours are pale green, buff, grey, white, red, and black (Fig. 2). In another porcelain tile from the same palace, the colours are pale blue, copper green, grey, white, buff, yellow ochre, russet, and black (Fig. 3). The general effect of these tiles is cool, and there is an exquisite harmony and brilliance in the colours. The manufacture is still kept up in Rajpootana and in other parts of India, but it has deteriorated considerably from the want of proper encouragement, and also from the scarcity of fuel in these parts of the country.

It is melancholy to see so many branches of Art industry, which a few centuries ago had attained to very great perfection, gradually disappearing in the East, and their places being supplanted by Art industries of very inferior taste and coarser qualities of manufacture. The spread of modern civilisation from Europe has tended, in a great measure, to deteriorate and vitiate the taste of the native manufacturers. The talent and manipulative skill are still to be found in the country, but there is little or no encouragement for the best and most expensive manufactures. There is no doubt that the native artists and workmen in ornamental manufactures have preserved in their families the principles of drawing, design, harmony of colours, and manipulative dexterity in manufactures, which till very lately far surpassed the taste and skill to be found in our European workshops. It is our duty as a nation to try to preserve in its simple purity the talent of the East, more especially as shown in the harmony of colours and principles of design. We have injured, if not almost eradicated, some of the best Art industries of India; we have robbed them of some of their best processes of manufacture, and have given absolutely nothing in exchange that would benefit or ameliorate the condition of their Arts or Art-manufactures. Before it be too late, let us try to do something for India to rescue from oblivion Art industries which any civilised country might be proud to have possessed.

MARGUERITE.

(See Frontispiece.)

JAMES BERTRAND, Painter.

C. A. DEBLOIS, Engraver.

M. BERTRAND is a French artist, whose 'Young Garibaldians,' and 'Virginia Drowned,' from the popular story, "Paul and Virginia," attracted much attention at the time of their exhibition in London, in 1869; his subsequent works, almost without an exception, having been limited to single female figures, such as 'Ophelia,' in her fantastic dress of flowers, &c. (1872); 'Rosinetta,' 'Violetta,' &c. (1873); 'Annucia' (1875), all of which testified to the delicacy and grace of the artist's embodiments.

To this class belongs his impersonation of 'Marguerite,' from

Goethe's "Faust," where the poet describes her pleading at a wayside shrine, outside of the town, to the Virgin (*Mater Dolorosa*) to aid her in resisting the insidious advances of Faust after the fatal promise to deceive her mother.

It is a sweet face, that of Marguerite, who stands before the Virgin's shrine, with an offering of rich flowers in her basket, and an expression of pensive yet earnest supplication in her eyes as she fixes them timidly on the sculptured figure. Simple as the whole composition is, there is much poetic feeling and gracefulness throughout it.

BUTIN'S 'WAITING FOR THE RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS.'

OUR engraving upon the following page, entitled 'Waiting for the Return of the Fishing-Boats,' is after a painting by Ulysse Louis Auguste Butin, a pupil of MM. Picat and Pils. It was exhibited in the *Salon* of 1875, and its author received a medal of the second class. The scene is on the coast of Normandy, and represents a group of fisherwomen and their children gathered on the beach, as is the custom every Saturday night, to await the return of the boats from distant fishing-grounds. The work is remark-

able for its quaintly-drawn figures and striking effect of light which is massed upon the water. The sentiment of the subject is impressively expressed in the figures of the women, all of whom are anxiously gazing over the water, as if studying each little sail as it appears above the horizon-line.

The original painting was imported by Messrs. Knoedler & Co., of the Goupil Gallery, in this city, and is now owned in a private collection.



WAITING FOR THE RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS.

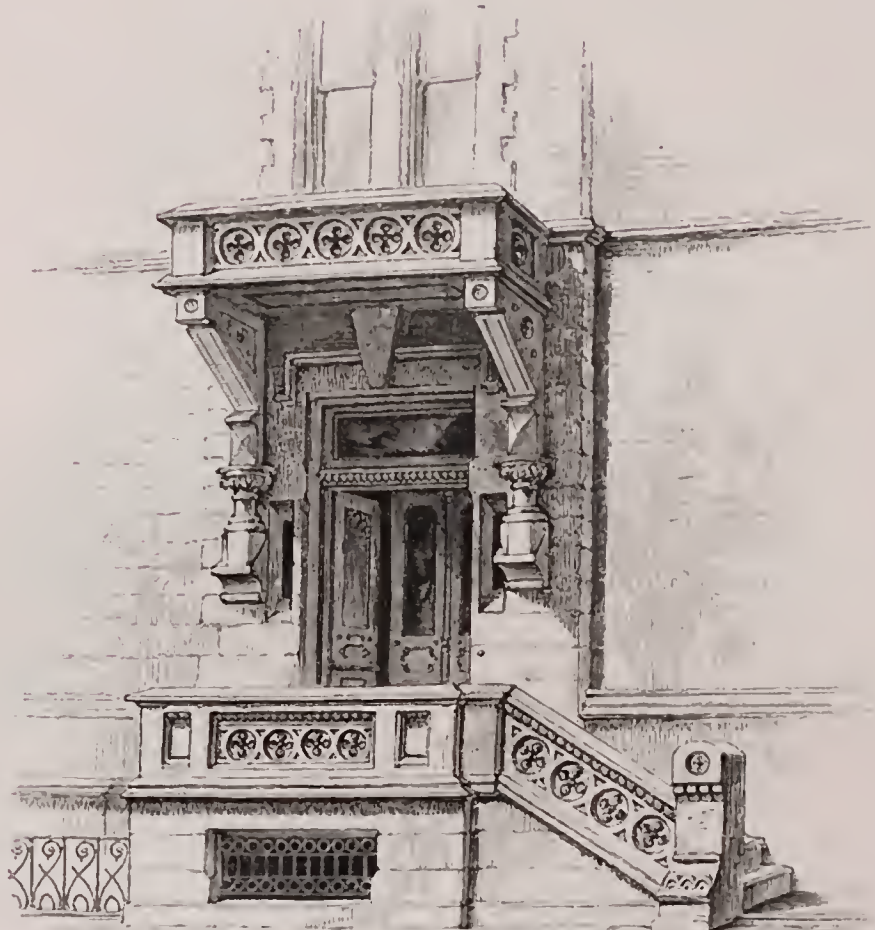
From the Painting by ULYSSE BUTIN, in the Paris Salon of 1875.

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE PORCH IN NEW YORK.

A PLEASANT entrance to a building, whether public or private, is like an agreeable title to a book, or a beautiful face in man or woman, which immediately recommends itself as well as what lies behind it.

Whether a stranger walk up Fifth Avenue, or pass down Broadway, cross the side-streets, or linger in the squares, we think, if he be from any part of Europe, he must be impressed by the easy access to all the buildings, indicating peace and security. There is nowhere a trace of a thought in the builder of general violence, such as made the heavily-clamped doors of Italy a necessary bulwark against turbulent factions; and our little iron grating before basement-windows, which is found almost solely in New York, bears small comparison with the bars as big as a man's arm, which make every considerable structure in Genoa or Florence look like a fortress, which in truth it was. Our porches, like our general architecture, are faulty, but they universally indicate a peaceful condition of society, and are only strong enough to resist the weather or a chance vagrant. *Multum in parvo*, our porches express our institutions. The peaceful character of the entrances to our buildings, to a thoughtful person, has the broadest and deepest significance, but yet it touches little on the æsthetic taste of our population.

But, first of all in the matter of taste, our porches are, no doubt, cheerful, and almost without exception afford an idea of hospitality and ease, quite unlike the flat wings that resemble the doors to a stable or coach-house, level with the sidewalk, which mark the entrance to every house in Paris, except where



Porch, East Thirty-sixth Street, near Park Avenue.



Entrance to the Academy of Design.

heavy iron gates, before an iron fence fifteen or twenty feet high, conceal the edifice buried in thick verdure.

Nothing can be more dismal or forbidding, we think, than the little dark doors all over London, very narrow, very low; flat with the wall of the house, and only raised two or three steps above the level of the sidewalk. These doorways are so inconspicuous that they merge into the general contour of the dark, soot-coloured brick wall, and at night it is only above the door itself that a little half-moon-shaped window, banded by an iron framework to small panes of glass, shows the pale lamp faintly glimmering, or a lantern over the doorway marks its position. Such is the impression which London makes upon a stranger, and in every city of Europe with which we are familiar it is as an apparent means of defence and repulsion, and not of open-handed or open-hearted greeting, that the doorway seems to have been conceived.

There are few cities in the world, we believe, where the streets and avenues for residences are commonly so wide as ours, and these open and straight thoroughfares are rendered yet more spacious by the positions of the houses upon them. Almost without an exception, the dwelling itself stands from six to twelve feet back from the sidewalk, and a little grass-plot behind a slight iron fence separates the house from the street. The approved "high stoop" rises in such cases some ten feet above the foundations of the basement, and is approached by a flight of steps; or, if the building be not of so much pretension, a broad, flat stone, raised two or three steps, affords entrance to the doorway of the less admired "English basement." It has always appeared to us that the foundations of a house should be concealed, and that the substructure of a building is as æsthetically unsightly as the roots of a tree or a plant. An apparent growth from the earth, the dwelling looks pleasantest when its base is unseen. For this reason it is chiefly that the "high stoop" is often not structurally agreeable. Hanging to the side of the building, especially if it be isolated, as is usually the case, with no im-



Porch, Thirty-ninth Street, east of Park Avenue.

portant supports and approached only by the steps, which are insignificant compared with the general mass and width of the whole, the long lines of projecting doorways are somewhat of a blot in the contour of a row of buildings. Viewed in this way, it has been our impression that the less considered "English basement" is more cheerful and more appropriate, after all, than some of our excessively high porches, hung midway in the air.

Of the position of the doorway in the general outline of the building there may be grave question, but its pleasantness, *per se*, is another matter. With the impression fresh in mind of the English, the French, or the Italian prison-like barriers against the world without, expressed by their blind and unsightly entrances, multitudes of New York porches abound in grace and cheerfulness. Passing along one of our well-tenanted streets on a spring morning, the sight of its open outside-door-leaves thrown back, to disclose the plate-glass entrance to the vestibule within, is most gay and cheering. Flower-pots frequently abound here, or trailing vines, lodged upon the flat roof of the stoop above, hang in long pendants of green over the brown architrave of stone. Such is the sight on a warm morning; and a mild evening witnesses the family gathered beneath its roof or scattered in the side balconies. A New York land-owner can afford to set his house a few feet back in his lot for the sake of getting freer breathing-space in a widened street in front, and less noise and dust than a closer proximity to the thoroughfare would give him; and, above all, for the sake of having his handsome out-door little room or *loggia* in his projecting porch.

We give a few examples of New York doorways where the type has been varied in compliance with individual taste, and the main fact of having a porch is combined with ideas less trite than are shown in work of ordinary building-contractors.

The first of these examples is a doorway in Thirty-sixth Street, near Park Avenue, and here side-steps, leading to it, introduce a convenient variety. The balustrade facing the street gives a slight sense of privacy, while the top of the projecting roof of the porch forms an up-stairs balcony pleasant in its suggestion as a small sitting-room for warm evenings, and is as important in giving dignity and mass to the porch as a heavy Grecian architrave would be. There are a good many varieties of these side-steps in the city, and one of them, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, and another at the

convergence of Fortieth Street with the same avenue, are quite happy illustrations of this style. A corner lot, besides many other advantages in the opportunities it affords for pleasantly-arranged end-windows, has also the additional one, in many cases, of allowing a little strip of sodded yard to skirt the house. In one of these houses to which we have referred, the house does not occupy the entire width of the lot, and the steps and opening in a stone balustrade begin ten or twelve feet to the side of the front-porch. Rising from the sidewalk by three or four low steps, a square platform makes an agreeable landing half-way up, and, at right angles to the others, a few more stairs bring the visitor to the broad platform of stone beneath the projecting roof of the front doorway. Such an arrangement, with its turning and its broken line, adds to the sense of space about a dwelling, and, while the reason is aware that the house is really at the usual distance from the sidewalk, fancy cheats the feelings, as it does in the multitude of windings in Central Park, when we believe that we have gone a long distance even where we can see that the path we quitted ten minutes ago is only two or three rods from us. In the house we have mentioned, the long strip of grass at the corner and side prevents the steps from occupying the entire space reserved for a greensward. The most questionable feature to our minds connected with the ordinary high stoop is the necessity it involves for a long row of steps rising every twelve or fifteen feet to connect the various homesteads with the outer world; but when, as in the case we have mentioned, and in the example we give of the doorway in Thirty-sixth Street, the steps and the balustrade form an important feature in the lower structure of the wall, it would only require that front-doors should be placed together by pairs to double the pleasant break in the foundation of our tall and imposing houses.

Many good effects are produced when in English-basement houses a square, projecting porch, wide and deep, rises but a foot or two above the sidewalk, and is made to unite and form into the main line of the façade, by a small bay-window in the second story extending so as partially to occupy its flat roof. Bay-windows, especially when they extend as sections of an octagon, are among the most graceful and elegant features of house convenience and beauty, and when, as in one of these that we recall, just out of Fifth Avenue, the extension is so shallow as to allow of a little



Porch, Fifth Avenue, near Forty-second Street.



Porch, Fifty-seventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

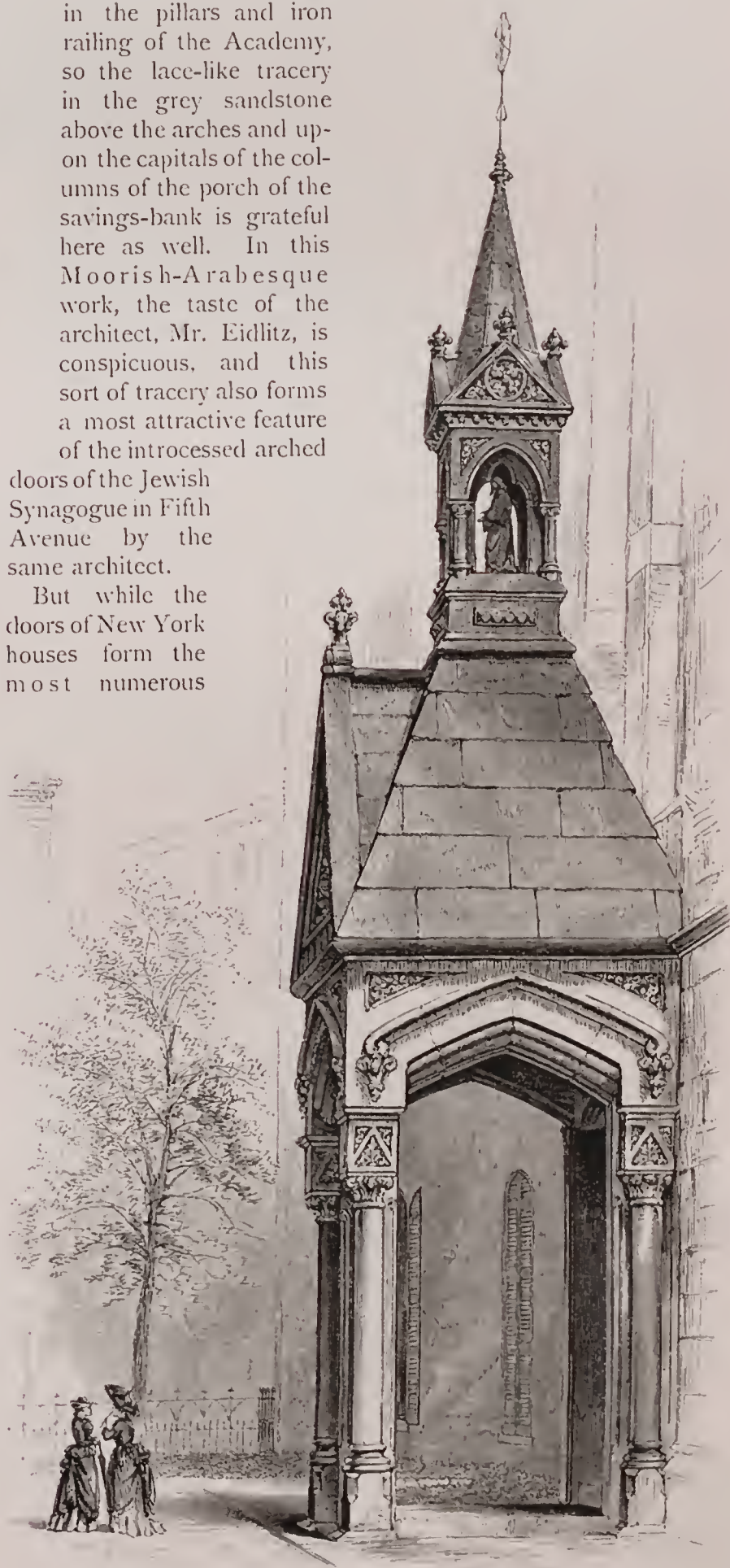
balcony to intervene between its French windows and the projecting top of the porch, its bright-green plants and its shining plate-glass windows are pleasant and elegant. The essential point that should be striven for is to place our porches quite low in the line of the house-fronts. The slight difference between the elevation of the flight of steps that may be seen in the houses at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, and the narrower, higher, and steeper ones of their neighbours, will convince anybody, we think, of the instinctive feeling of agreeableness one derives from a low-setting porch. With the comparatively great height of our dwellings, the proportion of the size of the foundation must be somewhat commensurate, but in such cases it ought surely, in order to have any æsthetic effect, to be apparently concealed—as, for instance, by the broad and broken line of side-steps—for the same reason that we bank-up or terrace over the cellar-walls of our homes in the country. The porch of Trinity School in Twenty-fifth Street is a most agreeable example of this arrangement. A good specimen of the opposite of this class of faults is afforded by the excessive size and undue covering up of the lower story of the Academy of Design, whose porch is large enough and whose rising steps are broad enough for a building of double its height and double its size. The engraving we give affords a very good idea of this section of the building. The porch and stairway are fine in themselves, and, from the colour and detailed ornament of their materials, are yet more striking.

All who have seen it will remember the very imposing Giant's Staircase which leads from the pavement to the *premier étage* of the Ducal Palace at Venice. Large and ponderous in its detail, it is yet strictly in keeping with the length and height of a building on whose general style the National Academy was professed to be constructed. Our thoughtful architects build for the future, and it was in anticipation of the time when the Academy wall might be continued to Twenty-fourth Street, and take in a much longer section between Fourth and Madison Avenues, that this doorway, with its high, pointed top, its pleasant marbles, and its careful carvings, was constructed. But at present the building seems rather an appendage to the front-door than the latter to afford an opening to an important interior.

The porch of the Dry-Dock Savings-Bank, which is attached to one of the most interesting buildings in New York, shares with the rest of the structure the advantage of having been planned by one of the ablest and most imaginative architects in America. We have commended the sense of agreeableness afforded by porches that stand low with the side-wall, and this one is no exception to the rule. Placed at an angle of the Bowery which allows the main wall to recede from the avenue, a corner is formed for this porch which enables it to project twelve feet or more and not interfere with the line of the sidewalk. Like the private house we spoke of, with its pleasant bay-window, this porch, with a second story added to it, forms a dignified feature of the structure, and it otherwise would be insignificant and trivial if composed only of a little square projection from a long and high façade. Its upper story gives it presence, and besides in its details it is very suggestive. In the same way that the minute carvings of ivy-leaves, oaks, and woodbine, are an agreeable source of study in the pillars and iron railing of the Academy, so the lace-like tracery in the grey sandstone above the arches and upon the capitals of the columns of the porch of the savings-bank is grateful here as well. In this Moorish-Arabesque work, the taste of the architect, Mr. Eidlitz, is conspicuous, and this sort of tracery also forms a most attractive feature of the introcessed arched

doors of the Jewish Synagogue in Fifth Avenue by the same architect.

But while the doors of New York houses form the most numerous



Porch of Trinity School, Twenty-fifth Street.

class of pleasant, convenient, or cheerful entrances, though mixed with plenty of poor ones, the churches of the city give the best opportunity for the display of the experience and taste of the builder. We have said that if it were possible the porch should form a dignified architectural section of each building, which these little square extensions, with their breaking line of steps, do not always fulfil. Every one familiar, either in reality or by photographs, with the great churches of Europe, will recall how often the lofty arch of the main entrance glides in structural effect into the contours of the big, round window above it, whose framework and decorations in their turn form part of the rising lines which end in the pointed front of the majestic edifice. This idea, we think, is the right one, and the doorways of some of our own churches bear out this relation. Many of these, and especially the Gothic ones, have doorways which begin a series of breaks to a receding wall of a high tower, as may be seen particularly in the two on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets. The new Catholic Cathedral carries out the intention of the European church-door fully, and its very high, arched entrance, so rich in carved detail and in clustered columns, seems a fitting support, with the heavy pillars that form the sides of the arches, to the great carved-stone window-frame above it. Of pleasant church-doors, that of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in Fifth Avenue near Forty-fifth Street, of which we give an illustration, is one of the most elegant; constructed largely of coloured marbles, polished and carved, its broad, low front porch and its rich colour make it a conspicuous ornament to the avenue.

The new buildings of the city present most frequently interesting doors, but in some of the oldest structures of New York we find agreeable objects to contemplate. The Grecian porch has been condemned, and justly; but strolling along busy Broadway at noon, or after the sun has lengthened the shadows on the tall stores that surround it, the weather-beaten front of St. Paul's is full of pleasant associations, with its brown walls, its white-marble memorial tablets and the carved bas-reliefs above it, now subdued and softened by time; and it has an interest to the antiquarian and the artist that is absent from many a newer structure. Houses, too, not yet very old, have a pleasantness all their own. Bills of sale have lately been placed upon the open garden-lots between Eighth

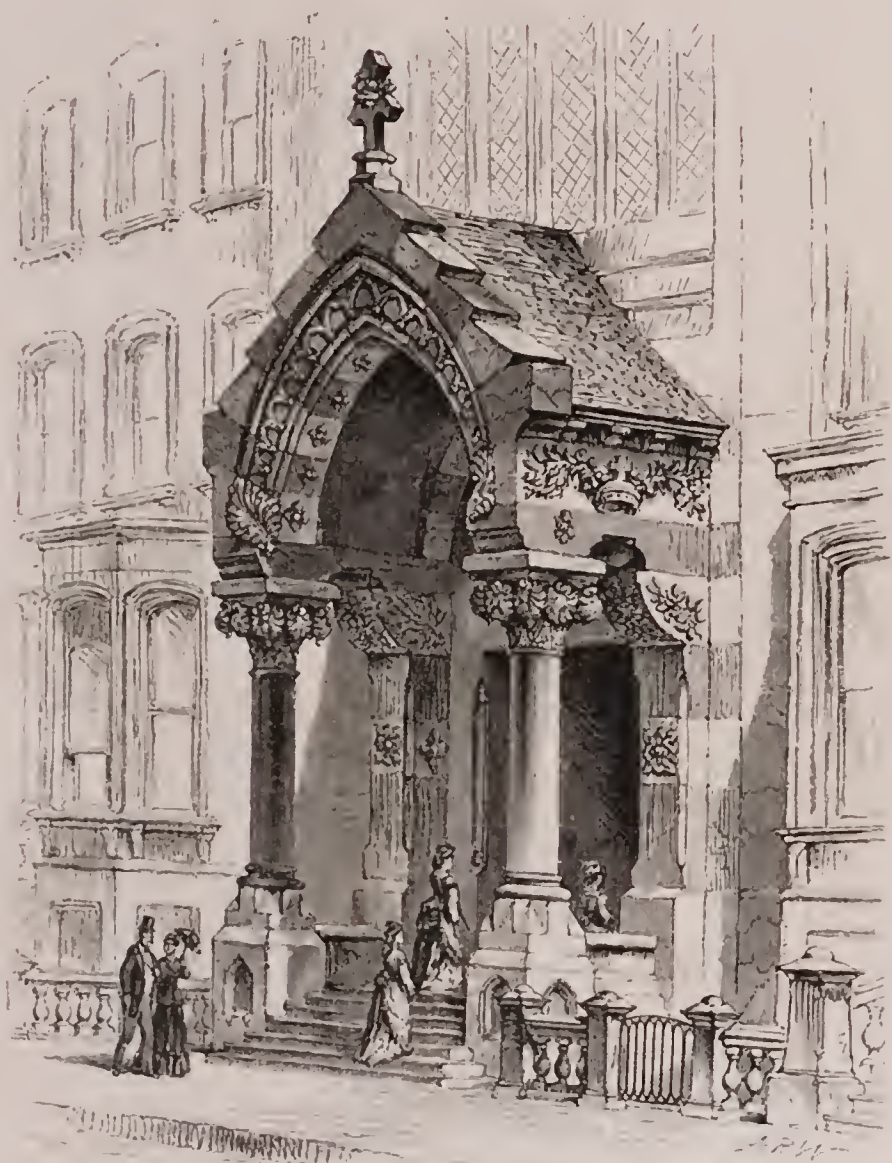


Porch of the Dry-Dock Savings-Bank.

teenth and Nineteenth Streets on Fourth Avenue, in the back of which garden-lots, on either side of the avenue, stand old-fashioned, comfortable dwellings, whose iron balconies make one of the most agreeable features about them. Extending across the width of these ample fronts, the verandas with their roofs, and partially covered with open iron trellis-work, half veil alike the long French windows which open out upon the balcony, and shield the front-door from too curious eyes. The door-steps are quite low and few, and the slight height of the basement is hidden from observation by the extended iron-work and by low shrubs.

In other of our cities besides New York, doorways are made a most ornamental feature of the houses; and in the new portion of Boston it is the door-porch grouped with a half-moon bay-window on either side of it, and with a bay-window, and a projecting balcony, in the second story, and a still smaller window or a terminating ornament in the third, that forms the framework for an almost endless display of window-gardens with their bright-flowering azalias, geraniums, ivy, or blossoming lilies.

It is said that the hearth and the front-door are the strong points of pleasure and pride to every housewife, and it is to be hoped that, with the revival of the open fire, the importance of a cheerful, a beautiful, and an easy entrance to the hospitable home will be generally recognised.



Church Porch, Fifth Avenue, near Forty-fifth Street.



SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A.

C. G. LEWIS SCULPTOR

THE STABLE.

IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE GURNEY, ESQ. EASTBOURNE.

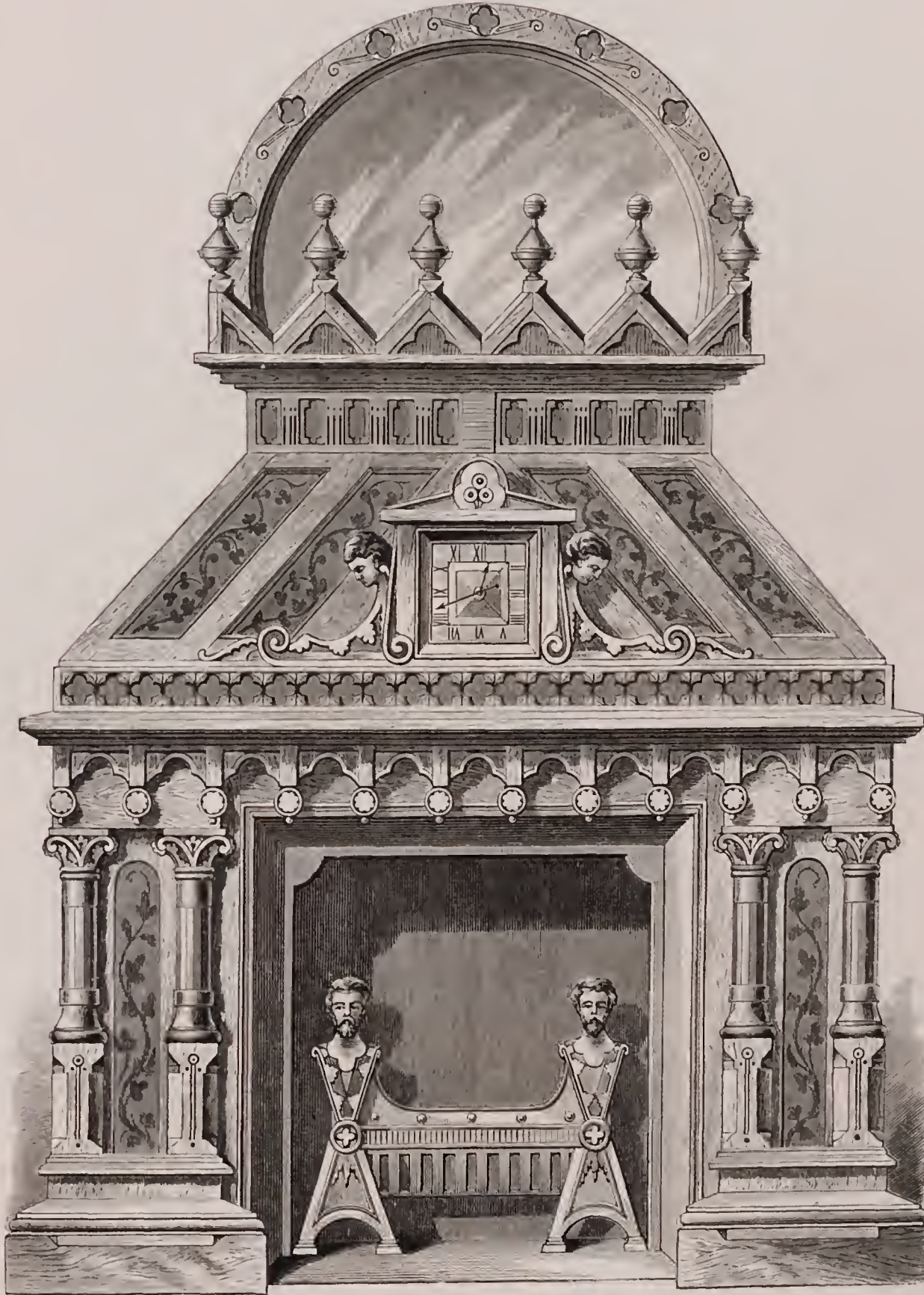
D. APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK

AMERICAN ART-MANUFACTURES.

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WE present an elaborate design by Messrs. Pottier & Stymus, of New York, for a dining-room mantel-piece. The ground is of solid oak, and the carvings and work in relief are of black walnut.

The panels are richly inlaid with porcelain tiles. The front above the shelf is designed to receive a clock, and the whole is surmounted with a mirror. There are fire-dogs and a fender to match



the design. As a whole it is very elegant. The little heads on either side of the clock-face, however, are questionable; they may

be left out without detracting from the artistic completeness of the work; nor do we like the heads on the andirons.

THE STABLE.

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IT is probable that this sketch by Landseer belongs to the same period, 1840, as those of which we have already given several of a similar character in our series of "Studies and Sketches."

This sketch is in itself a complete picture; no amount of colour or elaborate handling could make it more so, while it shows abundant materials for the purpose. Note the half-closed, sleepy eye of the nearer animal, as if weary with its work; for both seem

as if they had just come in from the field or the road: while the man appears to be making good some defect in the collar, in which act the rough-headed little fellow in front of him finds much interest—learning a lesson, probably, that may hereafter be of service to him when he comes to don the carter's blue frock and to shoulder the whip. The drawing is in all respects most characteristic of place and circumstance.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

III.

MASSENA, the residence of Mrs. John Aspinwall, is situated on the Hudson at Barrytown, about a hundred miles north of New York City. The road from the station passes through Barrytown along the banks of the river; huge ice-houses on one side, disfiguring the landscape with uncouth, whitewashed buildings, while on the other side labourers' houses form the street, making an *ensemble* anything but picturesque or attractive. Such, however, is the ordinary village, or rather hamlet, which surrounds many of the small stations and landings on the banks of the most beautiful of all our American rivers.

The railroad passes under a bridge, and only a few yards beyond

this bridge are the entrance-gate and lodge of Massena, on the left-hand side of the road. The lodge is a pretty, Gothic stone cottage, very convenient and complete in its appointments, of itself being a handsome residence. The gate is of iron, with grey-stone pillars, and from here the well-gravelled carriage-road is seen distinctly as it lies before the lodge, and enters into the depths of a beautiful wood beyond, filled with the varied growth of the native forest. Large masses of rocks are to be seen, here and there, adorned with mosses and ferns. But the road soon diverges, leaving the shade of this delightful wood, and crosses the lawn which lies in front of the house. A glimpse is now obtained of the stately edifice, which is



Massena, Barrytown.

about a hundred and sixty feet in length. It is to be regretted that it should be built of wood, and not of more imperishable material. The wooden walls, however, are said to be filled in with stone, and very solid. In our third engraving we have an outline of the glass-room or projection, which we shall describe later. It stands out like a temple, with its arched windows, and forms a charming feature of the establishment. It is the garden-parlor in winter, and a delightful resort at all times. The house was originally built for Mr. John R. Livingston. The plan was by Brunel, and is an exact copy of the château of Beaumarchais, in France. It is considered remarkable for its architectural symmetry and beauty. The airy colonnade, formerly around the piazza, has given way to a costly but heavy succession of arcades, and the general effect has been somewhat injured by this change. Nevertheless, as it stands at present, the house is very handsome and striking. The main entrance and

portico are on the east side, which is represented in our first illustration. There is an approach from this side far more beautiful than the other. This is the old road. It passes over an exceedingly handsome and extensive lawn, grouped with clumps of fine old trees, affording a charming example of landscape-gardening. Sheep are seen grazing here and there, animating the scene. The trees are protected from injury by hurdles, and order and neatness prevail on every side. The grass at Massena is remarkably good, and the grounds are kept with scrupulous care. The grounds and lawns on the east side, with the approach to the house, and the house itself, give the impression of an estate and residence almost manorial. The interior is of a noble character. On the first floor the apartments are very spacious and well-proportioned. The large hall opens into the library, which is an octagon, in the centre of the building. It was once a billiard-room, with a dome, still defined

from without by a tower and cupola. Unfortunately, the dome was sacrificed by Mr. Livingston to multiply upper bedrooms, and the effect somewhat injured. The room is, however, very handsome as it is, and far more comfortable. As a library, no room could be more

enjoyable. It is furnished with carved black-walnut bookcases, and a large, carved black-walnut mantel-piece and chimney-place, in the ample space of which a wood-fire blazes on winter nights. The library opens to the west into the glass-projection or room to



Lodge and Gate at Massena.

which we have before referred. Here flowers form the principal ornament. Hanging baskets filled with smilax and lycopodium are suspended between the arches, and *étagères* of plants stand all around. A miniature fountain cools the air in summer, and gold-fishes swim about contentedly in a pretty marble basin. The view through the arches is superb—looking down over the terrace and front lawn to the river, which at this point is very wide and beautiful—the Catskill Mountains showing in the distance. Cruger's Island and Magdalen's Island here put out into the river, producing the effect of a succession of lakes. The picture is really

enchanting. The library, on one side, leads into the dining-room, on the other into the drawing-room, both of which are large and of tasteful and elegant proportions. The dining-room is wainscoted heavily with black walnut, and has a sea-green and gold frescoed ceiling. Many works of Art, collected by the late Mr. Aspinwall in Europe, adorn the walls, among them being a genuine Greuze. Richly-carved furniture and buhl cabinets give to this room an appearance of great luxury. Vases filled with rare exotics are scattered over the house at all seasons of the year in due succession, each season contributing its peculiar treasures.



Glass-Room, Massena.

Mrs. Aspinwall has recently erected a memorial chapel on her land for the use of the poor, and also a parish school. The spire of the little chapel is seen through the trees from the house, and is not unlike the picturesque spires that abound throughout the Aus-

trian Tyrol. The name given to this estate by Mr. John R. Livingston has remained unchanged by his successors. It tells the age of the place, which was named in honour of Marshal Masséna during the French consulate.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—GEORGE INNESS.



THE influence of the French school of landscape Art is probably more strongly apparent in the works of GEORGE INNESS than in those of any other American painter, and yet he is no imitator, although the more subtle features of his ideal may be detected in all of his pictures. There is no American artist who has acquired greater fame as such than Inness, neither can we recall any who is so variable in his moods. He was born at Newburg, Orange County, New York, May 1, 1825, in the neighbourhood of the romantic

scenery of the Hudson on one hand, and of pastoral landscapes on the other. His boyhood was spent at Newark, New Jersey, and while living there he first took up the brush. He showed great intelligence in the use of a pencil, and became so interested in the study of drawing that his parents allowed him to enter the studio of an old portrait-painter, named Baker, as a pupil. While with this artist he made good progress in his studies, and executed some excellent copies of his master's portraits in oil.

The studio of a country portrait-painter soon became too limited a field for the genius of young Inness, and, after learning all that



Light Triumphant.—From a Painting by George Inness.

his master had to impart in technical knowledge, he went to New York, with the intention of learning the profession of an engraver. He entered into this new pursuit with considerable zeal, but his labor was too confining for his nervous disposition, and after struggling against ill-health for two or three years he was forced to abandon the work. During this period of his career, young Inness did not entirely abandon his pencil, but painted and sketched from Nature whenever an opportunity occurred. When in his twenty-first year he finally set up his easel as a landscape-painter. At the outset, he passed a few months in the studio of Regis Gignoux, who at that time was in the full maturity of his powers, a vigorous exponent of the French school of landscape art and an ardent admirer of the great artists Rousseau, Calame, and Lambinet. During the brief stay of Inness as a pupil in the studio of Gignoux, there is no doubt that he became impressed with the French

method, as its broad and masterly style was peculiarly in harmony with his own temperament. His style is broad in the widest acceptance of the term. In the composition of a picture he is much given to idealisation, and there is a refreshing beauty to his finished works which is shared by few contemporary artists. Inness, however, is not always powerful in his conclusions; his active mind can bear no restraint; consequently, when meeting with some technical obstacle in the finish of a picture, he throws the subject aside with disgust, and rarely can be induced to renew it. There is a wide difference in the finished works of Inness, and much of it is due to this unconquerable nervousness of his disposition. In his happy moods he has painted some of the best landscape-pictures ever produced in this country, and the few weak canvases which bear his name will not materially detract from his well-earned fame.

Mr. Inness has visited Europe three times. His latest visit was made in 1871. He remained abroad until the spring of 1875, passing most of his time in Italy, and on his return home settled in Boston, where he now lives. European study has added but little to his fame as an artist. In 1867, or thereabout, when living at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, in New Jersey, he produced some of his largest and best pictures. During the first years of his residence in that delightful neighbourhood his pencil seemed to be endowed with inspiration, and every canvas he touched glowed with colour, effects, and imaginative elements, so brilliant that they confounded the critics by their boldness.

It was at this time that he produced his 'Vision of Faith—View from the Delectable Mountains,' in illustration of Bunyan's religious allegory by landscape art. A critic, in a notice of this work published at the time, said: "The picture represents first, on the left, the pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, on the mountains with the

shepherds and their flocks. One of the pilgrims is looking with an eye of faith through the perspective glass for the gates of the celestial city. To the left of the pilgrims is the home of the shepherds. In the middle distance is a lovely valley, magnificent in its breadth, and nestling in its centre is a lake; while far in the dim distance are the snow-clad mountains which intervene between the pilgrims and the celestial city. The picture is marvellous in perspective, in chaste colouring, and truthful atmospheric effects." As a pendant to this Mr. Inness painted 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death,' a subject typical of the crucifixion. The most poetical expression of Mr. Inness's pencil produced during this period of his career is a picture entitled 'An American Sunset,' a work selected by the committee to represent American Art at the Paris Exposition in 1867. It is described as follows: "The spectator is looking out from beneath the shade of huge forest-trees into the shimmering, maturing sunlight. The distant horizon, the trees, the village



Pine Grove, Barberini Villa, Albano.—From a Painting by George Inness.

church-spire, are bathed in their golden glory. It penetrates into the mass of foliage overhead: it illuminates the long avenues of oak and elm; it spreads its crimson mantle over the dewy herbage at your feet, while the group of cattle nipping at the fresh green grass, as they wander towards home, seems to greet its genial rays."

As examples of Mr. Inness's work we engrave two pictures, an Italian scene, a sunset, painted since his return from Europe, and one of his glowing late-afternoon effects of sunlight, entitled 'Light Triumphant,' executed several years ago. The latter may be called one of his inspired works. It is remarkable for the harmony of its lines and the poetical feeling with which the scene is invested. The light of the late-afternoon's sun is massed behind the broad-spreading top of the great elm in the middle ground, but its power asserts itself on the cloud-cumuli which float in scattered fragments over the sky; it radiates on the distant water and in the foreground where the husbandman and his drove of cattle are following the

pathway to the bridge which spans the quiet pool. This picture represents Inness in his best mood, and the delicacy with which the subject is handled is worthy of admiration. There is no faltering of motive in any part of this work; from the near foreground to the extreme distance at the horizon-line, there is the same expression of power and earnestness in the delineation of the minor objects in Nature that we see so eloquently portrayed in the sunburst which is the *tour de force* of the work.

The companion-picture presents an Italian landscape with several pines scattered across the foreground and middle distance, and is chiefly noticeable for its rare diffusion of light. The delicately-clouded sky, the shrubbery, and indeed the lofty and broad-spreading tops of the pines, are all aglow with light. In the subject itself there is little to admire in the way of picturesque features, but it assumes importance owing to its high expression of sentiment, its poetry of expression and charming motive.

TRADITIONS OF CHRISTIAN ART.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

CHAPTER I.

CLASSICAL.—THE CATACOMB PAINTINGS.



IN mediæval Art we find that there were certain sets of pictorial subjects, taken from Holy Scripture, profane History, Romances, Natural History, popular Stories, and other topics, which were continually being reproduced in all the various forms of Art. We find, moreover, that there was a traditional way of treating these subjects, which was known, and was more or less adhered to, by artists of every kind.

Take, for example, religious subjects, which were then the most common—as they are now the least common—subjects of the artist's skill: we find that in carved wood and sculptured stone, in stained-glass windows and mural paintings and mosaics, in enamels and goldsmith's work, in tapestry and embroidery, in short in every material susceptible of artistic treatment, representations of the great events of Bible history, and especially of the history of our Lord, were multiplied to a wonderful extent. Though men could not read in those days, and a whole Bible was hardly to be found out of the monastic libraries, yet it is probable that through these pictorial teachings there was a more universal knowledge of the great facts and doctrines of Christianity, a fuller knowledge and a more vivid apprehension of them, than there is in these days of popular education and cheap Bibles.

There were certain well-known cycles of these subjects: in Old Testament history, the Creation of the world, of Adam, of Eve out of Adam's side, the Temptation, the Expulsion, &c.; or in the New Testament, the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds, of the Wise Men, &c.; and there was a traditional way of treating each of them. It is very interesting to take one of these subjects and to follow it up. We may first follow contemporary representations of it across the length and breadth of Christendom; and we find the court-painter at Constantinople and the obscure priest in Spain, the Coptic hermit and the Celtic student of a British monastery, giving the same artistic rendering of it. We may make a collection of the same subject as given in different materials; and we shall get it here in a wall-painting, there in a mosaic; now in an ivory book-cover, and again in a sculptured stone; and we shall find in all materials the same general design. It is still more interesting to trace it down from age to age, and to find the same elements of the picture, and the same general mode of treating them, retained for centuries. Not that the mediæval artists were mere slavish copyists; they were very far from that. We seldom find a design reproduced line for line. The style of Art varied from time to time, and the artist told his story in the Art-vernacular of his day; he translated the costume and architecture, and other accessories, into the fashions of his own time; he worked very freely in all the details of the picture; but, speaking generally, the mediæval artist retained the traditional elements of the subjects and the conventional arrangement of them with curious fidelity.

In an age of Art-decadence the free copies which each generation thus made of the designs of its predecessor became more and more feeble and inartistic. For example, in one period of Saxon Art, the miniature paintings of Scriptural subjects, which had a Byzantine original of some artistic merit, were executed in a style that is ludicrous and almost profane. On the other hand, in an age of Art-advancement, continual improvements were freely made by the artists upon the designs of their predecessors. Every now and then some individual artist of original genius made a bold modification of the traditional type, or treated the subject with entire originality. In some cases his work remains a remarkable exception in the traditional series; in other cases the

innovation was approved, adopted, and became the original of a new traditional series, either superseding the earlier one, or running along side by side with it. It is evident that the existence of this practice of adopting traditional types must have exercised a great influence on the development of the artistic faculty, and on the actual productions of Art at any given period. Our modern practice is the very opposite. Now every artist aims at entire originality, and would be decried as a plagiarist if even a passage from another were detected in his work. Which is the better method? Which will best promote the development of true artistic power, and give the world the best works of Art? No doubt there is much to be said on both sides. We propose to say a few words in defence of the mediæval method.

We find that it obtained in ancient Art as well as in the mediæval period; and that it was adopted by some of the greatest artists, and has produced some of the greatest works of Art which the world possesses. In poetry, Homer took the traditional ballads about the heroes of the Trojan war, and gave them the form in which they have become immortal; unless the counter theory of the origin of the Iliad and Odyssey be correct, and it was Homer who was the author of the archaic originals, which were gradually polished by the professional reciters into the form they had reached when Pisistratus collected and published, and so gave them their permanent form. Chaucer borrowed from the Italian writers—who had previously taken them from classical sources—some of the stories which he has moulded by his genius into the fresh beauty of the "Canterbury Tales." Shakspeare took the elements and outlines of some of his greatest plays from the stock-pieces of the Elizabethan theatre, which had itself dramatized them from some ancient chronicle. Some of the sublimest passages of the "Paradise Lost" seem to have their germ in the Anglo-Saxon poems attributed to Cædmon. Milton had never read Cædmon's poems, which had not then been brought to light, but these germs may have been transmitted to him indirectly through the Mystery plays, to which he was certainly indebted for some valuable suggestions. And so of modern poets. Tennyson has wrought his greatest poems out of the rude but *naïve* and charming outlines of the fourteenth-century romances of King Arthur, which again had more ancient Armorican originals. In sculpture, when we examine any such Art-series, we find the same phenomena of development. The sculptures of the *tympana* of the Temple of Pallas, at Ægina, are as full of genius as those of the Parthenon at Athens. Phidias only gave to the earlier types their fullest and noblest expression.

We find in the earliest works of these series genius in full vigour of power and wealth of feeling, but struggling with an inability to give ample expression to its conceptions for want of technical skill; capable, nevertheless, of conveying its idea and intention—with more or less fulness, according to the innate artistic sympathy which each man brings to the study of the artist's work; capable of touching the universal heart of man; and leaving little to be desired. Later times acquire artistic skill, but are usually deficient in force of original genius. It is only when a great genius possesses also perfect artistic skill, that the world's masterpieces are produced.

The genius necessary for giving grand new conceptions of the great subjects of Art is perhaps only bestowed upon the world now and then; mere skill of artistic expression is a commoner gift. The traditional method of the ancient and mediæval times combines these two excellences; it retains the vigour of the original conception of genius, and gives it the most perfect artistic expression. The modern method has not given us any great historical artist; it gives us good copyists of nature—landscape-painters, animal-painters, *genre*-painters—but not great historical painters or sculptors.

Circumstances seem to indicate that we are at the beginning of

another period in which "religious art" will be in demand, and will be cultivated. The artists who propose to give themselves to these noblest subjects of their art, will do wisely to study these religious Art-traditions. They may be traced from the Catacombs to the time of the *Renaissance*. With all the quaintness of expression and all the technical faults of the old designs, there will be found much to be learnt from them. They often put a Scripture subject before the mind with a correct apprehension of the scene, a depth of theological teaching, and a dignity of religious feeling, which later works have failed to attain. Our modern school of religious artists will probably do well not only to study these traditions, but to make experiment in the reproduction of them in the Art-language and with the technical skill of the present day.

At least the Art-traditions which begin in the Catacombs, and lead us step by step to the works of Giotto and Raffaello, cannot but command the attention, and be worthy of the study, of all who take an interest in Art or religion. We propose to illustrate the question much in the way already indicated, viz. by taking one subject and following it over Christendom, collecting examples in all kinds of material, and tracing it from the earliest example to be found down to the sixteenth century. Out of many others which might have answered the purpose, we have selected the subject of the Adoration of the Magi.

The history is one of the most picturesque of that cluster of incidents which are grouped about the nativity of our Lord. A

sketch of it, and a critical consideration of some points in it, will be necessary to the understanding of the traditional representations of it in works of Art. "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship Him." The narrative reads as if the coming of the wise men had been at the very time of our Lord's birth, and so Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Augustine, and others of the fathers understood it. They suppose that the star appeared to the Magi two years before the birth of the Lord, so as to bring them to Bethlehem at the time of his birth. But a critical examination of the whole history gives reason for supposing that the event may more probably have taken place at some subsequent time. The Purification could not take place till forty days after the Nativity; immediately after the Purification the holy family returned to Nazareth. But the flight into Egypt seems to have taken place immediately after the visit of the Magi, and the slaughter of the innocents to have occurred a few days later. To account for the scene of the Adoration of the Magi being at Bethlehem, although the time of it was much later than the Nativity, the Purification, and the return to Nazareth, it is suggested by several of the fathers that it may have taken place at one of the great feasts: when Joseph and Mary, bringing the Child with them, came up to Jerusalem to keep the feast, but lodged at Bethlehem (as our Lord lodged at Bethany during his last Passover); they would resort again to the *caravanserai*,

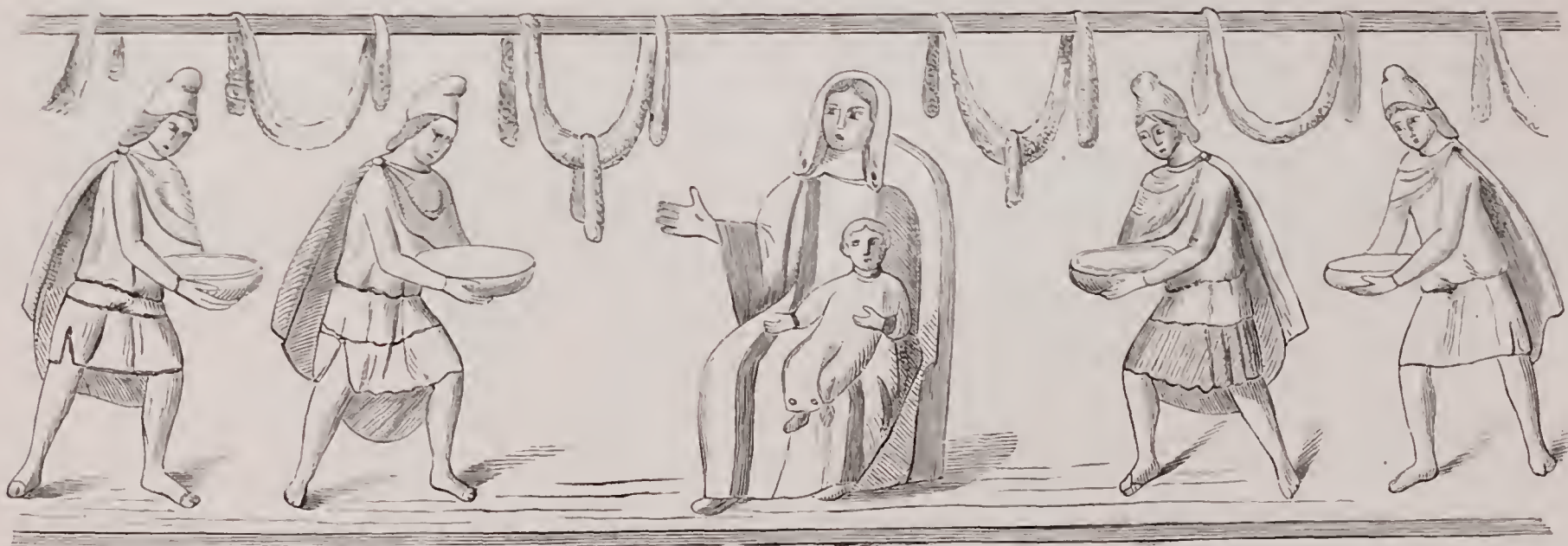


Fig. 1.—From the Cemetery of St. Domitilla: Third Century.

because it was the only one there—and so they would be found by the Magi in the place of the Nativity. According to this theory the star appeared at the time of the Nativity, and the Magi then set out on their journey. That they arrived in Jerusalem some time in the second year is inferred from the fact that Herod "accurately inquired what time the star appeared," and then gave orders to kill the "children of two years old and under." So that the order of events most probably is—Nativity, Presentation in the Temple, return to Nazareth, return to Bethlehem (perhaps at one of the great feasts in our Lord's second year), visit of Magi, flight to Egypt, return and settlement at Nazareth.

The Magi were the sacerdotal *caste* among the Medes and Persians. Balaam, a prophet of the same country, had prophesied, "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel." And Daniel, who was "master of the magicians," and minister of the Medo-Persian kingdom, prophesied of the time of the coming of the universal king. These prophecies of Balaam's star and sceptre, and Daniel's weeks, had, not improbably, been handed down to the Magi of our Lord's time; possibly also the Magi of the Gospel may have had some special divine intimation, that enabled them to know the meaning of the new star which appeared to them in the East. Somehow they connected the apparition to them of a remarkable star with the birth of a king in Judea; and they journeyed to the country, and naturally went up to the capital to make inquiries

for the new-born king. Probably the Magi were allowed by God to go to Jerusalem to make these inquiries "for a testimony" to the Jews.

"When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled:" the usurper feared for his kingdom; "and all Jerusalem with him;" some moved with fear of civil discord, some with joy in the belief that the expected Messiah was come. "And he gathered the chief priests and scribes together, and demanded of them where Christ should be born." And they told him at Bethlehem, on the authority of the prophet Micah. Then Herod told the Magi they would find him whom they sought at Bethlehem; and "he accurately inquired what time the star appeared, and bade them, when they had found him, to return and bring him word, that he also might go and worship him;" but his intent was to kill him. When they set out from Jerusalem to make the last six-mile stage of their long journey, southward to Bethlehem, "Lo, the star which they saw in the East appeared to them again." The common apprehension of the narrative is that the star had led them continuously from the East to Jerusalem, as the pillar of fire and cloud led the Israelites through all their journeyings in the wilderness; but the sacred history does not say so, and rather implies the contrary:—"We have seen his star in the East;" and "the star which they saw in the East." "And when they saw the star again, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

"And the star," when it had thus reappeared, "went before

them till it came and stood over where the young Child was." It must have been of great brightness to shine in the daytime; it must have been low down to go before them and to indicate a particular house in a town. It was clearly some intensely brilliant appearance, but not an ordinary star.

"And when they were come unto the house (*εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν*, into the house; St. Luke's scene of the Nativity is *ἐν τῇ φάτρῃ*, in the manger, *τοῦ καταλύματος*, of the inn), they saw the young Child, with Mary his mother"—it does not mention Joseph—"and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

"And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed to their own country another way."

The actual *Adoration* of the Infant Saviour by these Eastern Magi is the culminating point of the history, and that which is the most frequent subject of artistic representation; but several other incidents of the history presented themselves prominently to the imagination or the reason, and were occasionally taken as the subject of artistic representation. The *Journey of the wise men*, who came so far to Jerusalem and Bethlehem—the first of the long train of pilgrims who for centuries came in from all quarters to visit the holy places—attracted the mediæval imagination. Then the theological importance of the inquiries of the wise men at Jerusalem—eliciting the testimony of the chief priests and scribes that the Messiah should be born at Bethlehem, and reporting his birth to Herod and all Jerusalem with him—made the appearance of *the Wise Men before Herod* (Fig. 2) a subject for the pencil. And, again, the *Warning of the Magi* not to return to Herod is sometimes found completing the series.

For the earliest examples of the representation of the Adoration of the Magi by Christian Art, we go back and back until we find them among the very earliest relics of Christianity, in the venerable gloom of the catacombs of Rome. There are few of our readers who are ignorant that in the early ages of Christianity, when the disciples of the new religion were subject to outbursts of persecuting violence, the Roman Christians were accustomed to take refuge in the catacombs, which had been anciently excavated in many places in the environs of the city. In their intricate passages, the ecclesiastics and others specially sought for were safe; in the larger chambers the brethren used to assemble, with little fear of interruption, for divine worship; in graves cut out of the sides of the chambers and galleries they buried their dead. When the days of persecution were over, the associations connected with the catacombs caused them still to be frequented; the chambers which had so long been the churches of the faithful were yet used for divine services, at least occasionally—for example, on the commemorations of the martyrs who were buried within or around them; and the faithful still chose to be buried among the martyrs of the early Church. The walls of the galleries thus became lined with sepulchral inscriptions on the slabs of stone which sealed up the *loculæ*; and the interiors of the chambers were adorned with painting, after the custom of the time. It is these sepulchres and these paintings which supply us with the earliest monuments of Christian Art.

The paintings are not of first-rate excellence as works of Art; the earliest of them are not examples of the best Art of their time. There is no doubt that Rome, in the third and fourth centuries possessed artists of considerable excellence; the secular works of the time which still remain abundantly prove it. But it was not such artists as these who were called in to decorate the chambers of the catacombs. The Art we find there is on a level with that merely decorative Art which we see employed in painting the walls of a pagan tomb or a bath. The subjects of the earlier paintings are in part merely ornamental. Where they represent figures, those figures are chiefly allegorical. These seem to have been chosen with care, so as to convey their meaning easily to the initiated, without betraying it to the pagan intruder. Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre was a familiar and unsuspected subject to the

heathen visitor, while to the believer it was typical of Christ, by his doctrine, converting the wild hearts of men. A shepherd carrying a lamb on his shoulders was to one merely a pastoral incident, to the other an allegory of the Good Shepherd who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Where scriptural subjects were used, it was usually with an allegorical meaning. Jonah cast into the sea, swallowed up by the sea-monster, and issuing forth again from his three days' imprisonment, was a type of our Lord's resurrection. Noah in the ark was a type of baptism. A company of persons reclining at a feast, or a representation of the turning of the water into wine, served for a type of the other sacrament of the Gospel. Most of the figure-subjects, sculptured or painted, on the walls of the catacombs, were of this character. Though the product of times of persecution, they breathe a sweet, calm, pastoral character; the Good Shepherd is the prominent and oft-recurring figure, as the Lord in Majesty was in the next period, and the crucifix in still later ages. Their teaching is, like that of the Gospels, objective rather than subjective. They speak of great truths rather than of their applications.

Among these subjects in the paintings of the catacombs that of the Adoration of the Magi not unfrequently occurs. Di Rossi speaks of upwards of twenty representations of it. Probably it was its allegorical meaning which caused this frequent early use of it. As the adoration of the shepherds, led by an angelic



Fig. 2.—*The Magi before Herod. Roman Catacombs: Third Century.*

message, was regarded as representing the submission of the Jews to the Messiah, so the wise men, led by the miraculous star, were looked upon as the firstfruits of the Gentiles, who also should submit to the universal King. Their adoration of the Divine Infant was the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecies, "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." (Isai. lx. 3.) "The kings of Tharsis and of the isles shall give presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts. All kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall do him service." (Ps. lxxii. 10, 11.) We, who look back upon the past history of the Church and its triumphs, can hardly enter into the mind of the early Church, few and lowly, despised and persecuted, hiding in the catacombs from the persecuting power of Imperial Rome, as age after age it read these prophecies, and believed them against all probabilities.

When we call to mind how as the third century drew towards its close the ultimate triumph of Christianity could be foreseen as a probability; and how at length, at the beginning of the fourth century, Constantine embraced the faith, and the empire became Christian, and the cross formed the imperial standard; we do not wonder that the Adoration of the Magi is found to be one of the favourite subjects in the catacombs in the third and fourth centuries. In one example an additional emphasis is given to the meaning of the subject. In an arched recess over a tomb in the cemetery of Callistus, an adoration of the Magi

is represented on one side of the recess, and the companion-picture on the other side (an early example of the fashion of scripture parallels) is the refusal of the three children to worship the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar.* The parallel is made more marked by the fact that the three children are appropriately dressed in the *sarabelli*, or Eastern trousers, the tunic, and the Phrygian tiara, as Eastern people are usually represented in classical Art, and that this is also the costume in which the Eastern Magi are represented. We have only to carry ourselves back in imagination to the days when the Christians were dragged before the Roman tribunals and bidden to burn incense to Jupiter or Mercury on pain of death, to realise the force of the lesson thus conveyed: on one hand, we must not worship false gods, though all the persuasions of interest and all the threats of power be brought to bear upon us, though we be cast into a burning fiery furnace as the penalty of refusal; on the other hand, we must worship Jesus—"all kings shall worship Him: all nations shall do Him service."

The earliest representation in existence, so far as we have been able to discover, of the Adoration of the Magi, is one which was found in one (which is not stated) of the catacombs, and was preserved in the church of Sta. Maria Trastevere, at Rome. It may probably be attributed to the third century. It is rudely



Fig. 3.—In the Church of Sta. Maria Trastevere: Third Century.

incised in outline on a slab of stone. Our woodcut (Fig. 3) is a reduced copy of the drawing in vol. v., pl. xii., of Perret's fine work on the catacombs of Rome, published in Paris in 1851.† The Virgin is seated with the holy Child in her lap on the right side of the design; Joseph stands behind her chair; the Magi enter from the left, with a quick movement which leaves their cloaks fluttering behind them. Each bears a round object in his hand, which is intended to represent the present he brings to offer to the new-born King. The picture is very simple in its elements and very crude in its treatment; and yet in this first rude conception of the subject is the germ of all‡ future representations of it for some twelve hundred years. The seating of the Virgin on one side of the picture, the entry of the Magi from the other side, their number, the bearing their presents in their extended hands, are features which are repeated for centuries.

Our next woodcut (Fig. 4), from a painting in the cemetery of St. Callixtus, is assigned by Di Rossi, the most learned and most trustworthy authority on the subject of the catacombs, to the latter half of the third century.§ The woodcut is from a photograph obtained, with others, from Rome, expressly for this series of papers.|| The Virgin, as in the former picture, sits on the right side of the design, and holds the Child, clothed, in her lap. Joseph is not introduced into the design. The Magi, three in

number as before, are clothed in a long tunic, Phrygian bonnet, and cloak; they follow in line, but not with the hasty action of the former picture; they seem rather to stand still, in not ungraceful attitudes, offering their presents.*

Bosio, at p. 389, fig. 3, gives another representation of the



Fig. 4.—From the Cemetery of St. Callixtus: Third Century.

subject from the cemetery of St. Marcellinus. The Virgin is seated on the right, in a chair of the same shape as in the last picture, the Child seated on her lap, but not quite in the same attitude as in the last; the three Magi wear the tunic and Phrygian cap, and follow one another not so closely as in the previous picture. Their presents are of the usual circular shape, probably representing dishes or salvers, and in the first is represented a wreath of laurel. The dresses of the Virgin and of the Magi have the narrow stripes of purple from the shoulder, the *clavus augustus*, characteristic of the Roman dress of an early date.

Out of upwards of thirty representations of the subject in the Roman catacombs and in the sarcophagi in the Vatican, nearly every one represents the Virgin as sitting at the end of the scene with the holy Child in her lap, and the Magi, three in number, standing before her. In two or three instances, however, the picture is differently composed. The Virgin and Child are



Fig. 5.—From the Cemetery of St. Marcellinus and St. Peter: Third Century.

placed in the middle of the picture, and, in order to balance the design, the number of the Magi is altered.

In a painting in the cemetery of St. Domitilla, which Di Rossi assigns to the first half of the third century (Fig. 1), the Magi

* The arch above has the Good Shepherd in a circular central porch, with four scenes from the life of Jonah filling the four compartments which make up a square design.

† Other engravings of it are given by D'Agincourt, "Histoire de l'Art par ses Monuments, Sculpture," pl. vii., and in the "Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio" of Cardinal Mai, on the frontispiece of vol. v., and in "L'Evangile," &c., by Rohault de Fleury, and serve to confirm the accuracy of Perret's drawing.

‡ With very few abnormal exceptions.

§ Rohault de Fleury gives it the earlier date of the second century.

|| After these papers were written, and already sent to the printer, an early copy of a new work, "L'Evangile, Etude Iconographique et Archéologique," par Ch. Rohault de Fleury, was brought under the writer's notice by E. R. Graves, Esq., of the British Museum (to whom he begs to take this opportunity of expressing his great obligations

while collecting materials for the work). If it was a little annoying to find that his labours had been anticipated by the Chevalier de Fleury's fine work, in the period—down to the twelfth century—over which it extends, it was some satisfaction to find that he was already acquainted with most of M. de Fleury's examples, and that he was able to add some valuable examples unnoticed by that gentleman. The author has, while the matter was passing through the press, availed himself in some places of M. de Fleury's materials.

* The engraving given by Bosio, "Roma Sotteranea," p. 270, is probably intended for this same picture, but given with the inaccuracy which unhappily is characteristic of many of the early archaeological engravings.

are four in number, arranged two on each side of the Virgin and Child. They are in the same costume, and the same advancing attitude, as the normal designs. This painting is engraved by De Fleury, pl. xvii., fig. 3. At the back of a *cubiculum* in the cemetery of St. Marcellinus and St. Peter, is the painting of which we here give a woodcut (Fig. 5). It has been engraved in Rohault de Fleury's "L'Evangile," pl. xvii., fig. 1; and a coloured lithograph, on a small scale, is given in Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow's "Roma Sotteranea;" our engraving is corrected from a photograph. Here the Magi are only two in number. The heads of the figures are in good preservation, and are in a very respectable style of Art.

It is generally said that Leo the Great, A.D. 450, and St. Maximus of Turin are the first witnesses to the tradition that the Magi were three in number: "Tribus Magis stella nova claritatis apparuit;"* and again, "Odorant in tribus Magis omnes populi universitatis Auctorem;"† and Origen is quoted as apparently having, at a still earlier period, had the same idea. We have seen that the idea appears simultaneously in Art; and yet the exceptions in the catacomb-paintings prove that there was no consistent tradition. In all probability the number of the persons was assumed from the number of the kinds of gifts mentioned by the Evangelist. In the fondness for mystical interpretations which prevailed in the early ages of Christianity, the gifts were assumed to have a mystical meaning. St. Ambrose gives it in the fourth century, "Aurum regi, mus Deo, myrrham de functo"—Gold to the king, frankincense to the God, and myrrh to the dead. So St. Gregory, "Auro regem, thure Deum, myrrhâ mortem prædicant"—They foreshow the king by the gold, the God by the frankincense, and the dead man by the myrrh. Thus what they did was like an acted creed. The interpretation was never lost sight of, and appears in all the subsequent services, miracle plays, and legends, and is still very generally received, as instanced in some of our latest and most popular hymn-books.

We may introduce here an illustration of our subject from another branch of Art. Among the objects found in the catacombs are certain circular discs of glass, ornamented with figures traced on gold. These discs formed the bottom of glass vessels that were imbedded in the mortar with which graves were closed; other portions of the vessels have been broken away, but the bottoms have remained perfectly protected by the mortar. Their fabrication was ingenious: the device was traced on thin gold leaf which was applied to the bottom of the glass vessel, then another plate of glass was placed over the gold leaf and fused round the edge, so as to form a perfect protection to it. A number of these glasses are preserved (the British Museum possesses a considerable proportion of them), and have been published by Garucci. On plate iv.,* figs. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, are five of them, in each of which is represented the single figure of a man. The striking resemblance of these men to the figures of the Magi in the representations of the Adoration in the catacomb-pictures and sculptures, and the absence of resemblance to any other of the figures in the cycle of subjects represented there, put it beyond doubt that they are intended to represent these personages. They are all in tunic, without cloak, bare-headed, presenting an object of round shape, all except fig. 8 moving with the rapid motion with which the catacomb representations of the subject have familiarised us, and all towards the left. They serve to illustrate the popularity of the subject, and the conventional nature of its representation. An example of them is seen in the engraving (Fig. 6). Garucci says that all these glasses are of earlier date than Theodosius. Di Rossi more precisely assigns them to a period ranging from the middle of the third to the beginning of the fourth century.



Fig. 6.—From Glass of the Fourth Century.

ART IN PARIS.



IT is not often that the studio of M. Alexandre Cabanel is so rich in completed works as it is at present, his pictures being usually purchased before they leave the easel, or, indeed, before they are half finished. Just now, three fine paintings are there awaiting shipment to America. The largest one of the three, the destined ornament of the gallery of a well-known lady-collector of New York, was commenced ten years ago, and was originally ordered by the Empress Eugénie. But the artist was unable to find a model that would carry out the ideal of his heroine. He sought for her in vain in Paris, and finally took the unfinished picture to Italy, hoping to discover her there. Still he was unable to meet with the desired type of countenance, and so the painting was laid aside, and another subject selected for his imperial patroness. Within a few months past M. Cabanel has chanced upon the desired model, and the work is at last completed. It represents the heroine of the "Song of Solomon," the mystic "bride," hearkening to the voice of the unseen and longed-for bridegroom. She wears the semblance of a young and lovely Eastern maiden. Half seated, half reclining, amid cushions and draperies of violet and gold, she sweeps back her unbound jetty tresses from her brow with one hand, while she lays the other on her breast, as though repressing the throbbing of her heart. Her large, dark eyes, circled with dusky shadows, are raised with an expression of rapt and fixed attention, and an unearthly light shines in their strangely-illuminated depths. That pale face, with its delicate, attenuated features, parted lips, and wondrous, mystical eyes, is that of a prophetess—a seeress—not that of a mortal maiden listening to the voice of an earthly lover. Her slender form is draped in a white semi-transparent garment, which falls from her shoulders, leaving them uncovered as well as her arms, and her

nude and beautiful torso is most exquisitely painted, as is also her delicate and daintily-moulded hand. Around her waist a pale-red mantle, flecked with gold, is confined in its place by a jewelled girdle with one broad pendent end of glistening gold. Amid her jetty tresses shines a *bandeau* of blue-green Eastern stones, with a single sparkling gem in the centre. A fan of peacock's feathers lies beside her, and she reclines on a carpet of that peculiar bluish-green that has been made familiar to us by the frescoes of Egypt and of Pompeii. In the background rise the gaily-tinted pillars and walls of an Eastern interior, wholly Egyptian in form and in colouring.

From this mystic heroine we turn to a smaller canvas, a work of cooler tone, and more humanly sympathetic in subject. On a balcony that overlooks the calm blue waters of a tranquil sea, stands a queen in classic attire, resting her arm upon the stone ledge of the balcony, and gazing with fixed, sad eyes upon the horizon beyond those untroubled waters. A purple mantle falls over her white robes, a black veil is thrown over her diadem, and encircles her throat with its ominous folds. Yet, despite these tokens of widowhood and mourning, there is hopefulness yet to be read in the calm intentness of her gaze, and the sadness of her features is not that of despair. Beside her towers a tall embroidery-frame bearing a half-completed piece of work; a single thread of gay-coloured wool trails from it, the other end pendent from the listless hand of the queen. It is 'Penelope awaiting the Return of Ulysses.'

A smaller, but very striking picture represents a woman, in white, classic robes, reclining in an attitude full of exquisite and unstudied grace, in the shadow of an ancient grove. One arm is thrown lightly over a bank of turf beside her, while she rests the fingers of the other hand on the ground, turning away her head so that her profile only is visible to the spectator. Her graceful, supple

* A star of novel brilliancy appeared to the three Magi.

† In the three Magi all people adore the Author of the universe.

* "Vitri ornati de figure in oro trovati nei cimiteri Christiani di Roma."

form, in its snowy draperies, is relieved against a mantle of brilliant bluish-green, lined with violet, that falls, loosened from her limbs, upon the turf. Her pale, sinister face, with its fine aquiline features, red-gold tresses, and deep, concentrated eyes, is turned towards an opening in the trees, beyond which, in the far distance, is seen an open plain and a charioteer urging forward his horses in the sunlight. It is 'Phædra watching Hippolytus'—it is the dawn of that terrible and fatal passion, the fierce fury of whose noontide Rachel used to represent with such sublimity. The painter has seized the moment referred to by Phædra in the opening of the tragedy of Racine:

"Dieux! que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des forêts!
Quand pourrai-je, au travers d'une noble poussière,
Suivre de l'œil un char fuyant dans la carrière."

He has skilfully contrived to convey in the expression, the attitude, the whole atmosphere, so to speak, that envelopes that solitary figure, something of gloom and sinister foreboding that presages the tragedy of the future.

A powerful but as yet unfinished work represents 'Pia di Tolomei,' the guiltless victim immortalized by Dante in his "Purgatorio"—the noble Italian lady who, through the unfounded wrath of a jealous husband, was sent to perish of malaria in the Maremma. The artist brings her before us when the deadly atmosphere has half completed its work, and the seal of a fatal fever has been set upon her features. She stands leaning against the wall of her prison-castle, looking abroad over the flat and pestilence-stricken land. Pale even to her purple-tinged lips, with dusky shadows surrounding her deep, dark eyes, her noble but attenuated features wear an expression, not of crushed and hopeless sadness, but of calm resignation and of high resolve, as of one who, secure in conscious innocence, could yet defy fate even in the presence of death itself. Her very hands, hanging with locked fingers before her, are eloquent of that calm yet resolute defiance. She stands with her face slightly turned away, her gaze fixed upon the dreary landscape. She is clad in the garments of her rank; her abundant fair hair falls in loosened tresses from beneath a velvet *toque*, and she wears a close-fitting robe of yellowish-green, over which is thrown a mantle of purple damask. She is beautiful, with a lofty and patrician beauty, even in this hour of suffering and approaching death. In the background are visible the fires lighted by the peasantry in a vain attempt to purify the deadly atmosphere, and from these fires a heavy smoke-cloud rolls over the already livid and mist-veiled sky.

M. Cabanel next drew aside a curtain, and unveiled to me the portrait of a beautiful Legitimist countess, well known in the Faubourg St.-Germain. It is a half-length, life-size, and remarkable for delicacy of colouring and for the grace and simplicity of the pose. The fair countess, arrayed in white gauze over white satin, stands resting her arm on a mantel-shelf covered with a drapery of blue-green velvet; the same hue, but a little paler, is continued in the background. She stands there in an attitude as easy, natural, and unstudied, as though the swift pencil of the sun had fixed her image as she paused for a moment in unconscious grace. The flesh is most exquisitely painted, and the head with its "level-fronting eyelids," its coronet of red-gold braids, and its proud, dainty features, is rendered with great strength and individualisation of character.

I was glad to hear from the lips of this great artist a warm eulogy on the talent of Bouguereau, who has just been elected a member of the Institute (the Parisian Academy of Fine Arts), his rival for the honour, M. Bonnat, having only received six votes. Carping critics, both at home and abroad, have so often striven to decry the merits of this finished and graceful artist, that I was glad to receive a confirmation of my own opinion, and a full endorsement of his American popularity, from a fellow-artist, and one of such deserved and wide-spread fame as Alexandre Cabanel.

The studio of Jules Lefebvre contains at present two portraits, both painted with all the grace, refinement, and delicacy, which have made the creator of 'Chloe' and 'La Verité' one of the leading artists of the France of to-day. One of these portraits is a charming half-length of a little girl about six years of age. The round, rosy face, with its fresh, peach-like cheeks and ripe cherry of a mouth, its sweet brown eyes, and dark hair cut square, in Holbein fashion, across the forehead, is turned full towards the spectator. The little lady wears a *toque* of glossy, black Astracan fur, with a single scarlet feather at one side. She is attired in a

black-velvet walking-suit, bordered with Astracan fur, and rests one dainty little gloved hand jauntily on her hip, while across the arm so posed is thrown a scarf of scarlet plaid. In her other hand she holds a riding-whip. The blending of piquancy and *naïveté* in this delicious representation of childish grace and beauty was perfectly bewitching. The other portrait represented a young married lady from the south of France. Simply attired in a black-silk dress, with a cross and necklace of garnets and gold, she reclines in a chair covered with yellow damask, her clasped hands resting lightly on her lap. Her face, with its delicate and somewhat fragile-looking features, and large, melancholy blue eyes, seemed American in type and in conformation. The picture bears that look of individuality which shows that the artist has succeeded in seizing the personality of his sitter, and transferring it to the canvas, as well as the mere outlines and colouring. M. Lefebvre is also at work on a half-length nude figure—a nymph of Diana just starting for the chase. He is likewise busied in altering some of the accessories in his picture of 'The Dream,' which was one of the most highly praised of all the paintings in the *Salon* of last year, receiving warm commendation from the critic of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in particular. Its exquisite grace and poetic-ideality are indeed worthy of all admiration. The delicate, dream-like, slumbering form that floats upborne on the mist of the morning above the lily-studded waters of the glassy pool is a very realisation of a vision of the night, too fair, too unreal, too ethereal to bear the light of day. It is evidently a treasured and beloved work with the painter himself. New York possesses but few examples of the talent of this gifted artist, and I longed to transfer at once to the gallery of A. T. Stewart this refined, poetic, and already celebrated picture.

The finished and vivacious talent of Vibert is at present in process of manifestation in two unfinished pictures. One, which is destined for New York, represents a Spanish melon-seller seated at the foot of a flight of stone steps, and engaged in calling the attention of the passers-by to his wares, which, in a piled-up, picturesque, and many-coloured mass, lie beside him. He is a jovial old fellow, with his face radiant with the merriest of grins, while he flourishes his bare and brawny arms in the energy of his appeal to possible customers. His attire is of the gayest; the sleeveless jacket of light-blue velvet, a yellow vest, a lilac scarf swathing his sturdy waist, and a short white skirt, like that worn by the Albanians, which reveals a pair of stout legs in white hose and white slippers, studded with red embroidery, make up a brilliant effect of colour, which, relieved against the dusky background of the stone steps, is warm and rich, and not in the least glaring. The execution has all the delicacy of touch, the accuracy of outline, and the wonderful rendering of effects of light, wherewith those familiar with Vibert's paintings are well acquainted, as the peculiar characteristics of his work. The other picture is larger and more important. It represents the antechamber of a bishop in Italy or in Spain—a noble room, with massive columns, and with panels ornamented with gilded designs of ancient arms and armour in high-relief. The largest centre panel bears a design of nymphs and Cupids, so the pious proprietors of the palace have carefully pasted religious placards all over the compromising images. But that imp of evil that lurks even in bishops' palaces, namely, Chance, has caused one corner of one of these placards to be torn loose and to drop down, so as to reveal the pictured naughtiness beneath. On a bench covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, just under this panel, sit two persons awaiting his lordship's leisure, one a plump little peasant-girl in her best blue gown and orange apron, with a chicken in the basket that she poises on her knees; and the other a fat old monk with a snuffy red handkerchief stuck in the breast of his brown gown, who is gazing, with immense admiration depicted on his round, red face, at his young and pretty companion. By the complacency of his smile, and the insinuating look that he is trying to impart to his rubicund visage, he is evidently in the act of addressing some complimentary speech to the damsel, who seems, however, but little moved by his blandishments. A little beyond, in the shadow of a pillar, sits a thin, ascetic, severe-looking priest, who is glancing round the corner with a look of strong indignation at the proceedings of his *confrère*. This picture, bright, epigrammatic, and vigorously painted, is to be exhibited at the *Salon*, but it has already been purchased by a Russian Art-collector.

The *salon* of M. Vibert is picturesque in the extreme. It bears

a mediæval character, and one might imagine Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. holding converse in one of the deep windows, or seated beside the fire. The chimney-piece is a vast Middle-Age structure towering to the ceiling, the upper part of carved wood, the lower filled in with painted tiles. There are two windows with deep embrasures, the sashes set with small hexagonal-shaped panes of coloured glass. There are no curtains, a broad strip of embroidered satin hanging on either side of the sash to lend shade if required. At either side of the chimney-piece stands a low, narrow sofa, covered with antique satin of a pale-yellow hue, wrought by the needle, with flowers in gold and gay-coloured silks. At the side of the room, opposite the windows, is placed an ancient carved buffet, reaching nearly to the ceiling, the wood of which is almost black with age. The chairs are of mediæval forms, and are covered with antique embroidered satin to match the sofas, with the exception of one, which is covered and cushioned with Utrecht velvet of a pale-olive hue. An oblong table, of the shape and style of those in the illustrations to Froissart, stands in the centre of the room. The floor is covered with a carpet, the groundwork of which almost disappears under a number of Turkish rugs, all of pale and subdued tints, recalling the hues of ancient tapestry. Some curious pieces of old porcelain and a single picture, the portrait of Madame Vibert, by her brother Berne-Bellecour, complete the decorations of the apartment. The doors are shaded with heavy *portières* and draperies of yellow damask, with raised-velvet flowers in the same hue. The ceiling is crossed with beams of dark, polished wood, the spaces between the beams being painted with decorated designs in dull gold upon a pale-blue background.

M. Lambert, the "Landseer of Cats," has just finished a charming portrait-group of the pets of Madame de Rothschild. In an elegant library hung with rich tapestry, a large, solemn-looking

poodle sits enthroned upon a copy of the *Constitutionnel*, which lies upon an ottoman covered with scarlet satin. This wise-looking gentleman, who is very white and fluffy and silky as to the hair, and very pink as to the paws, is in the act literally of going to sleep over his newspaper. A snow-white, slender terrier, of the species known as black-and-tan (the albinos of that race being almost priceless), is barking in a graceful attitude, half-frolicsome, half-defiant, at a grave Angora cat, who is rubbing her glossy sides against the base of the ottoman and pays no attention whatever to her noisy little companion. A life-size bust of a Roman sage in *verd-antique* looks solemnly down upon the little group. Another recently-finished picture is called 'A Happy Family,' and represents a fat, comfortable-looking old mother-cat lying upon her back on a cushion covered with green tapestry, while some eight or ten very small kittens are grouped around her and over her and on top of her, in that remarkable conglomeration of little round heads and fat little bodies and pointed little tails peculiar to young kittenhood under such circumstances. M. Lambert is now at work on a picture of three kittens at play, one fat, white little fellow being flat on his back with his pink toes in the air, while another has taken possession of a work-basket, and has gotten inside of it, in defiance of the remonstrances of the third, a sturdy striped cross little cat, who has set up his back and means to show fight. These three pictures are intended for the *Salon*. He has also just completed a picture of a solitary cat just released from durance vile in a small round basket. With dismally-puckered face poor Puss is, apparently, giving vent to a doleful wail, expressive of his past discomfort, a very different type of visage and of demeanour to those of the enraged kitten of the 'Envoi en Provence' of last year, though the two cats were in somewhat similar circumstances.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION, NEW YORK.



THE ninth annual exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours was opened in the galleries of the National Academy of Design, January 31st, and was continued four weeks. The collection contained more than six hundred works, of which about one hundred were drawings in black-and-white. Numerically, the exhibition was the strongest ever held by the society. Last season the collection was nearly as large in numbers as that of the present year, but it lacked the force of the latter. This was due to the presence of the works of several of the leading members of the society who have been pursuing their profession in Europe. Another stimulating element which tended to give importance to the display is the coming Centennial Exhibition. The officers of the society have made great efforts to organise a water-colour gallery for that great event, and many important pictures have been produced for the purpose.

In the exhibition just closed the officers of the society have demonstrated that a display of water-colour drawings can be formed in New York without foreign aid. During the first years of the society the exhibitions were largely made up of foreign pictures. This has all been changed, however, and, in the exhibition just closed, out of six hundred accepted pictures only one-eighth were the work of European artists. This shows a gratifying advance in the art, which is due entirely to the efforts of this spirited society. Although it has been said that the art of oil-painting is making no progress in this country, it is evident that there is no decline in the arts generally, and that, as one branch stagnates another department, under more public-spirited auspices, assumes the leadership.

In the exhibition just closed there were numerous works by Samuel Colman, Louis C. Tiffany, R. Swain Gifford, and other men of commanding abilities, who were absent last year, and whose return to the ranks of the exhibitors was gladly welcomed. In the "Black and White Room" the display was not so interesting as usual. Among the principal works was a group of war-sketches

by Edwin Forbes. Some of the subjects are very spirited, for instance, 'The Reveille on the Line of Battle' and 'A Lull in the Fight.' W. H. Gibson sent a frame of foreground-studies in pencil which are very clever, and also a well-studied effect in the early morning, 'On Edwards's Pond, Adirondacks.' Black-and-white sketches are usually very interesting, but the ordinary observer needs something more than a few wild strokes with the crayon or other medium to command his admiration or attention. Mr. William M. Hunt, to whom these remarks apply, appears to think, if we may judge from his contributions to this department, that any eccentricity of his pencil is good enough for a public exhibition. Hence he sent no less than ten sketches to represent his name. We dignify these bits of charcoal-smeared paper by the title of sketches in deference to the hanging committee, but in reality they are only suggestions of something which may have at some idle moment appeared to the artist's mind, but which he failed to seize so as to make the idea capable of comprehension to others. Peter Moran had a number of etchings in the exhibition which were done in an off-hand way, and were clever specimens of the art. Of Mr. Van Elten's work there were several sepia-drawings, of which a pastoral in the Connecticut River Valley and a scene in the Hartz Mountain are especially commendable. Mrs. Greatorix sent a number of pen-and-ink drawings, one of which was of 'Old St. Paul's from the Churchyard,' a very poetical study, with the bustling city left out. Another careful study represented the old 'Gracie Mansion' on the East River shore, near Hell Gate. Mr. Homer has a happy faculty of working with great facility in this medium, and produces some charming pictures with a few strokes of the pencil. Like Mr. Hunt, however, he forgets, at times, that the visitors to public exhibitions are not all artists, and are unwilling to accept crude suggestions in lieu of pictures. His 'Too Thoughtful for her Years' was the most striking sketch in the group representing his name.

No exhibition of coloured drawings ever opened in this country was so largely composed of important pictures. Mr. Colman, as if to make his return more impressive, sent, as his leading picture,

a view of the famous 'Mosque of Sidi Hallui, Tlemcen, Algeria.' It is a picturesque old edifice, with a square tower and clustering domes, all of which show the rich ornamentation of early Saracenic architecture. Mr. Colman has introduced a procession of Moors with camels upon the terrace, which leads to the entrance to the mosque, the costumes and trappings of which lend additional brilliancy to the scene. There is a delightful feeling of harmony in the colouring of the picture, and every incident is worked up with great force. The care with which the subject is finished is shown in the treatment of the arabesque tracery which ornaments the grand entrance, and also in the suggestion of texture given to the lofty tower. Mr. Colman sent several other drawings of an equally striking character.

As an example of refinement in landscape and figure-painting, 'The Intruders,' by E. Killingworth Johnson, was received with expressions of the highest praise. The picture is open to criticism, perhaps, owing to the absence of positive shadows, but its aim is so high and its motive so charming, that it commands admiration in spite of any minor defect. An old gentleman who has been lurching in the park has fallen asleep over his wine. A drove of sheep have gathered in the background, and are curiously surveying the scene, and are nipping the flowers in the well-kept borders, while a pretty little girl, dressed in white, is apparently standing guard beside the sleeper, and looks with dismay at the intruders. The background is filled in with shrubbery and flowers, but the chief interest centres in the foreground group, the drawing and painting of which are executed in the most charming manner. Two years ago this accomplished English aquarellist was represented by a picture entitled 'The Rival Florists,' which was a work of remarkable beauty also, but not so brilliant in expression as this. It is recalled with pleasure at this time, as 'The Intruders' will be also in the future.

In looking through the exhibition it was noticeable that several of our leading artists, who have achieved considerable fame as aquarellists, have departed, in their manner of treatment, from the delightful simplicity of water-colour drawing as originally practised, by a resort to the wholesale use of solid or body colours. One artist who has adopted the latter method is Alfred T. Bricher. Some of his pictures are so loaded with colour that they resemble works in pastel. His most important drawing was a coast-scene, entitled 'Towing off a Wreck, Salisbury Beach.' The storm has abated, but the surf still rolls over the broad and sandy beach with sparkling effect. One delightful feature in the work is the cloud-effect and the fine aerial perspective, but all of this clever technical work is done with solid colours, and it has the appearance of being done in oil. Aside from the objectionable use of these solid colours, the work is charming, but we can see no advantage over oil-colours in this style of treatment. As a contrast, and to show what strong effects can be produced by the use of simple water-colours, one had only to turn to Mr. Nicoll's 'On the Gulf of St. Lawrence.' This subject is as large as that by Mr. Bricher, and, in breadth of treatment, richness of tone and sentiment, it is in every respect an impressive picture. In the painting of the high lights on the clouds and breaking surf, where the temptation to use solid colours is so strong with many members of the society, the feeling appears to have been sturdily resisted, and with real benefit to the work. Mr. Nicoll sent several other drawings done in the same delicate style, one of which was a sunset, and a work of more than ordinary beauty.

From the easel of Mr. Smillie, the president of the society, there was a large and spirited picture of 'A Scrub-Race on the Western Plains,' and admirable as a study of horses in violent action. It is a very simple matter for an artist to draw a group of horses in repose, but to achieve the same thing with running animals is not so easy of accomplishment. Mr. Smillie, in his picture, has not only secured the effect of violent muscular action in his horses, but also expressed the various emotions of victory and defeat in the faces of the riders. In the treatment of the subject pure water-colours only are used. In this respect Mr. Smillie's work, as well as Mr. Nicoll's, is suggestive, in its transparency of tone, of the simple and yet effective method of the English school of water-colour painting.

Another artist, whose works are worthy of the highest praise, is R. Swain Gifford. He was represented by several Oriental scenes, one of which, entitled 'Homes in the Ziban, Desert of Sahara,'

may be accepted as a type of the whole. It gives a group of tents, made of the skins of animals, set up in an apparently arid plain. There are palm-trees, however, scattered about, which relieve, in a measure, the desolation of the landscape. The colouring of the work is rich and transparent. In the perspective effect the peculiar transparency of the atmosphere of the Oriental deserts is given with great force. Mr. Gifford made good use of his pencil while abroad, as may be seen after a brief study of his works in water-colours. Mr. Bellows, who is one of the leading artists in this delightful art, sent several charming little studies of rural scenes, and one large and impressive village-scene, entitled 'Sunday Afternoon in New England.' It is a street-view bordered with broad-spreading elms, and showing groups of people homeward bound from the village-church. The colouring is fresh and delightful, but in the handling of the tree-foliage there is a want of transparency which detracts somewhat from the otherwise good character of the work.

Thomas Waterman Wood sent a study of an old negro white-washer 'Waiting for a Job;' the interior of a workshop, with a quaint old workman in the act of lighting his pipe, in defiance of the warning "No smoking here!" which is prominently posted upon the wall; and a yet more important subject entitled 'Shine.' The latter represents a burly Irishman just landed, carrying his household goods on his back, and beset by a noisy group of boot-blacks, who are anxious to polish or "shine" his coarse boots. The picture is brilliantly coloured, and, like nearly all of Mr. Wood's character-studies, is decidedly humorous in expression. One of the most prolific landscape-painters in the society is F. Hopkinson Smith, and his work is unusually ambitious. He sent, as usual, some eight or ten pictures and studies. 'A Summer Day,' a large wood-scene, is perhaps one of his best pictures. It shows some well-studied foreground-work, and remarkable freshness of colour, but is lacking in perspective; and this fault is found in most of his works. 'A Brook Study,' by Mr. Smith, was most commendable for its simplicity of treatment. Mr. Perry's 'Month's Darning' depicts a young woman darning stockings. Mr. McEntee was represented by a striking interior, entitled 'An Autumn Song.' A lady is seated at a piano, singing. Her pose is graceful, and the general tone of the work is excellent. Mr. McEntee also sent a little study from Nature in October, which, in treatment, is in exquisite harmony with the sentiment of the season.

Of Mr. Tiffany's work there was a large and spirited scene in front of a *bric-à-brac* shop in Switzerland. The composition is cleverly arranged and richly coloured, but it would please the eye of the connoisseur better if the display of shop-goods was not so elaborate. There are two figures in the foreground, of old women bargaining over a piece of china. Their action is spirited and well studied in connection with the other accessories. Mr. Magrath is taking a leading position as a painter in water-colours, and is one of the most progressive members of the society. His 'Nora,' a study of a young Irish girl standing bareheaded in the open air, was one of the most refined figure-pictures in the exhibition. The head of the girl is drawn against a grey-toned sky, and the delicacy of its treatment excited the admiration of all visitors to the galleries. Mr. Magrath sent several cottage-scenes, some of which were also of a very interesting character.

Mr. Winslow Homer's most successful work in colour was a little sketch entitled 'The Busy Bee.' A negro boy is standing in the neighbourhood of some bee-hives, and the industrious little insects are buzzing about his head, much to his discomfort. The expression of the subject is decidedly humorous. From Miss Fidelia Bridges's easel there were several studies of salt meadows bordering the seashore, which show considerable thought in their execution. Attention, too, may be called to the works of J. G. Brown, A. H. Baldwin, J. C. Beard, Walter Satterlee, and Julian Scott, of the figure-painters; and Messrs. Van Elten, Shurtleff, Hammer, Silva, and others of the landscape-artists, many of whom were strongly represented. The young lady artists are also doing some good work in this interesting field. Of foreign art-work there were only enough examples in the exhibition to serve by way of comparison, but they were generally of a high character, and answered a good purpose as a stimulating element, the force of which is appreciated by all who are interested in the progress of American Art. The exhibition was well arranged, and, in a pecuniary sense, was the most successful which has been held by the society.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S 'VIRGIN AND CHILD.'

TRAVELLERS who have visited Bruges will bear in remembrance, amongst its other attractions, a marvellous group in white marble which surmounts an altar in the south transept of the church of Nôtre Dame. It represents the Virgin seated, and holding the infant Jesus standing erect on her lap—in *grémbo*, as the Italians say—in the like *pose* of elegance and elevation given by Raffaello in his 'Vierge au Chardonneret.' The *Chronique des Arts* thus describes it: "Every part of this work—the drapery of the Virgin half-flowing, half-clinging—her expression sweet, pensive, and severe; the vigorous projection of the Child's figure, its head significantly enlarged; the exquisite delicacy with which the extremities of both are moulded; the touch of the chisel so free, so firm, and so finished; besides certain incidental singularities of style, all reveal a master-hand, a superlative originality. Is it, then, the contrast between matchless marble and deeply-impressive expression? Is it the pervading spirit of the composition, or the beauty of the spotless material, which beams abruptly on the sight, from the penumbral recess in which it stands? Is it the surprise from a vision so unexpected, in a locality where sculpture is so rarely seen, and, what there is of it, so second-rate? We know not. The simple fact is, that few indeed are the works of Art which leave impressions so profound and so enduring as this."

If, however, there can be but one impression regarding its beauty, on the other hand, opinions become very discordant in respect to its origin. According to some accounts, it was captured in the sixteenth century by a Dutch pirate, and carried off by him to Amsterdam. According to others, it was acquired in Italy, in legitimate transaction, by certain burgesses of Bruges. Some would have it to be a work of the first of Italian sculptors, Michael Angelo, and went so far as to affirm that there existed, in the back of the block of marble, a cavity containing a parchment document, wherein its history was recorded. No verification of this has been attempted. By others it was held, that it was produced by one of his pupils—Torrignano, for instance, who sojourned in Flanders *in transitu* to England. There cannot longer be a doubt on this subject. M. Reiset, in a brief *brochure* addressed by him to M. Barbet de Jouy, sets the matter at rest, through the concurrence of a phrase of Condivi, taken from a document discovered at Bruges by M. James Weale, and set forth in his excellent little volume, entitled "Bruges et ses Environs." According to this, the 'Madonna' of Bruges was purchased from Michael Angelo himself, by the family of Moscron, *famiglia nobilissima*, and given to the church of Nôtre Dame in 1510, by Peter Moscron. It is true that Condivi mentions bronze, and not marble; but it is not difficult to admit that impaired recollections of Michael Angelo's affairs might have led to this error, or, what is still more probable, that a copy of the group was cast in bronze. To this let us add that Albert Durer, in his "Journal de Voyage dans les Pays-Bas," written

in the years 1520 and 1521, and which was published by M. Charles Narrey, in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" (vol. xix. et xx.), spoke of a statue *in marble* of the 'Virgin,' and that he had seen it in the Église de Nôtre Dame.

That there was such a group executed, either in marble or in bronze, for the *famiglia nobilissima* of Moscron, in Bruges, early in the sixteenth century, cannot be doubted. Condivi records the fact minutely, but mentions, without special note, that the work was *in bronzo*—that's the question. Let it be remarked, in the first instance, that there is no confirmation whatever of this statement; no such existing actuality in the enduring metal is to be found, and there is no historic memento that, having been *in esse*, it had disappeared. Condivi wrote many years after the group had left Italy, and it is very possible that he, in his statement, unconsciously lapsed into an error. The evidence on the other side is clear and strong. Here, in Bruges, stands the *marble* Virgin and Child, to which a continuous tradition assigns the name of the great Florentine. It was in the beginning garnered, as it were, in the most expensive architectural surroundings, and so it continues up to our time. That it was sent from Italy is thus testified. In the life of Michael Angelo, by Aurelio Gioti, a letter is inserted, directed to him, informing him that his *Bruges* 'Virgin' was about to be forwarded by Viaraggio, near Lucca, to Flanders, to Giovanni and Alessandro Moscheroni. That this was marble which was thus transmitted we learn from the "History of Belgium," in Flemish, by Vaernewyck, in 1510, from which we take these words: "We also find in the Church of Nôtre Dame a statue of the Virgin in *white marble*, life-size, and from the skilful hand of Michel Angelo Bonarotus." So also, in the description of Nôtre Dame de Bruges by Beaumont de Nourtevelde, published in 1773, he says: "And what is most curious is a *marble* statue representing the Holy Virgin with the Child Jesus; and it is from the hand of the celebrated Michel Angelo de Bona Rota, called by others Bonaroto."

Albert Durer's record of his having seen the *marble* statue of the Virgin in the Church of Nôtre Dame de Bruges—some ten years after its elevation—seems to set the pretensions of Bruges to the ownership of this great sculpture *nugget* quietly and favourably at rest. To that quiet town of Flanders pilgrims of Art may henceforth direct their steps with the assurance that they will find a shrine worthy of their devotions. It is beyond doubt, then, that Flanders possesses an authentic work of the great Florentine; nay, even one conceived with his fondest imagining, and executed with his happiest hand. For those who are familiar with Michael Angelo, the proof we offer is superfluous. We join with M. Reiset in never having had the least doubt on the subject. Upon the group, from the top of the head to the tip of the toes, the full signature is inscribed of Michael Angelo.

M. E. C.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM SALTER.—This painter, who was for more than twenty-five years a leading member of the Society of British Artists, died at Kensington in December. He was born at Honiton, Devonshire, in 1804, and went to London in 1822, where he studied under Northcote for five years. He then went to Florence, where, in 1831, he exhibited at the Academy 'Socrates before the Court of the Areopagus,' which at once established his reputation in that city, and led to his being elected a member of the Academy, and Professor of the First Class of History. This picture, or a *replica* of it, appeared in the gallery of the Society of British Artists in 1848. In 1833 Mr. Salter returned to England: one of the earliest pictures he painted there was 'The Annual Banquet given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House;' it

gained extensive popularity through a large engraving of it; 'Jephthah's Rash Vow' is another of this artist's earlier successful works. Among his more recent productions are 'The Interview, near Reading, between Charles I. and his Three Younger Children in the Presence of Cromwell' (1863); 'Queen Elizabeth reproving Dean Noel in the Vestry of St. Paul's' (1865); 'Desdemona and Othello before the Senate' (1869); 'A Neapolitan Peasant relating his Dream to the Water-Carriers of Naples' (1873); 'The Last Sacrament' (1874). Mr. Salter also painted and exhibited several Bacchanalian subjects; but his best works unquestionably are his portraits, both male and female: these are numerous, and, as a rule, show brilliant and harmonious colouring.

JOHN JAMES HINCHLIFF.—This well-known English landscape-engraver died at Malton-by-Clevedon, Somersetshire, on the 16th of December. He was the eldest son of John Ely Hinchliff, the sculptor. The younger Hinchliff early in life chose the art of engraving as his profession, and thus became acquainted with Flaxman, John Landseer, the engraver—father of Sir E. Landseer and Charles Landseer—Creswick, Barrett, the water-colour painter, Allom and Bartlett, the book-illustrators, and with other well-known artists of that time. Among his best engravings may be pointed out several executed for Dr. Beattie's 'Castles and Abbeys of England,' Neal's 'Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen, &c.,' and Gastineau's 'Picturesque Scenery in Wales.'

SIR GEORGE HARVEY.—George Harvey, one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Scottish Academy, died at Edinburgh, January 23rd. He was born in the neighbourhood of Stirling, Scotland, in 1806. He early displayed a taste for drawing, and received his first instruction in Art in the Trustees' Academy, in Edinburgh. At the organisation of

the Royal Scottish Academy, in 1826, he was one of the first associates elected, and three years later he was made an Academician. He achieved the most success as a figure-painter, and many of his great works are known through the medium of engravings. During his later years, Mr. Harvey devoted much of his attention to landscape-painting. His pictures in this department of Art are remarkable for pastoral quiet and poetical sentiment. After his election as an Academician, he became a constant exhibitor. His figure-subjects mostly relate to home-life and scenes from Scottish history. Among his best-known pictures are the 'Battle of Drumclog,' 'Covenanters Preaching,' 'The First Reading of the Bible in Old St. Paul's,' 'The Curlers,' 'Past and Present,' 'A Highland Funeral,' 'John Bunyan and his Daughter Selling Laces at the Door of Bedford Jail,' 'The Penny Bank,' and 'Columbus Discovering the New World.' Harvey was elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1864, and received the honour of knighthood in 1867. He is the only artist who has painted a Covenanters. In his religious belief he was a Presbyterian, and Presbyterianism, it is said, is visible in all of his works.

NOTES.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT AT ROME.—We visited the studio of Mr. Martin Millmore, hoping to see the design for the Sumner monument. . . . The figure of Sumner seems not only natural and unconstrained, but the attitude is one habitually his; the fit of the habiliments is so easy and comfortable that one readily perceives, even in that, the man of thought who wears his attire for his own advantage, and not for the taste of others. The great monument to be placed on the Boston Common in memory of those who fell during the last war will be completed and erected, according to Mr. Millmore's expectation, the coming summer. The statues to adorn it are very spirited and fine, especially the surmounting one. The column is to be one hundred feet in height. In the same studio the half-figure of the Pope greets us with his well-known smile, from a pedestal. It was taken from life, and special sittings given, as an honour to this young American sculptor. Mr. Millmore is at present occupied in modelling the portrait-bust of Monsignor Chetard, of the American College in Rome. The face expresses thought and culture. Studios of sculpture are assembling-places for those of different religious beliefs, as well as of nation and period. In Mr. Millmore's are to be seen, side by side, the Pope and Theodore Parker, Monsignor Chetard and Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson and some ancient hero or antique statue.

To the contrary, in the cheerful *atelier* of Mr. J. E. Freeman, of Maine, we find representations of a certain phase of actuality, Italian models and peasants. They do, indeed, form an interesting theme, and one full of variety. The largest and most finished remaining in his studio is a scene in Lucca, where three Italian children, nearly life-size, are seen in prominent, charming reality in the foreground, one of whom has a downcast, bashful look, as urchins should have who go chestnutting on the domains of others. They are amidst the grand Lucca scenery. There is the valley, the river, crossed by the high, pointed "Devil's Bridge," and beyond are the blue masses of mountains characteristic of the locality. The 'Blind Man and his Child' has been presented by Mr. Freeman to the oculist to whom he considers that he owes the recent preservation of his eyesight. Two other paintings are portrait-sketches of Italian girls, with the rare anburn hair that Titian so often portrayed.

Another phase of Art in Rome is to be seen in the studio of Signor Fabi-Altini, one of the professors in the Academy of St. Luke, and highly esteemed among the Italian sculptors. Although he has made several graceful and ideal statues, as Galatea floating in her shell, and Beatrice spiritual as Dante saw her—her

"eyes relucant,
That still upon the griffin steadfast stayed"—

his more recent sculptures are mostly monuments for the Campo Varano or for private chapels. One of these is very singular, representing a young man nude, except as a mantle slightly conceals part of his form, whose drooping head, recumbent position, and stiffening muscles, show the near approach of death. One is at once reminded of the dying gladiator, and it seems inappropriate, as well as too classical a figure, to be placed over the grave of one of this epoch.

"That some memory may exist of them
Above the buried dead, their tombs in earth
Bear sculptured on them what they were before,"

wrote Dante; and though Briareus, Thymbræus, or Niobe and her children, may well be represented, even in death, according to the grand ancient Greek manner, the *modern* dead require monuments of a different character.

Another figure by Prof. Fabi-Altini, as yet to be seen only in the model, is, to the contrary, a most delicately appropriate one. It is a Sibyl-like female figure, sitting in profound meditation, like a loving, thoughtful mourner near a tomb. Her hooded head is resting upon her hand, while the whole attitude is expressive of bereavement and solemnity. Not a symbol or pedestal-word is necessary, for the figure tells its story clearly, and one feels, on regarding it, something of that strange thrill imparted by a realisation of the temporariness of life and the sublimity of eternity.

C. L. W.

MR. ELLIOTT'S "AMERICAN INTERIORS."—Among the current contributions to a study of Household Art no work will render more practical service than Mr. Charles W. Elliott's "Book of American Interiors," just issued from the press of Osgood & Co., Boston. The special value of this work lies in the fact that it gives numerous illustrations—twenty-two in number—of interiors from existing houses, showing not only what has been done of recent years in the way of artistic furniture and decoration, but presenting a satisfactory *ensemble* of effect that the delineation of separate objects cannot supply. Differences of opinion will necessarily exist as to some of these interiors, and perhaps none of them will have unqualified approval, but they are all eminently suggestive. The full effect of the actual rooms cannot be given, of course, inasmuch as the drawings are not in colour. Mr. Elliott justly says in his preface that "what we all need is good models—we wish to know what has been done; for it helps us to know what we wish to do. In this collection I venture to hope that the thousands who now aim to make the inside of their houses charming will find many hints and suggestions which will be of use; and that the revolt from the vulgar, the meretricious, and the commonplace, which have long afflicted us, will resolve itself into a social government, when, in every house, the beautiful married to the useful shall make life truer, finer, happier." The views consist mainly of libraries and dining-rooms, among the former being those of Bryant, Longfellow, and "Ik Marvel," the interest of these depending much on their owners. Some of the rooms are very unique, and show how possible it is to escape from the conventional ruts of the past. Mr. Elliott's descriptions of the interiors are graphic in style, and full of instructive suggestions. The volume is a large quarto, and very handsomely gotten up in all particulars.

NEW EUROPEAN STATUES.—In this era of monumental sculpture, the honour due to the great German patriarch of music, Sebastian Bach, has not been forgotten. Liberal contributions of money requisite for such a tribute are being made. The statue will be erected at Eisenach, a town of Saxe-Weimar, Bach's birthplace. The commemorative statue which it is proposed to erect to Luther in front of the Town Hall of Eisleben, Prussia, the birthplace of the reformer, will be in bronze. A considerable sum has already been obtained for its completion, and the sculptor to whom it has been entrusted, F. Schapen, of Berlin, has been directed to prepare his design for inspection. The Spanish sculptor, Juan Samartin, has completed at Rome his design

for the statue of Columbus, which is to take its place at the votive museum in Madrid. It has been considered a successful work, stands larger than life, and represents the great navigator in the act of planting the Spanish standard on the land which he had just discovered. Chateaubriand is to have a statue erected to him in his native town, St. Malo. Visitors to the quaint Breton stronghold will remember that there is already a monument to him on one of the cliffs. M. Aimé Millet has just completed a bronze statue, which weighs two thousand pounds. It represents Chateaubriand seated on a rock, his hand supporting his head, his eyes turned towards the horizon. The costume is that of 1802, the date of his 'Génie du Christianisme.' It is proposed, so says the *Fédération Artistique*, to erect at Vienna a statue in honour of Germany's much-cherished poet, Schiller. The requisite outlay, amounting on the whole to \$41,000, has been already accumulated by subscription. A statue of Watteau, from the hand of the late M. Carpeaux, has been placed in the museum of Valenciennes, where the painter was born in 1684.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY PRIZES.—The exhibition of the works executed by students of the Royal Academy in 1875 was the finest that has been known for many years; and in some instances the contest was so close that a second award was made, and 'Honourable Mention' occurs for the first time in the prize-list. The distribution of prizes took place in the great room of the Academy, under the direction of the president, Sir Francis Grant, as follows: Gold Medals, with £50 scholarships and books for—historical painting, 'Ahab and Jezebel confronted by Elijah in the Vineyard of Naboth,' Frank Dicksee; composition in sculpture, a warrior bearing a wounded youth from the battle, William Thornycroft; design in architecture, a nobleman's town-house, W. Frame. Gold Medal—Landscape-Painting (*Turner Medal*), 'Under the Opening Eyelids of the Morn,' James H. Davis; travelling studentship in architecture, Bernard Smith. Silver Medals—Painting from the Life, Alfred Phillips; copy executed in the School of Painting, John Dickinson; Drawing from the Life, first medal, Herbert A. Bone; second medal, Frank Dadd; Model from the Life, second medal, Alfred Gilbert; Drawing from the Antique, first medal, Miss Kate May; second medal, Henry H. La Thangue; Model from the Antique, second medal, William H. Tyler; Perspective and Sciography, Henry Branch; Premium of £10 for the best drawing executed in the Life School, James Christie; Architectural Drawings, first medal, Thomas Edward Pryce; second medal, F. E. Eales. The following extra rewards were given: Painting, historical, second scholarship, John Charles Dollman; painting, historical, honourable mention, Thomas Mat. Rooke; Sculpture composition, second scholarship, William J. S. Webber; Architectural design, honourable mention, George Lewis Luker; *Turner Medal*, silver, Edward Henry Bearne; *Turner* honourable mention, Richard Ellis-Wilkinson; Painting from the Life, honourable mention, William R. Symons; Drawings from Antique, honourable mention, James Christie.

THE WORKS OF FREDERICK WALKER.—An exhibition of the works of the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., consisting of about one hundred and fifty pictures in oil and water-colours, was opened in the French Gallery, New Bond Street, London, in January. In 1864 Mr. Walker was elected to the Old Water-Colour Society, in due time became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and, after having made a mark on its walls, pronounced and thorough, on Friday, June 4, 1875, while on a fishing excursion at St. Fillan's, Perthshire, he died, after a few days' illness, of pulmonary disease. He possessed as a man all those qualities which the world esteems and honours, such as frankness, modesty, loyalty, and love; and as an artist he was patient, conscientious, swift-sighted, imbued with an exquisite sense of beauty, and with a marvellous perception of the fitness of things. Like Millet, and Mason, and Pinwell, his sympathies went forth to what was lowly and familiar, and his genius sublimed common things into the region of poetry and art. The exhibition was held under the auspices of the Committee of the Memorial Fund.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The present collection shows a total of two hundred and eighty-five pictures, filling five galleries and a part of a sixth. The first room is enriched with Gainsborough's 'Cottage Girl,' and some notable portraits by the same pencil, such as those of 'Lord and Lady Dunstanville,' of the 'Countess of Radnor,' and others; the honours of the room are carried off by Reynolds. Among the more prominent and pleasing of his portraits may be mentioned those of 'The First Earl of Morley and his Sister,' of Mrs. Abington as 'Miss Prue,' of Mrs. Nisbett as 'Circe,' and of Kitty Fisher as 'Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl.' Angelica Kauffmann's portrait of the President is also here, and Cornelius Jansen's portrait of 'Prince

Rupert.' Among the other deceased painters represented are Vandyck, Velasquez, Titian, Giorgione, Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, Correggio, Giotto, Lucas Cranach, Franz Hals, Jan Mabuse, Ruysdael, Holbema, and Hans Memling. One of the principal pictures in the collection is an equestrian portrait of Don Gaspar de Guzman by Velasquez, from the collection of the Earl of Radnor.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.—The *Athenæum*, in an article on the Castellani collection, which is now on exhibition in the galleries of the Department of Antiquities, says: "The numerous objects which the authorities of the British Museum are about to purchase from Signor Castellani comprise a considerable proportion of most beautiful, rare, and valuable objects, at once examples of art and relics of great historical and ethnological interest. Of course, the goldsmiths' works are the most desirable additions to the national collection. About these there is but one opinion possible—that is, that the acquisition is of immense interest, and in every way likely to be welcome. The least important are the sculptures; yet, though the British Museum is by no means in need of inferior or even second-rate statues and busts, we see no reason to regret the acquisition of the statue of the bearded Bacchus, which is a fine thing of its kind. However, it may be well to say that no more sculptures should be placed in Bloomsbury, except those of the very highest quality. It is long since the demand for commonplace marbles and over-praised bronzes was satisfied; there are but too many in the museum. They cost huge sums to buy and house."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The Fifty-first Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened on Tuesday, March 28th, and close on Wednesday, May 31st. To these exhibitions the works of living artists only are eligible—original paintings, sketches, sculptures, architectural designs or models, and engravings, which have never before been exhibited in the city of New York or Brooklyn. The exhibitions of the Academy are usually kept open during the month of June, but this year the date of closing is one month earlier, owing to the International display at Philadelphia.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.—If the reader will look into "The Philosophical Transactions and Collections [i. e., of the Royal Society] to the end of the Year 1700, abridged: by John Lowthorp, M.A. and F.R.S.; fifth edition, London, 1749," at page 868 of vol. ii. he will find a description of the ox, a *lusus nature*, with an extra horn, but only one, hanging from his shoulder, that seems to have been in Landseer's mind when he made the sketch next to the last in the article "Studies and Sketches by Sir Edwin Landseer" in the January number of the *Art Journal*.

ART IN CHICAGO.—A series of five illustrated lectures upon artistic topics has been delivered in Chicago during the winter season by W. M. R. French. Among the subjects illustrated were "Charcoal and Chalk, a plea for Art-Recreations;" "The Amateur Caricaturists, Thackeray and Hood;" "A Neglected Art-Landscape;" "Gardening;" "A Knack of Drawing," &c. The course was well attended and proved very attractive. Mr. O. J. Pierce, Superintendent of Drawing in the Public Schools, conducted several large classes in industrial drawing at the Mechanics' Institute, which were also very successful.

ART IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Albert Bierstadt's great painting of 'The Head-Waters of the Green River in Wyoming Territory' is on exhibition in the gallery of the San Francisco Art Association. Thomas Hill has two pictures, a view of 'Donner Lake' and 'The Yosemite Valley,' on exhibition at this gallery, both of which are owned by Mr. Leland Stanford. There are also the striking paintings of 'Summer' and 'Winter,' by Klombeck and Verboeckhoven; Perry's 'Grandmother Reading the Bible;' Hamilton's 'Sunset after the Gale;' and a large picture representing the last Indian dance in the neighbourhood of Monterey, by Jules Favernier.

THE WORKS OF ISIDORE PILS.—An exhibition of the works of the late Isidore Pils was opened on the 15th of January in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. It comprises portraits, costumes, and military subjects, and a superb collection of water-colour drawings, which are of especial interest to artists and amateurs. The profits of the exhibition will be devoted to artists in unfortunate circumstances.

ERRATUM.—In our article in this number of the *Art Journal*, entitled "Some Examples of the Porch in New York," the types made us erroneously locate one of the examples in Fifth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, instead of in Fifty-seventh Street, between those avenues.



W. Q. ORCHARDSON A.R.A. PINXT

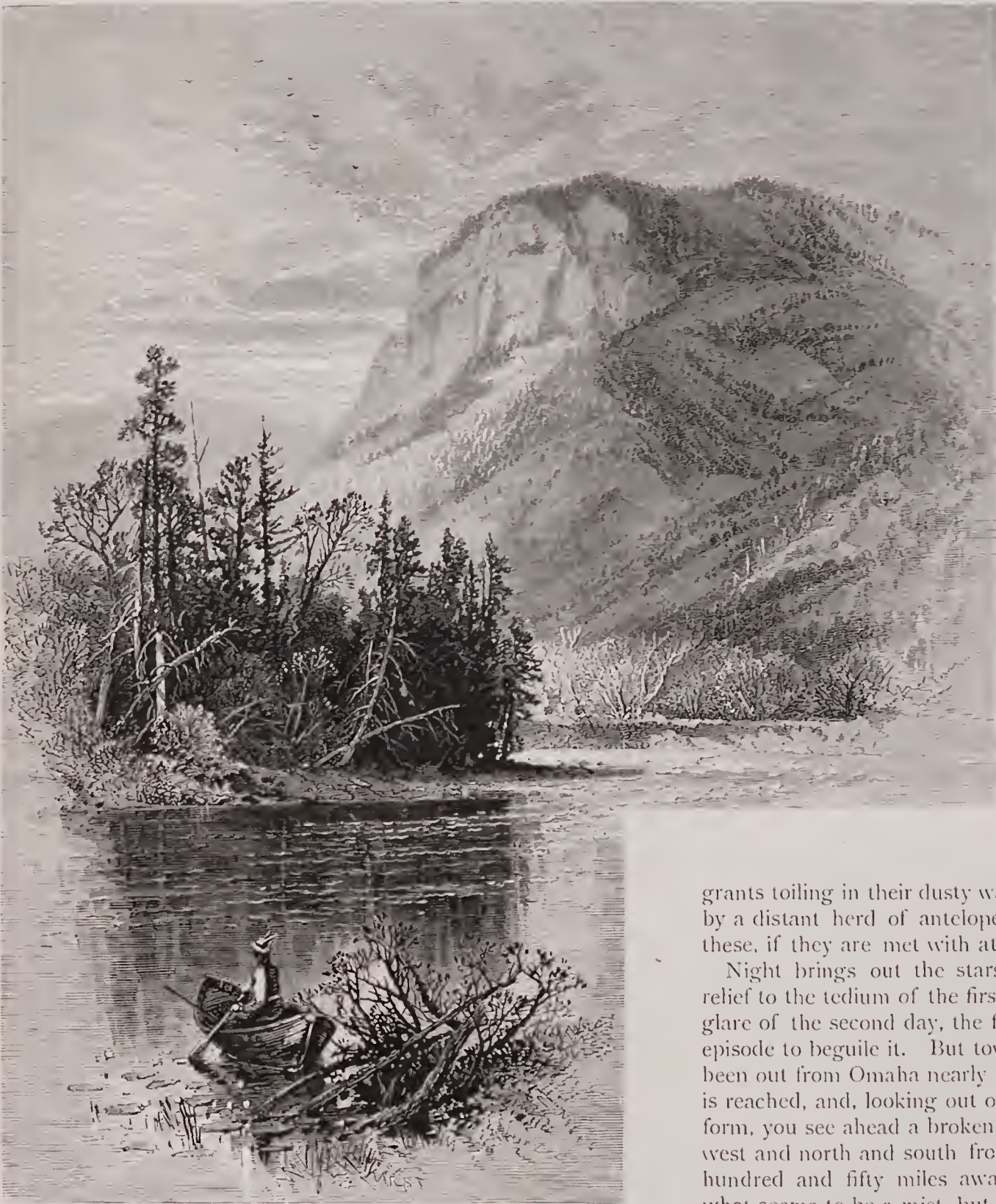
T. BROWN SCULPT

THE SHRINE IN THE FOREST.



COLORADO.

I.



Glen Doe.—Cache-à-la-Poudre River.

NOTHING can exceed the monotony of the westward journey from Omaha to Cheyenne on the Union Pacific Railway. The train rolls along at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. The outlook from the platforms and windows is heart-breaking in its sear and yellow uniformity. Billow follows billow of land into the uncertain grey of the horizon, speckled with rings and tufts of faint green, and jewelled with little patches of wild verhena. On the dreariest day at sea the tossing of the waves gives an exhilarating sense of motion, and the eye is gratified by the prismatic flashings of sunbeams among the spray. On the plains the hilly

APRIL, 1876.

waves are repeated, but they are paralyzed and dumb, and communicative of light only. The prevailing colour is a greenish-yellow; the sense touched is that of vacancy.

Occasionally the land seems to sink into a basin surrounded by "hogshacks," a form of rock which presents a steep and rough escarpment on one side, and on the other slopes off by easy gradations to the level. But no great elevation is visible to convey an idea of space by its contrasts, and the impression received by the spectator is one of contraction rather than of immensity.

At intervals of twenty or thirty miles, a red tank, with a creaking windmill, marks a water-station, at which the passengers alight to gather prairie-flowers, and, still farther apart, some white little towns, with names reminiscent of frontier-life, tell a story to which the mendicant Indians crowding the depots are a suggestive antithesis. In some places a waggon-road runs parallel with the railway, and long trains of caravans are left behind with the companies of em-

igrants toiling in their dusty wake. A momentary interest is excited by a distant herd of antelopes or buffaloes, but such incidents as these, if they are met with at all, are few and far between.

Night brings out the stars with unusual brilliancy as the only relief to the tedium of the first day, and the night vanishes into the glare of the second day, the forenoon of which passes without an episode to beguile it. But towards one o'clock, when the train has been out from Omaha nearly twenty-four hours, the crest of a hill is reached, and, looking out of the window or leaning over the platform, you see ahead a broken line of snowy peaks clustering to the west and north and south from the Black Hills down to Pike's, a hundred and fifty miles away. The foreground is marked with what seems to be a mist, but which is in reality the pallid vegetation of the sage-bushes; farther away a blue line marks the beginning of the foot-hills, and high above all the rest the mountains shine with lustrous white. Most wonderful are the clouds overhead, which pour down in streams and vertical streaks—white also—so white that the barren rocks and chasms are transformed into a mysterious fairy-land. And this is our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains.

The train rolls along for another hour yet, passing between miles of snow-fences and roughly-boarded snow-sheds before the passengers destined for Colorado are landed at the mushroom town of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

There are phases of Nature which are as heartrending as a human action can be, and this little town belongs to one of them.

Alighting in its dusty and desolate depot, it will be a wonder if the traveller does not repent his coming. Instead of the paradise that

the exuberant word-painters of the guide-books have led him to expect, he finds a desert, without verdure, without water, and with-



Boulder River.

out the animation of life or colour. The soil is loose and sandy, and is swept aloft and into every nook and corner by bleak winds rushing eternally through the cañons of the mountains. When the sun shines, its shafts strike the barren earth with untempered heat, and bake the alkali flats to a crisp. When the wind blows, nothing

is safe from the dust. The Black Hills fulfill the promise of their names. They *are* black, and rugged, and bleak. But the snowy range to the south glitters in the sun like an army marshalled for a pageant.

Between Cheyenne and Pueblo, Southern Colorado, a distance



Long's Peak, from Lily Pond.

of about two hundred and twenty-six miles, the Rocky Mountains attain the greatest altitudes in their whole length from the Arctic Circle to Central America. From almost any peak hundreds of other peaks can be seen—all over 10,000 feet and many 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The highest and best known are Long's, Gray's, and Pike's, the former being farthest north, and the latter farthest south. Says a well-known geologist describing a view from Mount Lincoln, which is situated to the southwest of Cheyenne:

"To the east, far distant, is distinctly seen Pike's Peak, with the contiguous ranges which extend northward to Long's Peak, all of which are granitoid. On the west and northwest is a vast group of high mountains gashed down on every side with deep, vertical gorges, revealing the strata of quartzites and limestones resting on the schists with dykes of trachyte. To the southward can be seen the granite nucleus, a remarkable range of mountains, the Sawatch, which, with its lofty peaks, among them Mounts Yale and Har-



Mouth of South Bowlder Cañon.

vard, looms up like a massive wall, with a wilderness of conical peaks along its summit—more than fifty of them rising to an elevation of 13,000 feet and over, and more than two hundred rising to 12,000 feet and over. Probably there is no other portion of the world, accessible to the travelling public, where such a wilderness of lofty peaks can be seen within a single scope of vision."

A thrill of vivid pleasure passes through us as we gaze for the first time upon these famous mountains, but the inexpressibly arid

blank of the plains mitigates our transports, and leaves an impression of disappointment which is not soon or easily overcome.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad terminates at Denver, and thence a branch-road called the Denver Pacific runs north one hundred and six miles, and taps the Union Pacific at Cheyenne. Passengers by the latter road, destined for Colorado, are transferred to the Denver Pacific—the route of which borders the foot-hills, and for several hours longer they travel between an unvaried succession of low

hillocks—sparsely covered with uneven, withered-looking grass. At long intervals a herd of cattle or sheep is passed, and the bleached skeletons of the same species, numerous and ghastly enough to add an unpleasant element to the landscape, tell of the ravages of winter snow-storms, which have cut off the herd from shelter.

Several uninteresting settlements have cropped up along the line, and it is a real relief when we reach Greeley, named after the

enclosed by high bluffs and dense woods of hemlock, fir, pine, and larch, which crowd the hillsides with their sombre foliage, except where a mass of naked granite or basalt juts out with a storm-beaten and sand-eroded face. But the tourist who visits Glen Doe does not exhaust the picturesque scenes in the vicinity of Greeley. Proceeding thence in almost any direction, he will find spots of equal or greater grandeur.—The twin peaks of Long's stand out

very clearly from Greeley, and invite the ascent, which all who intend to see the best of Colorado will make. Good roads and trails make both Pike's, Gray's, and Long's accessible. The ascent of Long's is usually made from Estes Park, from which some lovely views of the mountain are obtained, excelled only by those near Lily Pond, a lake about a mile in diameter, with a mirror-like surface, and borders of profuse wild flowers.

Returning to the road, and continuing the journey southward, we change cars at Hughes, and the Denver Pacific train goes on to Denver, while we are carried over the Boulder Valley branch to Boulder City, a town with a population of about 1,500, which is situated near the mouth of several cañons, and is, therefore, a good base for tourist operations. Our space, however, will only allow us to speak of the three cañons of the Boulder, which are known as the North, Middle, and South, and through which three streams flow in an easterly direction, having their springs at the base of the main rocky range, and joining arms—the North and Middle, eight miles above, and the South, a few miles below, the city, in the Boulder River. The latter, after a stormy passage through the

mountains, flows tranquilly out upon the plains, its banks lined with willows and brush, until at last it merges into the South Platte.

The Middle Cañon has a stage-road running through it, but the two others are not easily explored, although the writer believes, from his own experience, that any one used to field-life will find greater pleasure, if the points sought are reached under difficulties.

The characteristics of the cañons are abrupt walls, diverging in some instances not more than two or three feet in a thousand from a vertical line—walls of basalt and granite, sometimes vividly coloured, which are exalted from the narrow bed of a stream to awful heights, and occasionally split by transverse chasms, into which a ray of sunshine never creeps. Nothing can exceed their grandeur and impressive gloom. In places the cliffs above overarch and almost form a tunnel, and again they widen into a picturesque valley. About eight miles from Boulder City, at the junction of the North and Middle Cañons, a cascade pours its avalanche over a ledge sixty feet high, and impending over this spot is an immense dome-shaped cliff of barren rock.

The road through the Middle Cañon crosses the stream many times before it emerges, and near the western end it brings us close to the dome already mentioned, which consists of a detached column of crystallized granite nearly 400 feet high. Under its eastern side is a recess not unlike a piazza, which affords welcome protection from the passing storm. Marvellous forms worked by wind and water appeal to the imagination with the oddest suggestions, and before you have gone far you are probably willing to concede a certain miraculous quality to Rocky Mountain scenery which neither the Himalayas nor the Alps can claim.



Falls.—North Boulder Cañon.

founder of the *Tribune*, which is an oasis in the surrounding desert, a flourishing little town, watered by a system of irrigating canals and well wooded.

It is situated on the Cache-à-la-Poudre River, which has its rise in the Rocky Mountains, at a height of 7,611 feet above the level of the sea, and flows through a valley with sharp, cañon walls until it reaches the plains, near Greeley, in a rapid, turbulent stream, and soon afterwards joins the South Platte River. Fifty miles or so back from the plains is Glen Doe, a beautiful valley

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."—MRS. HEMANS.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

CLIEFDEN, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*



OUR notice of "charming Cliefden" must necessarily be brief; not because the "stately home" itself lacks of stateliness, of beauty, of grandeur, or of interest; not because the episodes in its history are "few and far between," or devoid of incident; not because its glorious situation and its picturesque surroundings present few features for the pen to dwell upon, and the poetic or artistic mind to linger over; and not because the genealogies of the families to which it has belonged will not vie both in point of antiquity, in fame, and in noble and illustrious actions with others, but simply because the space at our disposal will admit only of words where we would gladly have written paragraphs. In interest, in beauty, and picturesque surroundings, Cliefden will bear favourable comparison with most others of our series, while it yields to none in the loveliness, the romantic beauty, and the attractiveness of its situation. To take only a cursory glance at such a place is like peeping in at the door of a picture gallery, without having time to note any of the treasures spread on its walls.

Cliefden, now one of the seats of his Grace the Duke of West-

minster, is situated in Buckinghamshire, and overlooks the river Thames in its most attractive part. It is to Cliefden that the river here owes its chief loveliness, but it is also to the river that Cliefden is indebted for one of its principal attractions. From the Berkshire side of the Thames the woods and the mansion form a magnificent scene, but it is from the bosom of the stream that its beauties are best understood and most enjoyed. "Cliefden runs along the summit of a lofty ridge which overhangs the river. The outline of this ridge is broken in the most agreeable way; the steep bank is covered with luxuriant foliage, forming a hanging wood of great beauty; or in parts bare, so as to increase the gracefulness of the foliage by the contrast; and the whole bank has run into easy flowing curves at the bidding of the noble stream which washes its base. A few islands deck this part of the river, and occasionally little tongues of land run out into it, or a tree overhangs it, helping to give vigour to the foreground of the rich landscape. From the summit the views are really magnificent; both up and down the river they are of surpassing beauty. Looking over Windsor, the eye ranges far away till it loses itself in the hazy distance, to which the royal pile gives an aerial grace, while it adds majesty to the whole



Cliefden: Front View.

view. Looking up the river towards Hedsor, the charming seat of Lord Boston, we have a prospect little less splendid, though of a different character. A vast extent of country lies at one's

feet, covered with dense wooded tracts, from which ever and anon peeps up an old grey tower; and the blue smoke marks a secluded village, while the glorious river winds away like a broad stream of molten silver." The immediate grounds, whether Thamesward or landward, are well laid out, and present at every turn spots of beauty and loveliness not excelled elsewhere.

Speaking of the river scenery about Cliefden, Mr. Hall, in his "Book of the Thames," says:—"Those who accuse our great island river of insipidity, who, if they concede its claims to

* We are indebted for some of the originals of these engravings to Mr. Vernon Heath, who has largely assisted us throughout the whole of this series; but for three of the designs we gratefully acknowledge our obligation to an eminent artist, Mr. J. O'Connor, who has made for the family of nearly every portion of the house and grounds a number of beautiful drawings. From these drawings we selected three, to which the engraver, Mr. Nicholls, has done full justice.

beauty, deny its pretensions to grandeur, will do well to row beneath the thick woods of Taplow and Cliefden, and, looking up, they will have no difficulty in imagining themselves in one of the grandest and richest, in picturesque attractions, of our English lakes; indeed, they will require only the near and distant mountains to fancy themselves under the heights of Glenna, in all-beautiful Killarney. Well may we rejoice to scan the charms of our glorious river, and ask the aid of Poetry and Art to give them fame and power. But the painter will fail here. He may select graceful nooks, and a thousand objects will, singly or in groups, present themselves as fitting subjects for his pencil; but he cannot convey to the eye and mind a just idea of the mingled grandeur and beauty of this delicious locality; while the poet will find only themes which have been, ever and everywhere, the chosen and the favoured of his order. Those who row past these charming woods, and note what has been done by taste, in association with wealth, to render every part delightful, ascend any of the heights and examine

the 'prospect' near or distant, their enjoyment will be largely enhanced. It is impossible, indeed, to exaggerate the beauty and harmony of the foliage which everywhere surrounds us—

' Beautiful in various dyes,
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs:
And, beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis—Queen of Love!'

But there are here hundreds of other trees which the poet could not commemorate, for they were unknown in England in his time. All climes and countries have contributed to the wealth of foliage at Cliefden—woods, lawns, and gardens are enriched by tributes from every land to which enterprise has conducted British science to gather treasures converted from exotics into subjects naturalised and 'at home.'

Cliefden formerly belonged to the ancient family of Manfeld, of Buckinghamshire, from whom it was purchased by the in-



Cliefden: the Summer house.

famously-profligate George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, who built the mansion, and expended large sums of money in laying-out the grounds and planting them with all the rarities of arboriculture he could procure. He employed Archer, the architect, to design and erect the mansion, and to adorn the grounds with alcoves and other buildings of a like nature. The house was a commanding square structure, of three storeys in height, besides the terrace (440 feet long), and it had wings connected with the main building by a colonnade; it was built of red brick with stone dressings. He furnished it in a sumptuous manner, and hung its walls with fine tapestry and valuable pictures. Here the duke brought his mistress, the Countess of Shrewsbury, and here gave full bent to his licentious habits. Thus Cliefden gained an unenviable notoriety, and has been immortalised in song and in prose:—

" Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

In 1667-8 the duke had taken part in a singular triple duel about

the countess, and had mortally wounded her husband by running him through the body. Pepys thus wrote of this duel:—" January 17th. Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side: and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good counsellors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this

time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give

it to my Lord Generall to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the Generall trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it; and the King trusted to the Generall. And it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared that he may die too: and that



The Thames at Cliefden.

may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government."

The Countess of Shrewsbury (the duke's mistress), who was Anna Maria, daughter of Robert, Earl of Cardigan, is said to have held the duke's horse, habited as a page, while the duel

was being fought, and that she thus not only saw her husband mortally wounded, but then went home with the murderer, where she took him to her arms "in the shirt covered with her husband's blood." The duke was married to the Hon. Mary Fairfax, daughter and heiress of Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary general—a woman of pure tastes and faultless habits—



Cliefden: the Summer Cottage.

whom he shamefully neglected.' Pepys, under date the 15th of May, 1668, says:—"I am told also that the Countesse of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke [the earl had died of his wounds in March] of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchesse, saying that it was not for her and the other to live

together in a house, he answered, 'Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's;' which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems."

Large as was the income of the duke, his profligacy, extra-

vagance, and immoralities so swallowed it up that he did not complete Cliefden, and died in wretchedness; and, but for the timely help of Lord Arran, a few days before his decease, in abject poverty and loneliness. "There is not," wrote Lord Arran, "so much as one farthing towards defraying the least expense;" and Pope, in one of his epistles to Lord Bathurst, remarks—

"Behold! what blessings wealth to life can lend,
And see what comforts it affords our end!
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left off all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

Soon after the duke's death all his property, being deeply

mortgaged, was sold, but did not realise enough to pay his debts; and dying without issue, "his titles, which had been undeservedly conferred on his father, and only disgraced by himself, became extinct."

Cliefden was purchased by Lord George Hamilton (fifth son of the Duke of Hamilton), who was created Baron Dechemont of Linlithgow, Viscount Kirkwall of Orkney, and Earl of Orkney, in 1696. His lordship completed the mansion and did much towards beautifying the grounds. Dying without male issue, in 1737, his eldest daughter, Anne, became Countess of Orkney, and succeeded to the Cliefden estate. She, however, did not reside here, but let it to H.R.H. Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of King George III., who for many years made it his summer residence. Here, at Cliefden, on the 1st of August, 1740, was first performed Thomson and Mallet's masque of *Alfred*, in which the ever-famous and patriotic "ode in honour of Great Britain," "Rule Britannia"—

"When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main"—

the music of which was by Dr. Arne, first was sung. It was, therefore, within the walls of Cliefden that "Rule Britannia" was first heard, and this gives it a literary interest of no small



Cliefden: the Cottage.

note. The masque in which it formed so prominent a feature was prepared and given at Cliefden, to commemorate the accession to the throne, in 1714, of King George I. (grandfather of Frederick, Prince of Wales), and in honour of the third birthday of his daughter, the young Princess Augusta. It was repeated the following night, and soon became the most popular of all compositions.

In 1795 the mansion (it is traditionally said through the carelessness of a maid-servant reading a novel in bed) was totally destroyed by fire, the wings, at some distance from the main building, being alone saved; while nearly all the sumptuous furniture, pictures, and tapestry were devoured by the flames. The estate was afterwards purchased by Sir George Warrender, by whom the mansion, which had been left in ruins since the fire, was rebuilt in 1830. After his death the estate was sold by Sir George's executors to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, and on the 15th of November, 1849 (the day of thanksgiving for the cessation of the cholera), only a few months after its purchase, it was again burned down.

In the following year, 1850, the Duke of Sutherland set about rebuilding the mansion on a scale of princely magnificence, and

having engaged the services of Barry as architect, the present pile soon rose from the ruins of the former buildings. The "centre portion, which is a revival of the design for old Somerset House, now extends to the wings, which, together with the terrace, are made to harmonise with the new building." The house and grounds, like Trentham, owed much of their beauty and loveliness to the good taste of the duke and duchess, the latter of whom, when a dowager, made it one of her favourite residences. The interior of this "stately home" needs no particular description. The rooms are, of course, one and all, sumptuously furnished with all the appliances of wealth and taste, and are lavish in their attractions. It is truly a "home of beauty and of taste."

Cliefden passed from the Duke of Sutherland to his daughter, the Lady Constance Leveson Gower, married to the present Duke of Westminster, whose property this splendid domain is.

The family of Grosvenor, of which the present owner of Cliefden is the illustrious head, is one of high antiquity, tracing, as it does, in England, from the Norman conquest, when his grace's ancestor came over with William the Conqueror. The principal line of the Grosvenors was seated at Hulme, in the hundred of

Northwich, in Cheshire, and was descended in direct line from Gilbert le Grosvenour, nephew of Hugh Lupus, the Norman Earl Palatine of Chester, whom he accompanied to England. The name, it is said, was derived from *le Gros Venour*, from the family having held the hereditary post of chief huntsman to the Dukes of Normandy.

The present noble head of this illustrious family, his Grace Hugh Lupus, first Duke and third Marquess of Westminster, Earl Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave, Baron Grosvenor of Eaton, a Baronet,

and a Knight of the Garter, was born on the 13th of October, 1825, and succeeded his father in 1869. His grace was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and represented Chester in parliament from 1847 to 1869, when he entered the upper house.

The Duke of Westminster is a patron of eleven livings, four of which are London churches; and his seats are Eaton Hall, Cheshire; Cliefden, Buckinghamshire; Halkin, Flintshire; and the mansion in Upper Grosvenor Street.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE Glasgow Institute has now been in existence for fifteen years. From small beginnings, and through many troubles, such as more or less beset the commencement of all important undertakings, it has grown to be as much an institution of its own city as is the Royal Scottish Academy of Edinburgh.

So restricted is our space that we find it necessary to limit our notice mainly to the works of Scottish artists. J. Pettie, R.A., contributes one of his characteristic compositions, 'Romeo and the Apothecary.' J. MacWhirter gives us a treat of its own kind in the 'Highland Post.' 'The cold mountain solitude in which the pony with his patient rider toils the rude ascent is full of dreary suggestion. How beautiful in contrast stands out 'McLean's Cross, Iona,' by S. Bough, R.S.A., where the warm, rich sunshine literally steepes the sense as it bathes hill and plain in its dazzling splendour. Besides his 'Ca' the Ewes' of last year's Academy, we have the 'Bower Window,' R. W. Macbeth. The episode is tastefully rendered. A young lady, of demeanour at once graceful and gracious, is holding a *levée* of beautiful doves, which she is feeding at the casement.

There are some charming landscapes from Waller Paton, R.S.A., Fraser, R.S.A., J. Docharty—especially the 'Ancient Stronghold of the M'Lachlans'—J. W. Oakes, J. T. Peele, C. J. Lewis (an exquisite 'Twilight,' well fitted to satisfy the ardour of the poetic heart), J. Smart, &c. To say that R. Greenlees never produced anything equal to his 'Silver Firs' is not by any means to say enough. It is a snatch of woodland redolent of artistic perception, and beautifully suggestive of "Nature's glories in her green retreats." The favourite picture by J. Henderson this year is 'Meeting the Steamer.' The mighty expanse of water so delicately defined through the various gradations of perspective is in itself a study, while we follow with pleased eye the one solitary boat gliding noiselessly on its way to the larger craft perceptible in the far distance. 'Hide and Seek,' by the same, is a canvas of that cheerful sort which any one loving art in its happiest moods might covet to possess. Among the grass-grown rocks by the seashore, some juveniles of both sexes are spending a happy hour in the time-honoured pastime. We are indebted to a young aspirant (E. Catterns by name) for an excellently-painted 'View of the Beech Avenue, Inveraray.' Whether taken in detail, or as a whole,

it is well composed, carefully handled, and suitably toned. A word or two of genuine congratulation and praise is due to D. Murray, a young Scottish artist, whose early promise has issued in rare good fruit this season. He is eminently successful in all his four pictures, which for originality of treatment may challenge comparison with any others in the exhibition. The 'Fords, Uist,' wherein the admirable perspective, breadth of conception, careful study of effects, and quiet well-considered tone at once attract and engage the eye, is the most pretentious. But, for personal approval, we must single out 'The Mirror on the Moor,' which indeed we are tempted to designate the gem of the exhibition. Here, with a charming distance, under soft, delicious skies, the gaze rests enchanted on a piece of calm water in the foreground, in which the reflection of loveliest feathery foliage and various richly-tinted blossoms are reflected as by the sorcery of Nature herself. Altogether there is a flavour of genius about the transcript which we rarely meet.

There are one hundred and fifty-two water-colour pictures, comprising every diversity of theme, sea and land, figures fancy and historical, still life, architecture, flowers, fruit, birds, &c., &c. R. T. Ross, R.S.A., has a beautiful reproduction of his favourite subject—a cottage interior with child and kitten at play. In 'A Public Orator,' W. F. Vallance is perhaps over-ambitious, considering the comparative delicacy of the material with which he works: the coarse man exercising his powers in street-speechifying reminds us of some of E. Nicol's heroes, whose training and belongings are none of the tidiest. John Finnie's scene in 'Tan-y-Bwlch, North Wales,' is touching in its serene purity: the true "bridal of the earth and sky" in one of the fairest spots beneath the sun.

Sculpture has nearly fled the Glasgow Institute, the ostensible reason being that the cold, unfriendly shelter of the Vestibule to which this art has been doomed for several years past had displeased both the artists and the public. 'Expectation,' E. Trombetta, in which a young girl holds a tempting bit over the head of a pet dog, is a lovely exposition, life-size and in marble. There are busts by G. E. Ewing and William Brodie; a statue of 'Night' by G. Webster; two plaster models—'The Trysting Tree,' Nos. 1 and 2, by G. Halse, graceful and expressive; and 'The Pet Lamb,' W. G. Stevenson, a sweet rendering of a little maid giving her favourite its evening meal.

THE SHRINE IN THE FOREST.

(See Frontispiece.)

W. Q. ORCHARDSON, A.R.A., Painter.

T. BROWN, Engraver.

FROM the signature and date on this picture, it appears to have been painted in 1868, soon after Mr. Orchardson had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, but we find no record of it having ever been exhibited. It is very rare to see from the hand of this artist an outdoor scene, and especially one wherein trees and herbage occupy so large a space on the canvas as they do here: the former are so close and dense that no light penetrates them, while they are so arranged in the composition as to exclude from the eye all but a mere fragment of sky. In the midst of the dimness and solitude is a rude shrine fixed to a tree,

and in it is the tiny figure of "Our Lady," to which, as the representative of the Virgin, a poor woman brings her child to ask a blessing upon the infant, or possibly to pray for its restoration to health, for a tear seems to be falling from the mother's eye, as if her heart were heavy. The face is most expressive of earnest entreaty, and is pretty withal: the combined attitude of both mother and child is excellent in drawing and striking in its appeal. The picture is a most pleasing specimen of the artist's pencil, and is painted in a manner that distinguishes it from his usual works.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,* R.A.



THE records of Landseer's earlier career show that among his most liberal patrons of that time was the family of the late Duke of Bedford. So far back as 1823, when about twenty-one years of age, he painted a portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford, which was subsequently engraved by C. Heath for the "Keep-sake:" the sketch for this picture was sold, with the contents of the artist's studio, after his death. In the possession of the Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell is a picture painted by Landseer in 1824, which is called the 'Bedford Family:' the composition consists of

two boys and two girls, with a horse, in a Highland landscape: the scenery and the arrangement of the figures are very similar to those in the beautiful little oil picture from which the accompanying engraving is copied; and it appears very probable that the Duke of Bedford, for whom, we believe, Landseer painted the 'Bedford Family,' saw the 'Gipsy Encampment,' and was so attracted by it as to wish that the young members of the family should appear surrounded by such a setting of beautiful landscape scenery.

For the loan of another beautiful sketch in oils we are indebted to Messrs. Agnew, who also lent us the 'Gipsy Encampment.'



A Gipsy Encampment.

As in nearly all the landscapes which have preceded the 'Highland Mountain Stream,' we find no precise landmarks to point out their exact locality, so also in this we are at a loss to determine the spot represented. Landseer, when in Scotland, was accustomed to pass much of his time in Perthshire; it was from that county he derived the materials of some of his finest works, its mountainous portions forming their backgrounds; and it is more than probable that this is a Perthshire scene. It is a small canvas, is painted with considerable power, and is brilliant in effect: espe-

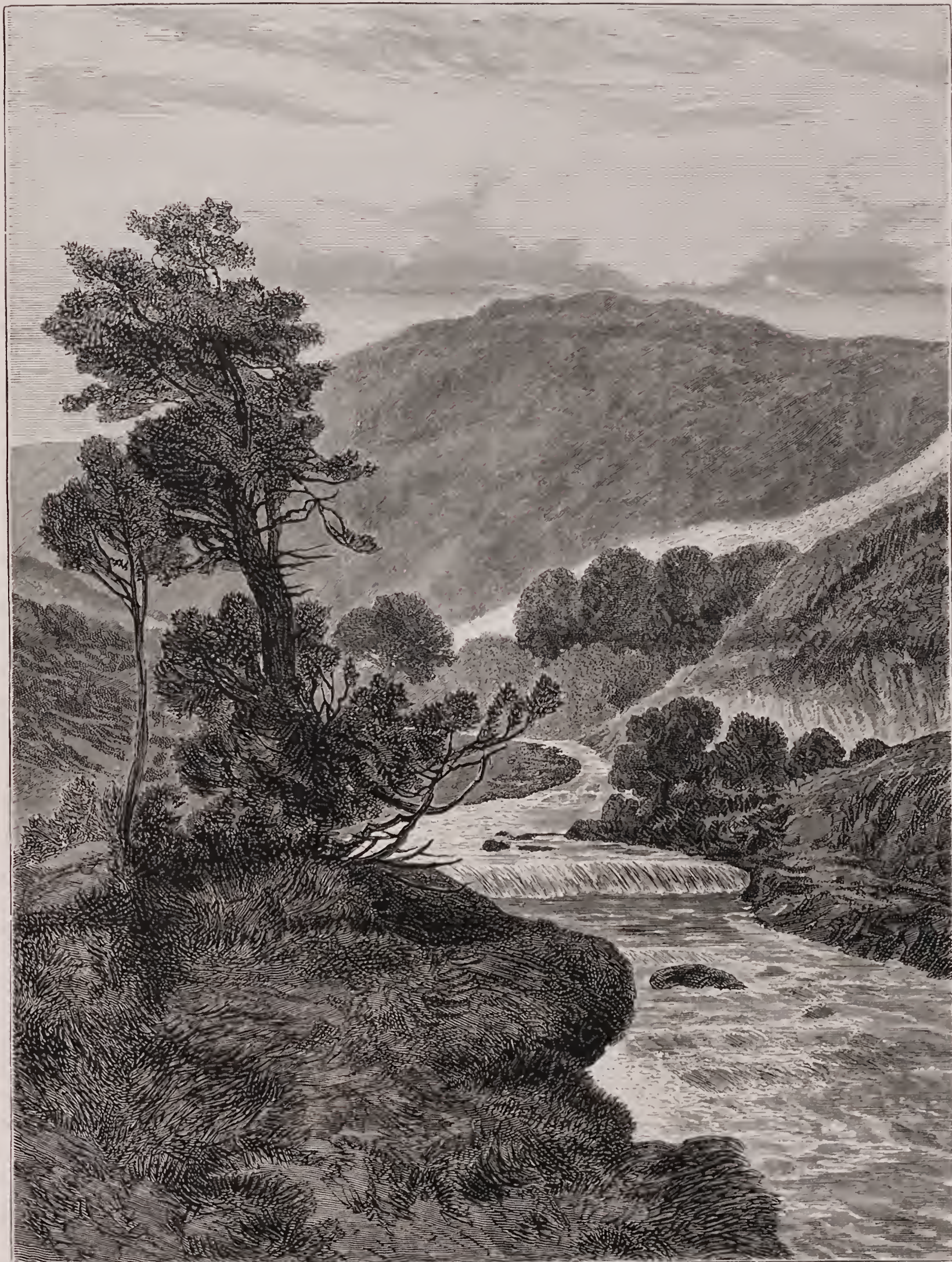
cially noteworthy is the manner in which the water is presented; slightly discoloured, as after recent rain, there is yet transparency in it; while the forms of the tiny wavelets rushing rapidly over the shallow bed of rock and bowlders are most expressive of motion.

The late Mr. Hinchliff, the engraver, used to tell some interesting anecdotes of the early days of Landseer: among them the following may be repeated. Mr. Hinchliff's maternal grandfather was a physician, and attended the family of John Landseer, father of the painter, with whom he was also on friendly visiting terms. The doctor was an adept in cutting, out of card-board, animals of various kinds, such as a stag-hunt, and placing them round a table

* Continued from page 36.

for the amusement of children: and he would sometimes do this at the house of the elder Landseer, to the great delight of the little Edwin, who always took especial interest in the equine and canine operation; and it is not unreasonably considered by those who

knew the family at that time, that these card animals first awakened the dormant genius of the child. One day, while he was still very young, Mr. Hinchliff's mother saw the boy in tears, and, inquiring the cause of his grief, learned that it arose from the fact



A Highland Mountain Stream.

that a horse he was sketching, as it stood attached to a hackney-coach opposite the house, had moved off before the drawing was completed. At such a tender age did Landseer's taste for animals show itself.

But to pass on to the subjects of the following sketches:—

We have in a 'Draught Horse' a bold study in pen and ink, shaded with sepia: the drawing is of the same kind as two or three others which have appeared in former pages of this series. There is an engraving by Mr. Thomas Landseer, executed about the year 1868, called the 'Grealoch,' the original drawing of which,



The Draught Horse, Geneva (1840).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.

in crayons, was sold at the dispersion of Sir Edwin's works: it represents a man preparing to disembowel a dead stag. We have

employed the same title to the very clever composition here engraved, though the two pictures are quite dissimilar, where the



The Grealoch (1857).

man seems to be commencing a like operation, for which, we have been told, the Scotch deerstalker uses the word 'Grealoch.'

Some time ago we engraved a study of a bison, lent to us by the

Duke of Westminster, who has courteously supplied us with another: the huge and fierce-looking animal stands in a different position from its predecessor, and the drawing shows the outline



Bisons.—Lent by his Grace the Duke of Westminster.

of a companion lying down. Both sketches are in black chalk lightened with white, and are very highly finished. The sketch of the 'Highland Mother' is vigorous and striking. The cottage is only dimly lighted by means of the small aperture in the wall,



The Highland Mother (1831).—Lent by Messrs. Hay and Son, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

which scarcely can be called a window; but the artist has skilfully placed the prominent features of his picture, the mother and the cradle, where they may receive the greatest benefit from the little sunshine which finds entrance into the apartment. J. D.

JAPANESE ART.*

BY SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., D.C.L.



SERIES of single-line sketches is shown in Fig. 1, in which the artist begins at one end of his subject with his pencil, and never takes it off the paper until the figure is complete, in one continuous flowing outline; a *tour de force* which many artists would find it difficult to accomplish with the same ease and freedom.

In Fig. 2 will be observed another series, treated in a similar manner, representing a wrestling-match, the wrestlers, it may be remarked, being always rated according to their size and obesity. In another now before me, both the men engaged, the spectators and judges are represented in the last degree of emaciation, admirable as a caricature.

Fig. 3 shows a free fight among equally attenuated combatants, all full of vigorous action. Some of the figures and groups, giving scenes of daily life, are, as we have seen, and, as Mr. Leighton observed, "full of fun and first-rate drawing, being quite equal in spirit to anything done here in the present day; ay, and done with a few lines and marvellously little



Fig. 1.

effort." This is high praise coming from an English artist. He adds, they excel "particularly where there is action; for, curiously, some of the best are figures in movement. Here we have porters lifting, balancing, and carrying their loads, an acrobat poising his companion, a juggler, street-boys full of mischief or weeping over broken dishes, &c.—a hundred and one phases of social and animal life." The group of diving-girls (Fig. 4) seeking a kind of oyster in the Sea of Suanada is very good, representing the action of diving and ascending.

For vigour, and the power of rendering figures in move-

ment, they show a special talent. Here is a group of dancing figures, all draped; and yet through the enveloping folds of the dresses the vigorous action of each is perfectly rendered (see Fig. 5).

In the following (Fig. 6), the nearly nude figures of the running postmen, the one carrying a lantern and the other the bag, or box rather, of despatches, together with the walking



Fig. 2.

figure they have just passed, and the roadside trees, giving a contrast of immobility, make together a perfect picture. When I was travelling along the high-roads I often met these primitive post-office messengers—always sent by twos, in case of accident happening to one, in order that the other might snatch up the box, to continue his route without a moment's delay. This was only ten years ago, and now they have the electric telegraph,



Fig. 3.

railroads, and an organised post office, to utilise the most rapid modes of transmitting correspondence according to the latest improvements of the West. This picture deserves to be rescued from oblivion, if only as a relic and custom of a past age, which in a few short years have become wholly obsolete.

Here is another clever picture of two *kanga* bearers, and their burden seated within, in the shape of a Japanese traveller, while

the attendant is following in the rear. All the figures are in motion, and admirably given (Fig. 7).

I have said that, as a rule, they utterly failed in their drawing of quadrupeds—horses, dogs, and cats, but the former more especially perhaps. In Fig. 8, however, will be seen an example of men on horseback, in which both the horse and his rider, in the most violent action, are rendered with great spirit.

The variety of these illustrations of national life, and Art applied to that purpose with infinite humour and grotesqueness.



Fig. 4.

renders it difficult, by any limited selections of examples, to do them common justice. Skeleton and emaciated forms, exaggerated obesity, the clothed and the nude figure, are all called into requisition to tell the tale. Here, in Fig. 9, may be seen three of the common people—giving the attitudes of women oppressed with Falstaff's sense of their "too solid flesh," which are admirable in their way as samples of Hogarthian Art.

Here again (Fig. 10) is a man and his wife roused from their sleep, and, with scanty night-gear, attempting to catch the



Fig. 5.

disturber, who is seen scampering off in the dark, while the woman is trying to light a match, and the good man is under the delusion that he has got his tormentor safe under the box-cover.

I have already referred to the frequent evidence of their careful and appreciative study of nature, but more especially of birds, insects, fishes, flowers, and plants. Almost every one of the innumerable books of pictures, published in Yedo and elsewhere, contains some specimens of these studies.

If the objects in Fig. 11 be examined, the grace and artistic treatment of the most common grasses and wild flowers will be readily recognised. The same observation applies to Fig. 12, in which various insects are minutely and faithfully depicted.

But in nothing they attempt, does their excellence in this faithful rendering of natural objects appear more strikingly than in birds. Fig. 13 affords many good examples. Ducks in the water, and storks, in flight or standing on the sedgy shore, are equally well given.

Their merit in composition has been fully recognised by Mr. Leighton, who remarks that although, like the early artists of other nations, they make their point of sight very high, all



Fig. 6.

figures being as if looked down upon, they yet show admirable lines in all their figures and in groups of two or more. He also adds that—"In colour, as a nation they are very judicious, rarely producing discords, either in their attempts at picture making or applied art—a thing that can hardly be said of either English or French. Leslie has somewhere said, the only perfect specimen of colour he had seen was in a Chinese picture. What he would have said to those of Japan we can only conjecture—colour with perspective, and shade nowhere!"

Enough, I think, has now been said to show that over a wide range of artistic work they have many claims to admiration, although it may be that in decorative Art we must look for the greatest novelties and originality. Mr. Palgrave says, in some views on Japanese Art, that the only living schools of decorative

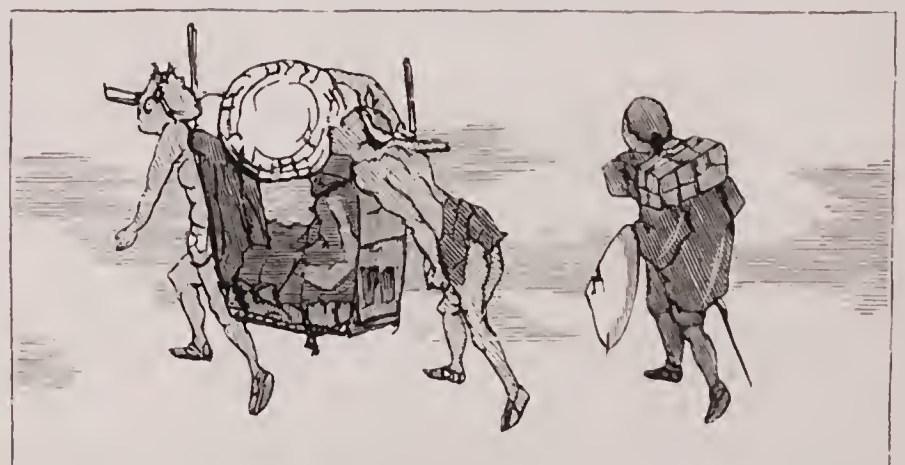


Fig. 7.

Art in existence must be sought in India, China, and Japan. He adds—and I entirely agree with him—that "a useful service would be conferred by any one who, with a competent taste and knowledge, should now make us acquainted with the principles which underlie the excellence attained in India, China, and Japan." And he marks, as a characteristic feature, that "the pains they take to avoid symmetry and evenness is as great as the pains we take to secure them."

Some further remarks by the same accomplished Art critic are so apposite that I venture to quote the following, both as confirming and supplementing what I have already said on the subject: "The peculiarity of Japanese decoration, however it

may have been reached—probably by true instinctive judgment—might, we think, be summed up by saying that decorative Art in Japan is based on the same principle as pictorial Art. The same avoidance of identical forms or symmetrical arrangements, the same desire to conceal the Art beneath a look of nature, guides a painter amongst us as a decorator amongst them; in other words, they draw no sharp line between Art pictorial and Art decorative. No sounder canon was ever laid down by the best writers, or worked out by the best artists. It is, in fact, the course followed by all the European schools which have been



Fig. 8.

really great in ornament—being true of Greek, Italian, and Byzantine decoration (the latter inheriting directly from the old Hellenic traditions), not less than of Romanesque and Gothic.” “Artists have succeeded in decoration, as Mr. Ruskin ably pointed out in one of his lectures, in exact proportion as they were arduous and successful in the study of human form and of natural facts; . . . you cannot have good designing in patterns for your dress unless the designer can draw the figure beneath the dress as well.” “It is impossible to set out a diaper, or devise figures for a wall or a carpet, unless the artist is familiar with actual leaves and boughs and flowers—nay, unless

he habitually lives in the study of these, and only gives his less numerous hours to drawing ornament. Japan, the most



Fig. 9.

perfect of the three countries (Greek, Italian, and Byzantine) in decoration, is that in which all the other branches of Art have been carried farthest. The small ivory carvings and



Fig. 10.

castings in brass are by far the most natural and vivid work of the kind which we have seen from any Oriental source, whilst the fine and true feeling of the Japanese, not only for birds



Fig. 11.

and beasts and vegetation, but for landscape in its larger features, is shown with equal clearness in the lacquer-work



SIR E. LANDSEER R.A. PINXT

C.G. LEWIS SCULPT

CHEVY CHACE.

and the popular coloured books. In these, besides a certain limited but decidedly marked sense of humour, there appears to be considerable dramatic power in the human figures; and the landscape backgrounds are not merely characteristic in themselves, but seem also, so far as we can decipher the plot of the stories, to take their place in illustrating the sentiment of the scene, as they do in the pictures of Hogarth or Leslie. It owes its excellence to the fact that it does not aim at being simply decorative, but is the best form of Art which the craftsmen can compass, and is successful exactly in proportion to



Fig. 12.

their power over human form and the facts of nature." This, taken as a whole, is by far the most discriminating and appreciative critique I have anywhere found on Japanese Art. I cannot believe, however, that this excellence in decorative Art is either due to, or in any degree dependent on, a mastery over the human figure. Whenever the Japanese draw the naked figure, it is certain to be distorted and out of drawing in many parts—the hands and feet notably, and invariably; but they are masters in the art of grouping figures and presenting them in motion,

while as colourists they might supply a school of Art for European students.

They have the same intuitive feeling for waving and flowing lines that made Hogarth discourse so enthusiastically upon their value in his "Analysis of Beauty." "The eye," he observes in one passage, "enjoys winding walks and serpentine rivers, and all sorts of objects whose forms are composed principally of what I call the waving and serpentine lines—of a certain intricacy of



Fig. 13.

form that leads the eye a wanton kind of chase." And this is precisely the chase in which the Japanese delight, and rarely fail in securing. They succeed chiefly, as I have said, because they have gone to nature for their school, and studied with a loving eye and infinite patience, while seeking the secret by which, from simple elementary forms and colours, boundless variety has been secured only by new combinations.

CHEVY-CHACE.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

AT Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, is the original picture made from this finished sketch. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1826, and at the British Institution in 1827, and purports to be the representation of a portion of the ancient ballad "Chevy-Chace," which describes a border feud between Earl Percy of Northumberland and the Scottish Earl of Douglas, on whose domains Percy is said to have trespassed for the sport of hunting.

"The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

"The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland where he lay:

"Who sent Erle Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort," &c. &c.

The result was, according to tradition, that a desperate battle ensued between the rival nobles and their retainers, about a

thousand on each side, and that the two leaders, with a large number of gallant knights and gentlemen, fell in the struggle. There are, however, no historical records supporting the story, which is supposed to have had its origin in the battle of Otterburn, that occurred in 1388, during the reign of Richard II., when an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy.

Landseer's picture illustrates the hunting scene, a somewhat confused *mêlée* of men armed as for battle, and dogs fierce enough to combat with wild beasts instead of "fat buckes," as the ballad says. Some of the dogs, however, seem to be but in sorry plight from the bravery of a "monarch of the glen," which is making good use of its horns, though to little purpose, it is to be feared, in the way of effective defence, for a hound has a firm grip of its throat, while others are almost on its haunches. At the apex of the pyramidal form of the composition is a knight, probably intended for Earl Percy, semi-clad in armour, and mounted on a black horse; behind him is another equestrian figure, with a hawk on his wrist, showing that the pastime of falconry was conjoined with that of hunting. The whole scene vividly represents the wild and almost lawless sports of the period, and offers a striking contrast to the red-coated hunting-field of our own day, hurrying forwards to be in at the death.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—THOMAS W. WOOD, N.A.



THOMAS WATERMAN WOOD, N.A.—Among American painters who have acquired reputation as delineators of character-subjects is Thomas Waterman Wood, N.A., a native of Montpelier, Vermont. Mr. Wood's first art-studies were made at his home in the neighbourhood of his native city. In his study of art he never sought the aid of a master, but went direct to Nature for his subjects, and painted according to the dictates of his own judgment. As he became proficient in the use of colours, he turned his attention to portrait-painting, a department of art which is the main depen-

dence of many young and struggling artists, and which in Mr. Wood's case was of great value to him as a means of study. In 1857 he determined to seek a wider field for the study and practice of his profession, and for that purpose went to Boston, where he gained admission into the studio of Chester Harding, who was then in the full maturity of his powers, and esteemed as the leading portrait-painter in the United States.

He remained with Harding a few months only, and in the following year sailed for Europe. On his arrival in Paris he opened a studio of his own. Couture was at that time the favourite master, as Gérôme and Bonnat are to-day, but Mr. Wood, in pursu-



The Village Post-Office.—From a Painting by T. W. Wood, N.A.

ance of a resolution formed at the beginning of his career, determined to study according to the dictates of his own judgment. While in Paris he studied assiduously in the public galleries, and made occasional visits to Italy, Switzerland, and other picturesque parts of Europe. In 1860 Mr. Wood returned to his home at Montpelier, but, after a few weeks passed among the green mountains of his native State, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and gave his sole attention to portrait-painting in that city and Nashville, Tennessee, until 1867, when he settled in New York. Mr. Wood while residing and practising his profession as a portrait-painter at the South, gave considerable attention to the study of character, and secured numerous spirited sketches of negroes, soldiers, and camp-followers, who were connected with the army centred in

that region during the war of the rebellion. His first work in New York, as he was almost unknown as a portrait-painter, was the reproduction of several of his war-sketches, and a series of these he sent to the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1867. They were: 'The Blind Fiddler;' 'The Sharp-Shooter;' 'The Contraband;' 'The Recruit;' and 'The Veteran.' This group of pictures at once brought the artist into notice, and the merit of the work was recognised by the Academy and secured his election as an associate member of the institution. The three pictures, beginning with 'The Contraband,' Mr. Wood denominated 'A Bit of War History.' They were bought by Mr. Charles S. Smith, and are now in the private gallery of that gentleman. The pictures are described as follows: "In the first the newly-

emancipated slave approaches a provost-marshal's office with timid step, seeking to be enrolled among the defenders of his country. This is the genuine 'Contraband.' He has evidently come a long journey on foot. His only baggage is contained in an old silk pocket-handkerchief. He is not past middle age, yet privation and suffering have made him look prematurely old. In the next we see him accepted, accoutred, uniformed and drilled, standing on guard at the very door where he entered to enlist. This is the 'Volunteer.' His cares have now vanished, and he looks younger, and, it is needless to say, happy and proud. In the third picture he is the one-legged veteran, though two years since we first saw him can scarcely be said to have passed. He approaches the same office to draw his 'additional bounty' and pension, or perhaps his 'back pay.' In 1868 Mr. Wood exhibited his 'Politics in the

Work-Shop,' which is in the possession of Thomas Schultz, of Astoria. 'The Country Doctor,' painted in 1869, is owned by Mr. James R. Osgood, of Boston; and 'The Return of the Flag,' exhibited at the Academy in 1870, is in the collection of Mr. Thau, of Pittsburg. In the following year Mr. Wood painted and sent to the Academy a strong character-study, entitled 'A Cogitation,' which secured his election as an academican. The latter picture is owned by Mr. Fletcher Harper, Jr. Since that time Mr. Wood has assumed a leading position among the artists of New York. He is also a prominent member of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours. His first contribution to the exhibitions of this society was in 1868, a composition entitled 'American Citizens.' It attracted considerable attention as a character-study. There are four nationalities represented, namely: The negro with



The Yankee Pedlar.—From a Painting by T. W. Wood, N.A.

his swelling eyelids and laughing countenance, the paper ballot grasped in his fingers, exhibiting the emotions of a child with his first toy; the Dutchman, with his face and form square-built, indicating resolution; the Irishman, his facial lines short, and nose turned up, indicating mirth and good humour; and the Yankee, with a face full of craft, which is implied by the sharp nose and thin eyelids. It is not strange that works of this character attracted connoisseurs to Mr. Wood's studio, and that his genius obtained a wide recognition. As a colourist he is forcible, and as a delineator of character he never accepts the ideal, but goes direct to Nature for his models. In the composition of a picture every object is clearly drawn and he secures attention by the directness of his story.

As examples of Mr. Wood's work we engrave two well-known pictures, 'The Village Post-Office,' and 'The Yankee Pedlar.' The post-office occupies one side of the village store, and is an

actual study from Nature. The old postmaster peering through his spectacles at the address upon a letter; the young girl waiting to receive it; the dapper salesman on the opposite side of the room; the group of village politicians around the stove in the background; the old farmer and the farmer's boy—all the figures, indeed, show a happy faculty in delineating character. The painting is owned by Mr. Charles S. Smith, of New York. The companion-picture, 'The Yankee Pedlar,' represents one of that well-known class of travelling merchants making a trade at a wayside farmhouse. The various characters in this picture are well conceived, have a life-like reality, and are effectively grouped. It will be noticed that every object, even to the string of beads fastened to the card in the tray, is drawn and painted with the greatest fidelity, and this conscientiousness is an important element in Mr. Wood's work. 'The Yankee Pedlar' is owned by George L. Kent, of Brooklyn.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

By CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

V.—THE DINING-ROOM.



WE return to the dining-room, which, as has been already said, is the pivot upon which society rests.

The first illustration is of an old English room, that of the Charterhouse (Chartreuse) Hospital in London. It is a good example of the simple style of the English Renaissance of the early Tudor period (Fig. 1). It is the pensioners' dining-hall.

The Carthusian monks, founded somewhere in the eleventh century* of our era, established monasteries in England, and this, the Charterhouse or Chartreuse, was one of their buildings. When Henry

VIII. broke up the Catholic Church in England, the monks retired to Bruges about the year 1535. The property, then in the open fields near London, was given away or sold, and at some time came into the possession of the Howards, from whom it was purchased by Thomas Sutton, who endowed an hospital for old men, and a school for poor children, which still retains the monkish name. The old men remain there in the heart of London, and dine in this old hall—a fine relic of that old time—which certainly had its good side. The round arch, the Greek column, the tapering pilaster, the abundance of panelling, all point to what is termed the Renaissance.

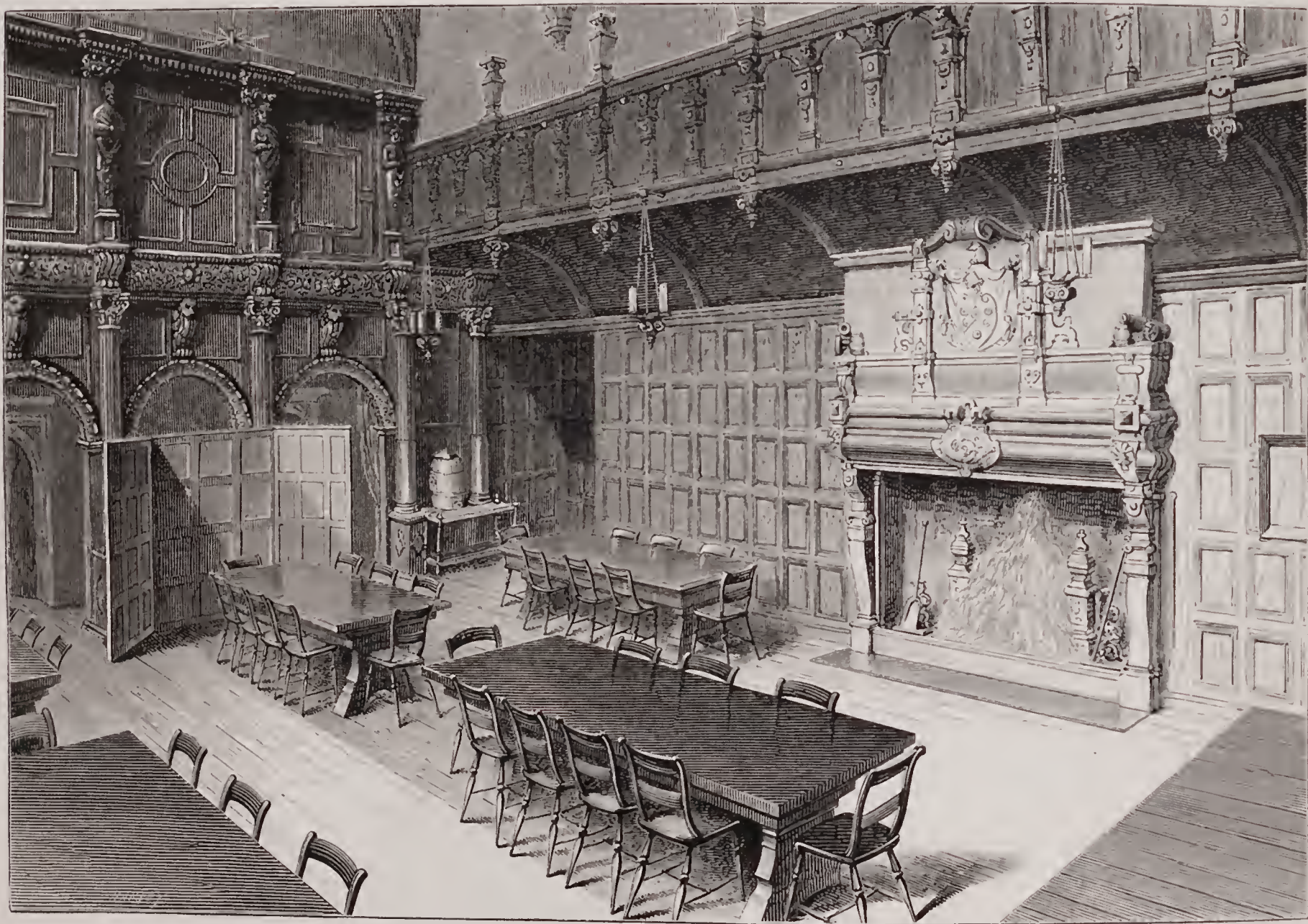


Fig. 1.—Dining-Room of the Charterhouse Hospital, London.

THE RENAISSANCE.—Perhaps a few words upon this vague and useful term may not be out of place here. There came a time when men, emerging from the Dark Ages—ages of war and struggle and tempest—bethought themselves of the learning and art of the earlier time, of the cultured periods of Greece and Rome; they began to study these, to copy or to adapt them to their own needs. Literature, painting, sculpture, architecture—all felt the new revival, which, starting in Italy, spread itself over all Europe. Its quickest movement and its most active out of Italy was into France.

Traces of the Renaissance are to be seen in architecture as early as about 1350; but in the early part of the fifteenth century, under the lead of Brunelleschi, an Italian architect, it assumed shape, and came to be a "style" which is now called "Renaissance," or rebirth.

There is not room here for an elaborate account of this movement, even as applied to architecture or household art, but we may indicate a few of its characteristics. While it was not a blind copying of the Roman or Greek forms, it was founded upon what we know as the classic styles. Small columns of the Greek and Roman orders were applied along the exteriors (as well as interiors), and often each story had its own distinct procession of columns. But it was mainly from the triumphal arches and baths of Rome that the Renaissance drew its early inspirations. The Gothic, as we term it, never flourished in Italy; hardly any examples of it remain; it was easier, therefore, for the revival or Renaissance of Roman art to begin and to flourish there. Carved and decorated mouldings, panels, and friezes mark this style; long panels in the pilasters are filled with carvings of masks, satyrs, grotesque animals, woven together with a free-flowing scroll-work; columns are frequently damasked and brodered; niches, sometimes filled, often not, are

* From A. D. 1000 to A. D. 1100.

to be seen on the façades; and, briefly, one would describe the Renaissance architecture as an old Roman style highly decorated, and adapted to the (then) modern time. In Italy, however, the Renaissance is less florid than in France and Germany, where over ornamentation prevailed. In England it was modified with the flat arch and other traces of Gothic art during the Tudor period, and to most persons of English descent it is so expressed more satisfactorily.

The best French work dates from the time of Louis XII. down to that of Francis I. and of Henry II. (1496-1559), after which it ran into excesses ending in those of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.'s time; then greatly in fashion, now mostly condemned.

We have pictured here some small examples which may serve to show the eye, as words so rarely can do, what is meant by our brief writing. The elevation (Fig. 2) shows the round arch, the decorated friezes and pilasters, the masks, the scroll-work, &c., already mentioned.

There are, in this style, a certain lightness, grace, delicacy, and a holiday air, which have their value. It seems fittest for a soft, seductive climate, for people whose days and duties are pleasant, who float on a summer sea; and it finds its fullest expression in Italy. But it is not well suited to a harsh, and severe, and snowy land—to a land where the sun rises in cloud and sets in storm.

Nor are the interior forms and decorations such as satisfy the severer and more earnest—perhaps grimmer—people of such lands. John Knox or Increase Mather would not willingly have made their homes examples of the household art of the Renaissance any more than they would have worn love-locks, or slashed velvet doublets, or lace ruffles.

Figs. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, are examples, and on the whole favourable ones, of the forms and decorations of the Renaissance time. There

seems to me unsatisfactory, as the base is tapering and weak. The mind is not satisfied.

Fig. 5 is a handsome cabinet, which any person would like to have. The criticism I would make is, that it is too much ornamented; and the severe criticism is, that the feet are too natural and *soft* to sustain the weight. When claws are used, it is much more satisfactory if they are shown clasping a ball; or, at least, they should be protected by a distinct base.

Fig. 6 pictures a broad-seated, low-backed chair, which is decorative and ample; and is marked by the spiral or twisted post, which, if not overdone, is always handsome; it will be referred to hereafter. Fig. 7 is a scroll-backed chair, which was much in vogue for a time, but which has not held its own—for this reason, if for no other, that the back of a chair so scrolled and carved must be uncomfortable, and therefore almost useless.

Fig. 8 is a chair of Henry II.'s time, and is one of the best. No one would

care to find fault with so handsome a chair, and few made have equalled it in form, comfort, and elegance.

There is reason to believe that a higher and purer taste was shown in France during Henry II.'s time than either before or since.

To this period belongs a most dainty and finished *faïence*, known as the "Henri Deux" ware, sometimes as "Diane de Poitiers." Not more than fifty pieces of it are known to exist, and where Sèvres porcelain brings hundreds this ware brings thousands. In a future article upon pottery, some further facts may be brought forward.

We ask attention now to Fig. 9, the glimpse of President White's dining-room at Ithaca, as shown through the open door of the Fernery, mantled as it is with vines.

The room is twenty-four feet in length by eighteen in breadth. It is placed at the southeastern corner of an eastern projection of the house, and has a conservatory or fernery opening from it by large, sliding doors at the south, and a very large bay-window,

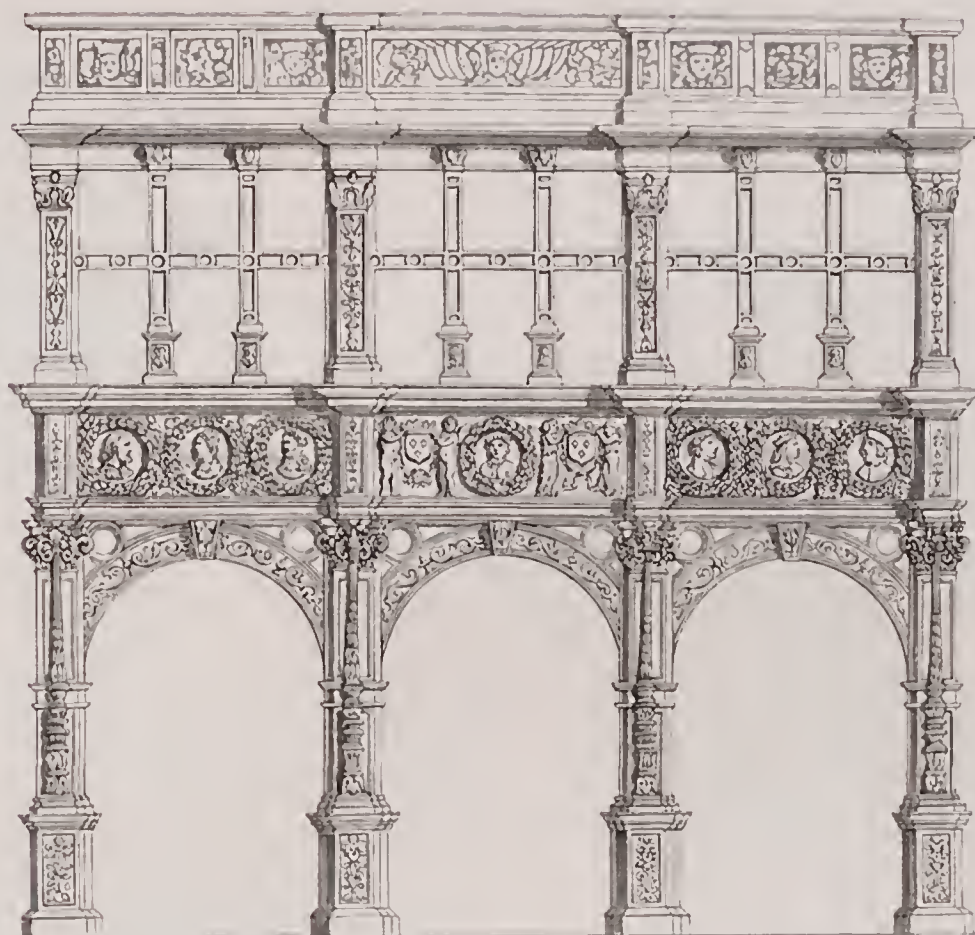


Fig. 2.—Renaissance.

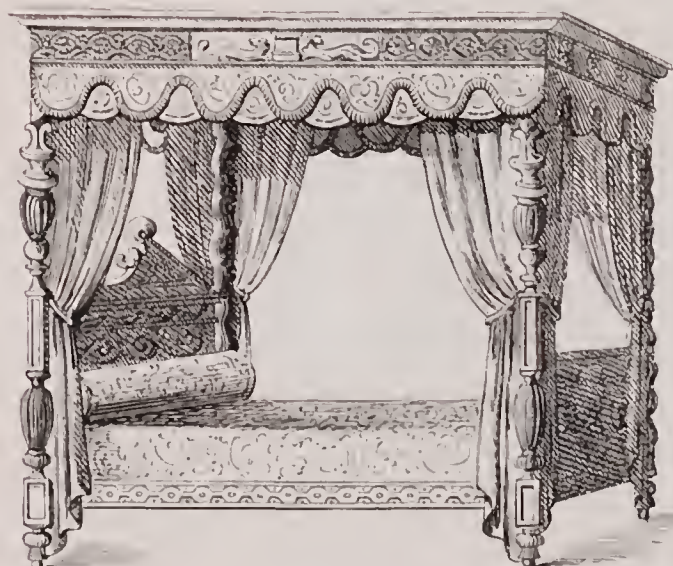


Fig. 3.—Renaissance Bedstead.

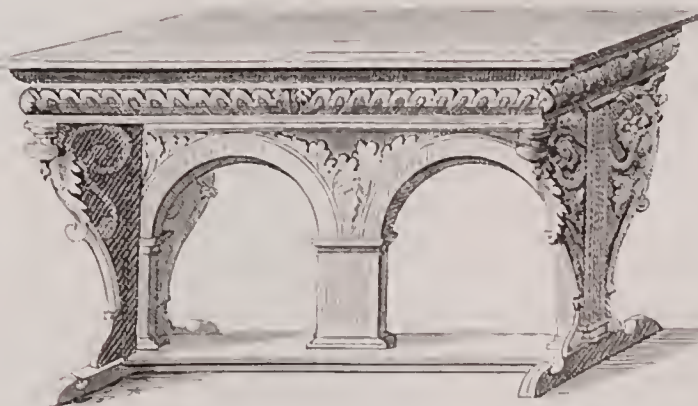


Fig. 4.—Renaissance Table.

are perceptible in all that delicacy and lightness of which I have spoken, and, of course, much ornament. Fig. 3 pictures a bedstead, with carved posts and canopy, and it certainly is very handsome. Fig. 4 shows a heavily-carved table, which is good; but it

semi-octagonal in shape, opening to the east. The floor of the room is of ash and walnut. The wood-work generally is ash. The ceiling is in panels of ash. The doors are walnut, with chamfers and mouldings of a simple pattern. The sliding-doors lead-

ing into the conservatory, and the windows are of large sheets of thick English plate-glass. The chimney, with open fireplace, is at the north end of the room. For this a mantel-piece is now building in accordance with the style of the furniture of the room, but of mahogany of a rich, dark colour, the material having been selected in Santo Domingo by the owner for this purpose. The general style of the furniture in the room is French Renaissance. It is of oak, and the carving of many pieces is of remarkable excellence. The table is an old French piece. Of the sideboards, one is a remarkable specimen of that peculiar phase of Renaissance work found in the Palatinate, and which resulted from Elizabethan or Jacobean ideas of architecture and decoration, carried there by the Electress the daughter of James I., and the other a work of the same period from Holland; but they are not at all inharmonious.

Of the brackets, one is carved in pollard oak, and was obtained at the London Exposition of 1851; and the other is a more recent work in lime-wood, of a remarkably well-studied and carefully-executed Jacobean pattern, and carved by the noted artist, George Alfred Rogers, who, since the death of his father, is probably at the head of his profession in England. Pieces of glass and *faïence* upon the brackets and sideboards are mainly reproductions of choice

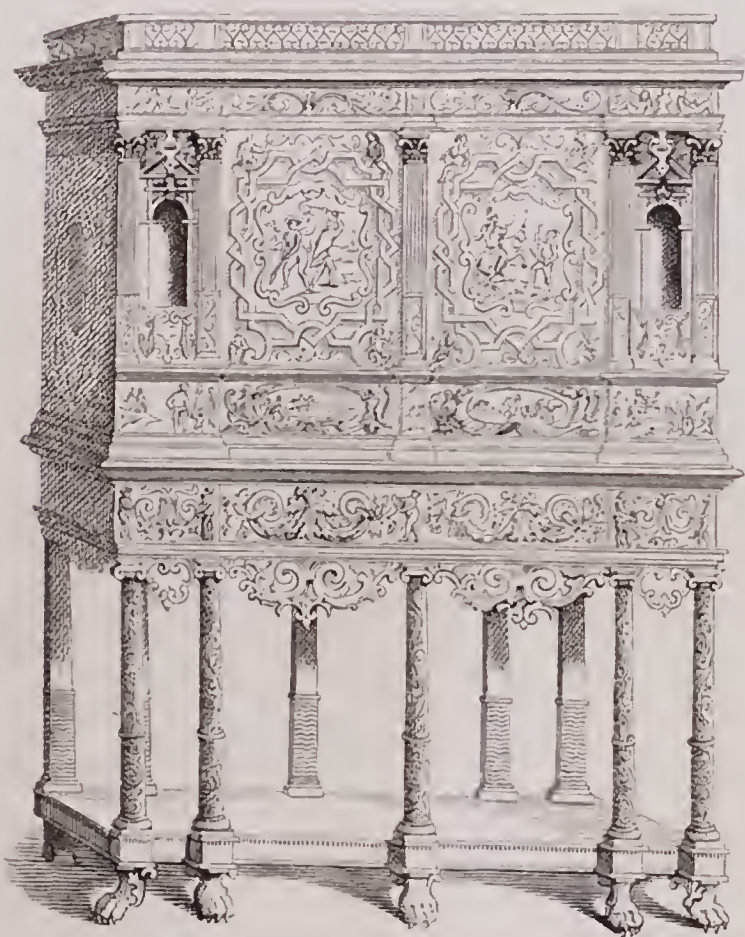


Fig. 5.—Renaissance Cabinet.

examples of the various schools of the Renaissance period. The tinting of the walls is as yet a simple pearl-grey, the house not being used by the family in winter.

The engravings temporarily upon the walls are mainly after-sketches of the best modern landscape-painters of the English school.

The room is an exceedingly pleasant one, as the Fernery opens broadly at one end, while, from the bay-window, the lawn and the view beyond over the University farm combine the beauties of natural scenery with the interest given by pastures containing choice cattle and fields under skillful cultivation.

The room is not extravagant, but is made interesting by its furnishings. The largest piece we see is a tall and richly-carved cabinet-sideboard, made of the dark walnut-wood of Europe. The top is covered with pots and tankards of the time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, many of which have a peculiar and quaint rudeness which is attractive.

These great cabinets give an air of richness and value to any room, and, as they are not often seen in a dining-room, this one makes a striking impression.

The dining-table shown is most effective in its carving—the four vivacious griffins relieving it from all suspicion of dullness.

The chairs with bold nail-heads were made in this country, and are good, massive, and simple.

One thing which strikes the onlooker is that this room, furnished as it is with small tables, brackets, pots, &c., produces the effect of

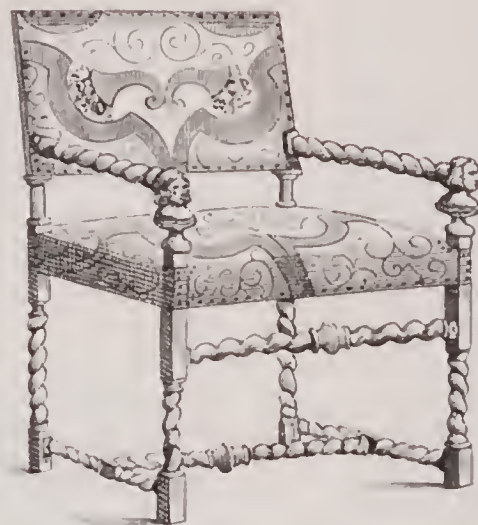


Fig. 6.—Renaissance Chair.

a room to be lived in, rather than the technical dining-room. In it, one could sit to sew or to read a book or to receive a morning visitor: it is not only or solely a room to eat in. The presence of these small things, and particularly the presence of womanly things, adds a home interest and repose and value that no merely ornamental pieces of furniture can at all give.

A man's house is not so good, a woman's house is not so good—as a house made by a man *and* a woman.

Our world is sadly out of joint when they cannot work in harmony.

It is undoubtedly true that the more delicate lines and forms and appliances of furniture have rarely been dealt with by the architect, whose work has been and is devoted to the design and structure of the house—vastly grander, and indeed of paramount importance. But few architects have a keen perception of the delicate distinctions and variations of line which the designer of furniture must call into use; distinctions which to many people seem trivial and unworthy: but we may safely hold that the beauty of a chair is as beautiful as the beauty of a château; why not, therefore, as important to us within who see and use it, though not to the outside world? The architect, therefore, addresses mainly the outside world, the household artist the family itself; and this last has hardly been a profession as yet. Should it become so, and it is possible, it is likely always to be a subordinate profession to that of the architect, as it deals with small things, and with those which do not challenge the applause of the world. It is certainly a sin-



Fig. 7.—Renaissance Chair.

gular fact, however, that the reputation of an able architect has not been (and is not now) at all in proportion to his great merits, or to the remarkable effects he produces. Every one can tell the names of dozens of painters—many among them of second-rate

consequence—while hardly any can mention the name of one architect beyond that of the artist who designed his own house.



Fig. 8.—*Renaissance Chair.*

And yet the small painter is less important than the great architect. We get into ruts; and this one of them.

To-day, who knows the names of the men who designed the wonderful cathedrals of Anvers, of Cologne, of Amiens? I confess I do not; of so little consequence have they seemed to be to the writers of their days. And what wonderful fellows they were!

The remains of the household art of the Gothic and Renaissance periods are mostly chance pieces, designed by workmen; in which, however, we see indications of the same forms of structure or decoration as are to be found in the architecture itself.

The rope, or rather spiral post (Fig. 6), seems to have come into use with the Renaissance, and has had a wide-spread popularity. It is a sort of fascination, and produces an effect upon the mind of much work; while in reality it is comparatively easy, and is one of the things which came out of the dexterous use of the lathe.

For light purposes, such as balusters for stairways, it is most fit, and its pleasing effects are to be seen so applied from the days of Queen Anne down into the best houses of our Revolutionary period. It is now coming into use once more.

But for table and chair legs it has this fault, that it is and

must be weak, as most of the fibre of the wood is cut across; and, therefore, while decorative, it does not satisfy the sincere soul, which asks for strength surely. While there are many beautiful bits and details, while there often are great refinement and delicacy, the style lacks dignity and massiveness, and is without the charm of simplicity and sincerity which may be said to characterise the work that preceded the Renaissance, which we are apt to term Gothic, for want of a better name. It is not that all Gothic is good



Fig. 10.—*Dining-Table.*

or all Renaissance bad, but the good preponderates in the one, the bad in the other. Strength and fitness for use, we cold people must have; grace, if it can be got also.

Among the existing examples of good Renaissance which we are directed to examine in France, may be mentioned the palace of the Tuileries, built by Delorme and Bullaut. Delorme is accepted as the master of all in France, whose work has not been excelled.

In Germany, the palace at Heidelberg (what remains of it) is recognised as one of the best examples there. The styles of the Renaissance with their refined but superficial finish find most favour with the Southern nations, in whose blood flows a strong Celtic strain; while Gothic architecture and decoration, with its strength and rudeness, has the strongest hold upon the Northern nations, whose blood is red, whose eyes are blue, and whose winters are savage. Who can tell how much climate has to do in fashioning the soul? We may ask whether the Renaissance is a style likely to meet our wants or to satisfy our tastes, either in architecture or furniture.

In the building and arranging of palaces or great houses, it is eminently fit that the dining-room should be a stately room, expressing fully and plainly its uses. In

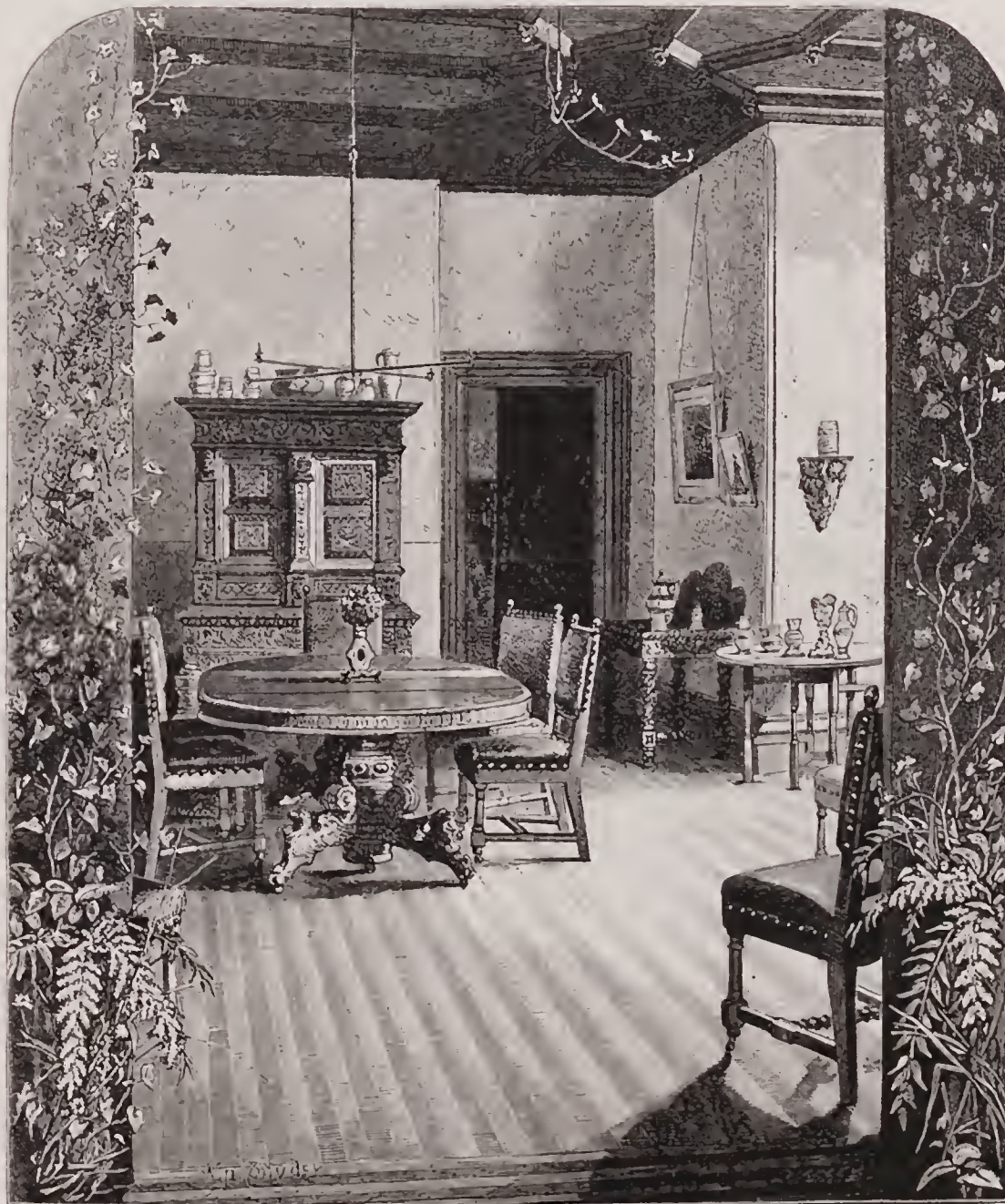


Fig. 9.—*Dining-Room.*

such a case, the room, being used for one purpose only, may contain nothing not distinctly related to that purpose—that is, we should not make a place for books in it: nor should we place in it sofas and lounging-chairs; nor pianos, nor beds, nor writing-tables. But, in most of our houses, the dining-room often becomes a living-room, and then there is no reason why a few books or a work-table, or writing-table, may not be placed there. On the contrary, they do add a charm to the room, and make it less carnal. These should not, however, be so conspicuous or so many as to destroy the character or hide the main purpose of the room.

A fashion has prevailed of placing in the dining-room pictures only of dead game, or of vegetables, and the like.

The panels of the room or the sideboard have often been filled with elaborate carvings of birds hanging on nails, also of fruit. These things are made to look as much like Nature as possible, and that in the eyes of some persons has made their charm, if it be a charm.

Now, I may say for myself, that this seems neither necessary nor nice. Animals are pleasing, often lovely, always interesting, but dead animals are not so; exactly the reverse of it. I cannot think that any repast can be made more lovely by having pictures of dead meat or of bunches of onions and carrots, no matter if painted by angelic artists, placed upon the walls before one's eyes; nor can I at all appreciate the taste which has induced men to pay large sums for pictures representing these: but there have been such men. If the sight of dead birds or bunches of carrots is really agreeable, why should they not hang the real things up before them until the cook finds them ready for the pot? That would be much cheaper, and a great deal more *natural*—Nature itself.

I may say, indeed, that the ornaments of the dining-room need not be pictures—it is not a good place for them, nor an appropriate one. The attention is occupied, and the thoughts and eyes are not free enough to desire that kind of enjoyment. Let us rather make the room gay and cheerful with some fine china, or some brass dishes, a bit of tapestry, or pots of flowers: not high art but household art, decorative art: these are entertaining, and they are *easily seen and easily comprehended*.

It has been a custom in these later days in England to spend

more money on the inside of the house than on the outside; to decorate and glorify the staircases and court-cupboards and mantel-trees rather than the turrets and cornices and windows and frames of the outside walls. With us the opposite of this has too often prevailed, and architecture has spent its art and the owners money in devices and decorations upon the exteriors, which have sometimes ended in shabbiness and pretentiousness painful to the heavenly soul. Partly this has been owing to the fact that one evidence, and an important one, of the consideration and wealth of a man could he made plain to the outside world by the size and magnificence of his house, or rather of the walls which enclose his house or home. It is pitiful to think how many such pretentious covers we have

built, with the gold and glory turned to the street, and how few attractive and really enjoyable interiors we have created for the delectation of ourselves and our friends. Our friends—an important word—we may ask have we any?—are there any now with whom we are free to come in and to go out, to ask and to receive, to consult or to console, to spend for and be spent upon? Has not life dwindled in this direction, so that human intercourse has become

mainly a matter of state, of conventionality, of triviality? Heartiness, that good old word, is almost obsolete: so also is hospitality. No finer word or thing can be devised.

"The act or practice of receiving and entertaining strangers or guests without reward, or with kind and generous liberality"—so the word is defined.

What better thing is there to be done or to be enjoyed than this? And yet—how few of us do it or enjoy it?

While human society exists there will be a sympathy more or less expressed for what interests those about us, and a wish more or less strong that this sympathy be extended to us.

A very clever woman has said: "I do not wish anybody to do anything naughty, but if they do, I want to know all about it."

And why not—if only we are equally desirous to know all the good that

can be said? The centre for hospitality—its altar—is, or should be, the dining-room. And yet into how few are we permitted to enter! how few tea-cups are we permitted to see! how rarely do we break bread with our fellows!



Fig. 11.—A better Dining-Table.



Fig. 12.—Sideboard.

And the fault cannot be laid to the door of any man or any woman. "Society" has come to this, that no household must be seen except in its best clothes. None must eat with you unless the dinner is extraordinary. The English or the American gentleman will ask you to dine, if he must, but he struggles into his Sunday clothes, he wishes you to put on the uniform of a head-waiter, he imports a new servant, and reduces his cook to the verge of insanity, in his effort to rival Lucullus and astound you.

But you are not astounded; you don't care for his eleven courses, and wish he would not have them; you daily dine from one, and you know he does; and neither he nor you want more, and he knows it as well as you do. You are sorry and perplexed, and so is he: he wishes you had not brought him a letter, and you regret it. His wife is red in the face and her wrinkles deepen in her forehead: she cannot love you, for you are the cause of woe.

Ten good men would have saved Sodom, and they were not. It is not likely that ten good men exist in this "free and happy" land who dare to ask a stranger or even a friend home to an ordinary dinner; it is to be feared there are not five women who would bless the other and inferior sex for doing so.

This is not altogether exaggeration. A table known as "the Salem table" is not of very recent invention; it contains a large wide deep drawer. Into this, it is said, all vestiges of the repast could be swept and be hidden in safe obscurity, should any neighbour or stranger break in at an unfortunate hour, at the celebration of the daily rite.

It is of Hartford that the incident is related: when a man in an unguarded moment has ventured to take a friend home to dine, if pressed for time, as all Hartford and other American men are, he is apt to say to the friend, "Would you mind taking your pie in your hand?" meaning thereby, no doubt, that he wishes to get away, and thinks his friend does, too.

This destruction of hospitality, which makes my preaching the gospel of the dining-room difficult if not useless, is mainly owing to two causes. First, the establishing of large and luxurious hotels, for the uses of the stranger, so that our houses are no longer necessary to him. This was not the case in England during the feudal times, when every castle and manor-house did this pleasant duty, and when the prime virtue of hospitality prevailed in its best estate.

These great luxurious hotels make it difficult for a doubtful man to say, "Come to me, to my small chamber, to my simple board." It is impossible for the over-sensitive woman to say so.

Then, second, the elaborateness, and the complications, and the luxuriousness of life have become almost unbearable. What the rest do, man and woman wish to do, feel impelled to do, or to try to do. Where is the brave soul who after the repast of eleven courses has the greatness to say: "Come to me to my two courses!" But do we not hunger for sense, taste, wit, graciousness, hearty welcome? These are priceless, and they cost nothing. Are we to be put off with truffles and *pâtés* and *vol-au-vents*—and all such things?—tithes of mint and anise and cummin!

Let us combine, as is now the fashion, and *strike* for simplicity, sincerity, heartiness, hospitality. We shall not get them else.

It may not be useless to give now and then a bit of what seems to be bad art, therefore not art at all, but a semblance only. The sketch (Fig. 10) is an example of the using of forms which are formless and meaningless. The feet of the table are of that kind. There is a good deal of work and much effort to produce something which will gratify or satisfy the sense; and work, even if ill applied or

meaningless, is often gratifying, because it indicates that the workman loved his work, and was interested in it. This is seen in the careful carving and ornamentation of the club or paddle of the Tahitian; it is also shown in the careful work upon the pinnacles and crockets of the old cathedrals, such as that of Milan, far away above the sight.

But the feet of this table fail in beauty of line, in indications of strength, and in meaning. It is not possible to *explain* what perfection of line is any more than what good poetry is. The second point made may, perhaps, be explicable—the weakness: evidently there is some attempt at a leg and foot here; now the hock or joint of the leg is a hump on the upper side, the arm curves downward, indicating weakness and a danger that the weight of table will settle it down—"squash it;" and then the foot is not a foot, as it might have been with the same amount of work. We need only to contrast this with the table shown in Fig. 11, to see in a degree what is meant.

We present, in Fig. 11, a better example of what may be done with probably one-half the work, to produce better results. Clearly the arm and foot in this satisfy the mind that they can support the table above. The forms are quite as conventional as Fig. 10, but better and stronger. The rim, too, is narrower, and therefore out of the way of the knees, which a designer who never dines will be likely to neglect or think unimportant. Indeed, most designers consider the little things unimportant.

For a round and simple dining-table this is a very good one. It is strong, and not so plain as to seem poor and unworked, uncared for. Ornamentation is of value, as it expresses our desire to make what we have worthy of ourselves and our friends. If the dining-table is a plain board, placed upon trestles as it once was, it will certainly hold the dishes and food, but it will fail to satisfy the artistic sense, and that is a sense which justly demands gratification.

But this may be run to excess, and result in over-ornamentation, as has been the case, at times, in the last two centuries. A rich man has no right to order abominations made, even if he can pay for them.

Most persons will appreciate the difference of being "well dressed" and "over dressed," though the line cannot be accurately drawn except for oneself; so, too, with furniture and all household decoration; it is a good rule to *keep on the side of simplicity and sincerity*, rather than to run into florid and extreme decoration.

The sideboard shown in Fig. 12, I think, has merits, and very great ones, while it is not perfect. It may be considered a transition from the Gothic or mediæval time to the Renaissance. Out of this combination has come some of our best household art, and out of it more will come. We need not be blind followers of the past, and no *artist* will be so. It would be foolish and uncomfortable for us to attempt to live as the feudal barons of England did, and yet we may adapt and use some of their honest, massive forms. We cannot do as Francis I. did, nor build such palaces and rooms as he did; but we may learn a lesson of grace, and light, and brilliancy from the work of that day.

What the great man does is not to copy Cæsar, but to learn from Cæsar how to be a greater king than Cæsar. What the great architect or artist does is not to copy any one, no matter how free and finished he was, but to learn a lesson from what he has done, so as to do as well or better, in his own way. The *true artist*, I must insist, *expresses himself; he copies no one.*

ART IN PARIS.



THE annual spring exhibition at the Cercle Artistique on the Place Vendôme is now open. In many respects, the collection of pictures now offered to the inspection of the public in that charming little hall is far finer than was that of last year, though some of the distinguished names, such as those of Gérôme and Vibert, are not represented. But, as a whole, the standard of excellence is

certainly higher. There are over one hundred pictures in the collection, few of which do not deserve minute and careful inspection.

The first painting that strikes the eye on entering the gallery is one of Jules Lefebvre's exquisite and delicate studies of the nude female figure. The present example is of small size, and is entitled 'A Bather.' It represents a young and laughing girl just emerged from the waters of a stream. Wholly undraped, she has

taken her seat, in a thoroughly unconstrained and graceful attitude, on a bank over which a white drapery has been thrown, against the dead white of which the rosy tints of her form are relieved with fine effect. The flesh is painted with that wonderful skill that always distinguishes the nude studies of Lefebvre. The background of verdure against which is relieved the laughing face and dishevelled hair of the bather is sketchy, and apparently unfinished. Lefebvre has another picture in the exhibition, the lovely 'Portrait of a Child,' which I noticed in one of my recent articles.

The vigorous pencil of Detaille is well represented by two fine works. One, called the 'Parlementaire,' or 'Flag of Truce,' represents an officer on horseback, followed by two cuirassiers, one of whom bears the white flag in question, while the officer is in the act of making inquiries from a soldier in blue uniform who stands beside him, caressing at the same time his fiery and restive horse. The execution of the whole work is admirable. The horses are finely painted, the contrast being marked between the spirited steed of the officer and the ordinary nags of the two cuirassiers, one of which looks quite jaded and worn out. A Meissonier-like finish and attention to detail give value to the minutest portions of the foreground—the trappings of the horses, the gloved hands of the soldiers, the details of the uniforms, the features and the expression of the different personages—while the background, with its variety of rising ground and trees, and the distant picket-guard, is painted with breadth and force. His other picture, 'An Attack upon a Shed,' is in some respects a more important work. It represents a party of French soldiery in the act of defending an enclosed shed from the attack of an unseen foe. A number of loopholes have already been made in the stone-wall, through which the defenders are firing, while a group, armed with pickaxes, are hard at work making others. The usual episodes of a military picture diversify the scene, the wounded soldier to whom an officer proffers his flask, the dead one lying, pallid yet still menacing, at one side, the affrighted mules struggling in the foreground, the wreaths of white smoke that pour in through the apertures, all is depicted as no one since Horace Vernet died has so well done as has Detaille.

Doré has sent two pictures of far smaller size than those that usually occupy his fertile and creative brush. One of these represents a group of Spanish beggars—the beggars of Burgos. In front of a white wall that may be that of a cathedral (I believe it is so stated in the catalogue) are gathered together a cluster of beings that offer a choice selection of types of Spanish mendicancy. There they are—repulsive old men and brutal-looking young ones, old witch-like women, picturesque in their rags, quaint Murillo-like children, strange dwarfs of both sexes, and one girl-face that might be handsome, did it not bear so legibly the stamp of evil and debasement—a remarkable and characteristic group drawn with a bold and a powerful hand. His other picture is a view on the coast of Brittany, rugged headland with grey rocks piercing the pale-green verdure, a plunging sea lashing itself to foam against the base of the cliffs, and over all a dull, leaden-blue sky ominous of a coming tempest.

Worms has here a lovely little picture, dainty in finish and most beautiful in tone and colouring. It is called 'The Departure for the Review,' and represents a stalwart carabineer in a showy uniform of dark green and crimson, in the act of drawing on his gloves, standing stiff and straight before the mantel-piece, while an elderly female, attired in the quaint fashion of the period of the Restoration, clasps her hands in mute admiration as she looks upon him. Her dress of pale-yellow changeable silk, with its round waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and broad band, and her *coiffure* with its stiff curls and high comb, are very characteristic and picturesque. The accessories are exquisitely painted, and the soft, pervading neutral tints of the background are admirably rendered.

A number of portraits grace the exhibition, two of the most important of which as works of art are those that represent the striking and original talent of Carolus Duran. This artist seems to have the power to fix the individuality of his sitters upon the canvas. Here before us stands a lady, clad in the attire that he affects so much for his female portraits; namely, a black-satin dress glistening with jet-embroideries. The background is a curtain of pale-red satin, with scarce a wave or fold on its smooth surface. Strikingly ineffective in tone, this background does not

heighten the warmth of the flesh-tints, but rather imparts to them a chalky tinge. But with what breadth and force is not the head painted, with its dark, soft eyes and crowning masses of dark hair. There is power in the very scorn of the usual methods of heightening the effect of the face and form. The other portrait is that of a lady seated on a chair of olive-green velvet, and almost hidden in cloud-like draperies of white tulle over white satin. She holds between her fingers a single crimson rose, and turns towards us her haughty-looking face, somewhat too long and pointed in outline and too attenuated in feature for actual beauty. The background of this portrait is of a dull olive-green. Very different in style yet equal in talent is Jalapert's portrait of a young girl that hangs near. It is life-sized and a half-length. The youthful sitter is depicted in a pale-blue robe of modern fashion, cut square over the bust; her auburn tresses, confined by a band of blue velvet, flow dishevelled over her shoulders, and in one hand she holds a slender ivory cane. The background shows a summer landscape, a shady grove that perhaps has tempted the young girl to stray abroad.

Few portrait-painters are ever so fortunate in their subject as has been Edouard Dubufe with his 'Portrait of the Countess L. M.' The glowing Oriental beauty of the lovely countess has been reproduced with a wealth of colouring and brilliancy of surroundings that harmonize well with its character. She looks upon us from out of a window, framed in carved grey stone, her dark, glowing eyes, rose-flushed cheek, and exquisite features, relieved against the dusky shadows of the background. A hat of grey felt, shaded with a single plume of the same hue, surmounts her profuse tresses. She wears a jacket of red velvet and satin, bordered with dark fur, open at the bust, and with half-long sleeves, and over the front of the balcony falls a drapery of pale-blue satin bordered with lace. These accessories of costume and drapery are very carefully and finely painted, the velvet and fur of the jacket being especially well rendered. There is an Eastern tone about the colouring and the details, admirably in keeping with the peculiar type of the beauty of the personage.

A portrait of an old gentleman by Saintin is one of the most remarkable in the collection from the vigor and individuality where-with the head is treated. Cot contributes a fine female portrait, a half-length of a lovely brunette in a black velvet evening-dress ornamented with jet; she wears in her hair a crimson rose whose tints harmonise admirably with the deep soft twilight-blue of the background; just such a blue as the sky wears on a cloudless moonlight night.

From Théophile Gide we have two pictures, one a well-executed Venetian scene, chiefly remarkable for the admirable way in which the water of the canal is painted with a long ripple stealing over the smooth green liquid surface from a gondola which a man is in the act of propelling off into the stream. The other and more ambitious work shows Catherine de Medicis in the act of imploring Charles IX. to sign the order for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There are good touches of colouring in this picture, and chiefly the relief afforded to the somewhat sombre background by the scarlet robes of an attendant ecclesiastic, and the figure of the reluctant king with pale face, sidelong sinister glance, and nervous clutch that rumples up the covering of the table at his side, is very well rendered. As a whole, however, the work is far from being forcible. Few artists can compete in this line with the powerful and dramatic talent of Gérôme.

Leloir's 'Aubergiste' is a single figure of a jolly old innkeeper "with a white apron and a red nose," the costume that of the seventeenth century. Boutibonne has contributed a charming little full-length portrait of a lady, very delicate and striking in colour. The pale-fawn silk and cloth of her dress, the rich brown of her seal-skin jacket, and a gleam of yellow skilfully introduced, make up a peculiarly effective combination. Poirson's 'Unpleasant Meeting' shows a good effect of snow; the grey wintry sky, lit by a red, rayless sun, is well rendered. A travelling showman, leading a bear, is trudging painfully along a snowy road, and has just come face to face with a group of village children, one of whom snatches up in her arms in terror her baby brother, to protect him from the bear, who, however, looks peaceful enough, and is muzzled besides. Another good snow-scene is Lemaire's 'Mountebank,' where a poor showman, pausing to rest amid a snowy landscape, is occupying the time by teaching his dogs some new tricks.

The landscape division of the exhibition is not very strong, as, indeed, it seldom is in Paris. But it includes one work which is, in many respects, one of the most important in the exhibition, and that is, a 'Scene in the Environs of Pompeii,' by Nittis. A mass of white buildings in the background, a sloping road stretching toward the spectator, bordered with stacks of dried reeds and grasses, and gigantic aloe-plants, two peasant-women, with their jackasses, in the foreground, and over all a blue sky, flecked with masses of white cloud, and touched on the horizon with the leaden-blue of a coming tempest—such is this remarkable picture, painted with infinite boldness and force of treatment. A dead tree, towering scathed and gigantic, at the left-hand side of the picture, forms a striking feature of the foreground. The colouring has that pale warmth of white sunlight wherewith the pictures of Fortuny have rendered us familiar.

Roger Jourdain's 'Shop in Cairo' is a bright and well-executed little picture. Before the shop a lady-tourist, elegantly gotten up in a toilette of mignonette silk and velvet, sits surrounded with Oriental rugs and tapestries, and is in the act of bargaining with the solemn-looking dealer, who holds up two fingers in response to her offer. Meanwhile her husband, a sturdy-looking Englishman, with red whiskers and a "puggree" round his travelling-hat, sits beside her in an attitude and wearing an expression of intense *ennui*, after the usual manner of men who go a-shopping with their wives. Pomey's 'Mirror' shows a vast advance over the very dreadful picture of the 'Almighty presenting Eve to Adam,' which disfigured the walls of the *Salon* last year. It is a carefully-painted, full-length picture of a young girl, in a toilette of green silk and velvet, looking in a hand-glass, and shows good knowledge of effects of colour, the flesh-tints being well set off by the dark-greens of the drapery. Fichel has sent two pictures, one a 'Commemoration' and the other 'A Music Lesson,' both showing his talent at rendering effects of velvet and satin, and his mastery of delicate colouring and finish of detail. But his groups of the elegantly-dressed gentlemen of the eighteenth century are apt to grow monotonous when one sees a great many of them, and a certain costume of pale-red velvet, with silvery reflections, though very beautiful, is becoming almost too familiar to the eyes of those who see many of the works of this artist.

Rousseau's 'Fruit and Flowers' might have fitly been termed 'Summer.' It is difficult to imagine how paint and canvas could so perfectly reproduce the velvet lusciousness of the crimson-cheeked peaches, or the delicate curves and outlines of the petals of these half-blown roses, with all the dewy freshness of the morning still upon them. The Japanese roses in the background are also very beautifully painted.

Taken as a whole, this exhibition is an extremely interesting one,

and far surpasses in general merit that of last year. Though some few celebrated names are lacking, the character of the pictures is unusually high; and nearly all of those artists that have exhibited are among the most noted of the present day.

A recent visit to the studio of Bouguereau brought me face to face within one of the most genial and gentle of the accomplished artists of France. He is now at work on a large picture, representing the Virgin Mary with the dead Christ in her arms. In the centre of the foreground the Virgin is seated, her arms clasped around the lifeless form of her Divine Son, which is supported in a sitting posture on her knees, while the head droops back upon her shoulder. Her face, turned full upon the spectator, bears the imprint of an anguish too deep for words. Beneath the shadows of the dark drapery that encircles her head look forth those eyes of unutterable sadness, with the fixed despair of bereaved maternity frozen in their depths. Around the pair hover a band of angels. One fair spirit looks for the first time on death, and the sweet celestial face is eloquent with amazement, tempered with gentlest sympathy. It is possible that this fine picture may not be finished in time for the *Salon*, so many and great are the difficulties that beset the completion of so large and important a work, but it is to be hoped that so noble a specimen of the contemporary art of France will not be absent from this exhibition. M. Bouguereau is also at work on a full-length nude figure representing Truth, which has been ordered by M. Boucicault, the proprietor of the Bon Marché and the fortunate owner already of the artist's exquisite 'Holy Family.' That work, the gem of last year's *Salon*, represented crowned and happy maternity, while the picture of this year shows motherhood in sorrow and in despair.

Mr. E. L. Henry, of New York, who is at present residing in Paris, has just finished a charming and effective little picture, very beautiful in colouring and in detail, entitled 'Breakfast in Bed.' Another recently-completed work from his pencil shows an English scene, a group of children playing in a churchyard, very finely and carefully painted. Mr. Knight, of Philadelphia, is finishing his market-scene at Poissy, which is the property of Mr. Anthony Drexel. Mr. Bacon's 'Tea-Party at the House of Benjamin Franklin' is nearly completed, and will be ready for the *Salon*.

Among other recent art-rumors, it is reported that Tony Robert-Fleury is engaged upon a vast painting representing the interior of a mad-house. This large and important work, on which he has been engaged for months past with closed doors, is destined for the approaching *Salon*. Those who have been so fortunate as to obtain a glimpse of it declare that in power and grandeur of effect it surpasses his celebrated prize-picture of the 'Siege of Corinth,' now at the Luxembourg.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

NEW PICTURES IN THE GOUPIL GALLERY.



painting of grand size, in illustration of the romantic story of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' by Henry Picou, of Paris, is now on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. In the interpretation of the scene it is evident that the artist has followed, in its general characteristics, Shakespeare's glowing description of Cleopatra's progress to meet Mark Antony, but the event delineated by the painter is an excursion upon the Cydnus *with* the now conquered Roman.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. She did lie
In her pavilion (cloth-of-gold of tissue)
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork Nature."

Cleopatra reclines on the deck of her barge in the midst of her attendants. Her idyllic beauty of form is revealed to Antony as it

was to Caesar, and the former, like the latter, is enslaved by her matchless charms. The nudity of the Egyptian queen is altogether too literal an interpretation of the poet's description. Plutarch tells us that Cleopatra went in the "dress and character of Venus;" but this does not justify the wild assumption that this imperial wanton appeared in public with Antony as depicted here by the artist. Seated by the side of Cleopatra is Antony. He wears the Roman toga, and the laurel-wreath encircles his brow. In front of the royal couple, pretty boys are playing with doves and fawns, and an infant Psyche stands beside the knee of the queen.

In the centre of the barge, and facing Cleopatra, sits a priest of Isis, and near him are a colossal standard-bearer, virgins burning incense, groups of girls with offerings of fruits and flowers, and female musicians. A poet leans against the foremast, and a band of strange-looking harpers are apparently chanting in weird measure on the prow. On the lofty stern of the barge is a maid of honour scattering flowers on the water. The steersman, his head adorned with the sinuous or snake-like cap, stands behind the royal group and guides the barge with an enormous paddle as it is propelled by the coal-black Nubians who labor at the oars. A

silken sail attached to the foremast is filled with the gentle breeze and assists the rowers in their task; and a delicately-tinted awning shields the burnished deck and its sumptuous tableau from the rays of the noonday sun. Cleopatra, as if fearful of the influence of the sun's rays on her royal person, is protected by broad-spreading ostrich-plumes which are held above her head, and, as they are swayed by the attendants, the gentle wind, the poet says—

“Did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.”

The background against which this rare scene is drawn is intended to suggest the abrupt coast-line of Asia Minor.

The composition is very graceful and the interest is well concentrated, but the feeling in looking at the work is one of disappointment resulting from the severity of its treatment in a technical sense. The picture is intended to express the pomp and grandeur of a scene the romantic story of which is familiar to almost every reader. The work properly belongs to the department of decorative art, but it is not remarkably brilliant in colour, and, aside from its clever drawing, it fails to inspire that feeling of gorgeousness which is so glowingly expressed in the Shakespearean text. In its suggestions, so literal is the rendering, there is very little left for the imaginative element to play upon. There is a feeling of repose, however, inspired by the work, which charms, notwithstanding the questionable sentiment of the scene. In the painting of the several figures we fail to be struck with that roundness of form and those subtle gradations of colour which ought to impress the beholder in a work of this imposing character.

There are other choice pictures in the spring exhibition at Goupil's which are worthy of notice.

Of Mr. De Haas's work there is a large marine representing a breezy day at sea. There are a bark sailing before the wind and other vessels in the distance. The great force of the work is ex-

pressed in the wave-forms, in the drawing and painting of which the artist is a master-workman. Blaise Desgoffe has a large canvas representing a group of 'Objects of Art formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette.' There is a secretary-table, elaborately carved, a harp, a jewel-box inlaid with medallions, and other toilet articles. In the treatment of the subject the canvas shows the polish of an ivory tablet, and upon this groundwork the objects of art are touched in with a delicacy of feeling and a richness of colouring that are absolutely marvellous in their resemblance to Nature. Bagniet, who is famous for his interiors, is represented by a group of ladies in a drawing-room. It is a spring morning, and they have been rambling in the garden, and sprays of apple-blossoms and other early flowers are scattered on the floor. The group is of the pyramidal form, and the lady who forms the apex is seated and has a nest of young robins in her lap. Her companions are looking on as she feeds the birds who are apparently chirping from hunger. The costumes are superb, and the silks, laces, and velvets, are painted with exquisite taste. There is very little left to the imagination in this work; but in Achenbach's coast-scene, 'On the Scheldt—Storm coming up,' the suggestive element is far more powerful. The breaking waves and the effect of the wind on the spray are delineated in the most powerful way. Cabanel's 'Mary at the Tomb' is a masterly work, and its refinement of tone will commend it to all lovers of art. There is also 'A Fête Day,' or 'Grandfather's Birthday,' it might very properly be called, by Leloir, which is very charming. An old cavalier is seated in his reception-room and is in the act of kissing a little girl who is presented to him by her young and charming mother. The costumes represent the time of Louis XIV., and are very rich and quaint at the same time. One of the most spirited works in the gallery is Schreyer's 'Wallachian Provision Train caught in a Snow-storm.' It is a study of moving and struggling horses, and is a masterpiece. The exhibition at Goupil's is to be maintained with unusual force during the coming Centennial summer.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ENGLAND has at last a statue of her great ruler of past days, the "Lord Protector." Mr. Noble's fine statue of Cromwell, which was erected in Manchester towards the close of last year, is a gift from Mrs. Heywood, wife of an alderman of that busy place of industry. It is a fine example of portrait-sculpture, eminently suggestive of what one knows of the man, and characteristic of him in holdness. Were it not for the military garb he

wears, one might easily imagine him ordering the serjeant-at-arms in the "Parliament House" to "take away that bauble,"—the Speaker's mace. The figure has a solidity and firmness most characteristic of Cromwell; it shows the spirit of true Puritanism in its general treatment; and, as a work of Art, cannot but be an ornament to the city in which it stands, and most honourable to the sculptor's talents.

SOMETHING ABOUT ETCHING.



It may be safely affirmed that no English writer has laboured with more earnestness to popularise the ancient and half-forgotten art of etching than Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Some six years ago he published his "Etching and Etchers" in London. It was a costly production, and its chief merit was owing, not to the reading-matter which it contained, but to its small collection of original etchings, many of which possessed considerable art-value. The work was never stereotyped; only a limited edition was printed; and it is now almost impossible to purchase a copy at any price.

Although this work deserved to be expensive, it failed to meet the desired object of its author. He wrote for students everywhere; but, unfortunately, inasmuch as students are not apt to be overhurdled with wealth, these have scarcely been benefited by what he wrote. Mr. Hamerton saw his mistake, and early resolved to correct it. In the last few years he has continued to write on his favourite theme; and, by practising three hours a day, he has not only acquired a wider knowledge of the art, but, we believe, has

also become conscious of the uncertainty and inutility of much that he previously wrote.

In the new edition of his treatise* we think that we have virtually another work. Much of the extraneous and objectionable matter in the former edition has been removed; a score or more of marked errors have been rectified; and the book, taken as a whole, seems now fully to carry out the purpose of its author. It cannot fail to prove of large and enduring service to hundreds of our artists and amateurs who are seeking a practical notion of the art. To be sure, Martial's little handbook is a gem of its kind; and Lalaunes's will long be the text-book of French artists: for those, however, who do not read French, we may say that Mr. Hamerton's work unites the deserving qualities of both.

Mr. Hamerton has arranged his matter in five books. The first discusses the process and qualities of the art, unfolds the needs and prerequisites of the etcher, and shows on what *contingencies*

* "Etching and Etchers." By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "The Intellectual Life." Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



CROMWELL.

ENGRAVED BY H. BALDING, FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE

depends his success. The second, third, and fourth books exhibit some illustrations of the principles already laid down, and furnish a glimpse of the work of the various schools of Art—beginning with Dürer, of course, and closing with the later English artists. In the fifth book the author writes of the interpreters of painting, and about copying in etching. So much may be termed introductory matter, to be read by everybody. The appendix, which follows, comprises "practical notes;" in other words, nearly fifty pages devoted wholly to an analysis of the methods of etching, by carefully reading which we believe almost anybody, with a fair knowledge of and skill in drawing, may learn to etch after a fashion! We do not wish to be misunderstood, in this assertion, as having a small conception of the difficulties of the art; for we admit that to etch is one thing, to be an etcher is another. A catalogue-index closes the volume; and a dozen plates, copied by the author from the originals of Rembrandt, Ostade, Callot, Zee-man, Turner, and others, add immensely to its beauty and service.

We have written this much of Mr. Hamerton's volume, because its republication—if we may term it such—again reminds us of what foreign artists have done, and are doing in the line of etching, and of what our own artists have not attempted to do; and because the book deserves to be studied by every person of artistic taste.

The inquiry naturally arises, "Why is it that American artists never etch?" Is it because our people, having no interest in such a display of genius, do not encourage the cultivation and practice of the art, or because our artists themselves have neither the desire nor the skill to excel in it? It might possibly be said, by way of some sort of an apology, that we have not the material to work with; and that, seeing that a good etcher must of necessity be a good draughtsman, and many of our artists not being good draughtsmen, we could not hope to reach anything like a fair degree of success.

Let us look into this matter. A recent issue of the London *Saturday Review* contains the assertion that "it is disheartening to find the French beating us in colour-painting and the Americans in wood-engraving." Now, in America there has been done, in late years, some excellent colour-painting as well as some superior wood-engraving. As artists, we are behind the English in one respect at least, that is in figure-drawing, while we surpass them in the production of landscapes. That we have, however, produced some remarkable examples of both kinds of work—work, we may add, that will bear comparison with much that has been done by our English cousins in recent years—there can be not the slightest doubt. It remains, then, to be seen whether our knowledge of art and our facilities for practice are such as shall enable us to become successful etchers.

By contrasting the arts of painting and etching we find that the former has this in its favour: it can represent colour; and, being less conventional, it is, of course, the higher art. There is one thing, however, which, in the free and natural expression of artistic ideas, is more important than colour—that is, form. Let two artists of equal skill, one an etcher and the other a painter, attempt to produce the same subject in the same space of time; by comparison of the two results it will appear that the etching contains a more delicate definition of many interesting points of form than the picture possibly can. Suppose, further, that the painter should devote additional time, say weeks, to his picture, so as to bring it to the most finished state: the result would be a gain of completeness, with a loss of freshness. We cannot carry the comparison any further; but we may add, as a conclusion, that the worker in oil must necessarily make many sacrifices to colour, which the etcher easily preserves.

Let us now look at the wood-engraver. "If you take a wooden block unengraved," says Mr. Hamerton, writing on this subject, "and print from it as if it were a finished woodcut, you will obtain a perfectly black patch the size of your block. If you take a copperplate unengraved, and print from it as if it were a finished etching, you will obtain a white space, enclosed by four impressed but colourless marks, produced by the edges of the plate, and called the plate-mark. If you engrave a line upon both block and plate, and then hand them again to their respective printers, your new proofs will give you a white line on a black ground for the woodcut, and a black line on a white ground for the etching." The natural process of wood-cutting is, therefore, to leave the

darks and mark the lights, and the most genuine wood-engraving may be known at once by the perfect frankness of its white lines and the plain intention of its white spaces.

Generally speaking, therefore, an etcher's facilities are greater than those of the wood-engraver. A choice engraving may be richer and softer; a choice etching is truer to the thought and bolder. You may also see and feel the etcher through the medium of his work; while you do not so much as think of the wood-engraver, and are pleased merely by his skill or patience. What the etcher produces he produces with passion, he elaborates with originality, while the wood-engraver interprets only.

A truly great painter, or a truly great engraver, will almost always succeed as a great etcher. Given a fair knowledge of the art of design, a certain skill in sketching from Nature, and a certain amount of mechanical dexterity, and you have an etcher. But, bear in mind, this is only an etcher of a very ordinary sort. The *true* etcher talks through his work; and it is one thing to talk and another to make one's self understood. If we succeed in catching the free expression, the thought that gives vitality to the picture, we may know that he was an artist who executed it. Again, the etcher is like a musician; he may be a Von Bülow or a John Smith. The mechanical action of both may be the same; yet there will be a difference in favour of the former of such a nature as shall mark the master. It is this same order of difference which distinguishes the true from the false etcher.

Two years ago, in an article published in the *Galaxy* magazine, we ventured to draw the following picture of an etcher: "He begins his work, not so much as an artist as an *improvisatore*; his execution is swift, airy, and graceful; he glances, he thinks, and traces the thought not like one remindful of old precepts and technicalities, but with a freedom of expression which is evolved naturally from his mental organisation. His work is as the imprint of a kiss—mere nothingness, and yet beautiful, light, momentary, and easily forgotten. Even the causes and their effects are ultimately lost in the abundance of changing scenery. His subjects are not studied; neither are they burdensome nor confused by heterogeneous elements. A shelving rock, a secluded by-path through the forest, a lone hut, an old and picturesque raid, a bevy of happy children loitering around an ancient well-sweep, a group of cattle, a rivulet lazily threading a narrow vale—such are only a few among a thousand-and-one scenes which meet his gaze and serve to concentrate and arouse his skill."

But even here the portrait lacks completeness; for a certain freedom of execution, a spirited smoothness, so to speak, belongs to a genuine etcher. If we allow him this freedom of execution, and he have not the artistic thought to express—that is, the artistic comprehension of interesting points—he cannot be termed an etcher, any more than an ambitious schoolboy, who, for the amusement of his fellows, scratches hideous designs upon a greasy slate.

We must now say a word or two with regard to the process. "No method is more simple, more direct, more *personnel*, than etching," exclaims the lively, easy-going M. Gautier. "A plate of copper coated with varnish, some needles, a knife, a burnisher, a bottle of acid—this is the stock of tools." And this stock, we may add, comprises all that is really necessary to the workman. Mr. Hamerton, to be sure, gives a list of no less than thirty-six articles, of varied sorts, which he asserts are "required in the laboratory and printing-room;" but, then, Mr. Hamerton goes in for luxurious comfort, and is a deal more liberal to young artists than they can well afford to be to themselves.

M. Gautier is, also, for that matter; and, from what we have just quoted, one would imagine that M. Gautier was a most experienced etcher, instead of, as he is, no etcher at all. M. Gautier says nothing of the endless difficulties which crowd upon an etcher's path; which seems a little strange when it is explained that these difficulties are of a kind not soon overcome and never forgotten.

The language of another French writer—this time a most experienced artist—is applicable to this feature of our subject. It is M. Martial who writes:

"Anybody," he says, "who knows how to sketch ought to etch. To be sure, one ought not to make a very complicated plate at first, although such a thing has been done. It is best to begin by drawing a simple outline, well accentuated, on the black ground; to add a few trees; to subject it to the bath; and, if this early effort requires to be retouched, to coat it with white varnish, in

order to complete it. Some excellent effects will be discovered, and success is quite certain.

"The *croquis*, or off-hand sketch, fares well in the acid; and every painter ought to etch several series of them without any trouble. Exert strong pressure on the point, do not tremble because the mordant happens to be a little furious, and the result will surely be good. To increase the quality add to the number of these sketches. Consult the best specimens of the art, study them carefully and with a fixed purpose. This is the way that speedily conducts to the good, the better, and the best."

If any one of my readers is disposed to regard it as a very easy thing to become skilled in etching, he owes it to himself to alter his hastily-formed conclusion. Nothing is easier than the mechanical part; nothing more difficult than to reach artistic success. The poetic verse, "things are not what they seem," applies in a two-fold sense to etching; for, in the first place, the process itself is deceptive, and, in the second place, no less so is the immediate result of the process. The following illustration will explain this remark:

In the article on the subject, already referred to, we ventured to recommend the practice of etching to young women, and added: "No harm will come from it, provided a right beginning shall have been made; and surely there may result not a little good. . . . Young women may learn to etch, after a fashion, and still preserve the tenderness of their sex; and as yet we are unable to foresee any detriment to health which they may be liable to encounter in the undertaking. As regards the art itself, we cannot speak with equal assurance of the advantage to be derived. Certain it is that the market-value of copper will steadily advance; and, perhaps, the enchanting art will degenerate into a delusive fashion."

It will thus be seen that the recommendation was couched in very mild and undeceiving words. Nevertheless, a month or so later, it turned out that certain young ladies, living not far from Boston City Hall, having read the article, had formed themselves into a sort of mutual-interest organisation, called in the assistance of the hardware, the copper, and the acid merchant, and had set to work as etchers. These ladies made it a point to read everything in books, magazines, and newspapers, bearing on the subject; their stock in trade was, of course, very rude, and comprised only the barest necessary articles. Every member of the organisation worked on the same subject at once—this subject being taken from an ordinary engraving. When each had finished her plate it was carried, with the others, to the copperplate printer's. The impressions showed, of course, a marked similarity in the forms displayed; but of the seven impressions, showing the labours of seven different persons, there was only one which successfully reproduced the thought of the original, and which at all indicated the necessary

qualities of an etcher. Of these ladies, two alone continue to etch now; the others, after soiling their dainty fingers with smoke and varnish, pricking them with needles, and burning them with acid, to their sorrow, have forever relinquished the most charming of pastimes to more experienced pleasure-seekers.

We do not mention this instance as one which stands alone; for we have learned, of late, that there is a young ladies' etching-club in Philadelphia, one in Cleveland, and a very diminutive one in Portland. We know nothing of the progress which these are making.

In conversing with a picture-seller not long since, we asked why it was that he did not keep the best examples of modern etching on sale. The reply was that etchings were not popular, and commanded no sale. Neither were etchings "popular" in France twelve years ago, and even to-day they cannot be said to be popular in England, notwithstanding that the works of Turner, Geddes, Whistler, Haden, Millais, Cope, George, and of others, are purchased as soon as they are produced. The mere failure of an art, however, to become popular is no sign of its worthlessness; on the contrary, it speaks volumes in its praise. Almost every admirer of the art will admit that it possesses nothing of the mechanical attractiveness of the art of painting. A rich profusion of colour in the one is replaced by a seemingly careless *ensemble* of black lines in the other; and these lines have a meaning only under certain and severe conditions. We agree, also, that the etched lines have nothing of the apparent neatness of the line-engraving, or the softness of the mezzotint; and this fact would seem to be quite enough to lower an etching's value in the minds of many individuals.

Yet an art which possesses a merit of its own will always have a small public of its own—a public not necessarily fastidious, but always appreciative of and on the *qui vive* for good works, from whomsoever they may chance to come. While it is plain that etching ought to become popular in a restrictive sense, it is equally plain that it ought to remain unpopular, or rather partially unapproachable, for the sake of the art itself.

M. Lalaune, one of the ablest of modern French etchers, has said that "the extensive sale of bad etchings would do no good to the art; and, if etching were popular, it is likely that many etchers would work down to a low popular standard, just as so many painters, in these days, are compelled to do, or starve. It is a matter less for regret than for congratulation that an art should exist safe from the baneful influence of vulgar patronage. This is the bright side of unpopularity; and it is enough to reconcile all who truly love what is noble and genuine in etching to the sorrowful neglect of it."

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

OBITUARY.

HENRY GASTINEAU.—During the long period of fifty-eight years the name of Henry Gastineau has appeared in the Catalogue of the Exhibitions of the English Water-Colour Society which he joined in 1818. Beginning his career in Art as an engraver, he soon quitted that employment, and commenced oil-painting, but subsequently directed his attention almost exclusively to water-colour painting—an art in which he must have lived to see some changes of importance: in none of these, however, had his own much, if any, share; for he adhered, with but little variation, to the old style and manner of water-colour, pure and simple. Notwithstanding the advanced age he had reached, nearly eighty-six years, he worked on; almost unweariedly, as it would seem, for in the last year's exhibition he showed no fewer than eleven landscapes; and in that which closed a month or two ago he had six, all of them evidencing but small indication of waning powers. Mr. Gastineau was never a brilliant painter, but he had a refined feeling for Nature, and treated his subjects with discrimination and taste. He died on the 17th of January.

ADOLPHE SCHRÖDTER.—We find in the Continental papers the announcement of the death of this German painter in the month of January, at the age of seventy. M. Schrödter was born at Schwedt, and entered the Art-school of Düsseldorf, where he soon rose to distinction

as a painter of *genre* subjects; even at the early age of twenty-six a contemporary writer speaks of his works as showing boldness of design, freedom of conception, and much liveliness and humour. In Count Raczynski's *L'Art Moderne en Allemagne* is a small engraved portrait of this artist, and also an engraving of one of his most famous early works, 'Don Quixote in his Study reading the *Amadis des Gaules*;' and certainly the gallant knight of La Mancha was never more ludicrously represented—nor more cleverly than here. At the time of M. Schrödter's decease he held the appointment of Professor in the Carlsruhe Academy of Arts.

JAMES BAYLIS ALLEN.—The death of this eminent English engraver occurred in January. Mr. Allen, who had attained the age of seventy-three, was the son of a button-manufacturer in Birmingham, and as a boy followed his father's business, but at about fifteen years of age he was artied to an elder brother, a general engraver in Birmingham, by whom he was for some time employed on mere tradework only; for example, needle-labels, patterns, &c.; still this rough work gave him a power over the graver that proved of great use in after-life. After serving three years at such work, he was allowed to attend the drawing classes of the late Vincent Barber, with whom he made very considerable progress in the artistic part of his profession. In 1824 Mr. Allen went

to London where he entered the studio of W. and E. Finden, then actively engaged in the execution of numerous illustrated publications: subsequently he worked under Charles Heath, and also with Mr. Robert Wallis, who is still living, though long retired from the profession. Between the years 1830 and 1845, Mr. Allen produced a large number of engravings from Turner's water-colour drawings, illustrative of 'The Rivers of France,' 'Coast Scenery,' &c. Among his best plates may be mentioned 'A Bal Masqué in the Grand Opéra, Paris,' after Eugène Lami: it is remarkable for minute detail, and the effects of gaslight and hot atmosphere.

ANTHONY VON GEGENBAUER.—The once famous German historical painter, Anthony von Gegenbauer, died in Rome in the last week of January. He was born in 1800, and studied from 1815 to 1823 in the Munich Academy under Robert von Langer. In 1823 he proceeded to Rome, where he remained until 1826, when he accepted a call from the King of Würtemberg to come to Stuttgart and paint in fresco the large hall of his Château Rosenstein. This series of paintings gave the artist a great reputation, the subject being the story of Psyche, and the colouring fresh and true to Nature. On the completion of this work Gegenbauer in 1839 returned to Rome, whither his fame had now preceded him, and where he produced a large number of valuable works. In 1835 he was recalled to Stuttgart and requested to decorate in fresco several saloons in the royal palace—a work which occupied nearly eighteen years. Five large saloons were illustrated with incidents from the history of Würtemberg, and these wall-paintings are now considered to be the best of their kind in Germany. Gegenbauer was a rapid worker, but better adapted to depict grace and beauty than force and vigor; his work is elegant in finish, but lacking in character. He was an idealist in the sense of his time and his school, but shone mainly as colourist both in fresco and in canvas painting. He leaves many pictures of a

religious, historical, and mythological character; the latter are said to be his best. He was one of the best of the modern German historical painters, and without doubt the greatest colour-artist that Würtemberg has yet produced.

CHARLES FREDERIC KIÖRBOE.—This artist—a very clever animal-painter—died at Dijon early in January, at the age of seventy-one. He was born at Stockholm, but for a very long period resided in France. In 1844 he obtained a third-class medal in Paris; two years afterwards, a second-class medal; and, in 1860, the cross of the Legion of Honour. Kiörboe was the author of a large painting—'The Inundation—a Newfoundland Dog and her Pups.' It represents the dog chained to its kennel and swept away by the flood of waters, while her pups are swimming around her. The picture has been engraved. In 1874 Mr. Kiörboe was an exhibitor at the Paris *Salon*.

JAMES GODWIN.—This well-known artist and designer died in West Brompton, England, in January. He was the younger brother of Mr. Godwin, F.R.S., and in his early life entered the schools of the Royal Academy, giving much promise of ultimate success. Subsequently he found profitable occupation in making designs for many illustrated publications, and acquired a good name by his works of that kind. Occasionally, too, he painted and exhibited pictures, as his 'Hamlet and Ophelia,' which was well placed in the exhibition of the Royal Academy some few years ago.

FRANZ MELNITZKY.—The death of this famous Austrian sculptor, which occurred early in February, is a loss to Art. At Vienna, where his works rank among the best productions of modern sculpture, his reputation is well sustained by his statue of St. John in the Johannes-Kirche, his Angels on the Caralina Bridge, and the Vindobona group at the Kaiser-Brunnen.

NOTES.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—From a comparatively small beginning the South Kensington Museum can now boast of possessing the finest and most complete collection of the decorative Art-works of Persia in Europe. The collection is the result of little more than three years' active work in the direction of Persian Art. In 1872 an intelligent officer of the Royal Engineers and an enthusiastic lover of Art, Major Murdoch Smith, returned to England for a short vacation from his official duties as director of the Persian Telegraph Department. He naturally felt an interest in the little collection of Persian objects at South Kensington. This led to his being commissioned to examine and report upon it, as also to advise as to the best modes of increasing it in order to its becoming a complete representation of all the useful and generic phases of Persian Art. On his return to his duties at Teheran, he was wisely deputed to act for the museum authorities in the selection, purchase, and transmission of such objects as he considered would be of value to the museum, as lessons in design and *technique*; and the result of Major Smith's exertions, perseverance, and aptitude in seizing upon every advantage which arose, is to be seen in the collection now exhibited, the greater part of which have been acquired during the past year. The collection is classified under the heads of metal-work—that is, articles in steel, iron, and brass, copper, zinc, and bronze; arms and armour; enamels on metal; gold and silver work; jewellery and personal ornaments; carvings in stone; books, manuscripts, and paintings; woodwork—carved, painted, and inlaid; musical instruments; textile fabrics—woollen, silk, cotton, and embroideries; earthenware, ancient and modern, including tiles; porcelain; and glass. The decorative arms and armour of Persia have long held a high place in the estimation of Western connoisseurs. Many of the specimens are elaborately decorated with damascene work of gold or steel of a most exquisite design and perfection of execution. The collection of weapons is not numerous, but most interesting from its variety. Some of the dagger-sheaths are richly enamelled in translucent colours; others are set with turquoise and carbuncles, the metal base being of silver. The miscellaneous objects in steel are mostly damascened, and some of the brass vessels are so treated with silver and white metal. Among the personal ornaments, the seals and rings are the most interesting. The carvings in stone, chiefly blue soapstone—cups, teapots, &c.—are excellent examples of this class of decorative Art: some of the details of the ornaments being very suggestive. In books and manuscripts, the collection is rich rather in quality than in quantity. One book of extracts from the Koran, sixty-six pages of writing in gold letters of the tenth or eleventh

century, and another of the fifth and sixth volumes of the "Roozet-Essafa," comprising 1,600 pages, the covers curiously tooled, date fifteenth century, are especially deserving of notice. The carved and painted woodwork is of a very decorative character, some of it being Shiraz work. The musical instruments are not numerous, but very interesting for the forms, and the character of the decorations. There is also a fine display of window tapestry, and embroidered fabrics, silks, earthenware, or *faïence*, porcelain, and specimens of glass. With the Persian objects, a very considerable collection of Chinese porcelain, as used in Persia, has been acquired, many of the examples being old and rare.

FROM ROME.—On account of the material risk incurred by transportation, as well as the expense, which, in spite of the amount assumed by their government, is still considerable to the artists themselves, many of the best Italian artists have decided not to send their works to the Philadelphia exhibition; almost all of the American artists here will be represented on the great Centennial occasion. Many works are already at Civita Vecchia, awaiting the arrival of the United States ship by which they are to be transported. Among these are seventeen pieces by the sculptor, Mr. T. H. Haseltine, who sends his 'Spring Flowers,' 'Autumn Leaves,' 'Captivity,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Lucrezia,' 'America,' the bust of Longfellow, and several other portrait-busts. Mr. Handley sends seven or eight works of sculpture, Millmore, his 'Boston Monument'; Mrs. Freeman her bronze vase (described in a previous article); Miss Foley, five pieces, bust of Cleopatra, Jeremiah, medallions, and her graceful design for a fountain. Among the painters Mr. C. C. Coleman sends fifteen works, Mr. Montalant several, while Mr. Tilton will probably be represented by 'Pæstum' and 'Rome.' 'Medea' and 'Alcestis' will probably be the works sent by Mr. Story.

A young artist from Cincinnati, C. L. Fettweis, Jr., has finished a statue for the Centennial, which has received much praise. It is called 'The Castaway,' and represents a young girl who has been shipwrecked, and has found a scant standing-place upon a rock. The despair in her expressive face shows that she has no hope of being saved. The artist has made the reality and horror of the circumstance he selected to portray paramount, without neglecting that grace which works of art should always possess. The face is more American than classical, but, in spite of the critical situation in which Mr. Fettweis has placed the heroine of his brain, he has given her great beauty of form and limb, as well as the repose of despair.

It would be well if this statue could be in the possession of some steamship director, warning him, with its silent but eloquent discourse, to look earnestly to the safety of those confided to him.

Miss Edmonia Lewis will be represented at the Centennial by a group of two sleeping children, who have been gathering flowers, until wearied out they have fallen asleep, clinging to each other and holding fast their floral treasures in their chubby, tiny hands, with an expression upon their faces as if God and the angels were whispering to them tales of Paradise.

Among the objects that will be sent to Philadelphia are two mosaic pictures and an altar-piece, made in the celebrated Vatican manufactory. The first mosaic represents the 'Madonna della Seggiola' of Raphael; the second is the 'Madonna' of Sassoferrata, and the arras is 'The Martyrdom of St. Agnes.' The majority of the works forwarded to the United States from Rome consist of the productions of the minor arts.

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—An exhibition of "Artistic Painted Glass," arranged by the Marquis D'Azeglio, to whom the collection belongs, was opened at the Burlington Fine Arts Club-rooms in London in February. "Artistic painted glass" must in no way be confounded with stained glass. To the former the French, as the marquis (who has written an excellent account of the formation of the collection, and which the club has published) tells us, give the name of *verre églomisé*, but he has not been able to trace the etymology of the word. The marquis's first "find" was in a small curiosity-shop in Milan, in 1865. It was a circular rock-crystal lens, with a 'Descent from the Cross' in a grand style, with the arms of the Venier family of Venice underneath; and, strange to say, on his return to London, Mr. Farrer, of Bond Street, showed him what proved to be a companion to the above. They are still about the most valuable items in the collection, and are well worth examining, says the marquis, with a magnifying lens to note the expression of the faces. The collection consists of seventy-six Italian glasses, and twenty-four foreign, and their dates range from 1350 to the present time. Cennino Cennini, as quoted by the marquis, calls it a very pretty, graceful, and uncommon way of painting on glass, and says it is a style very suitable for ornamenting reliquaries, and requires a firm and prompt habit of drawing. Cennini, our readers need scarcely be reminded, flourished towards the close of the first half of the fifteenth century, and is one of our oldest writers on Art. There is a perfect miniature character about many of the glasses, and by the time we reach the beginning of the sixteenth century the art seems to have attained great perfection. "The landscapes are pencilled in gold in a most exquisite manner, and the gilding elaborately finished. It has been impossible as yet to explain how the artist executed these paintings. There is a peculiar gummy or waxy appearance in the colours. At the end of 1500 and the beginning of 1600, a new and less expensive system seems to have prevailed—the application on rough pieces of Murano glass of cheap engravings. By some unexplained process the paper was removed, as it now is in potichomanie, and tracings remaining were coloured by hand by second-rate artists, with now and then the introduction of gold, which, being placed either as gilding, or behind other colours, gave the appearance of metallic colours. The glass was made by taking a lump of that material, and rolling it with wooden rollers while hot, as if it were paste."

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—The Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings at the Dudley Gallery in London, which has just closed, comprised more than six hundred works. It contained much of general excellence to attract the Art-lover, and not a single picture that was not up to a respectable level. Mr. Caldeon sent a fine drawing of a sweet girl leaning against a stone pediment in a pensive mood, illustrative of the adapted quotation, "Her eyes are with her heart, and that is far away." The quality of the picture consists in the nice way in which the flesh-tints are felt through the light robe in which her limbs are draped. Mr. Yeames sent a pretty little drawing of 'Housetops in Venice,' and Mr. Poynter a similarly slight thing called 'Shunnor Fell.' The latter makes up for this, however, in his seated 'Michelangelo,' a design for decoration of Lecture Theatre, South Kensington. The sculptural qualities of the great master, not only in the character of the *pose*, but in the fall of the drapery, have been well realised by the artist, but this emphasising of the latter has a tendency to detract from the interest of the head. All in all, however, the design is a fine one. G. McCulloch's 'Silenus puzzled by Gravitation' is a clever imitation of the manner of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Edward Clifford, J. C. Moore, Joseph Knight, Hamilton Macallum, Walter Field, Edward H. Fahey, Ernest A. Watelow, Mark Fisher, Charles Richardson, G. A. Gaskell, A. B. Donaldson, Frank E. Cox, Percy Macquoid, and J. A. Fitzgerald, were also well represented. Among the lady-artists, Helen Thornycroft contributed 'Portia Pleading,' Blanche Jenkins, 'How Tommy does his Sums;'

Lonise Jopling, 'A Modern Cinderella;,' Edith Martineau, some clever portraits; and Kate Carr, Mrs. Helen Angell, Constance B. Philip, Mrs. A. L. Guerin, and Miss Soden were represented by flower-studies. In the centre of the gallery were two clever medallions, 'Grief' and 'Delight,' by F. Junck, and a bust of a peasant girl modelled by Mrs. Thornycroft.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Among the most recent additions to the Greek antiquities in the British Museum, says the *Academy*, are four beautiful examples of those polychrome vases (*lektyhi*) which the Athenians used to place in tombs along with their dead, the vases in question being specially made for this purpose, for which reason the design painted on them was appropriately selected to be suggestive of the final parting, e. g., Charon in his boat beckoning to a figure on the banks of the Styx, or a group of figures bringing offerings to a tomb. The four vases just purchased were found together in a tomb near Athens. One of them is remarkable for its size as well as for the design painted on it, which represents the dead body of a warrior being carried away by two winged figures, perhaps Boreas and Zephyros. It is curious that, while one of the two is bearded and rather aged, the other is very youthful in figure. This would correspond with the difference between Boreas and Zephyros, except perhaps that Boreas could not well be rendered nude as here. A similar difference existed between the figures of Thanatos (Death) and Hypnos (Sleep), and possibly they would be more in place here than the two wind gods. Except for vases like this, we should know little from artistic remains of the gloomy view of death taken by the Athenians, and when we know more, as by future discoveries we may, it will then be possible to urge that the Etruscans after all, with their numerous representations of genii of death, were not, so very much more than the Greeks, a people whose religion gave extraordinary prominence to death with its realistic horror. The already splendid collection of terracotta statuettes from Tanagra, in Boeotia, in the museum has also been enriched by two more very fine specimens.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON.—Important additions have recently been made to the collection of casts at this gallery. Chief of them are the 'Prisoners' or 'Slaves,' and the colossal bust of David by Michael Angelo. The latter, over four feet in height, is from the famous statue in Florence, and the 'Prisoners' are from the original marble statues in the Louvre, that were taken to Florence last year to swell the memorials of the sculptor's genius, in honour of his centennial birthday. Of this work it is impossible to speak too highly. The smooth, comely features of the shepherd-boy, about to fling the pebble, are of heroic beauty, but the eye seems lighted up, and the brow is contracted with a sublime frown, as if stamped with the wrath of the Almighty. The mouth and nostrils are compressed with determination, and the muscles and veins of the neck swell with the terrible energy of the young hero. The 'Prisoners' are over seven feet in height, and are forcible examples of the great sculptor's skill in bringing forth such tremendous types of physical passion. The drooping, sleeping head of one, full of languor, contrasts with the huge contorted limbs and defiant air of the other, the head of which, though unfinished, does not mar the "prophetic fury" that inspired the work. The remaining casts consist of Jason, Iris, with ten selected busts from the originals in the British Museum.

NEW SCULPTURES.—Larkin G. Meade's statue of Ethan Allen, of Revolutionary fame, which has been contributed by the State of Vermont to the national collection of sculpture in Washington, was recently set up in the Capitol in that city. Vermont's next contribution will be a statue of ex-Senator Collamer, which Preston Powers is now making in Florence, Italy. The *Scottish-American Journal* says that Mr. John Steell, the famous Scottish sculptor, having virtually concluded his designs for the Prince Consort Memorial, has now sufficient time to devote to his other commissions. Chief among these is the statue of Burns, which is to be erected in the Central Park, New York. From the state to which that work has now advanced there is every prospect that the high expectations formed of it will be fulfilled. The statue being intended as a companion to the Scott Monument, already in the Park, the sculptor has modelled the bard in a sitting posture. The head is itself a picture, and is proof of the great care and thought which Mr. Steell has devoted to it. The approaching completion of the work has stirred the members of the Burns Monument Association to exert themselves to secure the remainder of the necessary funds.

STUDENTS' SKETCHES AT THE CENTENNIAL.—An exhibition of students' drawings intended for the Centennial Exhibition was held under the direction of Prof. Walter Smith, Director of Art-Education of the State of Massachusetts, in Boston the last week in March.



J. FRÉTRAIL, PEINT

C. A. DERLOIS, SCULPT

Ophelia.



COLORADO.

11.

PASSING the singular eruption of crystalline granite called the Dome, to which we referred in our last article, the traveller by stage next arrives at Nederlands, where, if it has suited the proprietor and driver, and if the Fates have been generally propitious, he will make connections for Central City. The road is rough and the progress slow, which comment is true, indeed, of all travel in Colorado; but you may consider yourself lucky if the detentions never exceed a few hours, and your fellow-travellers do not include a drunken stockman or miner.

Occasionally a glimpse of the snowy range is revealed—the gaunt peaks to which their winter robes cling even on the hottest days of summer, but after leaving the cañon the scenery is comparatively uninteresting for some distance.

Central City is well named. On all sides of it are mines, which are often as profitable as their names are curious. It is a prosperous and vigorous little town, too, which has risen within a year from the ashes to which it was reduced by a destructive conflagration, and now presents finer buildings than it ever possessed before. Located in a gulch, which rises fifteen hundred feet in three miles, it is one of a string of village-cities—Black Hawk, Mountain, Central and Nevada—each one greater in altitude than the other, and having together a population of about 7,000 souls.

The road thence to Georgetown follows the north branch of Clear Creek, which, diverted from its natural bed, flows through a wooden trough and is utterly faithless to its name. All the peculiar features of a gold-mining region are here. Little water-courses in board-troughs run upon stilts in various directions, skeleton undershot and overshot water-wheels abound, and the hills on each side are broken by the mouths of tunnels and deserted claims. Here and there the bottom of the ravine is choked with mills, furnaces and other buildings, which stand among the rocks and are often perched in almost impossible places.

The history of one of these mines, says an entertaining writer, may be traced thus: The formation, or country rock, is a common gneiss, apparently of the Laurentian age; a vein or lode in it is found exhibiting “blossom rock,” a yellow, spongy mass, charged with iron-rust formed by the oxidation of the pyrites. The discoverer stakes out his claim, and if the “dirt pans well” the rest of the lode is soon taken up. At length the “top quartz” or blossom rock is worked out, and even iron mortar and pestle fail to pulverise sufficient of the now hard and refractory ore to pay the

MAY, 1876.



Dome Rock, Middle Boulder Cañon.

prospector for his trouble. Water, too, invades the mine and drives him out.

Now comes another phase: either the claim-owners effect a consolidation—a mining company being formed—or the capitalist steps

*Idaho Springs.*

in and purchases. Lumber and machinery are then brought over the mountains: presently buildings appear, and true mining is begun. Shafts are sunk, levels, drains and tunnels made out, and the ore is put through a "stamp-mill."

The product of the mill would not readily amalgamate with pure mercury. It issues from beneath the heavy stamps in a greyish, sparkling, thin mud, and flowing over gently inclined sheets of amalgamated copper, bright with quicksilver, passes off under the name of "tailings," leaving the gold-dust amalgamated and fixed to the wide copper trough-plates. From the surface of these plates the amalgam, thick with gold, is wiped at regular intervals, and when sufficient is collected it is placed in a cloth, the ends of which are gathered together and twisted. Upon squeezing the bag thus formed much of the mercury passes out through the pores of the cloth, while a heavy, pasty mass of gold, still silvered by mercury, remains within. This last, with the cloth holding it, is now placed in a cast-iron crucible to which a flat iron top is fastened, a small bent pipe passing out of the centre and forming the neck of the retort. When heat is applied to this the mercury is expelled and collected under water at the edge of the tube for future use. The gold remaining in the cloth is burned out, and, if the heat be not raised to a height sufficient to melt it, it retains the impression of the folds, seams and texture, in which condition it is deposited with the banks.

Idaho is a quiet little village, 7,800 feet above the level of the sea, situated in the valley of Clear Creek, whose shallow, sparkling waters sever it, and give occasion for a rude, picturesque wooden bridge, over which the main road up from Golden and Denver has its way.

The springs for which it is famed are three in number, and the steaming alkaline water, issuing from the rock at a temperature of 109° Fahr., trickles down and forms a healing brook of soda, said to be remarkably curative in cases of rheumatism and paralysis. The locality is surrounded by romantic scenery, embodying ravine, mountain, lake and valley. A lofty ridge of peaks forms the southward picture, with the Old Chief, Squaw and Papoose Mountains especially prominent. Sixteen miles away are the Chicago Lakes, in the neighbourhood of which Bierstadt found the inspiration that expressed itself in one of his most popular works—'The Storm in the Rocky Mountains.' They are the most picturesque sheets of water in Colorado, and are embosomed on the slopes of Mount Rosalie at a height of 11,995 feet above the level of the sea and 2,200 feet below the summit of the peak. Georgetown and Idaho springs are equidistant from them, and, though the trail by which they are approached is rough, they are visited by many tourists during the summer months.

Such alpine lakes are a common feature of the Rocky range. Ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, three or four thousand feet above the highest foot-hills, the mountaineer unexpectedly finds them glittering in marshy basins, fed by a hundred streamlets of freshly-melted snows—at night crusted, even in midsummer, with a thin ice that yields as the day warms and admits the vision into twelve or fifteen feet of dazzlingly pure, bluish water, with a bright yellow bottom. The snow presses on the margin, and from this white and chilly bed a lovely variety of delicately-formed flowers spring, whose colours are only rivalled by the splendors of the speckled trout which shoot through the sapphire depths. Instead of branching off for Denver at Floyd Hill, we will con-

*Green Lake.*

tinue the journey from Idaho Springs to Georgetown, an important mining settlement with a population of 3,500, situated on South Clear Creek, at an altitude of 8,412 feet—the highest town in the world—five thousand feet nearer the sky than the glacier-walled valley of the Chamounix—higher even than the famous hospice of St. Bernard. It is enclosed in a perfect amphitheatre of hills, laid out with broad streets, and divided by the Creek, which winds through it like a riband of glowing metal from the mountain's silver veins.

There are many romantic spots in the neighbourhood, deep gorges and ravines intersecting the mountains in every direction. Just above the town is the famous Devil's Gate, a deep chasm, cliff-walled, through which a branch of Clear Creek foams and leaps.

Another attractive resort for the tourist is Green Lake, two miles and a half distant, which is as clear as crystal—so clear that, indeed, objects eighty feet below the surface are visible. The water is a bright-green in colour—this effect being due to a coppery sediment on the rocks at the bottom. A dense growth of pines fringes the edges, and innumerable peaks cluster around, their snows sometimes seeming to be reclaimed by the lowering clouds that sweep them.

At Georgetown the traveller finds the best approach to Gray's Peak, which is one of the highest, if not the highest, in the whole range. It is 14,251 feet above the level of the sea, and was named after an eminent botanist by Dr. Perry.

The ascent has been vividly described by Mr. Verplanck Colvin. The road winds westward and upward out of the town until wide fields of snow are reached. This is in October; earlier in the season little snow is seen. The groves of aspen are left far below, and tall, majestic pines, gleaming



Snake River.

silver firs and the slender, graceful Douglass spruces appear. An extensive upland valley opens to the mountaineers as the forest grows thinner and the trees smaller. To the left, sheer and rugged, rises Mount McClellan, and at the height of 12,000 feet the Stevens Silver Mine is passed. Now the timber line is gained, and the forest ceases, reaching forward in short strips like courageous, undaunted squads of infantry. How wonderful a war between natural forces—how obstinate the contest where they meet! The few daring trees that stand forth higher on the mountain than their fellows have been seized by some strong invisible power and twisted and contorted almost to death. Their tops resemble dry and weather-beaten roots, and all their vitality is near the ground, where some branches creep out horizontally, grovelling to obtain the growth and breadth denied to them above.

The valley finally closes in and the twin peaks of Gray's impend, the nearer one dark, stern and precipitous; the other still far off, soft in outline, and sloping easily down to a great bed of ice and snow—the hidden, shadow-loving remnant of a glacier.

Another half hour of climbing brings the jaded explorers to a precipice, with deep drifts surrounding it. The soft new snow of unknown depth looks treacherously calm and beautiful, and where it meets the opposite mountain-wall has the aspect of a *névé* glacier, upholding fallen boulders, and scored with a long drift of rock and gravel cast down from overhanging cliffs. The precipice itself descends six hundred feet or more and is terribly dark and dizzy.

This passed, a long, steep slope of snow-clad rocks rises before the traveller, and a narrow trail, winding in short, precarious zigzags on its face, leads towards the summit. The horses are exhausted and it becomes no longer safe to ride them. The rest of the journey is



Gray's Peak.

made afoot, and suddenly, but not without desperate exertions, the summit of the nearer peak is attained.

Below, walled in by a vast mountain-chain, whose average height exceeds 13,000 feet, whose passes are from 8,000 to 11,000 feet above the sea-level—far below, sketched out like a vast topographical map, is the Middle Park, with all its subordinate mountain-ranges and numerous streams and rivers—the springs of the

Rio Colorado. At the right, half-way down, in a huge basin hollowed out of gneissoid rock, is Lake Colfax, a dark-green glistening mirror. The park itself, with its plains, prairies, and valleys, reaches into the distance westward to where snow-crowned ridges part and give passage to the deep-flowing Colorado. Such is the view down the Pacific slope; eastward the boundless plains roll for miles into uncertainty and obscurity. Away to the south-



Clear Creek Cañon.

west and north are Mount Lincoln, Pike's, Long's and other peaks without number—a white sea of shrouded mountains.

Geologically there is hardly a more interesting ground than the region around Gray's Peak. The proofs of glacial action are conclusive. There are moraines and moraine dams and frozen lakelets. But they have been obscured somewhat by subsequent dynamic action—frost force. Nothing except glacial power, however, could have grooved and cut the deep valleys through the mountains; nothing but frost could have made the crags as rugged and as sharp as they now appear.

Our illustration of Gray's Peak is taken from the waggon-road near the timber-line. There are two or three ways to the summit,—one of the best leading to Kelso Cabin—three miles from the top, and thence the ascent may be completed on horseback.

Descending the peak on the western side, the tourist reaches Snake River, which until it joins the Blue, twenty miles away, leaps over a succession of rocky ledges and forms cataract after cataract, pool after pool, and rapid after rapid. Its course for some distance is through a deep gorge and then through a grassy valley, wooded with dark evergreens.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

IV.



THE residence of Mr. John E. Williams at Irvington, on the Hudson, two miles south of Tarrytown, is a very picturesque structure, as our illustration shows. We alight at the depot, and toil up the hill until ten or fifteen miles of the broad river are unfolded before us, when we reach the turning of an excellent carriage-road, back from which sweeps another and steeper slope.

The ridge is dotted with imposing houses, one of the prettiest being that of Mr. Williams, which, though its architecture is somewhat erratic, suggesting parts of the Elizabethan cottage, the Gothic lodge and the Swiss *châlet*, has little pretence about it; and what might have been incongruous in it has, under the treatment of an

ingenious architect, been adapted and harmonised with excellent effect. The first impression it gives is that of a mass of turrets, gables, eaves—an old Warwick cottage modernised and Americanised, for instance, with a mild trace of the peaked turrets of Normandy thrown in. The front of the house is highest at the southwest corner, the walls and the roof almost equally dividing the altitude—this part being, so to speak, the nucleus of the branch that extends behind.

The material used is granite, which gives an appearance of strength to the structure unattainable, of course, with wood or iron. The main entrance fronts the west, and an excellent carriage-drive of broken granite approaches it from the road. The surrounding grounds, sloping from woods in the rear to a wide



Residence of John E. Williams, Esq., Irvington.

expanse of pasture-land, are enclosed by a low granite wall, and near the house are tastefully laid out with shrubbery and flower-beds.

The outlook from every window and from every point of the grounds includes a series of beautiful landscapes of the river and its banks. Southward the exoriated rock of the Palisades frowns down upon the shadowy water washing its rugged base, its hue seeming to change with every hour of the day, as the spells of cloud and sunshine vary. Tappan Bay opens to the western front, with the long arm of Piermont near one end, and the hazy town of Nyack, whose roofs are silvered by the sun, towards the north. Each window is indeed the frame of a picture in which Nature expresses herself and obviates the greatest master's art—expresses herself not in one key alone, but in all her variety of moods, and especially those that are lovely.

In speaking of the interior of the house we feel a certain reserve, the reason of which is obvious, but without some mention of it our

description would be incomplete. It displays lavish elegance and taste: it is richly furnished and decorated, but the elegance is subordinate to comfort and utility. It is a home, and essentially an American home. Charles Eastlake has not been followed implicitly, but the best of his ideas are practically fulfilled. The elegance is not a pall on everything else. It is an amplification of comfort.

Of all the rooms in the house—sitting-rooms, bedrooms, play-rooms and dressing-rooms—there is not one that is not inexpressibly cheery and radiant with the spirit of domestic life. Nothing is included in the furniture for show or ostentation. Everything bespeaks refinement and common-sense.

We enter through the northern door, after summoning a servant by a sharp rap on the old-fashioned dragon-head "knockers," into a spacious hall, finished in oak, pine and walnut, uncovered except by mats and a few skins. An old and exceedingly handsome cabinet-clock of foreign handiwork stands opposite the door,



Residence of Cyrus W. Field, Esq., Irvington.

and a few vases, &c., are distributed among the corners with good effect. On the left is the principal sitting-room, which is upholstered in warm and bright colours, nearly all the woodwork being of elaborately carved butternut. A magnificent sideboard made of this mellow-looking timber occupies the southern side of the room, and a capacious fireplace, open wide and hospitable, faces the entrance, a brilliant bit of colour, 'Mount Desert,' by R. Swain Gifford, filling the central panel of the mantel-piece. The floor and wainscoting are finished in wood. Another sitting-room, a study, billiard-room, library and retiring-room—the private name of the latter being the "growlery," in memory, no doubt, of "Bleak House" and its warm-hearted master—are entered from the other end of the hall.

One thing is especially noticeable. No room has been selected as the ex-

clusive receptacle of Art-treasures and its use reserved for particular state occasions. In the little sitting-rooms on the second floor and the chambers there are an equality and all-pervading atmosphere of comfort and luxury. There is no "drawing-room" of mildewed and oppressive formality. Every room is a living-room in the truest sense. The pictures, which are variously disposed of, include works of Eastman Johnson, Coleman, J. G. Brown, Gifford, Kensett and other American artists. A cosy apartment on the first floor is especially honoured with a genuine Salvator Rosa, and in another of the down-stairs rooms there are two striking oil-paintings of lakes in the Sierra Nevadas, which were named after two daughters of the family by Mr. Clarence King, the explorer.

The bedchambers are not less tasteful than the sitting-rooms, and are reached by long, rambling passage-ways, which seem to lead to everywhere and nowhere.

The servants' rooms, wash-houses, and kitchen are all on the second floor, and the unpleasant smells of the latter are thus avoided in other parts of the house, which has, in addition to its artistic charms, "all modern conveniences."

Following the road, running south from Irvington to Dobb's Ferry, we pass house after house, which attracts attention, until within half a mile of the latter town we reach the summer residence of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, projector of the Atlantic Cable. This also is a representative of the better class of American houses, though its exterior is not so picturesque as that of Mr. Williams.

Ascending the hill that rises from the river



"The Castle," Tarrytown, Residence of W. B. Hatch, Esq.

at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, by the winding course of Main Street, with its attractive shops and summer boarding-houses, the visitor sees ahead of him, two or three hundred feet yet higher, an imposing building of cold grey granite, which is conspicuous both for its size and its peculiar architecture. It crowns a steep grassy lawn, and its site might have been chosen at a time when the attainment of another and more warlike object than the beauty and extent of its outlook was sought for.

Unlike the former home of Edwin Forrest lower down the river, this is a castle indeed, and as "The Castle" it is known to the people of Tarrytown and the country surrounding. In the substantial strength of its outward appearance, and, as we find on closer examination, in its actual thickness of stone wall, it compares very well with its prototypes in older countries than America, and what it lacks in association and tradition is more than compensated for by the magnificence of its location, which the fairest views on the Rhine or in the Highlands of Scotland do not excel. In summer it is completely hidden from the village below by a profusion of foliage, but it is always visible from the river, and is a notable landmark to tourists travelling by boat.

"Every line of a stone house is a line of strength and necessity," says that most vigorous of Saxon writers, John Burroughs. "We see how the mass stands up; how it is bound, and keyed, and fortified. The construction is visible; the corners are locked by header and stretcher, and are towers of strength; the openings pierce the walls and reveal their cohesion; every stone is alive with purpose, and the whole



"The Castle" at Night.

affects one as a real triumph over Nature—so much form and proportion wrested from her grasp." The sullen granite of which the castle is built was quarried from the ground on which it stands, and so it is kindred to the earth and elements—an object that would harmonise well with almost any surroundings.

It was begun in 1859 by Mr. Herrick, a wealthy provision merchant, and nearly \$200,000 have been expended upon it. A temporary wooden portico here and there mars its effect considerably, however. But many winters must pass and many destinies change before its solid walls succumb to age, a uniform thickness of twenty-six inches of stone and brick giving them an extraordinary degree of permanence and durability.

The front of the house faces the south, and measures from end to end about a hundred and eighty feet, exclusive of projecting balconies, &c., which debouch from nearly every window. The main entrance is also in the southern front, and leads into a magnificent hall, eleven feet wide, twenty-six feet long, and forty feet high, opening on the first floor, on which are situated the dining, breakfast, drawing, smoking, and billiard rooms and the library. The basement below contains servants' rooms, kitchens, pantries, and storehouses, and, penetrating this region, the visitor is at once impressed by the superior advantages the American, in his modern castle, has over the European. A capacious furnace, of the most approved fashion, sends warm and hospitable currents into every room, from the lowest to the highest in the lookout tower. There are no moist walls or dripping ceilings; no chilling draught to threaten rheumatism and influenza. And from a boiler connected with the same furnace an abundance of hot and cold water is supplied in the bed-chambers and bath-rooms—an improvement on the older castle after which this house was modelled that adds immeasurably to the comfort of the occupants, without interfering in the least with the picturesque.

The billiard-room is on the left side of the hall, and



Former Residence of Gen. Fremont, Tarrytown.

opposite to this is a reception-room. The breakfast-room adjoins, and, with its diamond-pane windows and atmosphere of cosy warmth, it realizes very well the sedate quiet and comfort of an old English hall. Passing thence, we enter the dining-room, which is furnished in solid carved oak and green morocco. The room measures twenty-two feet by nineteen, exclusive of a bay-window, which is about eight feet deep and fifteen wide, and looks upon as lovely a view as ever blessed mortal sight.

The dining-room leads into the library, and the library leads appropriately into the smoking-room, and the wine-cellars on the basement floor, through doors with hollow panels, ingeniously devised to hold cigars and tobacco.

Most of the rooms contain an open grate in addition to the furnace radiator, and each mantel-piece is of a separate pattern and material, one of the most curious being made of black, petrified wood, the grain of which is seen in veins of yellow and pink.

The drawing-room is in the western wing of the building, and its three alcove windows look southward, westward, and northward upon the river—southward upon the wide waters of the Tappan Zee and the sharp escarpment of the Palisades, with their crests of sombre green and abutments of detritus, westward upon Nyack, Rockland Point, and Piermont, and northward upon Croton Point, Haverstraw Bay, and the clustering hills, purple in the shadow, and blue in the twilight, through which the river seeks the High-

lands at West Point. The room is nearly circular in form, and its tastefully-frescoed roof is supported by groined arches, irradiating in the Gothic style from a cluster of twelve pillars in the centre.

The buildings, and the views also, culminate in a grand tower, sixty-five feet from the ground, and fifteen feet in diameter, from which forty or fifty miles of country can be seen on a clear day, with every variety of scenery comprehended in the panorama.

In the soft moonlight of a summer's evening the "castle" becomes a very mellow and romantic object in the landscape. The house is the property of William B. Hatch, Esq., of New York. We illustrate it here as representative of the more ambitious attempts of our countrymen, but it cannot be commended for imitation. Castles met the requirements of the period in which they were erected, but have no fitness to our present civilisation. The imitation in one age of outgrown characteristics of another should never be sanctioned.

About two miles from the castle, in a northerly direction, is a pretty detached villa, formerly occupied by General Fremont, which stands forth as a fair specimen of American suburban homes. The grounds are rough, but picturesque, some old forest-trees encroaching upon the balcony, and shading the house on the brightest day. Wood is abundantly used as a matter of ornamentation, and, though it may be objected to by the severe architect, it is generally pleasing to the popular taste.

BALTIMORE ART-EXHIBITION.



AN Art-exhibition for charitable purposes was recently held at the Academy of Music in Baltimore. It occupied the whole building, and comprised sculpture, pictures, fine specimens of ceramic art, and some historical and artistic curiosities. Some of the works on exhibition were received from other cities, including contributions from Messrs. Goupil & Co. and S. P. Avery & Co., of New York; and some, also, are from the establishments of Baltimore firms. But by far the greater number were from the private galleries and collections of Baltimore, and the exhibition derived its main interest from that fact. Yet it could not be considered a full exemplification of the taste prevailing among Art-connoisseurs in that city, for a great many artistic works in the possession of well-known Baltimoreans were conspicuous by their absence. Indeed, one of the largest and best private galleries in the city—containing, among other treasures, some of the best of Meissonier's smaller pictures—was not represented at all. But, on the whole, any one visiting the Academy would have derived a fair idea of the general character of Baltimore's private collections. With regard to number the exhibition is most deficient in the department of plastic art. The sculpture exhibited comprised two high reliefs in marble, representing Night and Morning, by Rinehart; several good marble busts; a fine marble statue of Diana, by a Baltimore amateur; a collection of bronzes by Bayre, Barbedienne, Fratin, and others; some curious bronze Japanese vases; a shield, illustrating, in silver, the sixth book of "Paradise Lost;" and several reproductions of well-known classic statues. This portion of the exhibition might easily have been improved, if sufficient room for the purpose had been obtainable, by a larger display of Rinehart's works. A number of these are in the city, including the artist's first attempt at regular artistic labour. The pictures, arranged in the auditorium and concert-hall, suffered, in some cases, from the impossibility of placing them in good lights. They consisted of a very large number of oil-paintings, water-colours, and drawings. Of the oil-paintings from private collections many were old originals of high value and great merit. Some of them have been in the possession of Baltimore families for many years. Among the most noteworthy were: 'The Geographer,' by Gerard Douw; 'The Pearl Necklace,' Vandyck; 'Reading the Letter,' Mieris; 'Old Portrait,' Rubens; 'The Encampment,' Wouvermans; 'An English Nobleman,' Holbein; and 'Devotion,' Guido Reni. Some of the oil-paintings by other noted foreign artists, and belonging to private collections, were: 'The Culprits,' by Vautier; 'Norway

Interior,' Bergstein; 'Sheep,' Rosa Bonheur; 'Landscape and Sheep,' Ommeganck; and 'Sounds from Home,' Seitz. The water-colours and drawings are, in the main, extremely good. Some famous European artists were represented in this department, including Rosa Bonheur, Gérôme, Delort, Meyer von Bremen, Zamacôis, Gavarni, Turner, Horace Vernet, and Delaroche. American painters were, on the whole, not very favourably represented in this exhibition. There were, however, some good marine views by De Haas and Moran, a striking and well-executed water-colour, portraying the Indian 'Feast of Mondamin,' by F. B. Mayer, and pictures, of greater or less merit, by Jones, Way, Redwood, Homer, Whistler, and some others. A large proportion of these American painters are Baltimoreans. Mr. Whistler is one of these, though he lives in London. His peculiar style attracted a good deal of attention one or two years ago, and the comments which were then made upon some of his works will probably be remembered. He had five pictures in this exhibition; the largest of them, 'A Girl in White,' is especially marked by his idiosyncrasies. It represents, on a background formed by a white curtain, the full-length figure of a young girl, attired in an anomalous white garment, which hangs upon her person in absolute defiance of all ordinary canons of good taste. Her attitude, also, is devoid of all feminine grace, and the effect of the whole is extremely stiff and unlife-like. Yet the face is attractive and even fascinating, and the long, dishevelled hair approaches to that pure golden-brown hue the great Venetian masters loved to paint; while the whole picture, on closer acquaintance, loses much of its first unpleasing effect. But it cannot be doubted that mannerisms which have the appearance of affectation are not in unison with the spirit of true art.

The china on exhibition comprised some specimens which may be very useful household articles, but are certainly not possessed of any perceptible merit as works of art. But, on the other hand, there were some fine old sets full of interest for both the artist and the collector. One valuable collection of old Dresden, bearing the marks of Marcolini's labour, and obtained in Europe by a judicious Baltimore connoisseur of former years, is remarkable for the delicacy and beauty of its workmanship and ornamentation.

Numerous interesting relics, many of them heirlooms in Maryland families, were also displayed. Of these the most noticeable were a large square of Gobelins tapestry, which was brought from France by James Madison in 1794; some metal articles presented by Charles II. to "the Queen of Pamunkey;" and several good specimens of the illuminated missals produced by monastic scholars of the Middle Ages.

W. W. C.

THE WORKS OF JOHN T. PEELE.



IN the royal residence at Osborne is a pathetic little picture called 'The Children in the Wood,' painted by this artist, and which was purchased by the Prince Consort from one of the annual exhibitions of the Society of British Artists. Twenty years ago an engraving from the picture appeared in the *Art Journal* as one of the series of "Royal Pictures" in course of publication at that time, and the engraving was accompanied by a brief biographical sketch of the life of Mr. Peele up to that period.

In it the reader was informed that this painter was born at Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in the year 1822, but emigrated with his parents to America when at the age of twelve. After wandering for a considerable time from one State of the New World to another, with the hope of finding a locality which presented some prospect of success in business, the family at length settled down in the town of Buffalo, on the borders of Lake Erie. In this remote place young Peele saw, for the first time in his life, an oil picture, by gaining access to the room of an itinerant portrait painter, whose works, whatever they may



The Bird's Nest.

have been, awakened the Art spirit within him, and made him ambitious of becoming an artist. He met, however, with no encouragement from his father, who entertained the idea that Art was a "low pursuit," as he expressed it, and that idleness

prompted his son to select it: he actually went to the extreme of threatening to eject the boy from home if he did not relinquish his purpose. But in spite of all opposition and all difficulties the latter persevered, and as his father would not

supply him with the means of purchasing materials, he begged a few dry colours and some oil from a house painter, manufactured a palette out of the lid of a cigar-box, and went earnestly to work on the portraits of his brothers and sister, whom he prevailed upon to sit to him day after day to serve as models. His perseverance and enthusiasm succeeded so far in overcoming the objections of the father after a considerable time, that he gave his son small sums of money to buy colours, &c. At the end of a year or two the juvenile artist ventured to receive sitters, who paid him a trifling remuneration for their portraits;

and he made such progress as to lead his father to take a more rational and liberal view of a painter's profession, and he at length supplied him with the means of studying in New York, where he remained a year and a half—not greatly to his advantage, however, for while in Buffalo he studied nature alone, though without any definite knowledge of principles to guide him; in New York he was exposed to the danger of imitating the works of others, and these not always, it may fairly be assumed, of the best kind.

On leaving New York, Mr. Peele went to Albany, where he



Music of the Reeds.

lived two years as a portrait painter in that city. He then, at the request of some friends in England, who promised him patronage which it was subsequently found could not be realised, came over to his native country; but after remaining here three years, without profiting in any way—for he had not the means of studying in London—he returned to New York, abandoned portraiture to a considerable extent, and commenced ideal subjects, in which children form the principal feature. His success was commensurate with the industry and talent he displayed; he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, and enjoyed the

friendship of the most distinguished American artists. At the end of seven years, that is in about 1851, Mr. Peele returned to England.

Very soon after the appearance of the engraving of 'The Children in the Wood' in the *Art Journal*, he received an invitation from a gentleman residing at Liverpool to pay him a visit; he did so, and painted his portrait: this resulted in other commissions for similar works, till at length they became so numerous that the artist thought it advisable to reside there. During two years he worked almost incessantly in this branch

of the profession, occasionally varying his labours, however, by painting a fancy subject. Among the merchant princes of Liverpool whom Mr. Peele at that time ranked among his patrons, was Mr. Robert Dean: this gentleman, the artist once told the writer, chanced to call on him one day, under the impression that he was Mr. James Peel, the well-known landscape painter, of whose pictures Mr. Dean possessed several. Discovering his mistake, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he examined some of Mr. Peele's portraits, with which he was so satisfied that he sat down at once and requested the artist to

commence his portrait, insisting at the same time on his acceptance of a cheque in payment for the picture beforehand. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Dean had the portraits of all his family painted, and brought many friends to the artist's studio for the same purpose. One of Mr. Peele's principal subject pictures, 'Grandma's First Lesson in Knitting,' is in the possession of this liberal patron.

The early wanderings of Mr. Peele appear to have produced in him a love of change, simply because it is change. Notwithstanding the abundant success he had in Liverpool, he suddenly



The Little Laundress.

determined to leave that thriving field of labour, and cross over to the Isle of Man, for the purpose of devoting himself solely to painting ideal subjects. Accordingly, in the spring of 1858, he removed to Douglas, and remained in the island upwards of seven years: during almost the whole of this period his hands were full of commissions received from New York, one of his best patrons in America being Mr. Church, the eminent landscape painter. Almost the whole of the pictures produced in the Isle of Man are now in the United States.

Another change of abode has now to be recorded. In the autumn of 1865 Mr. Peele recrossed the Irish Sea, and found a residence in the healthy and pleasant village of Bexley Heath, Kent, which is still his home, though he has a studio in London, where he has gradually been gaining ground in public favour, and giving his attention both to portraiture and fancy subjects in equal proportions. Four or five years since he was elected a Member of the Society of British Artists, at whose gallery, as well as at that of the Royal Academy, his works are often seen.

Not a few of this artist's portraits are those of children, and to these, following the example Sir J. Reynolds occasionally set, Mr. Peele sometimes gives the character of a fancy subject; as in the picture engraved here, to which we have given the title of 'THE BIRD'S NEST,' but which, when exhibited at the Academy in 1872, was called simply 'Children of Robert Thornton, Esq.' This method of treating juvenile portraiture is both pleasant and commendable; it retains the individuality, while it takes the impersonation out of the category of a mere portrait dressed and set up for the occasion—as we most frequently see such works—by giving to it some occupation or amusement that associates the child with its daily life.

The picture called 'MUSIC OF THE REEDS' is the property of Mr. Arnold Baruchson, of Liverpool. The model of the figure was a little Spanish girl named Eloise D'Herbil, a very clever pianiste, who in her time performed before the Queen. Among the stories told about the origin of Music, is that it had its birth in the rustling of reeds when shaken by the wind: a pretty idea, which the artist has aimed to embody in his picture, and thus to attach a sentiment of interest to what otherwise would be little else than a pleasing portrait. Eloise has a pretty, cheerful face, but the instrument she holds in her hand is more suited to her brother, if she had one, than herself: one scarcely expects to hear a female Corydon or Thyrsis waking, as of old, the echoes of the woods and fields with their pipings—

"Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum."

Still, the pipe and the waving reeds are quite suggestive of the painter's intention.

It may fairly be assumed that 'THE LITTLE LAUNDRESS' is

not the portrait of one of Mr. Peele's usual "sitters;" none of whom, we venture to assert, would care to be presented on canvas with bare arms steeped to the elbows in a tub of soap-suds, though engaged in a very necessary and useful domestic operation: the child, however, seems quite at home in the work, and is thereby training herself for an industrious and tidy housewife, if ever she should come to have a home and a tub of her own. The picture is well painted throughout to the minutest accessory, and is so far naturalistic that no attempt is made to idealise the subject by giving to the young laundress graces incompatible with her condition in life or the occupation in which she is at the present time so busy.

Among the numerous works of this *genre* class which this artist has painted and exhibited may be enumerated 'Grace before Meat,' 'A Highland Supper,' 'The Hard Sum,' 'Tired Playfellows,' 'One Tune more,' 'Sunny Days of Childhood,' 'Blowing Bubbles,' 'A Moment of Suspense,' 'Asleep on Duty,' 'Prayer for Health,' &c. &c.; this last picture was purchased by Messrs. Graves & Co., who published a large engraving of it. In all his works Mr. Peele's aim and purpose seem to have been to show as much of the poetic side of nature as is consistent with his subject—to preserve its individuality while imparting to it something beyond mere naturalism. In all probability he would argue, that if Art can do nothing more than represent nature in such an aspect, and if no perception of her inner beauty is suggested, then it would be of little or no benefit to mankind. One thing is quite certain, that during the thirty years of his practice he has not been enticed away from the style he marked out from the first by adopting any other.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ITALIAN MARBLE FOR SCULPTURE.

LOOKING through a volume of the *Art Journal* for 1870, I notice an article headed "Italian Marble for English Sculptors." Permit me to offer some observations, which I should have made before if I had happened to see the paper in question. Being established in this country as a mere merchant, I have also had opportunities of doing business in marble, and knowing the value on the spot of production, I was surprised to see the figures mentioned by a "gentleman well known as commanding the chief supply in England," whilst I can only get prices *very much* inferior. I happened once to have some blocks, of rather large size, of green marble, beautifully veined, on which I had advanced money, and in order to realise I sent them to England to be disposed of, but was obliged to sell them there at a very low price, and lost money, whilst I am persuaded that the buyer must have made considerable profit. I think it is right that the marble merchants in London should make remunerative profits, but as they do not seem disposed to deal reasonably with sculptors, these latter ought to address themselves to merchants in this country, and I shall be glad to execute their commissions. There are plenty of white marble blocks here, and we are so near Carrara that it is an easy matter to go there in order to select blocks.

Piazza Soziglia, Genoa.

ADOLPHE TSCHUDI.

A PORTRAIT BY FRANCISCO DA PONTE.

We have received from a correspondent the following account of a recently-discovered picture by F. da Ponte.—ED. A. J.

The picture, which has been declared genuine by competent authorities, is a beautifully-executed portrait of a member of the renowned family of the Diodati, who are mentioned by Nostredamus, in his "History of Provence," p. 697, and by other historians, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, as

having rendered important services in science, literature, and arms. Charles V. stood godfather to the grandson of Michel Diodati, who was chief magistrate of the Republic of Lucca in the fifteenth century; and Giovanni Diodati, born 1575, was obliged to leave his country and settle in Geneva, for favouring the movement of the Reformation in Italy. He was an eminent preacher and theological writer. A portrait engraving of this Giovanni Diodati is in the British Museum, and bears a striking family likeness to the picture by Francisco da Ponte recently discovered. This is the more remarkable as the portrait in the British Museum is that of an elderly man, whilst the latter is that of a very handsome man about thirty-five years of age only. It bears the following inscription:—

IQA GEORGIUS D
DATIS SIGISMUND
FILIVS VENETIS
CREMA IMPERANTIBVS
AUC FRANCO PONTIO
ANNO DOM MDVIII

"John George Diodati, son of Sigismund, whilst the Venetians ruled in Cremona, by Francisco da Ponte, certified by the notary, A.D. 1508."

The possession of Cremona was unfortunate for Venice, and was the immediate cause of the league of Cambray which was so cruelly disastrous. The league was signed December, 1508, and this picture seems to have been a defiant answer on the part of Venice, not only to Cremona, but to the Pope and his allies. It will perhaps not only prove that other works considered to be by Giacomo da Ponte (Il Bassano) are by Francisco; but it would seem to evidence that the style of Giacomo, instead of being in imitation of Titian, which has been stated, was really the style of his father and teacher, Francisco, founder of the Bassan School.

The portrait is in the possession of C. W. Stokes, Esq., Esmonde House, Court Hill, Lewisham, S.E., London, who will be happy to show it on presentation of private cards.

TRADITIONS OF CHRISTIAN ART.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

CHAPTER II.

THE SARCOPHAGI AND MOSAICS.



IN the fourth century, when the empire had become Christian, popular attention was specially directed to the Magi, as the first of the Gentiles who were led to acknowledge the Universal King. It is at this time that the feast of the Epiphany, in its modern sense, as the commemoration of the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, appears among the festivals of the Church. There had been in still earlier times a festival called by the name of the Epiphany—the Manifestation. The festival continued for twelve days, and within it were grouped together all the great manifestations of the divine nature in Christ—his nativity, his baptism, his first miracle, his manifestation to the wise men, and others. Gradually the first and the last days of the festival, the “great days of the feast,” became specially appropriated. The first always, everywhere, to the Nativity of Christ. But for the last, different Epiphanies attracted different minds. The Eastern Church was specially attracted to the baptism of our Lord. We gather the reason from a homily of St. Chrysostom: “Why,” he asks, “is not the day on which Christ was born called Epiphany, but the day on which he was baptized? Because he was not manifested to all when He was born, but when He was baptized. For to the day of His baptism He was generally unknown, as appears from the words of John the Baptist, *There standeth one among you whom ye know not*. And what wonder that others should not know Him when the Baptist himself knew Him not before that day? *For I knew Him not*, says he; *but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on Him, the same is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost*.” The western Church, on the other hand, seems to have been specially attracted by the incident of the manifestation to the wise men; and Pope St. Leo, who wrote eight sermons on the Epiphany, considers the day especially as the commemoration of the worship of the Magi. It is characteristic of the different tone of the eastern and the western mind.

Already, at this early age, we find the simple Gospel narrative had begun to receive traditional accretions. It was natural that Christians should take an interest in the subsequent history of the great personages of the Gospel-histories. Of such persons the memories were sure to be long preserved, and their times were not so far distant that it was unreasonable to expect to gather reliable traditions of them. The early ecclesiastical writers accordingly record some particulars of the lives of the apostles and others, subsequent to the close of the sacred narrative, which are some more, some less, trustworthy. A work attributed to St. Chrysostom, and which is at least of his age, gives us one of these early traditions of the Magi: that “after their return to their own country, they continued serving God more than before, and instructed many by their preaching; and afterwards, when the apostle St. Thomas went into that province, they were baptized, and became doers of the word.” This tradition grew, as is the nature of traditions, and we shall subsequently have occasion to notice various additions to it, and at length to exhibit the form to which it ultimately attained at the end of the Middle Ages.

The Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, shows us the estimation in which the Magi were held, when, among the other relics of Christianity for which she sought, she made inquiries for the bodies of the distinguished three. They were discovered, we are told, in their native countries; and the empress obtained possession of them, and conveyed them to Constantinople, where they were deposited in the great Basilicas.

Whether they were the relics of the Magi which Helena obtained may be doubtful, but that the same relics she received as theirs have been preserved and venerated ever since, is beyond doubt. The three heads which are now exhibited to the gaze of the faithful in the ancient shrine behind the high-altar of Cologne Cathedral, each with its diadem of gold and precious stones, in striking contrast with the brown bone they clasp and the eyeless sockets which gape beneath their glitter, are the same that Helena the empress laid up in the Basilica of Constantinople. There is, indeed, a little doubt about the date of their translation. The usual history is that Eustergius, one of the imperial officers, having been elected Bishop of Milan, begged these precious relics to take with him to his new see. The church of St. Eustergius, at Milan, dedicated A.D. 320, still remains, and in the chapel on the right of the altar is an enormous sarcophagus, with the coped lid and horned corners which are characteristic of the sarcophagi of this age, wherein the bodies of the Magi were deposited side by side.* There the relics reposed for many centuries, till the destruction of Milan by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, in the year 1162. The church being outside the walls of the city, on the emperor's approach the relics were removed for safety to another of the churches within the walls. But on the fall of Milan the relics became the prize of the victor, and Archbishop Rinaldus, of Cologne, carried them off to that place, where they have rested ever since. No doubt the recovery of the relics by Helena would help to attract popular attention to the Magi, and their removal to Milan would tend to make them better known in the west.

The ancient sarcophagi supply us with illustrations of the subject of a date immediately subsequent to that of the catacomb paintings. These massive stone-coffins were used for the wealthier classes; they are often ornamented with sculptures. When the empire had become Christian there was no longer any obstacle to the employment of the highest available talent in the execution of Christian themes, and accordingly we find religious subjects of a high class of Art on some of these sarcophagi. Among them are numerous examples of the Adoration of the Magi, showing the popularity of the subject. Among the fifty-five sarcophagi preserved in the Vatican, Mr. Burgon† counted eleven representations of this subject. It occurs also on other sarcophagi at Ravenna, Nismes, and Milan, which we shall presently notice.

Spretus, in his work “*De Amplitudine, &c., urbis Ravennæ*,” plate viii., fig. 1,‡ has given an engraving of one of the numerous early Christian sarcophagi existing at Ravenna, which affords us a sculptured representation of our subject, very closely resembling the incised drawing§ in the catacomb at Rome, only that here the picture is reversed. The sarcophagus is of the usual early Christian shape, a massive stone-coffin with a rounded lid. A cross is carved in relief on the lid; the front of the coffin has ornamental shafts in relief at the angles, and an ornamental border, within which the Adoration of the Magi is sculptured in relief. The Virgin sits on a low stool on the left; the Child sits on her knee, holding out both hands; he has a cruciform nimbus. Joseph is omitted from the representation. The Epiphany star is over the head of the Virgin. The three kings approach from the

* A poor engraving of it may be found in a little book of travels, Raymond's “*Mercurio Italico, or Voyage through Italy*,” London, 1648. The star that is there seen sculptured on the lid does not exist, and the inscription shown across the coffin, “*SEPULCRUM TRUM MAJORUM*,” is a modern insertion, in gilt letters. In A.D. 1347, as appears from an accompanying inscription, a *bas-relief* representing the Nativity and the Adoration of the Kings, was erected opposite the empty tomb, and still remains.

† Letters from Rome.

‡ It is also engraved in “*Dissertationi sopra un Arca Marmorea, &c., conservata nella Citta d'Ancona*,” 4to. Turin: Joseph Bartoli.

§ Engraved in *Art Journal*, Fig. 3, p. 123, ante.

right in the same attitude as in the picture alluded to, only with a little less energy of action and a little less flutter of drapery. It is probable that the date of the work is the fourth century.

We ought not to omit to notice a curious illustration of our subject where we should have little expected to find it. There is a famous early copy of Virgil in the Vatican library, with a number of illustrative drawings, of the fourth or fifth century. One picture represents the scene in the *Æneid*, of the Trojans bringing presents to King Latinus. Latinus sits on the right, and a soldier stands



Fig. 1.—Sarcophagus in the Vatican: Fourth Century.

behind his chair, as Joseph stands behind the Virgin in the catacomb picture. The Trojans, five in number, approach from the left in single file; their costume is the tunic, cloak, and Phrygian cap of the Magi, and the last of the five bears a present in his hand, which is represented by a circular dish like those borne by the Magi. An engraving of this picture (very interesting on other grounds) may be seen in D'Agincourt's "*L'Art par ses Monuments*," vol. iii., plate xxi., fig. 2.

The next representation of the Adoration of the Magi occurs in a sarcophagus dug up in a vineyard near the church of S. Sebastian, in the Appian Way, near Rome. Its date is probably the fourth century. It is a valuable illustration of our subject, because it is the earliest example of a departure from the tradition which we have seen in the previous examples from Rome and Ravenna. It is engraved by Aringhi in his work on the "*Roman Catacombs*," vol. i., lib. iii., cap. xxii., p. 617. The representation is a *bas-relief* on the front of the stone coffin. In the middle of the design is a shed, intended, no doubt, to represent the stable of the Nativity, with the Infant lying in a cradle beneath it, and a star over it. The ox and ass, so commonly introduced into pictures of the Nativity, are introduced here in the stable to the left of the cradle. The Virgin is seated on the right of the design, and Joseph stands beside her, between her and the cradle. The Magi approach on the left: they are all clad in tunic, cloak, and Phrygian cap. The first has a cup (shaped like an ordinary pint tankard) in his left hand, with which he also points up to the star; in his right hand he holds what seems to be intended for a garland of flowers or a circlet of jewels. The second Magus carries a bowl-shaped vessel. The third holds a pair of pigeons in the fold of his mantle. There are two things remarkable about this representation and several others from the sculptured sarcophagi of this century, they seem to adopt the notion that the visit of the Magi took place at the time of the nativity. The earlier representations, as we have seen, omit all accessories which would be appropriate under such a view of the chronology of the event. In this they are followed by nearly all succeeding representations that we have met with, until the early part of the fifteenth century. We may safely conclude that the generally-received chronology of the Gospel narrative during all these centuries placed the visit of the

Magi, correctly, at a period long subsequent to the Nativity. The other remarkable fact to which we alluded is, that in the fifteenth century the common pictorial rendering of the event introduces the stable, the ox and ass, and might have been derived from this example, or from one of the contemporary examples to which we have alluded.

Another of the Roman sarcophagi in the Vatican, found near St. Paul's, is engraved by Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow, pl. xix., and in De Fleury's "*L'Evangile*," pl. xviii., fig. 1. The sarcophagus has on its front two rows of subjects. On the left hand side of the lower row is the Adoration of the Magi (fig. 1). The Virgin sits on the left, in a chair of the same kind as that in a former engraving (p. 89), and has a footstool; she wears a veil on her head; the child sits in her lap. Joseph stands behind her chair. The Magi approach from the right. They wear the tunic, and a short cloak fastened by a circular brooch at the breast: very little of the cloak, except this fold on the breast, appears. The first Magus, as in the last example, stands and points upward with his right hand, and looks back at the others, although he is at the same moment presenting his gift. We shall find this attitude in later pictures given to the second king, and shall find ultimately that he is pointing to the Epiphany star. The first gift is indistinctly represented, it may be a vase shaped like a wide glass or alabaster bottle. The second gift is more clearly represented as a bottle-shaped vessel. The third is a cylindrical box. The art of the design and the execution of the sculpture are of unusually high character. The date of the work may be probably the close of the fourth century.

We have before us photographs from two other sarcophagi in the Vatican collection, in which our subject is introduced in the *bas-relief* ornamentations of their covers. In one the Virgin is seated in the middle of the design, in a round-backed basket-work chair, looking to the left, holding the Child, swathed, in her lap. Behind her, on the spectator's right, is a shed, under which is a large empty basket-cradle and manger, beside which stand the ox and ass; still further to the right is a man, whom we assume to be Joseph. The three Magi approach from the left in the usual running attitude, habited in drawers, tunic, cloak, and Phrygian cap, holding circular presents in their hands. Between the heads of the Magi are introduced the heads of two camels in the background of the picture—an indication of the caravan of these Eastern travellers which, in the pictures of the Renaissance period, is developed into so large and picturesque a portion of the subject. Trees are introduced at each end of the design, to fill up the long panel. The art of the sculpture is of a superior character; the figure and face of the Virgin are especially worthy of note.



Fig. 2.—Sarcophagus in the Vatican: Fourth Century.

In another sarcophagus cover in the Vatican (Fig. 2) the long narrow panel is occupied by several subjects, divided from one another by columns, with indications of arches. At the left end of the panel is the Adoration of the Magi, and next to it the Nativity. They are clearly separate subjects. The shed of the Nativity, the manger, cradle of basket-work, the ox and ass, and the figure of Joseph, are very much as in the last-described design; but here the Holy Babe lies in the cradle. It helps us to

understand how the shed and cradle, &c., came to be introduced in the Adoration of the Magi before described. In the last design the Virgin is seated on the right, adjoining the shed; in the design before us she is seated on the left, in a round basket-chair, with the Child seated on her lap; the Magi approach from the right in the usual costume. Three camels' heads are introduced in the background, as in the last design. The art is of considerable merit; the date probably about the end of the fourth century. These two designs are engraved in De Fleury's "L'Evangile," pl. xix., figs. 2 and 3. On the same plate, fig. 1, is engraved another of these Vatican *bas-reliefs*, which presents some other differences of treatment. In the middle of the design

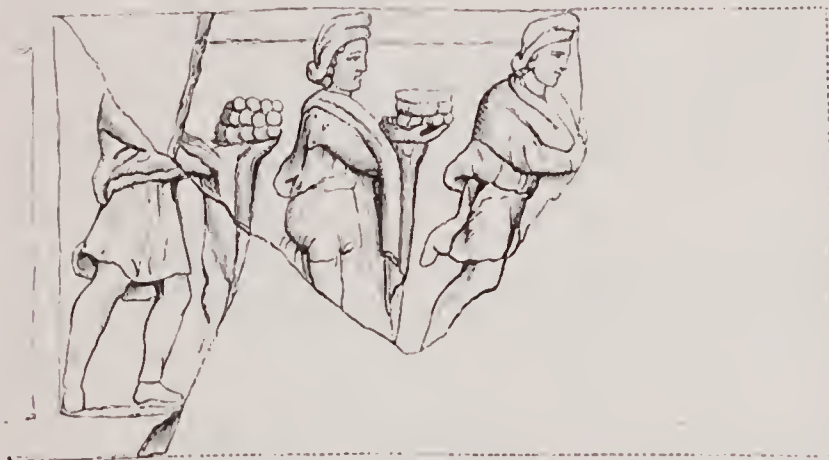


Fig. 3.—Sarcophagus at Nîmes : Fourth Century.

is the shed of the Nativity, with the manger cradle, in which the Holy Babe is lying, and the ox and ass stand beside. The three Magi approach from the left in the usual costume, bearing presents of different forms; the first points to the star which is seen above. On the right of the shed Joseph advances to receive the visitors. The Virgin sits on a rock on the extreme right, with a tree on each side of her. A camel's head is introduced behind the Magi. It is interesting to observe the similarity in the materials of which these almost contemporary designs are made up, the similarity of their treatment, and yet the freedom with which the artists modified the conventional design.

At pl. xx., fig. 1, of De Fleury's work is a *bas-relief* from the

tomb of St. Maximin. The Magi approach from the left. In the middle of the design is the shed, under it is the cradle in which the Holy Child is lying, the ox and ass beside it, and the star above. The Virgin is seated in a round-backed chair on the right. The Magi approach from the left; the first Magus looks back at the others. On the same plate is a *bas-relief* from the tomb of the Exarch Isaac, at Ravenna. The Virgin sits on a fald-stool on the left, with the Child, clothed and nimbed, seated on her knee. The Magi approach at long intervals, in long, flowing cloaks, the second Magus looking back at the third.



Fig. 4.—Sarcophagus at Milan : Fourth Century.

A fragment of a Christian sarcophagus recently discovered at Saint Giles, near Nîmes, is described and engraved by De Rossi in the *Bulletino de Archaeologia Christiana* for 1866, p. 64. It is probably of late fourth or early fifth century date. There is a central panel on its front, with a *bas-relief* on each side; on the left is the Appearance of the star to the Magi. The attitudes of the figures are full of spirit. The first Magus turns round, speaking to the others; the second points up to the star; the third holds up his hand in admiration, and turns to speak to a fourth person with helmet, shield and spear, who is probably meant for an attendant, and in that case gives us the earliest



Fig. 5.—Mosaic at Ravenna : Fifth Century.

example of the introduction of the armed escort with which the imaginations of the later designers crowded their pictures. The costume is trousers, tunic, a rather long cloak, and Phrygian bonnet. The right side of the sarcophagus, containing the Adoration, is unfortunately mutilated: but it retains the figures of the three Magi coming from the left, bearing their presents in hands covered by their mantles: the present of the second Magus resembles a basket (Fig. 3).

Another sarcophagus of about the same date, and very similar design, from S. Ambrosio, at Milan, is here reproduced from the above publication. The central medallion contains the effigies of the deceased. On the left is the Appearance of the star. The Magi are dressed in drawers, tunic, rather long cloak, and a stiff

high eastern bonnet of unusual shape. Their attitudes are quite different from those in the last example. On the right of the medallion is the Adoration (Fig. 4). The Virgin sits on the right, veiled; the Child sits on her knee. Joseph appears behind. The Magi all stand, holding their gifts. They wear the same costume as in the other design, so far as can be seen; but unhappily the stone is mutilated, and the heads of these three figures are lost.

The mosaics supply us with our next examples. In a mosaic at St. Apollinare-Nuovo, Ravenna (engraved by Ciampini, "Vetera Monumenta," &c., tom. ii., planche xxvii.), we have a new version of the subject (Fig. 5). The Virgin, with the Child standing in her lap, is seated towards the right of the picture, but not in the usual way; she is facing the spectator, and two angels stand

on each side of her chair, also facing the spectator. The three kings approach from the left in single file. Their costume is clearly intended to represent the Eastern drawers, tunics, and short cloaks, but they present some marked differences in fashion from the classical simplicity of the earlier sculptured examples.



Fig. 6.—Mosaic at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, Rome: Fifth Century.

They carry their presents in their hands, covered by a fold of their cloaks: two of the presents are alike, in the shape of ribbed vases. This is also engraved by De Fleury, "L'Evangile," pl. xxii., from a photograph. The mosaic has undergone modern restora-

tion, and the names Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, which are here seen, were probably introduced during this repair. The original work is of the fifth century.

It is curious that another mosaic,* at St. Maria Maggiore, at Rome, said to be of about the middle of the fifth century, gives us a version of the subject in some respects like the above, while it has other features peculiar to itself (Fig. 6). Towards the left of the picture is a couch, on which the Holy Child is seated alone. Four persons with nimbi, and no doubt intended for angels, stand behind the couch, grouped two and two, with the star between them. A male figure, probably Joseph, sits on the (spectator's) left of the couch, and the Blessed Virgin sits in an arm-chair on the right. Beyond her are two† figures in tunic, cloak, and Phrygian bonnet, each holding a circular object. We recognise in their costume the same peculiarities as in the mosaic at Ravenna, and we are struck with the general resemblance between these designs in mosaic of the fifth century, and their difference from the designs of the sculptures of the fourth century.

De Fleury gives us still another fragment of a mosaic picture of the subject, from the sacristy of St. Maria in Cosmedin, Rome, which is of the eighth century. The Virgin is seated, nimbed, on the left; Joseph stands behind her chair; the child, clothed, and with a cruciform nimbus, is seated in her lap. An angel, nimbed, is introducing the Magi from the right. Only the hands of the first Magus, holding his gift, remain: all the rest of the picture is destroyed, but it is "a magnificent fragment."

OPHELIA.

(See Frontispiece.)

JAMES BERTRAND, Painter.

C. A. DEBLOIS, Engraver.

TO the Paris *Salon* in 1872 James Bertrand sent two large pictures of Ophelia. One was entitled 'Mort d'Ophélie,' and the other 'Folie d'Ophélie.' The former represents Ophelia floating on the water—

" Her clothes spread wide ;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element ; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy in her drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The 'Folie d'Ophélie' is the subject of our engraving. She appears with her head fantastically dressed with straws and flowers. Ophelia's face is of a fine type of beauty, and its repose would scarcely indicate insanity were it not for the dishevelled hair and strange head-dress of flowers and meadow-grasses with which her head is garlanded. The pose of the figure is graceful, and its precision of drawing and its poetical expression are praiseworthy. The two Ophelia pictures attracted great attention at the *Salon* when exhibited. Both were purchased by American collectors, and are now in private galleries in this country.

Bertrand is a pupil of M. Perin, and was awarded medals at the Exhibitions of 1861, 1863, and 1869.

THE SONNET.

W. MULREADY, R.A., Painter.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Engraver.

MULREADY'S 'Sonnet,' the subject of our engraving, has been very justly described as one of the most purely and tenderly poetical of English pictures from common life. A couple, whose poetic taste runs in unison, have been, perhaps, whiling away a pleasant hour in reading under the shade of a friendly tree on a summer's afternoon. The lover has laid aside his book to listen to a sonnet which his sweetheart is reading. He is bending over, and his face is turned towards the reader as if his whole heart was inspired with the music of her voice. She, too, is overcome with the poetical sentiment of the words and her hand is pressed against her lips as if to hide her emotion. The heather-clad hills in the background indicate that the scene is in the Highlands.

Mulready was an Irishman by birth, but the broad Hibernian element rarely appears in his works. In his earliest pictures he inclined to the humorous, as in the 'Hustings,' and other works of that class, but later refinement and grace were the controlling elements in his compositions. An English writer has said that Mulready has not been so popular as some other men, in part from

the perfection and refined grace with which spectators are not much familiar, in part from a certain over-elaboration in his work, and a consequent want of the look of ease which delights one in men like Gainsborough. The landscape background in some of his later pictures, admirably as he painted landscape by itself, and some few figures, are instances of this. But in the great aim of art—pure and lasting pleasures—few English painters have on the whole surpassed him. His refinement in form, his great sense of beauty, the poetry and invention of his subjects, combine to give them a peculiarly strong and lasting hold over the memory of those who have studied him.

* Engraved in De Fleury's "L'Evangile," pl. xxi., and also in Marriot's "Testimony of the Catacombs," p. 37.

† Among the ivories in the British Museum is a fragment said by Mr. Maskell to be Italian work of the seventh century, but which may possibly be of more northern origin and of later date, on which are two male figures, which we can hardly be mistaken in accepting as two of the Magi—perhaps only a portion of the usual representation of the subject of the Adoration.



W. MURRAY, R.A. PINXT

J. P. ARMYTAGE, SCULPT

THE MOUNTAIN

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCHES OF ENGLAND

INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.*

A VOLUME so truly superb as this has very rarely been issued. It has more than the usual advantages of fine printing on fine paper, and is admirably bound, with some hundreds of engravings, large and small, to illustrate every subject associated with India: its marvellous structures, its singular scenery, and its picturesque people. As engravings they have

not been surpassed; our purpose on this page is to give examples of them, necessarily selecting those of the lesser size; but a great proportion of them are large, the full-page size of a quarto. It is a volume perfect in all respects, which thoroughly brings before us a country that is almost a world—deeply interesting to all nations, but more especially to England. It is



The Water-Carrier.

understood that the Prince of Wales, to whom the work is dedicated, took with him a large supply. There could have been no gift more appropriate or more desirable; no doubt it was accepted by the native princes as a boon of great value. It is the work of a French author, M. Rousselet, and is the result of six

years' residence and careful study of "the architectural monuments, religious beliefs and symbols, works of Art," and structures of all periods, styles, and degrees of costly and elaborate workmanship. We do not pretend to review this magnificent work; our purpose is merely to give two specimens of the en-



Shah Jehan's Palace.

gravings, and these by no means the most important or the best. They convey, however, some idea of the merit and value, although

none of the variety, of a series of more interest than any we have ever examined in a single book. We may conceive the delight with which page after page will be gone over by those who are residents in India; but the treat is almost as great for the millions who have never been there: not for the English only, but for all the peoples of the world.

* "India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India and in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal." By Louis Rousselet. Carefully revised and edited by Lieut.-Colonel Buckle. Containing Three Hundred and Seventeen Engravings and Six Maps. Published by Chapman and Hall, London.

AMERICAN ART-MANUFACTURES.

STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.

AS examples of decorative Art, as applied to ornamental glass-work, we present a design for a memorial window, executed by Messrs. H. E. Sharp, Son & Colgate, of New York. The subject represents the women at the sepulchre with the angels keeping

guard over the resting-place of our Saviour. Each division of the design has a richly coloured mass of grapes pendent from twisted vines, and is enclosed with a border of delicate tracery. In the base are shown the sacramental emblems, consisting of the cross



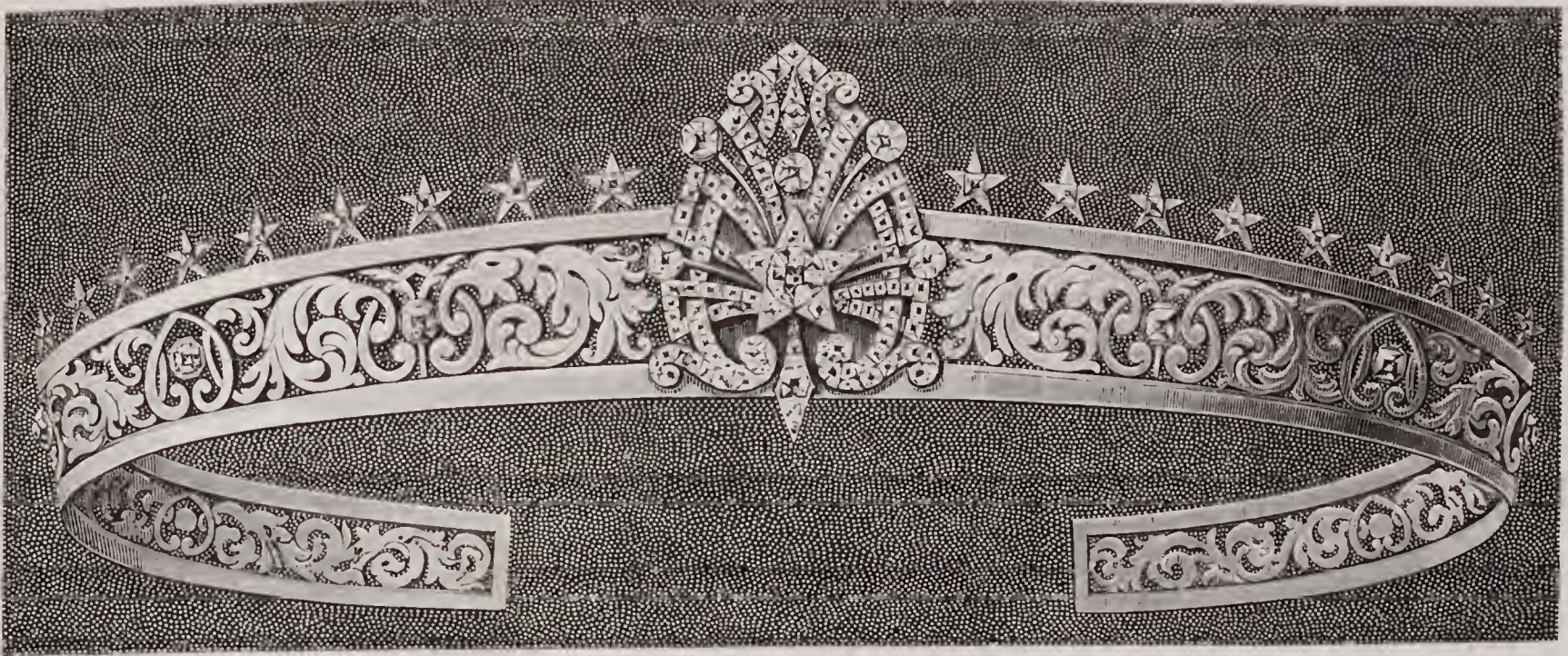
in the centre, surrounded with the inscription "Pater dormit yn. Jesu," and the wheat-sheaf and paten on either side. At the top, in the centre of the rich rose tracery, is the descending dove of the Holy Spirit; and in the smaller rose openings are inserted the emblem of the Trinity and the monogram of our Lord—"Alpha

and Omega." The rose tracery in the small openings, as well as that surrounding the dove, is elaborately executed, and the colours are in harmony with the main design. The composition at first sight appears somewhat broken, owing to the dividing lines of the window-frame, but as the design is studied its unity asserts itself.

DIAMOND AND PEARL JEWEL SET.

The beauty of design, and the perfection to which the art of working in the precious metals has been brought in the hands of our skilled artisans, are well illustrated in our engravings of jewellery selected from the cases of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of New York.

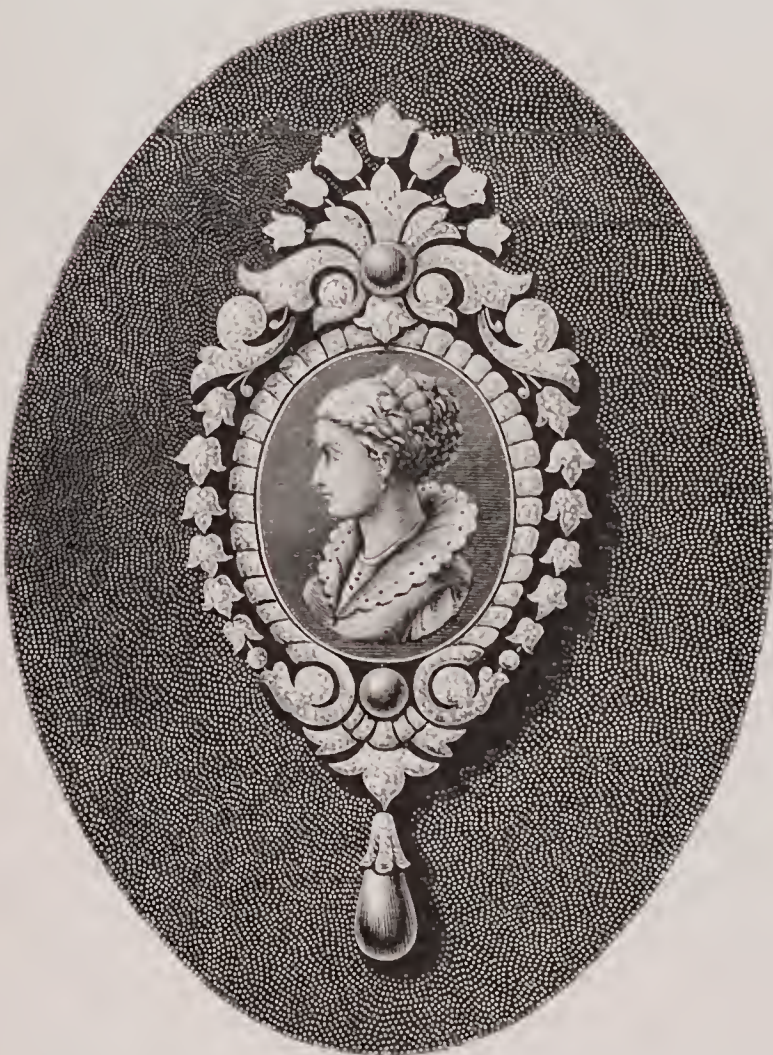
No. 1 is a coronet, the band of which is of gold, hand-wrought in open work of a scroll-like design. The heart-shaped piece, with a star in its centre, from which spring rays of silver thread with brilliants at the ends, is formed entirely of diamonds; and small dia-



No. 1.—Coronet.

mond stars are attached to the upper rim of the band. The work was designed by the firm and executed to order. No. 2 is designed for use as a brooch, or pendant. The centre is a rare specimen of onyx cameo cutting and is surrounded by twenty-eight diamonds;

with a pearl centre is formed of diamonds as well as the graceful ornamental work which it crowns. The pearl in the centre of the design is of large size and extraordinary beauty. In these three productions of the goldsmith's art, the grace of the design and



No. 2.—Pendant.



No. 3.—Pendant.

and the floral design at the top, and acorns at the sides, are formed of masses of diamonds. Above and below the head, pearls are inserted, and a large pear-shaped pearl hangs from the base. No. 3 is also a pearl and diamond pendant. The riband at the top

excellence of the workmanship are much enhanced by the great care with which the diamonds and pearls were selected in size and colour, and with reference to the places they were to assume in the objects.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE, N.A.



THE name of WHITTREDGE is widely known and cherished as one of the ablest belonging to the American school of landscape Art. His father was a New England farmer, but emigrated to the State of Ohio when that region was yet almost a wilderness, and where Whittredge was born in the year 1820. Young Whittredge remained at home until he had nearly attained his majority, when he left the parental roof to seek his fortune. When a boy he was an ardent student of Nature, but he did not at first aspire to become an artist, although a love for Art was born in him. On leaving home he went to Cincinnati, which was then the rising city of the West, and sought employment in mercantile pursuits. Business

life, however, did not suit his taste, and failing to find any other more congenial employment he determined to study Art and follow it as a profession. Cincinnati at that time, as at present, was the home of a number of artists and also of several liberal patrons of Art. Mr. Whittredge now set himself assiduously at work to master the rudiments of his profession. At that time Henry K. Brown, who is now known as a sculptor of eminence, was a portrait-painter in Cincinnati, and James H. Beard, the animal-painter, also made that city his home, and young Whittredge gained some experience from his acquaintance with those artists. He also found in the Art-collections in Cincinnati some of the early landscape works by Durand, Doughty, and Cole; and portraits by Jarvis, Chester Harding, Thomas Sully, and others, and his study of these



A Home by the Seaside.—From a Painting by W. Whittredge, N.A.

works enabled him to proceed systematically in grasping the rudiments of his profession.

After setting up his easel as an artist he first directed his attention to portrait-painting, which, if not the most lucrative branch of Art, at least furnished him with the means of livelihood, which to a struggling young artist is of more importance than fame. Whittredge followed portrait-painting for a few years only, or until his hand and eye had achieved a certain mastery of form and colour, when his love for primitive Nature, which he found in the forests of his native State, resumed the ascendancy, and he determined to study landscape Art as more congenial to his taste. He now studied from Nature with great perseverance and found a ready sale for his works in Cincinnati. Whittredge continued to paint in that city until he had attained his thirtieth year, when a desire to further perfect himself in the art induced him to visit Europe. His means were limited, however, but he found many friends ready to aid him and received enough commissions to keep his pencil busy for many months. On his arrival in Europe he at first visited London and Paris, where he passed several months among the

picture-galleries. It was not until his visit to Düsseldorf in 1850, following his stay in Paris, that he set himself seriously to work at his easel. Among his first acquaintances in Düsseldorf was the renowned German painter Andreas Achenbach, and he became a pupil in that artist's studio. He remained in Düsseldorf three years. During this period he made numerous summer excursions to the Alpine regions and other picturesque neighbourhoods. He found a warm friend in Achenbach, and painted many important pictures which rivalled the work of his master in brilliancy and force. All these early pictures are owned in Cincinnati. Mr. Whittredge did not become a mere follower of the Düsseldorf school, notwithstanding his long connection with its leading master. After leaving Achenbach's studio he visited Holland and Belgium, and studied the various schools with great enthusiasm. In 1855 he went to Rome, where he found a congenial colony of artists, and where he remained four years. In 1860 he returned home and opened a studio in New York. Whittredge was warmly welcomed in New York, his matured and poetical style of treatment and his large experience, obtained by earnest study and contact

with the great artists in Europe, gave to his name a prestige which was not overshadowed by that of any other landscape-painter in the country. In the same year he was elected an Academician of the National Academy of Design. Since that time he has been an earnest and conscientious worker, and his pictures are now in all our leading galleries.

Notwithstanding his early success, Mr. Whittredge never ne-

glected an opportunity for study, and in 1866 we find him on the Western Plains sketching as assiduously as when he made his first efforts in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati at the beginning of his Art-career. One of the most impressive results of that sketching-tour was a 'View of the Rocky Mountains from the Platte River.' This subject he afterwards painted upon a large canvas, which is now in the possession of the Century Club. His 'Old



Study of the Rocky Mountain Aspens.—From a Study by W. Whittredge, N. A.

Hunting Ground,' owned by Mr. J. W. Pinchot, was sent to the Paris Exposition in 1867. The latter subject is an idyl and tells its story in a mouldering canoe resting on the bank of a shallow pool into which a deer has waded to drink. It is shaded by tall, silvery birches of primeval growth, and is impressive in its expression of solitude. He was elected President of the National Academy of Design in 1874, a position which he yet holds.

We engrave two characteristic works by Mr. Whittredge, a 'Study of the Rocky Mountain Aspens,' from a study made during his visit to the Western Plains in 1866, and a 'Home by the Seaside,' a finished picture painted for the Artists' Fund Society in 1872. The latter picture is remarkable for its broad diffusion of light and its expression of the sentiment of the quiet and repose of country life. The picture is owned by Mr. Isaac Henderson.

THE PROPOSED REORGANISATION AND UNION OF THE PITTI, UFFIZI, AND OTHER GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS OF FLORENCE.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.



F all the galleries of Fine Arts in Europe, none linger more affectionately in the memories of Anglo-Saxon visitors than those of Florence. I say affectionately with meaning. Others may impress more by their magnitude or variety, or be more directly instructive and easier seen, because of their systematic arrangements, methods of lighting, and facility of access; but any drawbacks in these respects here are more than counterbalanced as to general effects on the mind by the atmosphere of aesthetic *cosiness*, as well as splendour and almost family arrangement, of the pictures, sculptures, and other works of Art in the Uffizi and Pitti palaces particularly. They have a domestic look, as if placed just about as one would be obliged to arrange them if collected by himself from time to time and accommodated to spare positions, or such crowded quarters as a somewhat exuberant artistic hospitality provided for them under the family-roof, regardless of expenditure, so that they were made at home and surrounded with appropriate magnificence. Especially are this family arrangement and character true of the Pitti gallery, whose richly-decorated furnished rooms and low-toned side-lights add greatly to the general aspects of their contents, and bestow on them a certain solemn mystery and redoubling of a purely æsthetic consciousness, as regards the spectator, enhancing their absolute technical merits, and subtly predisposing the mind to their fullest enjoyment. We are self-elevated, because we find ourselves in the company of the world's elect, with no obtrusive etiquette or social prejudices to come between what is best in us and them. And our enjoyment of this highest phase of socialism is not diminished by the reflection that they have thus been, in their aristocratic, hospitable receiving-rooms, for centuries welcoming with equal zest all comers to these luxurious homes—delightful symbols of the immortality of all men, and eloquent preachers against all the barren materialisms which stultify humanity at large.

One might expatiate largely on this special particularity of the Florentine galleries, but it is too obvious to every sensitive visitor not to have been gratefully and increasingly appreciated at each visit; emphasised as it is in the case of the chief two, the Pitti and the Uffizi, by the long covered passage filled with the thoughts and designs of the old masters in every stage of composition—a twisting and turning gallery which unites them as by an umbilical cord into a complete twinship of purpose and pleasure, as materially convenient as architecturally and psychologically appropriate. Their oneness is thus substantially effected in a true sense, whilst the variety in unity of mind and fact so essential to high Art is picturesquely and edifyingly conserved. As palpable as are these effects, I am sure I do not recall them to those who have experienced their power without evoking a thrill of satisfaction akin to what one feels in memories of those whose hearts and minds are most in harmony with our own. Once known, these galleries are always dear friends. Am I not right, therefore, in using the word affection as strikingly characteristic of the sentiment they leave in us?

But, my Art-loving friends, are you conscious that our long-familiar Art-paradise is threatened with destruction; that your children may never see and feel as you do in regard to it, and wonder what it all means when you recount your enjoyment of its hospitality? Nevertheless it is marked down for an improvement which will be the death of your particular joy in it. The present ambitious Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Bonghi, abetted by the Royal Director of the Museums of Florence, Signor A. Gotti, in the fervour of the centralising theories now so much in vogue in Italy, has planned the union of all the galleries and libraries of Florence into one vast museum, on the scale of the Louvre, to be placed in the great Medicean Palace Buontalenti, Via Cavour, with a thorough radical reorganisation, in accordance with modern methods of classification and distribution.

As in America we are now constructing, in several of our chief cities, museums on a comprehensive scale, any problems or experiments regarding their practical organisation have a special interest to us. Not being hampered by old-time buildings and methods, we are free to do what seems best. It cannot, therefore, but be of advantage to study the experience of the Old World. The question is a wide one, and there is much to be said on all its aspects.

There are, however, in organic principles chiefly two. First and latest, the centralising scientific system, bringing all departments of Fine Arts together under one roof, chiefly with a view to their historical and archaeological arrangements, facilities for educational training, and comprehensive exhibition. For want of a better term, we may call this the scientific method, for it is eminently utilitarian in idea, and virtually based on the practice of museums of natural objects.

The second principle is the pure and simple artistic, which looks mainly to *enjoyment*, based on the æsthetic harmonies, effect and language of the objects themselves as the legitimate purpose of Fine Arts, arranging them so as to exhibit these qualities in their fullest significance, irrespective of the minor claims of any absolute technical historical manner or period. This is the true home method. We hang our pictures on our walls, or try to, so as to give each its best light and most fitting neighbourhood; to keep it among its dearest friends, where its merits are best shown. The secret of getting the best out of any art is to put it in harmony with its own being; in introducing it to society—quite as true as of man himself—the rule being to make him or it entirely *at home*.

Indirectly, a certain degree of scientific accuracy does grow out of this, because the masters most social in their interminglings, and most *en rapport* with each other, are naturally those of one time or school, ascending or descending in idea and *technique* as regularly as notes of music. Thus, æsthetic harmony, as well as particular instruction, is better attained, other things equal, by the second than by the first method; which, looking solely to chronological order and material convenience, sometimes confuses, if it does not destroy, the more vital principles of Art.

I do not say that the present arrangement of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries is the best, but that the æsthetic idea so largely implied by its half-casual accommodation of circumstances and conditions not expressly created for museums is a happy and sound one, not to be lightly set aside, however plausible the reasons for a change, for the purely scientific system so much more in keeping with the bias of our time. Profoundly viewed, the contest between these extremes is the fight for supremacy between the logical material and the spiritual or intuitive apprehension of things; and, in taking our stand exclusively on one side or the other, we are accepting ideas of spirit or matter as the governing ultimatum of life, which affect its every issue, and permeate all our beliefs, pains, and pleasures. Every object of Art is an objective reality of some thought or truth, which affects our bodies and souls through their subtlest properties. Its arrangement, therefore, the estimation shown it, and society given to it, are all confessions of faith or character of the individual or people who bestow them, as it is shown singly or collectively. In the exhibition of Art of any specific kind, there is to be considered something more than its date, style, and anatomy. We must give it the best possible opportunity to be seen in the phase of ideas or character at the root of its constructive being, so that its supreme sensuous-plastic language shall most forcibly or subtly strike the imagination or the emotions as an enjoyable whole at first view, leaving to the intellect at its leisure to examine its credentials, and decide on their precise worth. The primary impression made by any gallery of Art should be markedly pleasurable as an entirety, and the surest way to secure this is to make the scientific method secondary to the æsthetic, dominated, however, by specific

artistic exigencies. There is nothing truly æsthetic which is not artistic also; but much that is artistic is not necessarily æsthetic in character or construction; indeed, often otherwise, being idealisations of ugliness or viciousness.

How far the present arrangements of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries give this primary impression, each individual will decide according to his culture and temperament: but that they are exceedingly enjoyable seems to be a universal experience. The question now is, will the removal of them from these localities, and mingling them with other collections in a new building, to form one vast museum, as desired by Signor Bonghi, be more conducive to the public enjoyment, and show them to better advantage?

There can be no question that some reform is needed. The catalogues are very faulty, and need thorough revision. Some attributions are purely apocryphal, others loosely conjectural. A considerable number of paintings, especially, in the corridors of the Uffizi could be got rid of to the advantage of those that remain, for they serve no good purpose whatever, unless to people a "Chamber of Horrors" as showing what Art should not be. Changes of position and light are needed for some important pictures, and the bringing more together of the paintings of the greatest masters by themselves. The Raphaels, Titians, Peruginos, Fra Bartolomeos, &c., need to be more exclusive, the masterpieces having special places of honour, so that each great artist could be facily compared, as it were, with himself, and yet in mass offering pleasurable contrasts with his neighbours. Where there are enough it would be advisable to give a room to one artist; if there are more than are needful to exhibit all his characteristics, the surplus might be sold or exchanged to advantage with foreign galleries. There is not in the museums of Florence a single sufficient example of Luca della Robbia, whilst the streets and churches of country-towns, where no persons go, abound in his finest works, often in buildings closed to the public. Why not select the best for the home-museums, and allow the sale of others for an Art-fund for them? So, too, with superfluous works of secondary value of a number of eminent artists of the Florentine schools, which would not be missed from their present positions, and might be advantageously replaced by works of as yet unrepresented artists of other schools. Finally, the profuse repainting and injudicious restorations of other times should be removed, and all the pictures so hung that each should be in harmony with those immediately about it; keeping schools and epochs as much as can be in consecutive artistic order, considering their æsthetic appearance as a whole. Copyists should not be allowed to block access to the best pictures, and turn the galleries into shops for the sale of their wares. These reforms would cost little, and render the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, with their historical associations, their compactness, cosiness, and general conveniences, the most enjoyable within their scope in Europe. The chief risk is fire; but in Florence this can be effectually guarded against by proper vigilance, or, better, by entire prohibition. Signor Bonghi's plan of making the galleries pay their expenses by entrance-fees seems to bid fair to be a success. It has just been put in operation, and already produces at the rate of three hundred thousand francs a year in Florence alone, at one franc a head, Thursday and Sunday being free.

The proposed advantages of Signor Bonghi's scheme for the union of all the collections in one building are: the forming a more complete museum in a systematic historical sequence than they could possibly exhibit apart, which should be a worthy rival of the greatest elsewhere; a more centralised organisation and administration; a commodious edifice, of easy access, expressly fitted to its purpose; each department well accommodated and arranged, lighted and decorated; in fine, all the knowledge and experience of other museums brought to bear in making this one complete as a monument of Art, and a fresh crown of distinction to the most artistic city of the chief land of the Arts. This is an attractive programme to read, and there are materials enough at hand to realise it, provided they were not already so well accommodated. If it were a question, as in America, of creating a museum where none exist, there could be but one response—"Go ahead!" But the museums do exist so conveniently contiguous as to be in this small city almost as much practically one as are those concentrated in the miles of galleries in the Louvre; and each with an individuality of expression and impression very inviting in view of the architectural monotony and staid arrangements of the Louvre's end-

less series of telescopic halls, whose vistas so appal and confuse at first view, indeed even discourage, the inevitable "sightseer" who, in seeing all, never sees anything. No one, except the experienced student of Art who goes straight to his object and confines himself to that, can master the Louvre. Yet the Louvre is for Paris the best organisation. But a similar museum in Florence would dwarf the city, divest it of some of its most renowned æsthetic features, and impel the average crowd of strangers, who now pleasurably linger weeks about its various galleries, to rush breathlessly through it as they do the Louvre, at one visit, feeling so relieved, at having done the "sight," as not to care to repeat it. Like an audience of a crowned head, it is too big a bore to bear repetition. As it is now, one visit to the Pitti, for instance, like an introduction to a distinguished affable man, is sure to beget the desire of a closer acquaintance. Families who come to Florence for a short time are often induced, by the invitingness of the galleries, to pass the season, greatly to the pecuniary benefit of the citizens. At the best, Florence is a cosmopolitan hotel, depending overmuch on the ebb and flow of the tide of travel. Should it condense its chief sights into one mammoth show, it will become more than ever one, and will need only to add "grand" to its signs to make the simile of "mine inn" complete. It does not follow that what is suitable for imperial Paris is equally good for provincial Florence.

London began with centralisation in her Academy and Museum, but now finds it expedient to divide and disperse her collections for public convenience and improved organisation, to keep apart incongruous objects, and to enable visitors to get at directly what they seek, undisturbed by conflicting attractions and inharmonious combinations. Besides, it may be presumed, where there are distinct institutions devoted to special departments, there will be a generous rivalry for management. Competitive brains will eagerly work to secure the greater efficiency in their respective offices, challenging comparisons with one another. An immense body undertaking to include everything within its executive scope is apt to grow unwieldy and intolerant, and engender a favouritism or conservatism fatal to progress, or else so to outgrow itself as to leave no room for free action. Such has become the condition of the British Museum, with no niggard support on the part of the Government, and now it must either choke or disperse its heterogeneous accumulations to make them accessible to all.

There are further various material risks from a plan akin to keeping "too many eggs in one basket," independent of the inconsistency of uniting the Fine Arts proper with the industrial-ornamental, and joining these to archives, libraries, and natural history collections in a sort of organic juxtaposition embarrassing to their separate aims, and looks all the worse when the Fine Arts portion is subjected for union's sake—a union, bear in mind, without unity—to a system which, however admirably adapted to fossils, is damaging to an æsthetic constitution. The Anglo-Saxon, with his industrious practical bias, is already overmuch inclined to make Art-museums auxiliary to a specific training in the interests of manufactures, instead of palaces of æsthetic enjoyment. In their organisation and effects thus far, the Corcoran and Metropolitan Museums of Washington and New York seem more disposed to recognise the æsthetic principle; whilst the Boston, admirable as it is in the idea—acting on the notion, true or false, that every one who can learn to read and write can also learn to draw, and that drawing is best utilised in making designs for manufactures—bases itself more particularly on the industrial-scientific basis. Doubtless it will be useful as an Academy of Design, and its museum would form an excellent appendage to a distinctly Fine-Art one, as the Kensington to the National Gallery in London; but as yet it does not show any very expressive Fine-Art outlook or pretension. We can all learn to draw, without doubt; but, although many may be called, few are chosen of Art, whilst all the greatest artists have come out of the deficiency rather than the abundance of academic assistance. It is well that both systems are on trial in America. As I have already observed, the example of Florence, and present discussion regarding the proposed changes in their system of museums, cannot be without interest to those who are beginning similar institutions. However strong the argument to let "well enough" alone in Florence, the impetus towards centralisation is so strong that nothing short of the enormous cost attending so radical a change, and the risks attending the removal and long-closing of the galleries, is likely for the present to defeat the project.

FABLES ILLUSTRATED.

*The Wolf and the Lamb.*

AMONG many recent illustrated publications designed for the instruction or amusement of the public, none is more likely to have a wide popularity than an edition of "Æsop's Fables,"

illustrated by that humorous artist Ernest Griset. But it is not the fables of the old Greek in which the artist has alone found subjects for his clever and graphic pencil, though the name of



THE BEGGAR.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF C W. MANSELL LEWIS, ESQ. STRADEY, LLANELLY.

Æsop is given to the work, as that of the prince of fabulists; but, if we mistake not, the stories of Gay, Dodsley, La Fontaine, and others, are associated here with those of the elder fabulist. With such a wide scope and such infinite variety, of animal life especially, as the combined moral fictions of these writers offer to the artist, there is no lack of entertaining subject; he has caught the spirit of them in a wonderful manner, treating them for the most part, not seriously, but in a kind of grotesque style that is very amusing. As an example, we introduce here a specimen of his work applied to the well-known fable of "The Wolf and the

Lamb," certainly somewhat different from Mulready's famous picture bearing the same title. Here we see the poor little lamb humbly deprecating the wrath of the wolf, who stands like a highwayman on the road, bludgeon concealed, to make a savage attack on his victim. It is in this style M. Griset deals for the most part with his subjects, giving to them a highly picturesque and humorous character while retaining the spirit of the text. This work was originally published in Paris, but has been reprinted by Messrs. Cassell & Co., of London, with a few illustrations made specially for this edition.

THE BEGGAR.

SUPPLEMENTARY to the series of illustrated articles on the "Studies and Sketches by the late Sir Edwin Landseer," we give a full-page engraving of 'The Beggar,' one of his most spirited pencil-drawings. It is an odd conceit of the artist, the meek-looking puppy seated upright on his haunches, the dead hare, and, last but not least, the baby in the basket, kicking up its little feet and evidently crowing with infantile delight at the old grandfather's cane which rests against the faintly-indicated chimney-piece in the

background. The composition is well arranged and the drawing shows the precision of a master-hand. In the disposal of the objects, animate and inanimate, the baby in the willow-basket is balanced by the shocking old hat on the left, while the head of the dog forms the apex of the group. In the reproduction of the work the engraver has very skilfully suggested the inimitable free-hand style of drawing which is so noticeable in Sir Edwin's sketches as well as in his finished pictures.

ART IN ITALY.



ROMAN prince, Odescalchi, writes thus: "Art in Rome is a spontaneous product of the disposition of its inhabitants." Indeed, this may be said of all Italy, for as soon as the border is crossed, separating it from other countries, frescoes of every style and quality are seen, within and without buildings and dwellings, otherwise often dreary and comfortless. The very peasants show art in their draperies, ragged yet graceful, and, no matter how tasteless or unsavoury the dish that is served, its calla-leaf decorations or artistic arrangement makes it attractive to the eye. Art reconciles you to the winter cold and discomfort. Art satisfies your love for the picturesque, and Art serves you and cajoles you at every turn.

But, since the days of Michael Angelo and Canova, what have Italian artists effected? While European governments were shaking with the political earthquakes of 1848, Vela, a sculptor of Northern Italy, was tranquilly at work in his studio creating and sculpturing a statue that was destined to agitate the Italian world of Art, and overthrow many of its long-established rules and ideas. Nor was it without a political significance, for it represented Spartacus, the insurgent gladiator, whose heroic, giant efforts were all for an oppressed class, whose rights were despised, and whose sufferings served for the amusement of amphitheatrical crowds. Thus, in the statue by Vela, he was portrayed with all the power of a man who has been a slave, but has broken his chains, and is resolved to conquer or to die in the effort to save the whole class to which he belonged, as well as himself.

The work was realistic, it was studied with original and powerful thought, in no way biassed by sculptural rules and precedents. Other statues of a similarly striking character, into which a living power and vitality seemed to have been infused, gained for Vela the admiration of the public, and prizes at exhibitions, but opposition and reproach from the academicians, whose most cherished rules and ideas he had violated.

It was about the same time that Morelli, in Naples, was effecting a similar revolution in painting, overthrowing in that city the predominance of the conventional style.

Now, in both exhibition and studio throughout Italy, the influence of the example given by these artists is seen, and never more clearly than, nor in so large a number of works as, in those now shown in the various art-collections recently opened, especially in that of Rome.

This exhibition, under the auspices of the Society "Degli Ama-

tori e Cultori delle Belle Arti," is in the building where it is usually held, at the left of the Porta del Popolo. It consists of three halls, filled with the works of art accepted by the committee, and many of them are from artists of other cities. The royal prince and princess were present at the inauguration, and were escorted through the rooms by the president of the society, Count Carpegna, the vice-presidents Signor Spinola and Prof. Bompiani, and by the Syndic of Rome. In the first room each painting is a *chef-d'œuvre*, but one especially attracts the admiration at once. It is by Signor Luigi Toro of Sessa, and represents 'Agostino Nifo at the Court of Charles V.' The figures are of life size and painted with a surprising grace, as well as reality. The grouping is unaffected, the faces of king and courtiers noble and varied, as if each were a portrait, the flesh-tints are natural, nor is anything ragged or dashy in this completely-finished and magnificent painting, the accessories of which, drapery, room, throne, and *tapisserie*, have the colour and effect of reality. Since the 'Tasso reading to Leonora,' by Morelli, in the Wonwiller collection at Naples, I have seen nothing so perfect and satisfying in the way of historical art.

The next largest painting in this room is the 'Review by the King on the Pincian Hill in Rome, 1871,' already described in a previous article. It is a work that will become more valuable as time, passing, enrolls the event it portrays, among the important historical ones of modern Italy.

The other paintings are smaller works, but many of them striking and evincing careful study, historical knowledge, and good management of colour. The tendency of Roman Art is evidently in the right direction to unconventional representations with true colouring of artistic scenes illustrative of past or present times. One looks in vain, however, in this collection for works of high imagination, or remarkable poetic idea. There are the finish, study, and correctness of talent, but no especially original conception inspired by genius. Nor among all the portrayals of female beauty are there any that fix and absorb the attention, fascinating the eye and mind, like the 'Vestal Virgin' or 'Bathing Pompeians' of the Neapolitan Maldarelli. In fact, one readily perceives that, in spite of the excellence of the paintings, many of the most distinguished Italian artists are not represented in this collection. This is still more evident in the sculpture department, the exhibition of which is very meagre, although effectively arranged in the second hall, in circles, where plants and flowers alternate with and relieve the shining whiteness of the marble-works.

The project of a permanent Art-exhibition in Rome has already

been published. It is a most advantageous one, not only for artists but for Rome, as the progressive and enthusiastic minister proposes also the erection of a building suited to such an artistic display. This suggestion has been approved by the Superior Council of Fine Arts, and a committee appointed to consider the project more in detail. Prince Odescalchi was chosen president of this committee, which decided that the most appropriate site for the new building would be the Piazza del Popolo. In the programme of competition for the construction of the edifice it was stated that the building should occupy an area of four thousand square metres; be of two stories, and, if possible, surrounded with gardens; that it should contain one large hall, with others adjoining, on the first and second floors, for the works of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the minor arts. The prize offered is three thousand lire.

The Roman College of Engineers and Architects, however, have unitedly drawn up a resolution, declaring that the time allowed them for the preparation of plans for the building is too short, that it should be extended from the 30th of April to the 31st of August; that the scale of the plans should be diminished, and the limits of the sums to be expended stated. The latter could not be stated when the project was drawn up by Bonghi, because it was not then known what pecuniary aid would be received for the purpose. The minister assigned, first, from the balance in his treasury 50,000 lire, and recently the province and commune are said to have assured the sum of 500,000 lire, which will probably be augmented by the king. Florence seems to be jealous of this important onward step in Art contemplated by Rome, and many of the most prominent Florentine artists and amateurs assembled recently to discuss the question. Their opinions were unanimously opposed to the establishment at Rome of a permanent Art-exhibition, preferring the method of exhibitions in the various cities, alternately. They characterised the present administration of the ministry as one tending to the absorption at Rome of all the life of Italian Art, "so splendid in its glory, so varied in its traditions, and so rich in the multiferm manifestations of the different Italian schools." Thus ended the discourse of Senator De Gori in this anti-Bonghi assembly, and his sentiments were approved almost unanimously. It is the old story of the rivalry between the cities and States of Italy. And yet the idea of the Minister of Instruction is an admirable one, and must necessarily be of great advantage to the very artists who oppose it, inasmuch as it gives them greater opportunity to make their works known in the city which, from its treasures of ancient Art, must always be the grand Art-school of the world, and thus also the market-centre of Art, a practical phase of the profession, to which its adherents are by no means indifferent. Nor need the Roman permanent Art-exhibition prevent the continuance of the alternate ones in other cities. In fact, that it will not have this effect is at once shown by the action of the same assembly, which proceeded to discuss a project for the formation of a permanent Florentine Art-committee to watch over the Art-interests of their beautiful city.

There seems to be a good deal of prejudice in the minds of many of the Italian artists against exhibitions in general. One reason of this is the material risk incurred in the transportation to a distance of valuable works, especially of sculpture. There is another danger to which artists are particularly sensitive—that their works

may be copied, or repeated with sufficient variation to prevent the accusation of an exact reproduction, or only the idea taken and perhaps worked out in another form, even more successfully. Thus Prof. Fabi-Altini's 'Beatrice,' which he sent to an exhibition in England, was copied there by an artist who, naturally, did not inform the public that he had taken the idea from the distinguished Italian sculptor. In the present exhibition at Rome one of the most striking of the works in sculpture represents a lady reposing tranquilly in an easy-chair, reading. Upon the base are the words in English, "Sunday Morning." But, in the studio of the Roman sculptor Luigi Guglielmi, behold, among his numerous and interesting works, a lady reclining in a chair, also reading composedly, and also upon the base are the words, "Sunday Morning." Only this marble Sunday student is reading her prayer-hook, with the cross upon the cover, and the other, in the exhibition-room, is absorbed in the Bible. In answer to the natural inquiry as to which was the first work made, I was told "that of Guglielmi." In spite of the variation, is not the other, then, a rank plagiarism, such as occurs, doubtless, constantly in the so-called study of the antique, but which becomes unpardonable in the case of contemporaneous artists? The only remedy for this evil, which, with the multiplication of exhibitions, cannot but increase, would be to have international as well as local laws for the protection of Art-creations, prohibiting the reproduction by one artist of another's idea. The want of such protection prevents many artists also from making known to the public, by pictorial representations, the works they have executed.

While Rome and Florence are at enmity and distracted with sentiments of jealousy in Art, Naples, the crowded metropolis of Italy, is bending her brilliant but somewhat volatile talent to the congenial task of amusement and masquerade. Her bravest artists planned their carnival car, a colossal Siren, containing representations of the various colours, enacted by disguised painters. Morelli, Altamura, Mancini and Netti offered paintings as recompense prizes for the most ingenious and effective corso-display, and thus the *fêtes* were rich with colour and refined with skill and taste. Naples is preparing also for a large Art-exhibition, to be of a national character. The Academy of Fine Arts in which it is to be held, is being repaired, new halls added, an imposing staircase, &c.

In one of the shops on the Via S. Chiara, a painting of a Madonna has been found upon a wall; when examined by the artists it was pronounced to have probably been the work of Giotto. In the church of Santa Chiara, there are a Virgin and other frescoes either by the celebrated Florentine artist, or of his school. The refectory of this famous convent was let to furniture-dealers and divided into shops. Thus the fresco to which the attention of the public has recently been directed, most certainly Giottesque in character, was painted to adorn the wall of the refectory.

In reconstructing the church of S. Giovanni Maggiore, in Naples, frescoes of the eleventh century were found, and, those which are more interesting still, also the paintings of the Roman temple, perhaps of the first century after Christ, over which the Christians had drawn their saints and holy figures. The comparison between the two styles of art and the motives inducing them is a most suggestive one to the students of History and Art.

C. L. WELLS.

THE ROMANCE OF GREAT ARTISTS.



It has been observed that, of all those who cultivate the sciences and arts, painters live longest, enjoy better health and are least subject to mental alienation and brain diseases. This good fortune is attributed to the counterbalancing effect of the work of head and hand, producing a sort of harmony throughout the moral as well as physical being. However true this may be, no class of men and women have experienced in their lives so much of event, variety and misfortune in the domain of Love, as these self-same

painters, illustrating in Art what Théophile Gautier declared to be true in poesy—that "at the bottom of all poetic vocation lies love for a woman." The "divine passion," more potent than ambition, seems destined for all time to be the grand arbiter of destinies. David sinned for Love's sake! Sappho died for it! Leonora was the song of Tasso; the memory of Petrarch is never separated from that of Laura; the beautiful Alexandra inspired Aristotle; and the celestial name of Beatrice illuminates the pages of Dante. But, however sorrowful may have been the loves of poets, there is no sadder love-story on record than that of Michael Angelo, no

love-life fuller of despair, although his great, rugged soul, his austere nature and his immense genius would seem to lift him far above the storm of human passion and the weakness of heart-needs.

Love came to him but once, and that late in life, for he was fifty-one years old when he made the acquaintance of Vittoria Colonna. She was a woman of high and loyal character, of noble birth, and crowned with the laurels of poesy. She had married at seventeen, François d'Avalos, Marquis de Pescara, a young and brilliant military officer, who died from the effect of wounds, leaving her a widow at that age said to be so dangerous in women—thirty-three. She had idolized her husband, and her love remained for him after his death as deep and ardent as before. She felt that, having been his wife once, she was his wife always, and nothing ever induced her for one moment to swerve from her high fidelity.

After the death of François d'Avalos she wrote a series of poems commemorative of his heroic deeds. These fell into the hands of Michael Angelo, and made such an impression upon him that he wrote a letter to the author, full of sympathy for her grief and of admiration for her poems. She replied in glowing terms of admiration for his genius in Art. This was the beginning of their mutual acquaintance, and of his love. The correspondence continued, but Vittoria constantly refused to allow him to visit her, and it was not until ten years later that she consented to receive his homage in person.

She had then come to Rome and was stopping with her sister-in-law, Jeanne d'Arragon. The follies of youth, as well as its radiant horizon, were over for both, if for the one they had ever existed. But in this love, born so late in life, the great artist hoped for a joy and a companionship which would enrich and gladden the downward way. He was not a loveable man in the common sense of loveableness. He was awkward and cold in the presence of women, and his tongue was not clever to express the great depth and tenderness of his soul. His face had never recovered from the disfigurement produced by the blow given by Torrigiano. But love, beautifying ugliness, and throwing charms over a thousand defects, wrought no miracles for Michael Angelo. His heroine was too fine and high, too closely wedded to an absent but ever present friend, to be seduced by his worship.

Despairing at length of winning her for his wife, he resolved to be philosophic and adore her from afar. But, at times, the old love and old ardor of his passion would leap up like rebellion in his heart, and break down his strength. One day when his agony of soul seemed to have reached a climax no longer supportable, he fell on his knees, and like the Psalmist cried out, "I cry to Thee, O my God! it is Thee alone whom I invoke against my blind and vain passion." It was then he wrote, "Was there ever such a fate—to give love, worship, devotion and fidelity for the disdains of grief and a continual death!" *

'St. Peter,' 'Moses' and 'The Last Judgment,' show Michael Angelo's genius; but the sonnets he wrote to Vittoria Colonna alone reveal his heart. A writer of that epoch describes her as being one of the most illustrious women of Italy and Europe, chaste, beautiful, *spirituelle* and learned.

One day after she had come to Rome to live, she consented to pay the artist a visit, in the little house he had built at the foot of Mount Cavallo. It was a red-letter day for Michael Angelo, and no divinity descended from heaven could have been received with greater distinction. After that visit a friendly degree of intimacy was established. Their conversation was never allowed to rest upon any topic less sublime than religious Art, and the high benevolences of life.

It was at this time that the artist made for and submitted to Vittoria the designs for his 'Christ on the Cross,' 'The Dead Christ on the Knees of his Mother' and 'Jesus at the Well of the Samaritan Woman.' He sent them to her with a sonnet, in which he spoke of "her immense goodness," his too "feeble talent," and his despair that his "fragile and perishable work could never equal the divine grace that she shed around her."

It was quite natural that he should wish to paint her portrait, to make her statue, to league to posterity the beauty of the woman he worshipped. Nothing could be more touching than the sonnet he

addressed her, in which he pleaded for this privilege—"so that, in a thousand years after our departure from this world, one may see how beautiful thou wert, how much I loved thee, and that I was not mad in loving thee." How Vittoria Colonna ever resisted such an appeal, is difficult to understand. But she did nevertheless,* and devoted herself to the asylum she had founded for young girls. Her health was always delicate, and she died at the age of fifty-seven.

During her short illness Michael Angelo never left the house where she lay dying. He was kneeling at her bedside when the supreme moment came—supreme for both, for she had ceased to live, and he, for the first time during a devotion of more than twenty years, dared press his lips to the brow of the woman he idolised. All the love of his life surged about his heart in uncontrollable grief, and, winding his arms about the lifeless body, he showered kisses upon her brow, her eyes, her hair, her hands, and, with a great heart-bursting sob, went out of the room.

Years later, when the memory of Vittoria Colonna had become a soft and subdued *souvenir*, Michael Angelo was asked why he had never married. The question was idly put and appropriately answered: "I have had one wife too many," he replied, "a wife who has always persecuted me: it is my art, and my works are my children." His grand but sad life finished at eighty-eight years, when he passed, let us hope, to a land where love has no contradictions, and where his great heart at last found richest satisfaction.

That Raphael, whom the gods loved, and women loved, should have loved in any way he pleased, seems as natural as that Michael Angelo should have loved but once and for all time. Universal as was the genius of Raphael, and charming as was the harmony of his character, he was, as a lover, most desperately local. Whether he died of an *excès d'amour*, or of a fever caught from too long roaming among the *débris* of Rome, does not affect his unfortunate way of living and loving. La belle Fornarina (whose real name was Margarita) and Maria Bibiena form as rivals a most dramatic contrast. Margarita was the daughter of a maker of plumbing-lines, and Maria the niece of a cardinal.

The Romans still point out the house where Margarita lived with her father, and where Raphael first saw her with her sleeves pinned up to her shoulders, making pastry, which won her the pet name of *Fornarina*.

The divided attentions and intentions of Raphael in regard to these two young women form a most inexplicable phase of his life. That he should have loved Margarita for years, immortalising her splendid beauty in exquisite portraits, singing her charms in verse (it is a noticeable fact that great artists have universally resorted to the poet's art for the expression of a great love), finding himself unable to live without her, although not having the moral courage or desire to marry her, and at the last leaving her an ample competency upon which to lead an honest life, form a fact easily understood. But that he should request to be buried by Maria Bibiena his *fiancée*, whom he never loved, and evidently never intended to marry if he could help it, is the incomprehensible part. It might have been the result of the delirium of fever, or a vague desire to do penance for his much sinning. In any event, it was an infliction upon the memory of a *fiancée*, which under the circumstances any high-spirited girl would resent with indignation. Happily, the majority of travellers who sentimentalise over the tombs of the lovers do so in sublime ignorance of the fact that the death of Bibiena left the "divine Raphael" anything but inconsolable.

Titian, whom even death respected, for he lived to be nearly a hundred years old, was married at the age of thirty-four to Lucie, a Venetian maiden. That she bore him two sons and one daughter, and then died, is all one knows of her. However, it is natural to infer that she was not an over-happy wife, from the fact that Titian was notoriously in love with Violante, the eldest daughter of that glorious-faced painter, Palma the Elder. She was exceedingly beautiful and furnished the type of some of his most delicious pictures, among which is the one known as 'Flora.' It was only three years after his marriage that he painted her as 'Bacchante.' Palma had three daughters, and painted portraits of them all, which are now in the gallery at Vienna: one of them, a ravishing

* These sonnets were published at Florence in 1626 by the grand-nephew of Michael Angelo. A translation has been made into English.

* A portrait of her may be seen in the Colonna Palace at Rome.

creature with long auburn hair and wearing a bunch of violets in her corsage, is that of *Violante*, Titian's love.

Lavinia-Cornelia, the daughter of Titian, was a beautiful girl, tenderly loved by her father, and also a favorite model for his pictures. The eldest son was idle and dissolute, and the youngest, Horace, had enough of talent to have distinguished himself also as an artist if his father's wealth had been no obstacle.

After the death of his wife, Titian never married again. He lived in princely style, kept a grand train of servants, and entertained all the sovereigns, princes and *savants* that came to Venice. He kept in his house a number of handsome girls who served as models for his Venuses and Magdalenes. He was a sort of artistic Solomon and fell in love, probably for the eightieth time, when eighty years of age. The object of this matured affection was Irene da Spilanberge, a young girl of great talent. Titian spent six weeks in her father's house, teaching her painting, and growing young and romantic again in her society. She died suddenly, however, of a violent fever at the age of nineteen, and, for consolation in his grief, the old artist added verses to the long list of poems written in honor of her beauty and genius. Then he wrote three epitaphs in Latin on her death, and overcome by his loss he returned to his home and withdrew into the quiet of his studio. His last work was a return to the first lovers on the earth; he had only finished 'Eve,' a work of great beauty, when death arrested his hand.

Palma, the younger, was so avaricious of his time that, although he indulged in the extravagance of a wedding moment, he never found leisure afterwards to bury his wife. This marital duty he intrusted to his friends, who found him, upon their return from the burial, busy at his easel. "I hope," cried the painter to the women, "that you ornamented my wife well with ribands and flowers!"

Giorgione, who left his work to be finished by Titian, was a darling of society. He had great, dark eyes, full curling hair, and the inspired face of a poet. He played the lute, and sang divinely. He died in the height of his fame, at thirty-four, from the plague, having caught it from his lady-love who lay dying.

Alphonso Lombardi, Titian's friend, who was the first to introduce the method of medallion portraits in Italy, was a very ingenious sculptor, but most ridiculous character. He was very handsome, finely formed, with a healthy and spirited countenance, and his beauty was undoubtedly the cause of his idle habits and foppish ways. He fell in love with a lady of noble birth, and an anecdote of his courtship is more amusing than elegant. One night, while dancing with her in the house of a Bolognese count, he turned towards her heaving a profound sigh, looking in her face with what he thought ineffable softness in his eyes, and said:

"S'amor non è che dunque e quel ch'io sento?"
("If it be not love that I feel, pray then what is it?")

The lady smiled, and, wishing to reprove his gushing sentimentality, replied:

"E 'Leva qualche pidocchio."
("Perhaps it is a l—.")

Her reply being heard was repeated and soon became the joke of Bologna. The poor Alphonso encountered other misfortunes, and died miserably at forty-nine, lamenting to the last moment his unhappy destiny.

Tintoretto, whose real name was Joseph Robusté, was also a child of Venice, the sea-king's daughter, that paradise of lovers. He married a woman of such eager character, that she gave him no time for dreaming his hours away in a gondola. It was owing to her extraordinary encouragement that he painted twice as many pictures as he ought, which gave rise to the saying that Tintoretto had three pencils, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. Although he lived to be seventy-two, his best picture was undoubtedly his 'Miracle of the Slave,' painted when he was thirty-six. He had two children, both of whom were his pupils. His daughter Mariette had remarkable talent, and promised to far surpass her father as portraitist. She was a bright-faced girl, and when a child her father put her in boy's dress and took her with him for companion and pupil. Mario Augusti, a German jeweller, loved her, and obtained her father's permission to marry her upon the condition that she should never leave home. His love-marriage

was of brief duration, for the artist-wife died at thirty, leaving her father and husband inconsolable. Her father painted her portrait as she lay dead—the sublime courage of love.

Leonardo da Vinci never married. He was very fond of quiet, of meditation, and he "feared to find in marriage too many distractions." He was the natural son of a Venetian lawyer, and his mother one of those who "loved too well." Although history makes no mention of her, she must have been a woman of high qualities of both heart and body to have given birth to such a son. Like poor Marion Earle's observation, that "God should put so sweet a seal upon so foul a thing," the child glorified a thousand times his mother's shame, proving in his surpassing beauty, his marvellous genius, the generous and chivalric grace of his manner, that he was indeed a child of love, if not of land. Heaven seemed to have heaped upon him all celestial gifts. He was great as sculptor, painter, and engineer; he excelled in science, literature, and music. He played the lyre divinely and married the songs he improvised to its melody. The splendid genius of his life left little room in the record of his history for romance, of which he must in all reason have had a taste. He died at sixty-seven in the arms of François I.

Guido Reni, who painted 'Aurora,' that very spirit of morning, was so finely formed and had so beautiful a face, that Louis Carracci took him as model for his angels. But this radiant Reni, who had such a spirit for Art that he aroused the wildest jealousy, who was charming as he was modest, beloved by all, courted by nobles and princes, died at sixty-seven, in misery and forgetfulness. He never married, but was of irreproachable character until at the last, when he yielded to the passion of gambling.

Of the Carraccis, Annibal, Augustin and François, were sons of a Bolognese tailor. None of them married. Annibal was very simple in manner, an enemy of show, and shunned society: he died at forty-nine. Augustin was inconstant in character, and quarrelled with Annibal, of whom he was jealous. He died at forty-eight in a Capuchin convent, leaving a natural son, for whom his brother Annibal provided during the short time he survived him. François, the younger, was chiefly known as an ungrateful creature, and died young from an excess of dissipation. Louis Carracci, their cousin, was son of a butcher. He had a beautiful and obliging character and was the soul of generosity. He died at sixty-four, unmarried, having expended all his love upon his pupils, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Correggio's life has been as much a subject of dispute as his pictures. According to some writers he was of low birth and burdened with an expensive family; others believe that he was well born and far from being poor. The last opinion is based upon the fact that he painted aristocratically and upon costly materials. He died, however, from carrying home on foot the proceeds of the sale of a picture, which were in copper coins. He married at twenty-five Giroloma Merlini, who being his model must have spent her life in an attitude, as Correggio left more than twenty paintings of 'Virgins,' and died at forty. All his figures of women have something divine, and all his figures of children are portraits of Loves. Even in his scenes of voluptuousness, he has mingled a celestial grace which warns the senses not to misinterpret.

Salvator Rosa, who was poet as well as painter, died at fifty-eight, and was married on his death-bed. The bride was his mistress, servant, and model, and had borne him several children. She was a Florentine and bore the fatal name of Lucretia. The repugnance he had to the marriage was extreme, and was only acceded to in obedience to his priest's command. His last moments of remorse and disgust were attended by his friends, who endeavoured to inspire him with fortitude, and he died saying, that God would never damn a man of his genius, which was alone a gauge of his salvation!

Perugino, who had the twelve-year-old Raphael for his pupil, was the son of a poor peasant, so very poor that, when he went to seek his fortune at Florence, he had for months no better bed to sleep on than an old chest. But he was a born painter, and had little need of luxury, for he painted night-time and day-time with an ardor that knew no limit. His early privations engendered within him an avarice that but one thing surmounted: his love for his wife. She was a girl of great beauty, and, although Perugino was so miserly that he carried all his valuables about his person, he would buy the most sumptuous fabrics and with his own hands

adorn her, when his admiration would be most extravagant. They had several children, and to their charming young heads and the maturer and richer beauty of the mother Perugino's pictures owe much of their graceful and elegant distinction.

Paul Veronese lived fifty-eight years. No Italian painter left a brighter record than he. The only excess of his life consisted in the purchase of magnificent *dottes*, for the draping of his models. He was honourable, high-minded, sincere, unselfish, and of great piety. He painted with astonishing rapidity, and loved all the pomp of art, of architecture, of princely accessories. His prodigious activity enabled him to maintain his family handsomely, a family of which no member won any special distinction. He had a son who had a mediocre talent for sculpture, but he died at twenty-six.

Poor Andrea del Sarto, who was as happy in genius as he was miserable in love, was the son of a tailor. While still an enthusiastic young painter in Florence, he had for a model Lucrezia del Fen, the wife of a hosier, who was more remarkable for her beauty than her virtues. Upon the death of her husband, which seems to have been very opportune, Andrea married her, and for him trouble began; she was so insolent and exigent that his pupils found it impossible to remain with him. Andrea, who was always madly in love with her, was tortured by jealousy. Her demands robbed him of golden opportunities, both for wealth and fame, and yet, when he fell ill from an infectious malady, he was abandoned at the last by this woman for whom he had sacrificed peace and honour, and died alone, at the early age of forty-two. One cannot but wonder that out of such life blossomed such glorious pictures—Lucrezia transformed into saintly 'Virgins' and divine Madonnas, of an execution so *naïve*, so true, so refined, and of such noble serenity, that they won for him the title of "faultless."

Among Spanish painters there is no dearer name than that of Murillo. He was a true knight of Art, consecrated soul and body to the divine gift. For him all created beings had a sacredness in his eyes, and he painted the wretched beggar in the meanest hovel with the same love as if it were a queen of heaven. Like Fra Angelico, he went to his palette from prayer. He married at twenty-seven a young Spanish beauty, and he proved to be as good a husband as he was great a painter. The 'Virgins' of his pictures are all gracious and tender creatures, and he was never known to paint the figure of a nude woman. His genius had a chasteness in keeping with his piety; once, when asked why he did not finish certain pictures, he replied, "I await, inspired, that which Christ shall come to tell me." His life was a tranquil one, beautified with noble deeds and marked generosity. He died, full of love and honour, at the age of ninety-one.

Velasquez, whom no painter has ever equalled as naturalist,

seems to have enjoyed a complete life. He had an air so *distingué* that one fancied him a born prince. His face and manner were most winning; he dressed in a style the most tasteful and *recherche*, and his manners were most noble. He married Juana, a daughter of the painter Pacheco, a man of rare talent, and his child was worthy of her father. The endearment of their union may be inferred from the fact that she died seven days after Velasquez—a victim to insupportable grief. Rich in incident as was the life of this artist, no one of them is of a more interesting nature than his relations with his slave, Juan de Pareja. There were many slaves in Seville at that time, and it is not known whether Pareja was one of inheritance or purchase. Velasquez employed him in his studio to mix his colours, clean his brushes, and prepare his canvas. He was of extreme intelligence, and his first work in painting was done in secret, in hours when he was unemployed by his master. One day Philip IV., seeing a picture which greatly pleased him, asked who painted it. He was shown the slave-painter, who fell on his knees before the sovereign in the presence of Velasquez. "He who has so much merit cannot be a slave," said Philip, and Velasquez, who was the soul of generosity, gave Pareja his freedom on the spot, and, taking him for his pupil, took him with him in his voyages into Italy. He remained with his master until his death, which occurred in his sixty-first year. Pareja then passed the remainder of his days with Iona Velasquez, who had married Martinez del Mazo, the eminent landscapist. His death took place in 1670, at the age of sixty-four.

Luis de Morales, surnamed "*El Divino*," because he only painted sacred subjects, lived royally the first half of his life, but, losing his fortune and his eyesight, he died in the most complete misery, leaving a son. Isidore Arredondo, the historical painter, resolved to lead a bachelor's life, and, to keep his heart warm, adopted a little Spanish girl, to whom he stood in the relation of guardian, and afterwards married her. Alphonse Cairo, who was a sort of Spanish Michael Angelo for genius, and fought duels, was suspected of murdering his wife, and put to the torture. He, however, kept his lips sealed, and he survived the rack of confession. The truth was never known. The event increased his reputation, and he had a most successful career. Fernando Navarrete, grand as an historical painter, became deaf and dumb at thirteen years of age, which never seemed, however, to modify his talent for painting. He never married, but led a gay and cheerful life, and was much beloved by his friends. His mother, who was beautiful, served as his models for angels and 'Virgins,' and his father was painted for apostles, as he had great taste for Biblical subjects. So great was his talent and versatility that he was called the Titian of Spain.

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

(First Notice.)



THE Fifty-first Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design was opened on the 25th day of March, and is stronger in numbers than any collection organised under the auspices of its council during recent years. This speaks well for the industry of the Academicians and Associates, and is the most creditable feature about the display. The exhibition is arranged with considerable taste and is generally attractive. In the arrangement of the works an effort was made to form individual groups, but it does not appear to have been carried out with success, owing to the small amount of material to work with. Of the marine painters, very harmonious groups were formed of the works of Mr. De Haas and Mr. Moran; and another successful instance of the grouping of one artist's works was shown in the clever arrangement of those contributed by Mr. McEntee. This style of hanging pictures was admirably carried out last season at the Chicago Exhibition, but in that case there was an abundance of room for the experiment, and the space admitted of the draping of every group.

In making a critical review of the exhibition it is apparent at the outset that the advance of American Art, aside from landscape-painting, is so gradual as to be nearly imperceptible. In the present exhibition of more than five hundred and fifty works of pictorial Art, we are unable to discover any decided improvement over the display of last year. This may be due to the fact that our artists have been reserving their best pictures for the Centennial Exhibition, and, if so, it has worked to the decided injury of the Academy. The present collection has been called a fair average exhibition. Among the pictures hung upon the walls there are few failures, and, when we look for improvement, the number of works entitled to commendation as rising above mediocrity scarcely reaches a score. It is evident, too, that we have a school of young painters coming forward, who if they are favoured by the Academic Council will aid materially in improving its exhibitions. An English Art-writer, in a review of the Royal Academy published a few years ago, said in substance that, if the exhibitions were to be estimated according to the quality of the works shown, one of the conclusions arrived at must be that Art-patronage is extending to

circles that have no objection to faulty productions, for, according to the mercantile maxim about supply and demand, bad pictures would not continue to be painted if there were not a market for them. It is painfully evident that these remarks apply not only to our exhibitions, but also to the greater part of the works produced in the American studios. Before the custom of painting for the auction-sales was adopted by our artists, the Academy Exhibitions attained a higher standard than at present, and it was a rare circumstance for an artist to send an unfinished work from his easel. We do not mean to have it inferred that the present exhibition does not rise above the plane of the collections met with in the so-called Artists' Auction-rooms, but it is evident that it contains many canvases which belong to that class of work.

With the exception of one or two portraits, there is scarcely a leading picture in the Exhibition. There are a large number illustrating trivial themes and very few which indicate any great ambition or an exalted aim in Art. Of the ideal element we find only one expression—'Stella,' by Mr. Greene—and that scarcely rises to the dignity of a picture. Landscape Art takes precedence this year, notwithstanding the fact that two of the ablest painters have failed to contribute to the Exhibition, but fortunately their places are filled by younger men, the charming originality and freshness of whose works are the subject of universal commendation. The sculpture-room is of very little account at present. Our admirers of Art have no taste for ideal sculpture, hence the sculptors are chiefly working upon colossal figures which are not suited for exhibition purposes, or are modelling portrait-busts which are of little interest except to a limited circle.

In painting, the Academy Exhibitions from year to year prove that we have no distinctive American school. Twenty-five years ago the Academy Exhibitions were distinguished as representative collections of American Art. The Mounts, Ranney, Woodville, Mignot, Cole, Kensett, and others of this class, painted American subjects by American methods and with American eyes. To-day all of this is changed; the visitor to the Academy, instead of meeting with a distinctive American method of treatment in the exhibited works, finds the germs of a dozen foreign schools arranged for his delectation. We have pupils of the Munich school, the French school, and the Spanish-Roman school, and all are working assiduously at the expense of their own school. But this is due in a measure to the taste of the people, who prefer opinions to true Art. Every year we are departing more and more from the national standard, and it can never be regained until there are more unity of purpose shown among our artists and a better appreciation of their work on the part of patrons.

In the department of portraiture there are several interesting examples. Mr. Page's full-length portrait of President Eliot, of Harvard University, is in many respects the finest work in the Exhibition. It is a striking likeness, and the pose is eminently characteristic of the man. We look upon this work as the highest aim in portraiture. The painting is solid; the drawing firm, and every detail of the work is finished with conscientious care. In the execution of this work Mr. Page appears to have devoted his study to the elevation of his art, and he has produced a picture which may be studied to advantage by his contemporaries of the Academic body. Mr. Le Clear's portrait of Captain Budd, a life-size picture, is also entitled to praise for its precision of drawing and strong modelling. The background, however, which is of a glaring yellow tone, is unpleasantly crude and detracts from the force of the picture. The treatment of this background is said to be a matter of taste, but, if so, it is decidedly bad taste. Mr. Loop's full-length portrait of Mr. J. P. Townsend is also a firmly-painted and expressive work. The likeness is admirable, and in spirit and expression is not excelled by any work in the Exhibition. The pose, however, lacks the ease which is so cleverly suggested in Mr. Page's portrait of President Eliot. Mr. Huntington has a strong representative work in his portrait of Mr. John Taylor Johnston. It is well painted, but is only a repetition of the portrait-work which has been sent from this artist's easel during the last twenty years. The picture will command attention as the portrait of one of the most liberal Art-patrons this country has produced. Mr. Huntington's best picture is a portrait of Judge Mitchell. The drawing is excellent and the colouring, particularly of the grey flesh-tones, is very life-like. There are six portraits by this artist in the exhibition. The most striking portrait-picture in the Exhibi-

tion, in a dramatic sense, is Alexander Laurie's full-length likeness of Mrs. Marks. The lady is represented standing as if listening to a conversation. The costume is black velvet and lace, while the hands are encased in lemon-coloured gloves. Technically, this work is faultlessly executed. The face is well modelled and charming in its expression, but the general effect of the picture is gaudy, and it panders to a vulgar taste. The hanging committee have given it a prominent position, which is undeserved, as the motive of the work does not rise above that which is expressed in the periodical fashion-plate. Mrs. Loop has a fine example of her work in a child's portrait, entitled 'Babie Bell.' The head is child-like and the flesh is as tender and yielding in effect as it appears in nature. There are very few artists who are able to paint children successfully, and this Exhibition contains a number of noticeable failures in that direction.

Among the large figure-subjects, one of the most striking works in the collection is William H. Beard's 'Worn Out.' The scene is not pleasant, and we doubt the wisdom of laying out so much work upon a subject so painful. An old man, in second childishness, with his parchment-like cheeks clinging to his toothless gums, appears seated at a miserable cottage-door, holding in his trembling hand a worn-out shoe. His shrivelled toes show through a well-worn stocking, and an old grey horse in the last stages of starvation stands beside his old master, ready apparently to carry him across the "unknown river." Due credit must be awarded to Mr. Beard for the artistic treatment of this picture, but it is unfortunate that it was not devoted to the development of a more attractive subject. The same criticism applies to the motive of some of the paintings of James H. Beard. The composition entitled 'Tho' Lost to Sight to Memory Dear,' and that called 'Gossiping Cats,' are familiar to our readers by engravings of them that we gave in the December number of the ART JOURNAL. It is therefore unnecessary to give a description of them here. They illustrate Mr. Beard's talent for animal painting. His 'Tired Out,' and 'Wide Awake,' illustrated by a baby and group of puppies, in each case would be more attractive with the babes left out. Both works are richly coloured, and are spirited in a certain degree. 'Gossiping Cats' seems to us the best picture of his contributions.

Mr. Guy sends a picture of an Italian girl, entitled 'Carnival Time.' This is in effect a portrait of an American girl in an Italian costume. She is apparently seated, and her hands rest upon the edge of her tambourine. There is no poetry or imaginative element suggested in this picture; it is simply the illustration of certain facts of form and colour combined with skilful manipulation, which indicates the conscientious industry of the artist. Mr. Guy is one of our most accomplished artists, and in his works we look for thought as well as technical skill, very little of which has been devoted to the elaboration of this picture. Mr. Perry, of the figure-painters, makes an admirable display of finished work in a group. Mr. Perry, from the outset of his career, or since he settled in New York, has devoted his attention almost exclusively to the painting of American domestic scenes. Other artists have attempted to follow in this field, but they have not given to it the earnestness and genuine artistic expression which belong to Mr. Perry's latest works. Mr. Perry is not always successful, but even when he makes a mistake he charms us by the simplicity and homelike character of his subjects. His most interesting picture in the Exhibition represents an old-fashioned interior, with an old lady, a middle-aged woman who is, perhaps, her daughter, and a girl, seated around a quilting-frame at work. The action of the figures is varied. The old lady is bending over the quilt and industriously running her needle through its numerous folds; the good housewife is biting a "needleful" of thread from the spool, and the girl is threading her needle. The apartment shows the common but substantial furniture of the olden time, and the well-worn rag-carpet is not out of place in connection with surrounding objects. But it is not these old objects of household furniture which charm the eye in this picture; it is rather the domestic circle surrounding the quilting-frame and the quiet simplicity with which the scene is presented to us. The old lady is a study, and the attitude chosen for her is natural and made graceful by the skill of the painter's pencil. There is nothing unreal or imaginary here, and the interest is derived solely from its close resemblance to Nature. The colouring is simple. The strongest tones are given in the girl's dress, and from that point the tints recede in harmonious

gradations until lost in the shadowy surroundings. The light is concentrated upon the quilt and figures; it might have been made more effective to have pushed this or that figure off into shadow, but it would not have represented Nature, and it might have disturbed the harmony of the scene, and we thank Mr. Perry for resisting the impulse, if such a feeling existed. Another of these homelike pictures represents a farmer's girl seated before a great open fireplace with her tinder-box and flint in her hands preliminary to kindling a fire. She has struck the flint, but as yet she is "waiting for a spark," and this serves as a title for the picture. The picture is well painted and the figure is in keeping with the homely surroundings. 'The Cronies,' two old men seated in a chimney-corner enjoying a quiet chat while smoking their pipes, is equally satisfactory in subject and sentiment.

For breadth of handling, depth of perspective and general effect as an outdoor composition of figures in a landscape, praise is due to Mr. Eastman Johnson's 'Husking-Bee, Island of Nantucket.' The opposing companies have been formed, the old people on one side and the young men and girls on the other, and the work, it is apparent, is going on with spirit. In the left foreground there is a group of old men who are working to win, but, in the company on the right of the field, there is considerable flirtation going on among the girls and boys. The ground between the opposing sides is covered with corn-husks, and in the middle-ground is a long table spread with rich country delicacies for the entertainment of the company. The picture is of large size and will take a high rank among the earnest works in the Exhibition. Mr. Johnson's picture entitled 'The New Bonnet' is also a praiseworthy contribution. An old gentleman, evidently a well-to-do farmer, has just returned from town with a new bonnet for his daughter, perhaps, who, together with a companion, stands admiring its graceful shape. The old man is seated before the open fireplace, enjoying its genial warmth, and one of the women holds in her hand a glass of toddy and is stirring it with a spoon, but in the mean time she does not take her eyes off from the bonnet. The work is drawn and composed with great precision, and, although very brilliant in effect, has scarcely a suggestion of positive colour in the whole design.

D. R. Knight, who is a young American artist studying in Paris, we believe, has a large picture of 'French Washerwomen,' pursuing their occupation on a river-bank. There are some ten or twelve figures in the group, some of whom are kneeling at the water's edge, while others are standing, but all the attitudes are suggestive of the work in which the women are engaged. The figures are drawn with remarkable spirit, and in their delineation much grace of form is shown, and it is without that artificial feeling which belong to works where the conventional model is called into requisition. The view is quiet and there is a feeling of repose on the river and in the grey-toned sky which suggests the approach of

night. The picture is harmonious in colour and is as charming in sentiment as we can imagine the scene was to the artist in Nature. Under the meaningless title of 'Off the Track,' Mr. Irving sends an interior with a group of amateur musicians practising with their instruments some new music. There are four performers in the group, one of whom, a fellow with a trombone, who is blowing away with might and main, has gone astray, and the leader is vainly gesticulating to set him right. The figures are neatly drawn and are finished with exquisite taste; but notwithstanding the fine technical execution of the work it shows no new motive, and is only a repetition of an often-told tale. Mr. Irving is capable of producing better work than this, and it is unfortunate that he does not turn his attention to subjects requiring thought and which are not mere suggestions of the French school. Mr. Rufus Wright, who is comparatively a new exhibitor, has a strong composition, and one which not only shows thought, but also high artistic genius. It is entitled 'The Inventor and the Banker.' The scene is in the directors' room of a bank, and the two actors are seated at either end of a table. The inventor has in his hand the miniature model of his machine, and is, it is evident, eloquently describing its labour-saving power. To this speech the banker listens, and swings his eye-glasses abstractedly as if wearied at the length of the interview. He has listened to such narrations before, and can see, as it were, no money in the thing. This is purely an American picture; the invention is of a sharp Yankee type of character, and the banker is a Wall Street money-lender. Both characters are cleverly drawn and the story is plainly told; it can be read at a glance. The merit of the work has been recognised by the hanging committee, as the picture was given a place on the line.

One of the largest pictures in the Exhibition is 'The Preliminary Trial of a Horse-Thief—Scene in a Western Justice's Court,' by John Mulvany. This is a character-subject, and, however unpleasant it may be as a picture, it merits praise for the thought which its composition involved, and the conscientious manner in which the work is executed. Miss Oakey, a young and rising artist, is represented by a three-quarter length life-size figure, entitled 'A Serving Woman,' in the execution of which it is apparent that she has got beyond her depth. A young woman holds in her hands a salver of fruit grouped around a silver pitcher. The face, shoulders and bust, are very well drawn indeed, but below that the body lacks substance. There is some clever technical work shown in the background, and in some parts of the costume; but the blue-brocade skirt shows the hardness of finish of porcelain, after which the pattern was probably modelled. The picture is carried to a high degree of finish, and had the subject been painted on a less pretentious scale we have no doubt that it would have been more satisfactory in its result.

NOTES.

ART IN WASHINGTON—NEW STATUARY IN THE CAPITOL.—The Old Hall of Representatives, the American Walhalla, as it is fondly called, has recently received two new statues of representative men contributed by Massachusetts and Vermont, Governor John Winthrop and Colonel Ethan Allen. A wider difference in aspect and treatment between two opposite types of men cannot be conceived. Winthrop is a stately aristocrat, of solemn mien and Elizabethan garb; Allen is a giant in Continental uniform, of threatening aspect and gesture. Governor Winthrop is stepping ashore from the gangway of his boat, typified by a coil of rope around a tree-stump. By the slope of the plank the left leg is thrown back in a position of easy action, and both lower limbs receive a free and picturesque effect from the ribands fastening the baggy breeches at the knee, and the rosettes upon the shoes. This part of the statue is of unexceptionable excellence. The body is covered by a belted tunic or blouse in graceful folds, and in the quilled basin of a stiff Elizabethan ruff is set a head of intellectual mould, with a face whose features declare the man of birth, letters, and authority. The head strikes many as diminutive, but it is said to be in exact proportion, by actual measurement, with the original portrait by Vandyck, in the State House, Boston, after which it was modelled. The right arm holds the charter and seal of the Colony of Massachusetts, and the left

hand holds close to the left breast a Bible, which, with the uplifted look, adds to the devotional expression of the figure thus safely landed. There is, however, in its upper part, a constraint something like a shrug, the effect, doubtless, of the stiff outline of the ruff that deprives the fine head of all natural connection with the shoulders by sloping lines. It is unfortunate for the artist that such an *outré* article of dress should be indispensable for a sculptural portrait. In a painting it is more manageable, as the rigid circle of plaits may be made to melt into the background by soft gradations of shadows; but in this statue the hard-quilled outline, exquisitely wrought though it be, stands out stiff and unsoftened like bristling *chevaux de frise*, from every point of view giving the head a dissevered look, suggestive of 'John the Baptist's Head in a Charger' of corrugated marble. Aside from this dissonant point of dress forced upon the sculptor, the statue is a noble one, worthy of the artist and the State that contributed it.

Meade's 'Ethan Allen' is a vigorous work, full of martial spirit, but its enormous size and violent action make it considered more fit for an elevated and out-door position than for this hall, where it conflicts with the stately repose of most of the other statues. In viewing its gigantic shape and threatening air, we feel that, if confronted by such a figure, the British commander might have well dropped his sword at once, with-

out the invocation of the "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Allen is represented with one leg advanced, the right hand holding his sword, point downward, and the left arm thrown on guard across his breast. Beneath a small cocked-hat are the frowning brow and resolute mouth of a brave yeoman's face. Such a presentation of a stalwart patriotic leader, in an historical painting of this stirring incident, would be a great success; for it is thoroughly American in character, of correct proportions, and its dramatic action natural in all respects for such pictorial treatment. As an isolated statue it lacks the elements of repose and dignity essential to a portrait in marble. Its technical execution is of the highest order and finish. Indeed, the sculptor has overstepped the proper bounds of realism and of probability in the style of the Continental uniform at that early period of the Revolution. There is an excess of detail and ornament in the dress that does not harmonise with our notions of the uniform of those homespun heroes like Allen. Meade has given him a brand-new garb of Continental style. Ruffles protrude from the manly breast and adorn muscular wrists. The breeches are without a crease, the boots evidently new, the buttons, sword, and boot-tops highly polished, and, as evidence of the real artistic finish of the work, the surface of the breeches is like buckskin, and the lining of the coat-skirts, carefully buttoned back and showing the watch-chain and seal, is of the true texture of silk or serge. All this realism is striking, but it is the make-up of a Continental officer on full-dress parade, and surely not the garb of the bold Allen, who after a sleepless night of delayed preparations led the desperate assault at early dawn. The present position of the statue in the Hall is unfortunate. The light is too vertical, and throws a cavernous shadow under the knitted brow that injures the expression of the face very much.

ART IN CHICAGO.—The Associated Artists of Chicago organised a series of auction-sales during the winter, and the result appears to have been very successful. The intention of the artists was to raise the character of Art auction-sales. Every picture offered was subjected to the scrutiny of a managing committee, and none were accepted except such as contained some particularly meritorious feature or quality. The committee also made it a rule that every picture offered at a sale was to be disposed of to the highest bidder without regard to value. At the sales many pictures were sacrificed, but the artists carried out their programme to the letter. In the studios Mr. Pine has recently finished a landscape and figure picture, entitled 'The Return from the Hunt,' with three boys grouped around some dead game. The landscape background shows the bright-tinted foliage of autumn, and suggests the season of the year devoted to field-sports. Mr. Pine's latest work has been in the line of portraiture. Mr. Tuttle has finished a half-length portrait of a lady for the Centennial Exhibition. The latest work of Douglas Volk is entitled 'Vanity,' and represents a young Venetian arrayed in a white-silk doublet, admiring his figure as it is reflected in a mirror. Another picture finished by this artist is an Italian garden-scene, with figures of peasants and a donkey. A companion canvas gives a view in one of the transepts of 'San Marco, Venice.' Mr. Drury is a barnyard and animal painter. Mr. Freer, who is a pupil of the Munich school, is painting portraits. L. W. Volk, the sculptor, has finished a very successful casting of his statue of the late Stephen A. Douglas. The new building for the use of the Chicago Academy of Design, it is expected, will be finished early in May, and is to be opened with a grand reception. A part of the building has been reserved for studios.

DECORATIVE ART.—The famous English artist, E. Burne Jones, has finished an important series of designs for the decoration of an apartment. The studies are described as follows: "The chosen subject is the history of Perseus, and the painter has divided his work into six principal compartments, each of which contains one of the main incidents of the story. Between these principal compartments comes a series of panels, in which subordinate episodes in the life of the hero are presented; and these panels, besides their service in completing the relation of the legend, have an important function in bringing the larger paintings into harmony with the decorative woodwork that surrounds and frames both panel and picture. For in the treatment of these subordinate subjects the painter has not attempted complete realisation, but has worked out the design, upon the oaken panel for background, with a system of colouring that is partly conventional and determined by the requirements of decorative effect. Thus, without any sense of abrupt transition, the eye passes on from the rich framework of purely ornamental design, executed in the tones of the woodwork, to the series of panels where invention and expression are still under control, and thence to the larger paintings, where the imagination is permitted to be free and the colouring to be strong and vivid. In the first of the principal compartments the painter has illustrated the first summons of Perseus by Pallas. The youth is listening to the commands of the goddess as she incites him to the great conflict with Medusa. Then on the first of the panels

we see the visit of the hero to the Graeae, the sisters of the Gorgons, from whom he is to learn his way to the country of the Ocean nymphs. Perseus, in the presence of the nymphs, receiving from them the winged sandals, the bag, and the helmet of Hades, is the subject of the second painting. The three maidens, each bearing one of these magic gifts, stand with their feet in the wave, looking with a gaze of tender foreboding upon the youth whose life is pledged to the perils of strife with Medusa. In the next of the principal paintings the hero is in the land of Medusa, and the painter has shown him with sword prepared to strike, and looking into the mirror that he may not meet the fatal gaze. Then follows a panel representing his meeting with Atlas, and following that again is the painting of his flight from the Gorgon land with the head of Medusa, the winged Gorgons in pursuit. The rescue of Andromeda is the subject of the next painting, and in the last the painter has shown the happy end that awaits the hero when his strife is finished. Amid a tranquil landscape the lovers are standing side by side, gazing into the smooth mirror of a pool of water, where they may see, besides their own forms, the harmless image of the head which Perseus holds aloft, as the symbol of the danger that is passed." In the finished pictures the figures will be about half the size of life.

ART IN MONTREAL.—L'Institut Latonal, School of Fine Arts, established several years ago by M. l'Abbé Chabert in Montreal, is now one of the most successful schools of the kind in Canada. The *Montreal Gazette* says: "A number of gentlemen of this city recently visited the institution to examine into its system of instruction and other details of its management. They began with the drawing-class room, where free-hand and all kinds of ornamental drawing are taught, as well as modelling in clay. In this department a large number of very superior pieces, the works of the pupils, comprising models of busts in clay and drawings of faces, busts, and ornamental foliage, are to be seen mingled with the original copies of some of the great masters, and hardly discernible from them. Descending to a lower flat, we find ourselves in the department strictly devoted to science—mathematics, chemistry, and other branches of the sciences are taught here, but, owing to lack of pupils and regular attendance, the progress is not so favourable as is desirable. There are at present eighty-three scholars attending the school, and some are making rapid progress. In connection with the above institution M. Chabert contemplates having a handsome flat entirely devoted to the education of all branches of trades, where the mechanic may become a master of his own special business. This gentleman has for the last twelve years struggled against every obstacle, and without any government aid, to institute a school where a gratuitous education may be had in the Fine Arts. The classes, which he now holds nightly, are free to all, and many more should avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them than the present indicates."

THE GIBSON BEQUEST TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Considerable discussion has been had in the English journals in regard to the famous Gibson bequest to the Royal Academy, and the neglect of that body to set apart a gallery for the proper exhibition of the sculptures in question. The *Academy* says that many of the published paragraphs in regard to the bequest are based upon incorrect information as regards the measures taken by the Royal Academy for the exhibition of the works. It is not true, as said, that the bequest was more than \$200,000; it was less than that sum: nor is it true that the sculptor's models are still in the cellars of Burlington House: they are already arranged in the gallery designed for their reception, adjoining the gallery which contains diploma works of the academicians and the other Art-treasures acquired at different times by the Royal Academy. One immediate cause of delay in opening these galleries to the public consists in the fact that several of the diploma pictures have been sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition, and that the collection is, therefore, for the time incomplete. Another is that the rooms are still in the hands of the workmen. Among the Art-treasures in this collection, which will shortly be open to the public, may be mentioned the cartoon by Lionardo, the group in marble, and the cartoon for the Leda, by Michael Angelo, and the magnificent copy of Lionardo's 'Last Supper,' by Marco d'Oggione.

DAVID NEAL'S NEW PAINTING.—The "Great Silver Medal" of the Royal Academy of Munich has been awarded to David Neal for his painting of 'The First Meeting of Marie Stuart and Rizzio.' This is the highest prize given by that institution, and it has now been awarded for the first time to an American artist. The picture has engaged the artist's attention during the last three years, and Mr. Neal has been warmly congratulated upon his success. The work is said to be very brilliant in colour and faultless in composition. It is to be exhibited for a short time in London, and will afterwards be sent to Boston. Mr. Neal is a native of the State of Massachusetts, having been born in the neighbourhood of the city of Lowell.



H. WALLIS. PINXT.

C. COUREN. SCULPT.

TIMON AND ALCIBIADES.



THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

I.



It is our purpose to give illustrations of a selection of objects distinctively of an Art-character at the Centennial Exhibition. The illustrations will be continued through several numbers of the *Art Journal*. Those given in the present number were necessarily selected in advance of the Exhibition, our artists having been furnished with facilities for so doing by the exhibitors. It should not be

necessary to say, but we consider it desirable to do so, that no consideration governs the selection of objects other than the value of the illustrations to the reader. An endeavour will be made to render the selections as representative as possible of different countries, different sections in our own country, and of the various classes of workmanship. Opportunity will, therefore, be afforded to compare the artistic skill of different peoples, to ascertain how the Arts with us in our Centennial year stand by the side of other



Exhibition Buildings.

countries, and to gather instruction by comparison of our native work with the designs and methods of our rivals.

The International Exhibition at Philadelphia, held from May 10 to November 10, 1876, in celebration of the centennial anniversary of American independence, is the largest exhibition ever held, that at Vienna in 1874 being the next in dimensions. The area covered by the Exhibition Building in London in 1851, the first of the great world's fairs, was a little over twenty acres; that of the Paris Exhibition in 1867, forty acres; that of the Vienna Exhibition in 1874, fifty acres; that of the Philadelphia Exhibition, over fifty acres, not including various annexes. The grounds include two hundred and thirty-six acres. The Exhibition buildings, not including annexes, are seven in number, viz.: the Main Building, the Machinery Hall, the Art Gallery, the Agricultural Building, the Horticultural Building, the United States Government Building, and the Women's Pavilion. Of the annexes there is a building for the shoe and leather, and one for the carriage, exhibit. In addition, each of the foreign governments has erected a building as headquarters for its

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commissioners and exhibitors; and the United States Government, as well as a large number of the State governments, have done the same. These buildings, with restaurants of different nationalities, fairly make a new city on the banks of the Schuylkill.

The first of the buildings reached in coming from the city is the Main Exhibition Building. The Main Building and Machinery Hall are in a line forming the southern boundary; the others are dotted somewhat irregularly over the grounds, and present a very agreeable diversity of lines and angles.

The Main Building (in which are displayed the departments of Mining and Metallurgy, Manufactures, and Education and Science) is an immense parallelogram, eighteen hundred and seventy-six feet long and four hundred and sixty-four feet wide, covering an area of nearly twenty-one and a half acres. The larger portion is one story high, the interior height being seventy feet, and the cornice on the outside forty-eight feet from the ground. Towers, seventy-five feet high, rise at the corner of the building; and in the centre the roof for a space one hundred and eighty-four feet square is raised above

the surrounding portion, and four towers forty-eight feet square, rising to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, are introduced into the corners of this elevated roof. At the centre of the longer sides are projections four hundred and sixteen feet in length, and at the ends are projections two hundred and sixteen feet in length. In these are located the main entrances, which are provided with arcades upon the ground-floor, and central façades ninety feet high.

The ground-plan of the building shows a central avenue, eighteen hundred and thirty-two feet long and one hundred and twenty feet wide. On either side of this is another avenue of equal length and one hundred feet wide. Between the central and side avenues are aisles forty-eight feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building smaller aisles of twenty-four feet width. Three transepts four hundred and sixteen feet long cross the building, and at their intersection

with the longitudinal avenues make nine spaces, free from supports, which are from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet square. The materials used in its construction are iron, glass, and wood; and the interior walls and roof are tastefully tinted in polychrome.

Machinery Hall is located about five hundred and fifty-five feet west of the Main Building, with its north front upon the same line. The building consists of a main hall fourteen hundred and two feet long and three hundred and sixty feet wide, with an annex on the south side two hundred and eight by two hundred and ten feet. The entire area covered is about fourteen acres. The greater portion of the building is one story high, the main cornice on the outside being forty feet from the ground, and the interior height to the top of the ventilators in the avenues seventy feet and in the aisles forty feet. There are projections on each of the four sides, and the main en-

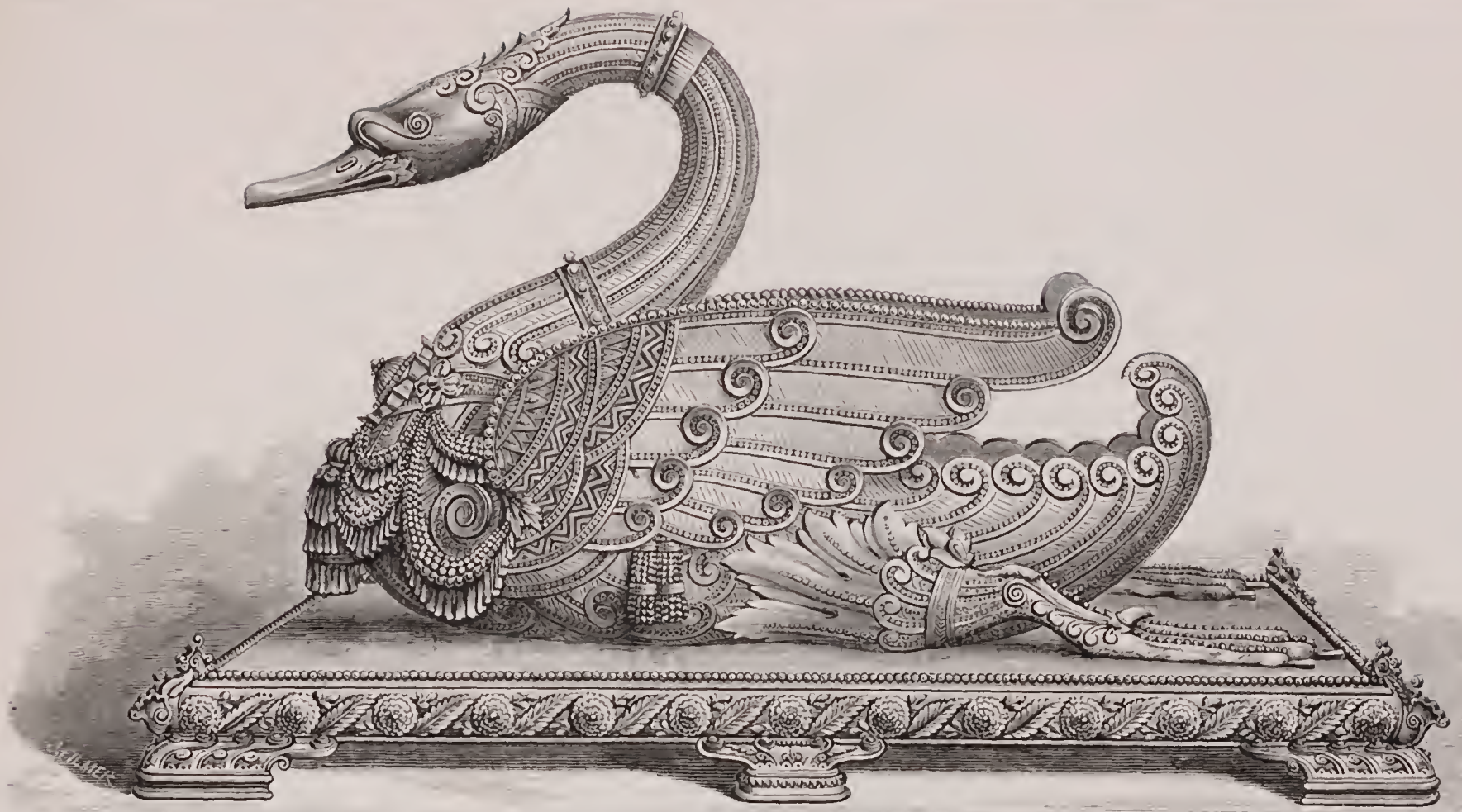


Fountain for Horticultural Hall, by Miss Foley.

trances are finished with façades seventy-eight feet high. Along the south side are the boiler-houses and other buildings for special kinds of machinery. The ground-plan of the Hall shows two main avenues ninety feet wide, with a central aisle between and an aisle on either side, these being sixty feet wide. Each of these avenues and aisles is thirteen hundred and sixty feet long. At the centre of the building is a transept ninety feet wide, which at the south end is prolonged two hundred and eight feet beyond the building, forming an annex containing hydraulic machinery. Where the transept crosses the central avenue is the great Corliss engine (fourteen hundred horse-power) which drives the main shafting.

The Memorial Hall (Art Gallery) was erected by the State and city at a cost of \$1,500,000, and is the most imposing and ornate of all the Exhibition buildings. It stands on an elevated terrace a short distance north of the Main Building, and, as it is to be permanent, is constructed throughout of stone, brick, and iron. It is

in the modern Renaissance style, three hundred and sixty-five feet long and two hundred and ten feet wide, and surmounted by a dome (of glass and iron) one hundred and fifty feet high, at the top of which is a colossal ball from which rises the figure of Columbia. At each corner of the base of the dome is a colossal figure representing the four quarters of the globe; while over the corners of the four corner-pavilions are colossal cast-iron eagles with wings outstretched. The frieze around the entire building is richly ornamented. The main entrance is on the south front and consists of three arched doorways, each forty feet high and eighteen feet wide, opening into a hall. Between the arches of the doorways are clusters of columns terminating in emblematic designs illustrative of Science and Art. The doors are of iron, relieved by bronze panels, displaying the coats-of-arms of all the States and Territories. On each front of the building the entrances open into halls eighty-two feet long, sixty feet wide, and fifty-three feet high.



Fruit-Dish in Silver, by Messrs. Tiffany and Co., New York.

These, in turn, open into the centre-hall, which is eighty-three feet square and eighty feet high. From the east and west sides of this | centre-hall extend the galleries, each ninety-eight feet long, forty-eight feet wide, and thirty-five feet high. From the galleries doors



Centre-Piece in Silver, by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of New York and Providence.

open into two smaller galleries, eighty-nine feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. These open north and south into private apartments connecting with the pavilion-rooms, and forming two side-galleries two hundred and ten feet long. There are also a number of smaller rooms, designed for studios, &c. In each pavilion is a window twelve and a half feet by thirty-four feet, in which is a display of stained glass and glass paintings. This fine building gives seventy-five thousand square feet of wall-space for pictures, and twenty thousand square feet of floor-space for statues, &c.; but even this proving insufficient, a large brick building has been connected with it on the rear.

The Horticultural Building, also permanent, stands a short distance north of Memorial Hall, and is three hundred and eighty-three feet long, one hundred and ninety-three feet wide, and seventy-two feet high to the top of the lantern. It is in the Mo-resque style of architecture, the chief material being iron and glass, supported by fine marble and brickwork. The decorations (polychrome frescoes and arabesques in the Moorish style) are charming; and in its grace of contour and warmth of colour it affords a pleasing contrast to the severe lines and sober hue of the Art Hall. The main floor is



Vase in Silver, by the Gorham Manufacturing Company.

occupied by the central conservatory, which is flanked on the north and south sides by four forcing-houses for the propagation of young plants, covered by curved roofs of iron and glass, which are a fine feature of the exterior of the building. The east and west entrances are approached by flights of blue-marble steps, from terraces, in the centre of each of which is a small, open kiosk. Surrounding the building are thirty-five acres of ground devoted to horticultural purposes.

Agricultural Hall stands north of the Horticultural Building, from which it is separated by a romantic ravine crossed by a bridge. It consists of a nave eight hundred and twenty feet long, crossed at right angles by three transepts, each five hundred and forty feet long. The framework of nave and transepts is a succession of slight and extremely pointed Gothic arches of wood. The interior resembles that of an immense Gothic cathedral, but the effect has been injured by a multitude of slight and ineffective columns.

The building erected by the United States Government is four hundred and eighty feet long by three hundred and forty-six wide, covering more than two acres. It is constructed of wood and glass, and consists of a nave crossed by a transept. Here will



Terra-cotta Ware, from Messrs. Doullton and Co., Lambeth, England.

be exhibited the manufacture of the regulation rifle; models from the Patent Office; objects from the army, the navy, and the Indian

Bureau. The Women's Pavilion, situated just opposite the United States Building, is a handsome structure designed for the exhibition



Cabinet-Work, by Messrs. Wright and Mansfield, London.

of the handiwork of women of the United States. It was erected by subscriptions from women of the different parts of the country. It

consists of two naves, each one hundred and ninety-two feet long and sixty-four feet wide, intersecting each other at right angles.



Cabinet-Work, by Messrs. Wright and Mansfield, London.

We open our series of illustrations of Art-objects with an engraving of the fountain executed by Miss Margaret S. Foley, and selected by the commissioners to occupy the centre of the Horti-

cultural Building, by which this artist is paid a well-deserved compliment. Miss Foley has gained a wide-spread reputation for medallion-portraits, and for several very beautiful ideals in bass-

relief, among which 'Undine' and the 'Girl of Lastevere,' are very much admired. The fountain here exhibited was ordered originally for Chicago, but the great fire in that city prevented its purchase by the subscribers, and the model in plaster remained in the artist's studio at Rome. When the Centennial Exhibition was projected, Miss Foley decided to execute the fountain in marble, and send it to the Exhibition, as the best she had to offer to her native land.

It represents a vase bound with acanthus-leaves and rising from a rocky base. On the base three lovely children, who have just discovered this beautiful bathing-place are preparing to bathe. One, in the exuberance of his spirits, has seized a conch-shell horn, and is blowing it lustily to call his friends to enjoy and participate in the sport. The other two, a boy and girl, are evidently having their first experience, and the eagerness and confidence of the boy, and



Curtains, by Messrs. Heyman and Alexander, of Nottingham, England.

the shrinking timidity of the little girl whom he is encouraging to take her first plunge, are well expressed. The fountain has received the approval of Art-critics both at home and abroad.

From the establishment of Messrs. Tiffany and Co., of New York, we have a splendid piece of *repoussé* work in silver, in the form of a swan, and designed for a fruit-dish (page 163). The plate is all hand-work, and the ornaments are in relief. The design is new and novel, and the style of ornamentation is East Indian. It rests upon a looking-glass plateau mounted in harmony with the gene-

ral design. The breast ornaments of fringe are richly gilded, and various parts of the work are also judiciously tinted with gold.

The large piece of plate (page 163) contributed by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Providence and New York, is intended to serve as a centre for the dining-table. The design is very elaborate and richly ornamented. The oblong bowls attached to the standard or main stem are intended to hold fruit, while the graceful shells above are for flowers. The plaques at the sides illustrate the subjects Love and Contentment. The object is engraved in

various parts and gilded, and is crowned with a gracefully-modelled figure of Aurora attended by winged Cupids.

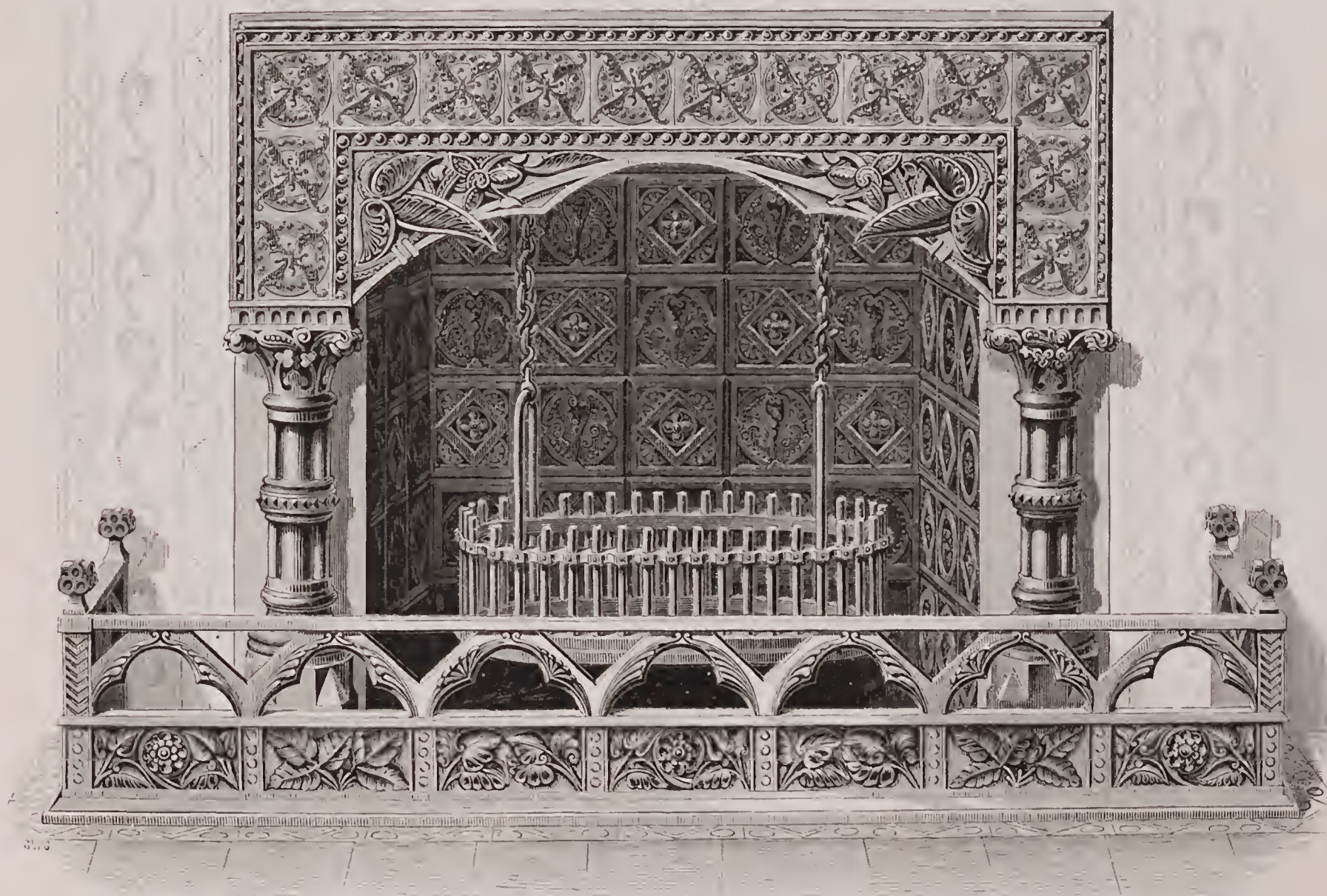
The vase, from the workshops of the same company, the elegance of the design of which is apparent in the engraving (page 164), bears upon its front a richly-wrought shield illustrating Harmony. There is a monogram on the reverse. Its style is Etruscan, and it is superbly gilded and was wrought entirely by hand.

Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Lambeth, England, send specimens of their famous terra-cotta ware (page 164). The Doulton ware shows to what perfection the Art of modelling in ordinary potter's clay has been brought in England. These objects are the common stoneware of commerce, but are made to assume importance and interest owing to their artistic treatment. The works of the Messrs. Doulton are at Lambeth, near London. Originally working as ordinary potters in the production of jugs, chimney-tops, drain-tile, and other objects, they have gradually brought their

work up to a high Art-standard. The basis of their ware is common potter's clay, but it acquires value from its resemblance to the famous shapes of the old Flemish pottery, and copies of many beautiful forms that have come to us from antiquity.

The objects engraved have been manufactured according to the usual method of treating clay, but after the vase or jug leaves the wheel and has assumed a consistency which will allow it to be handled, the designs are etched upon the surface by an artist. The ornaments thus engraved are then painted in water-colours and burnt in. A large number of the artists who have been educated at the Lambeth School of Art are employed by the Messrs. Doulton at their works, and their work is now much sought for by collectors. In the modelling of these objects the potters do not intend to produce them in sets or make duplicates, in order that their unique character may be sustained.

Messrs. Wright and Mansfield, of New Bond Street, London,



Chimney-Piece, by Messrs. Jackson and Co., of New York.

have obtained in England a wide-spread reputation for the grace and purity of their productions in cabinet-work. We present engravings of two articles (page 165) sent by them to the Exhibition, but as these engravings were sent to us from England without description, we are unable to do more than point to the general beauty of the designs. At this writing the Exhibition is not open; when we have opportunity to see these articles, we shall take occasion to refer to them again, with a description of their material and ornamentation.

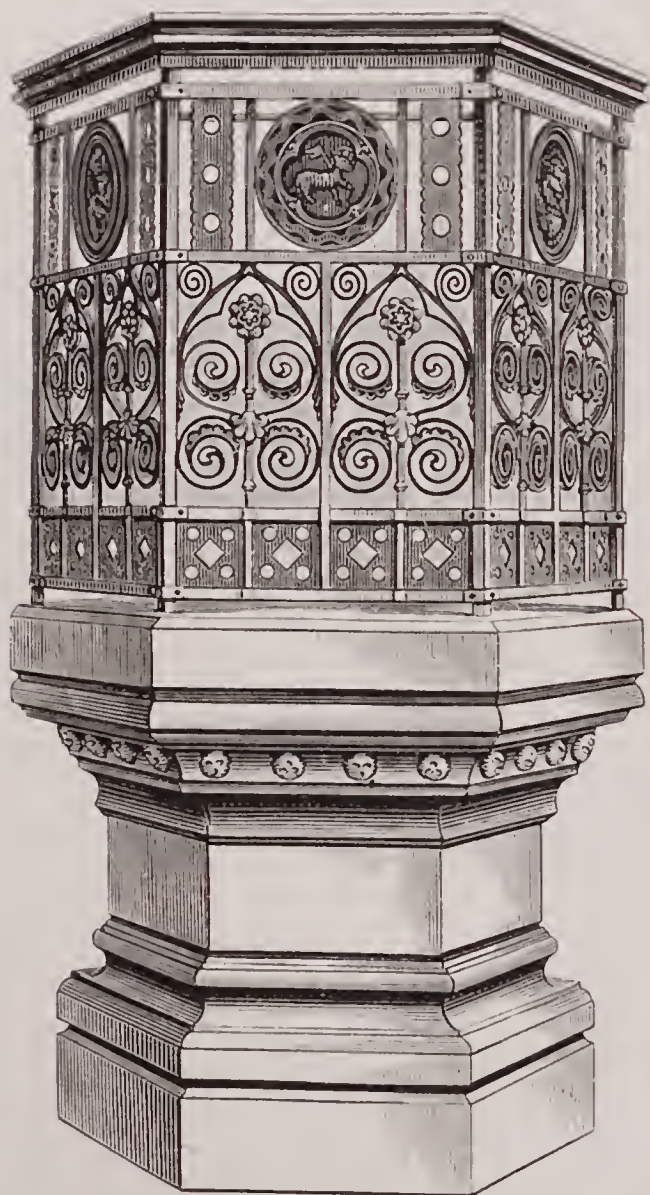
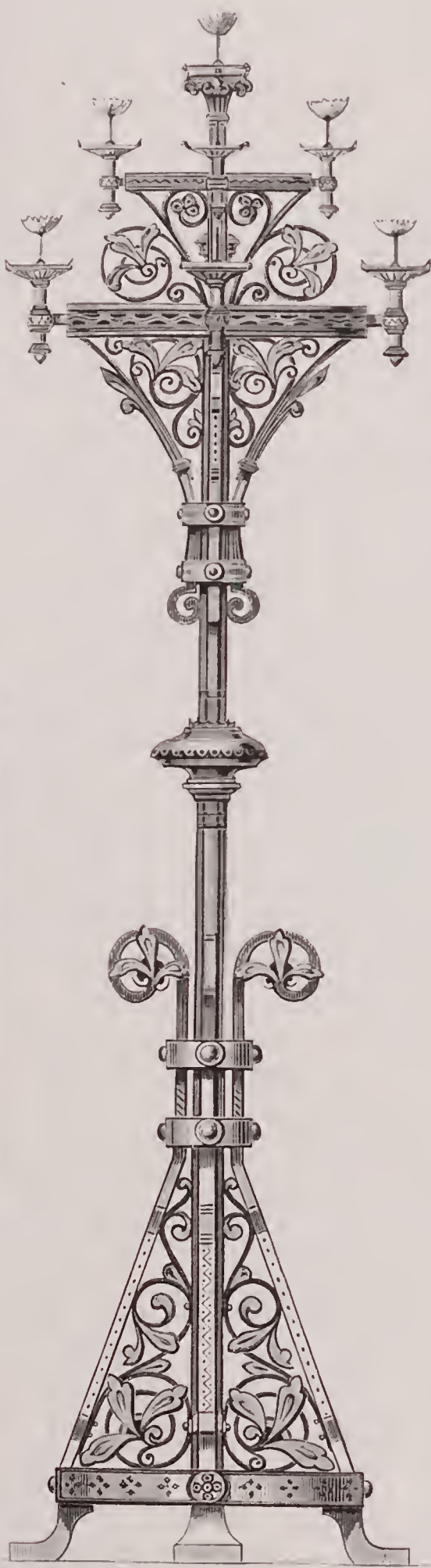
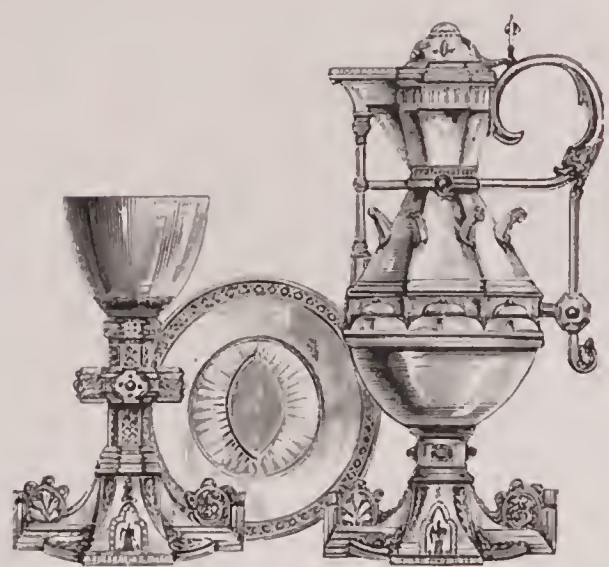
Messrs. Heyman and Alexander, of Nottingham, contribute a large collection of muslin and net curtains—a manufacture for which the town has long been famous. In this branch of Art the firm has long held a foremost place, not only for the merit, value, and durability of the material, but for the taste, judgment, and knowledge displayed in their designs. These are generally, as they ought to be, floral: leaves and flowers gracefully combined, sometimes interlaced with lattice-work, and occasionally presented as pendants over vases. Such Art-aids in our homes are always

effective; they refresh the eye and mind, and are suggestive: far more so than designs geometric, that, cut up into squares, fail to refresh either. The works supplied to the Philadelphia Exhibition by Messrs. Heyman and Alexander, of Nottingham, are numerous and of high quality; they are, of course, all machine-made, and will take high rank among the productions forwarded by England to America.

The ornamental chimney-piece which we present on this page is from the works of William H. Jackson and Co., New York, who are noted for artistic designs in grates and fire-pieces, and represents the mediæval style of Household Art. The fender and columns are of polished brass, and the same metal forms the arch over the grate and the frame for the tiles above. The grate is nickel-plated, and may be raised or lowered at will, while the background is filled in with cast-iron plates. All the ornaments in the brasswork are cast in relief, and give to the chimney-front a very elegant appearance. The grate in the fireplace may be removed if desired, and fire-dogs put in its place for use in burning wood.

Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, London, manufacturers of church furniture, and the hundred matters that may be classed under the term Ecclesiastical Art, are large contributors to

the Exhibition. The firm enjoys a high reputation, medals having been awarded to it at, we believe, all Exhibitions. Their productions are conspicuous for purity and accuracy in design, as well as



for excellence of material, and strength combined with delicacy in manufacture. The firm does not limit its productions to works for sacred purposes; it issues much that is intended and calculated for

domestic homes. The objects we engrave on this page are a Lectern of large size, a Pulpit of wrought iron, a candelabrum gilt, and two Communion Services.

S A F E !

FROM THE DRAWING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, N.A.

WE continue in this number of the *Art Journal* our series of etchings on steel from drawings by Sir Edwin Landseer. The subject here presented is wholly characteristic of the distinguished painter, and illustrates in an admirable manner the great artist's power and skill in drawing, and expression when depicting animal

life. The story is fully told in the picture, and needs no explanation at our hands. The spirit of the drawing has been well preserved by the skilful hand of the engraver; the dogs lose none of their life and action, and the painter's characteristic pencil-touches, with all their ease and freedom, have been conscientiously preserved.



SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. DELT

C. G. LEWIS, SCULPT

SAFE!

FROM THE DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN FOWLER, ESQ. C.E.

C O L O R A D O .

III.

AT Floyd Hill, which, it will be remembered, is about six miles from Idaho Springs, connection is made for Denver by the Colorado Central Narrow-gauge Railway, and an interesting ride through Clear Creek Cañon brings the traveller to Golden City,

walls of seemingly loose rock lying at the extremest possible angle, their perpendicularity broken only by the detritus scattered about their feet. It might be expected that lying so far down in the earth the rocks would be moistened by springs and wrapped in verdant mosses, but in reality they are as angular as crystals, and in most instances as parched as sand.

The almost complete absence of fresh verdure is very trying to the newly-arrived visitor in Colorado. Occasionally the most beautiful tints that ever came from the sun are seen in sharply-defined ribands running through the basalt and the sandstones, but the eye wearies of the pallid grey and faded yellow that are the characterising colours. The marvellously lucid and thirsty Western air has a harsh influence upon everything.

Denver reached, the traveller will, no doubt, be astonished at the advanced stage of development which this active little city has attained in the eighteen years of its existence. The streets are regular and well-paved, the buildings spacious and tasteful, and the markets stocked with the choicest viands the East and West afford. The hotels are especially good, and, except in size, are equal to the average of those in Eastern cities.

Ten or fifteen years ago the predominant characteristics of Denver were liquor and gambling saloons. The "short, sharp bark of the Derringer" proclaimed the complete defiance of law and order. One "gentleman," standing in a doorway, thought little of trying how nearly he could hit another "gentleman," passing in the street, and, if his experiment was fatal, answered the coroner's summons only to receive thanks for his attendance and explanation. But out of this chaos of frontier crime has sprung a vigorous and prosperous city, lighted with gas, watered by the Holly system, and supplied with handsome public buildings, including churches, schools, and libraries. The nearest mountains are twelve miles away; but, as the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway from Missouri, the Denver Pacific from Cheyenne, and several other roads, Denver is the most convenient base for the tourists' operations in Colorado.

It is situated on the South Platte River, at a height of 5,317 feet above the level of the sea, and rises from the river by a series of steps or small plateaus. The population is about 20,000, a considerable number consisting of invalids, who find benefit in the pure, bracing air. The contrast between the luxurious life of the hotels, the groups of tourists, dressed in the latest style, on the streets, and the representatives of rude frontier-life, seen in the big-booted miners and stockmen, strikes the spectator at once by its novelty. Outside many of the stores huge buffalo-ropes and cat-skins are exposed for sale, and the buffalo, antelope, or elk head is as familiar a sign as the figure of Gambrinus among the German beer-saloons.



Pike's Peak, from the Garden of the Gods.

from which point he completes the journey to Denver in broad-gauge cars.

The Clear Creek Cañon is of the kind that Western surveyors have classified as the "box." The "open" cañon in contradistinction is usually enclosed by rounded hills and embankments resembling an English railway cutting, but the "box cañon" is a closely imprisoned ravine, with sheer or overarching cliffs, and

Taking the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, the traveller next reaches Colorado Springs, after a ride of about five hours through a picturesque country, with Pike's Peak towering high above the neighbouring mountains. Pike's, of all other peaks, is the most interesting and inspiring. The surveyors have shown us that its elevation is not so great as that of Gray's or Long's, but it seems to be higher, as it stands out alone and sweeps upward from the foot-hills to a crystalline pinnacle, 14,147 feet above the level of the sea. It is visible miles and miles away over the plains. The emigrants of old saw it long before its companions appeared above the horizon, and they gathered fresh courage as the blazing sun transmuted its tempest-torn granite into a pillar of gold. As far north as Cheyenne, and as far south as Trinidad, on the borders of New Mexico, it can still be seen, its boldness subdued in the grey of the distance; and, as we glance at it through lapses in the hills at its base, from the windows of the car, we seem to be under its very shadow when it is in reality thirty or forty miles off.

The foot-hills are covered with forests of spruce, fir, and pine, within the limits of which all life is plunged into an impenetrable and heart-breaking gloom, that not even the unmasked effulgence of the dazzling blue sky can disperse.

At intervals of between five and ten miles our miniature train draws up in one of the little stations, each of which is over 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, while several are over 6,000, and one over 7,000 feet above the sea-level; and sixty-seven miles from Denver we alight at Monument, the station of Monument Park, which is celebrated for the singular erosions of its sandstones.

There are many parts of the Rocky Mountain country, from the Yellowstone in the far north to Sierra Amarilla in New Mexico, which strike us as being the creation and abode of some fanciful race of goblins, who have twisted everything, from a shaft of rock to an old pine-tree, into a whimsical and incredulous shapelessness. The eroded sandstones impress us as the result of a disordered dream—the preposterous handiwork of a crack-brained mason, with a remembrance of Caliban's island lingering in his head.



Tower of Babel, Garden of the Gods.



Monument Park.

Those in Monument Park are ranged in two rows lengthwise through an elliptical basin. They are cones from twelve to twenty-five feet in height, and may be said to resemble mushrooms at the first glance, though an imaginative person will soon find himself transfiguring them into odd-looking men and animals. Think of several sugar-loaves with plates or trays balanced on their peaks, or of several candle-extinguishers with pennies on top, and you will obtain an idea of what these geological curiosities are. Each pillar is capped with a conglomerate of sand and pebbles cemented by iron, and this, being so much harder than the underlying yellow sandstone, has resisted the eroding influences, and in some cases extends continuously over several pillars, thus forming a natural colonnade.

Nine miles from Monument, and seventy-six miles from Denver, we reach the town of Colorado Springs, which seems to be within an easy ride of the summits of Pike's Peak, Cheyenne Mountain, and Cameron's Cone. The town has a population of about 2,500, the streets are tidy and shaded by trees, and the views, in every direction, except the east, are so unspeakably grand that we incline to the belief that all living within their influence must either be poets or trivial dunces. At one side of the depot is a convenient little tavern, called the Old Log Cabin, where a good dinner is served in a plain and wholesome fashion, and after refreshing ourselves here we climb into the box of the United States mail-coach, run by Wells, Fargo & Company, which by its appearance and accommodations vividly recalls to mind the exhilarating manner of travel on the plains before the Pacific Railway was completed. The road to Manitou Springs is about six miles long, and in fair weather is usually in good condition. Half-way along is Colorado City, the oldest town in the Territory, which was founded by the gold-seekers of '58, but which has faded into insignificance, while its neighbors have been advancing in repute and



Major Domo, Glen Eyrie.

prosperity. Reaching Manitou our anticipations meet the long-deferred realization, and we are at last at the true base of Pike's Peak, though the summit is still eighteen miles off—a realization fraught with the abundant pleasures which the picturesque situation of this famous resort affords.

Eastward we look upon the arid plains, swelling with an unbroken monotony of form and colour into the vague distance. Westward the settlement creeps up to the portals of Ute Pass, which, with its overhanging walls and precipices, leads to the treasure-mines of the Upper Arkansas and the Rio San Juan.

Manitou is as animated as an Eastern watering-place, and in the season has a round of "hops," and like festivities, night after night. There are three handsome hotels to choose from, and several medicinal springs, with a temperature varying from 45° to 60°, inclosed in tasteful pavilions and surrounded by pretty cottages. The first spring is close to the road, and the violent bubbling of the water seems to indicate a large supply, though there is hardly a gallon a minute. About a hundred yards above, on the right side of the creek, is another and larger spring, which gushes out of the rock with great turbulence. The chemical properties of the water are principally carbonate of lime and magnesia.

The neighbourhood of Manitou is exceedingly interesting, and comprehends all varieties of scenery. A day's excursion allows the tourist time for the ascent of Pike's Peak, on the topmost pinnacle of which he may stand, and let his heart fill with the emotion that the majestic outlook is sure to inspire; on the silent billows of the plains, and the chaotic, gashed, and knife-like peaks, before whose feet these endless yellow waves have ceased to beat, like an eager living creature struck with despair at omnipotent opposition. The sky itself seems to be attained, as ascending the trail on the mountain-side we glance through a clearing in the tim-

ber on the gorges far below. The pines and firs sway to and fro tempestuously with the roar of a great waterfall. The frail human body palpitates and labours as the poignant air strains the exhausted lungs. But what struggle, what hazard, what cost is not repaid when the path makes its last curve, and leads to one of the grandest altitudes in all the Rocky range.

In themselves things of enormous reality and tangibility merely, all mountains depend to a great extent for artistic or picturesque effect on the evanescent conditions of the atmosphere; on the lights, shadows, and colours, that sweep them for a few minutes of the day, and vanish. Mists and clouds are for ever weaving fresh shapes out of the English landscape. But the Rocky Mountains cleave the continent like a row of polished granite columns, with every outline emphasised and abrupt. They may impress the beholder by their size, and the testimony they offer of the convulsive throes that upheaved them; but it is only in the hours near sunrise and sunset that they acquire the peculiar significance that exalts them in the imagination far above measurable space.

Seen from Colorado Springs in the middle of a bright day, Pike's Peak looks scarcely higher than the Orange Mountains in New Jersey. It is a vast, unmeaning lump. But seen as the writer saw it, at sunset one evening last June, when a smoke-like darkness came sweeping over the plains from the East, and flooded its rugged sides with deep blue, while the ridges and crests burned in scarlet and gold; when the whole sky behind it was afire with a bewildering intensity of color, and the snow in every cleft was blushing; when each pinnacle in the mysterious background was breaking in passionate flames—the unmeaning mass of ponderous granite that we have spoken of became a sublimely-poetic reality, with an inexpressibly tender and sympathetic quality about it.

The marvellous rather than the truly beautiful preponderates in Western scenery, however, and in the neighbourhood of Manitou such curious pillars as those in Monument Park crop out in every direction. A few miles away is Cheyenne Cañon, lying gloomily



William's Cañon.

in the heart of the mountains, and William's Cañon, with its astounding rock-formations. The latter is particularly well worth a visit, as any one may judge from our artist's picture. Solid masses of rock have yielded to the action of the elements until they have been hollowed and broken into a vivid resemblance of some ruinous old castle. Bear Creek rushing from the region of summer snows,

The rocks here are composed of layers of black shale, fine sandstone, with bits of vegetable matter, and a thin seam of earthy lignite. Then come beds of whitish sandstone, with layers of limestone made up of indistinct fragments of fossil shells and snowy gypsum; next a series of white, yellow, and brick-red sandstones, and loose, laminated sands. Glancing through the opening between the cliffs you obtain a fine view of Pike's Peak in its hoary magnificence, and the Garden itself abounds with curious and grand rocks, such as the Tower of Babel, which we illustrate.

A short drive thence will bring you to Glen Eyrie, where more of these astonishing geological fantasies are seen, most notable being the Organ, so called on account of its likeness to a church-organ, and the Major Domo, which rises to a height of 120 feet, while at its base it is not more than ten feet in diameter.

Continuing your walk, or drive, past the house of General Palmer, which is romantically situated at the end of the Glen, you will next reach the portals of a wild cañon, and thence re-

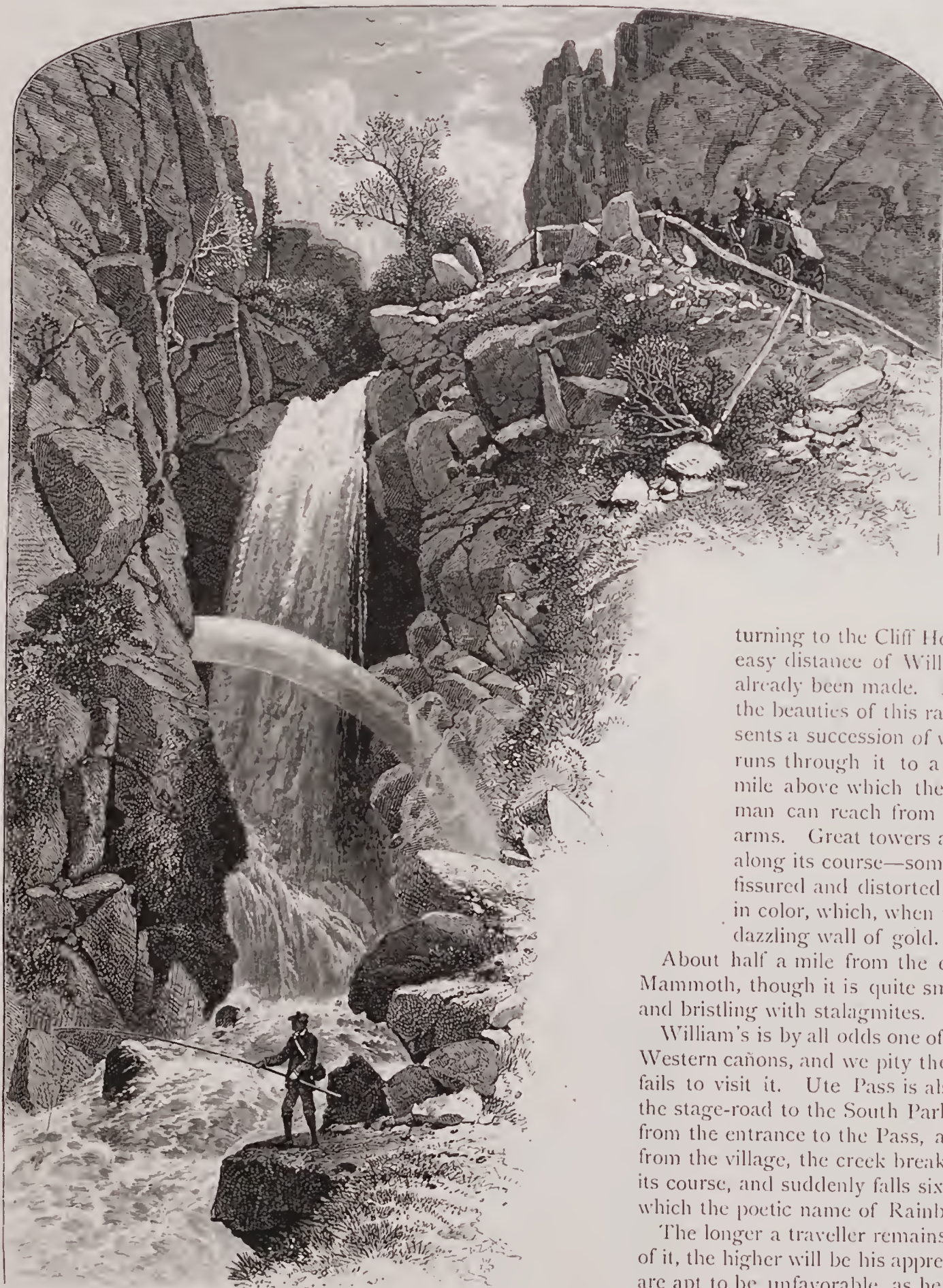
turning to the Cliff House, at Manitou, you will be within easy distance of William's Cañon, to which allusion has already been made. No pen can do adequate justice to the beauties of this ravine, which in its whole length presents a succession of wonderful rock-formations. A road runs through it to a dilapidated limekiln, about half a mile above which the walls approach each other until a man can reach from side to side with his outstretched arms. Great towers and spires spring up, like sentinels, along its course—some isolated, and others connected by fissured and distorted links of sandstone, a vivid yellow in color, which, when it is touched by the sun, becomes a dazzling wall of gold.

About half a mile from the entrance there is a cave, called the Mammoth, though it is quite small, which is hung with stalactites and bristling with stalagmites.

William's is by all odds one of the most interesting of the smaller Western cañons, and we pity the tourist who is at Manitou, and yet fails to visit it. Ute Pass is also accessible from the latter place, the stage-road to the South Park passing through it. A little way from the entrance to the Pass, and about three-quarters of a mile from the village, the creek breaks in a white rage upon the rocks in its course, and suddenly falls sixty feet in a beautiful avalanche, to which the poetic name of Rainbow Falls has been given.

The longer a traveller remains in Colorado, and the more he sees of it, the higher will be his appreciation of it. The first impressions are apt to be unfavorable, as he finds dust, painfully-brilliant sunshine, scarcity of vegetation, and bleakness, where indiscreet puffery has taught him he would find balmy air and a paradise of flowers. But there are compensations for every disappointment, and for this as well as others, compensations that will make a summer visit to Colorado a memorable pleasure to all who, having a genuine sympathy with Nature, undertake it. The invalid may depend upon almost every comfort and convenience obtainable in an Eastern hotel of average excellence. There are good carriage roads, and livery stables well supplied with horses and vehicles.

The most direct and pleasant route from the East is by the Kansas Pacific Railway, which deposits its passengers in Denver, whence all the points of interest are easily approached. The other route is by the Union Pacific to Cheyenne, and the Denver Pacific thence south.



Rainbow Falls, Ute Pass.

and Ute Pass locked between its walls of red granite—neither of these, nor the Garden of the Gods, nor Glen Eyrie, nor the Rainbow Falls, should be neglected.

The Garden of the Gods is situated about half-way between Manitou and Colorado Springs, and is reached by a road which is remarkable for an enormous boulder standing at one side—standing, or rather balanced, on so fine a point that one marvels how it retains its position. The Gateway to the Garden is about a mile from this landmark, and is distinguished by two high, precipitous cliffs, with a large detached tower standing almost exactly between.

THE COSTUME OF ENGLISH WOMEN

FROM THE HEPTARCHY TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY VII.—HENRY VIII.



HE corpse of the tyrant Richard had scarcely been thrown across a herald's horse and dragged into Leicester, before the conqueror Henry had sent for the Princess Elizabeth of York, to whom he was engaged, and early in January of the next year they were married in Westminster Abbey. The red and the white rose now grew on the same bush, and the long and terrible civil war was ended. Henry of Richmond had married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. Henry, disregarding his wife's direct claim to the throne, chose, however, to be recognised by Parliament as the independent sovereign of England.

When the king had put down the shortlived rebellion of Lambert Simnel, who had personated the young Earl of Warwick, he came back to London to attend the coronation of his fair queen. At the coronation procession through the city to Westminster, this beautiful woman wore a kirtle of white damasked cloth of gold, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine, fastened on the breast with a knot of gold and silk, strung with gold knobs and tassels. Her yellow hair hung (as usual with English maidens) down her back, and she wore on her head a piped network and a circlet of gold studded with gems. At the coronation itself her dress was a kirtle of purple velvet banded with ermine. Many people were trampled to death at this ceremony in the struggle to tear to pieces the carpet from the Hall to the Abbey, which was a perquisite of the mob on these occasions. This queen seems, though extremely economical in personal matters, to have been fond of the splendour of the period, and we find her on a certain St. George's day riding in a car covered with cloth of gold, attended by twenty-one ladies dressed in crimson velvet, and mounted on white palfreys, whose reins and housings were studded with the white roses of the house of York. The chief peculiarity of the queen's dress, and one which especially marks the age, was the hood coming to a sharp point above her forehead, with a long scarf following the same shape, and broadly bordered with jewels. In her portrait this beautiful and amiable queen wears ermine cuffs.

The dress of the ordinary ladies of Henry VII.'s reign was chiefly remarkable for the large, full sleeves, sometimes tied at intervals from the elbow to the wrist, which was small. The gowns were cut square at the neck and shoulders; belts and buckles were worn. Large hats, like those in Lawrence's time, were fashionable. The sleeves were often slashed, like the men's. The caps and nets were of gold thread or embroidery. The ladies' outer sleeves were sometimes pierced for the hand to come through. The elderly ladies wore turned-back Capuchins, or hoods. Skelton, in his droll verses on Eleanor Rumming, a noted alewife, describes her as dressed in grey russet and Lincoln green. Her kirtle was Bristol red, and she had heavy cloths on her head. Her shoes were smeared with tallow.

Katharine of Arragon, the first wife of that Mormonic monarch, Henry VIII., might, it would be supposed, have introduced many Spanish fashions into England. When the Infanta entered London, she came riding on a mule, and wore a large round hat like a cardinal's hat, tied on with a gold lace; and, underneath, her hair was covered with a carnation-coloured coif, from under which her auburn hair streamed down over her shoulders. Her *gouvernante* was dressed in black, and her head wrapped in black and white. This queen first introduced the farthingale, or large wired over-dress, hitherto unknown. At her

wedding at St. Paul's to Prince Arthur, she wore a sort of coif of white silk, and a mantilla bordered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, which partly veiled her not too beautiful face.



Time of Edward IV.: Cotton MS., Nero, D 9; and Royal MS., 15 E. II. and 15 E. IV.

Her gown was large both in sleeves and body, with many plaits; and there were hoops in it to sway it out. The queen wore at her waist a gold pomander (or ball of perforated gold), which



English Ladies, end of Fifteenth Century: from Lacroix and Seré's "Le Moyen et la Renaissance."

enclosed a globe of perfumed paste. The Versailles portrait of Katharine of Arragon, according to Miss Strickland, is remarkable for the hood-cap of five corners, from the back of which

the black mantilla, or veil of Spain, hung down. Her robe is of dark blue velvet, terminating in a graceful train bordered with fur. The sleeves are straight, with ruffles, and are slashed at the wrists. Over them come great hanging sleeves of miniver. The petticoat is gold-coloured satin, barred with gold. The expression of the face is calm, the features are regular, but the



End of the Fourteenth Century: C. Louandre.

figure is too massive. The forehead is of enormous height, and there is a resemblance in the features to her nephew, Charles V. In one of her portraits she holds in her hand sprigs of lavender; a common custom in a time when pestilence was so frequent. In the Versailles portrait Katharine is laden with jewels; clusters



*Flanders, Fifteenth Century.
C. Louandre.*

*France, Fifteenth Century:
C. Louandre.*

of rubies and strings of pearls are linked round her throat and waist, and a *cordelière* belt of jewels hangs from her waist to her feet.

Anne Boleyn's dress leads us to another phase of the dress of this reign. We find in the gay pages of Brantome an account of her dress at the court of Francis I., when she went over to

France with Mary Tudor, the young wife of Louis XII. Fair Anne was an accomplished as well as a beautiful woman, who could sing like a mermaid, play the lute like King David, dance to the same, nor does she seem to have despised the art of the milliner. She had a bourrelet, or cape, of blue velvet, trimmed with points, and at the end of every point hung a little bell of gold. Her vest was of blue velvet starred with silver, and she wore a surcoat of watered silk lined with miniver, with long hanging sleeves, that hid "the white wonder" of her hand. Her feet were covered with blue velvet brodequins, and on each instep shone a diamond star. On her fair head she wore a golden-coloured aureole of plaited gauze. And a bonny dress it was, it must be allowed.

There is always a fly in the ointment: with all this beauty and these accomplishments, the lute playing, the singing, and the dancing, Anne Boleyn had one great personal defect, a sixth finger on the left hand, which she hid by a long sleeve, and a large mole like a strawberry on the throat, which she covered with an ornamental collar band. In the Thornton portrait Anne Boleyn wears a gown of amber-coloured velvet, studded with emeralds, a drapery of green velvet is round her beautiful shoulders, a double string of pearls laces her throat. Her cap is singular; it has a frontlet made of the five-cornered form of double strings of pearls; on the back is a green velvet hood, with broad scarf lappets, one of which is thrown over the back of the hood, while the other hangs gracefully over the right shoulder. In one of her royal processions Anne wore a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same lined with ermine. Her dark hair fell over her shoulders. On her cruel execution this thoughtless and unhappy woman wore a dress of black damask, with a deep white cape, while her head was covered with a small hat, with ornamented coifs under it.

Jane Seymour, to marry whom this big Bluebeard deliberately murdered Anne Boleyn, had, like Anne, been a maid-of-honour of France. This queen, who, to judge by Holbein, was no great beauty, wore the same five-cornered hood and plaited cap as her wretched predecessor. Her hair is neatly folded in cross-bands. Holbein represents her with a square corsage and a flowing scarlet robe. With this queen, who was neither young nor handsome, Henry might have been happy, and grateful for a son and heir to the throne, and might even have spared her head, but, unfortunately for her miserable successors, she died twelve days after giving birth to Edward VI. His next wife was certainly a mistake, for, misled by a flattering miniature of Holbein's, Henry married a clumsy, ugly, dull German woman, whom he impolitely compared to "a Flanders mare," and very soon got rid of. A worthy, kind woman Anne of Cleves appears to have been, and was very kind to the Princess Elizabeth when a child. She introduced into dress heavy coifs of white lawn or lace, instead of the stiff, five-cornered hoods worn by Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour. King Henry's New Year's gift to this ugly woman, to whom he took an instant and unconcealed dislike, was a muff and tippet of rich sables, but he marred the gift by his ungracious mode of giving. The king met his unwelcome bride at the foot of Shooter's Hill. When Henry, gorgeously clad in purple velvet, damasked with gold, approached the tent of Anne of Cleves, she issued dressed in a rich gown of raised cloth of gold; on her head was a caul, over that a round cap set full of orient pearls, and above that a coronet of black velvet, and about her neck a partlet set full of rich stones. Her horse was trapped with goldsmith's work, and all her footmen wore the "black lion" of Hainault embroidered on their clothes. At her wedding this poor, unhappy woman was dressed in a gown of rich cloth of gold, embroidered thickly with great flowers formed of pearls. This gown was cut in the German fashion, round, and without a train. Anne's long yellow hair floated down on her shoulders, and on her head she wore a coronet of gems set about with sprigs of rosemary. About her neck and waist were jewels of great lustre. After the marriage and dinner the new queen appeared in a sort of man's robe of tissue, the long sleeves furred with rich sables. Her head was adorned with a jewelled coronet of lawn.

In the original chalk sketch, at Windsor, of Anne of Cleves, by

Holbein, this queen appears a plain woman with a good forehead and large dark eyes. She is dressed in bad taste, having a close-fitting gown, with a stiff, high collar and tight sleeves. The bodice opens in front, and displays a chemisette drawn round the throat with a narrow riband, and ornamented on one side with a great wheel brooch. A large staring hat, turned up boldly in front, in the Dutch fashion, is adorned with quatrefoils of gems. In the despatches of Marillac, the French ambassador, Anne is represented as putting on every day a rich new dress. None of Henry's miserable queens dressed in such bad taste, and none were so fond of dress, as Anne of Cleves. The poor neglected queen was ridiculed and slandered. Thoroughly hurt, Anne refused to make any concessions, and finally sent Henry back her wedding presents with a cold and deferential letter in German. She spent the rest of her days in contented retirement, devoting a good deal of her time to dress.

Katharine Howard, Henry's fifth queen, was a cousin german of poor Anne Boleyn. This unfortunate lady, whose youth had not been without reproach, appears in Holbein's sketches, as a plump little woman with blue eyes and brown hair, in a dress which opens a little in front. Her formal head-dress is a simple French hood, flat to the head, with a narrow plaited border. When condemned to death, Katharine confessed she had deserved to die, but remained as imperious and wilful as ever, and the only favour she asked was that she might not be put to death publicly. She knelt to the axe with quiet courage, denying ever having been faithless to the king.

The dress of the ladies of Henry VIII.'s time was chiefly marked by the partlet and the waistcoat. The latter, which had sleeves, was sometimes embroidered with gold and silver. The partlet was a sort of habit, which, taking the place of the gorget, covered the neck and throat; it was often made of white lawn, and worked with Venice gold. The gowns of rich people opened in front from the waist, and showed the kirtle or inner petticoat. The dress of Katharine Parr is described as of cloth of gold, with a kirtle of brocade with sleeves lined with crimson satin, and trimmed with three-piled crimson velvet, with a train two yards long. She wore two crosses round her neck and an ornament of diamonds. The Princess Mary is on one occasion described as wearing a cloth of gold gown, with a robe of three-piled violet velvet. They knew how to spend money in the days of that much-marrying monarch!

Elderly ladies in their widowhood sometimes adopted a conventual dress, with hood and forehead-cloth; a pleated barbe hung below the chin, and the long mourning mantle was held firm across the breast by tasseled cords fastened to studs.

Henry's next and last wife was Katharine Parr, the first Protestant queen of England. Her father had been in the household of the king. She had been already twice a widow. A wise and prudent woman, tender and patient in nursing her old and diseased husband, Katharine distinguished herself among lesser virtues by her taste in dress. The secretary of the Spanish ambassador, soon after her marriage, describes her as wearing a brocade kirtle and an open robe of cloth of gold. Her sleeves were lined with crimson satin, trimmed with three-piled crimson velvet, and she had a train more than two yards long. She wore two crosses round her neck and a rich diamond ornament; her head-dress was jewelled, her girdle of gold had large pendants. A miniature of the queen, that belonged to Horace Walpole, was taken about two years after her marriage with King Henry. It shows us a lady with small delicate features, hazel eyes, and golden hair simply arranged. "She wears a round crimson hood edged with pearls," says Miss Strickland in her account of this portrait, "surmounted by a jewelled frontlet of goldsmith's work set with rubies and pearls, while a long black veil flows from her head-dress over her shoulders. The bodice and sleeves fit tight, and are made of rich gold brocade cut plain across the bosom, and edged with rows of pearls between pipes of black and crimson velvet. Her necklace is a double row of pearls with a ruby cross, and one large pearl as a pendant. Her bodice is clasped by a large ruby brooch set in gold filigree."

During this reign English ladies used a yellow powder for their hair, to imitate the auburn and blonde colour that was then

in fashion at court. The elder ladies sometimes wore crossed bands of amber velvet to widen their foreheads. Very soon after the death of her royal husband Katharine married Admiral Thomas Seymour, who was afterwards beheaded for conspiracy.

Ugly and bigoted as Queen Mary was, she also delighted in dress. Quite as a girl we find her, by her father's wish, appearing



Anne of Brittany, Wife of Louis XII. (1498): from a MS. in the Imperial Library, Paris.

before the French ambassador dressed as an Iclander, and, at a subsequent masque, attired as a Roman lady in rich cloth of gold, striped diagonally with crimson, with a caul of golden thread on her hair, above which it was crowned by a bonnet of crimson velvet set with pearls and precious stones. She also



Ladies at a Tournament, Fifteenth Century: C. Louandre.

acted a part in a comedy by Terence in the original Latin, for she was as learned as she was ill-favoured. She was then only in her twelfth year, yet the king, in one of his speeches about the divorce from Katharine of Arragon, speaks of her as "the Lady Mary, singular both in beauty and shape, yet the offspring of a marriage which gave him (the hypocrite!) pain and torment

of conscience." The alternately petted and spurned Mary naturally looked to marriage as an escape from home vexations. Her kinsman, Reginald Pole, the handsome son of the Countess of Salisbury, seems to have been her favourite; but he warmly opposed the divorce, and held himself aloof from so dangerous an alliance; yet he did not take priest's orders, as he had threatened, and perhaps bided his time. Mary warmly defended her mother's claims, and denied the legitimacy of Elizabeth, the offspring of an excommunicated mother. To these attacks Henry replied by declaring (in default of male issue) Elizabeth, then newly born, his heiress, and bade Mary lay aside the title of princess, which she firmly refused to do. Her establishment of one hundred and sixty persons at Beaulieu was dispersed, and she was placed at Hunsdon with her sister as a mere private lady. The parasites of Henry threatened her life if she was not obedient, and declared they would spurn her head when it came off, about the rushes of the hall. The king promised Anne Boleyn to kill Mary rather than exclude Elizabeth from the throne. The dying Katharine was cruelly refused an interview with her daughter. In vain the Emperor Charles remonstrated; the king replied proudly, "It is not meet that any person should prescribe to us how we should order our own daughter." So Katharine died without seeing her child. Anne Boleyn had this treatment of Mary on her mind, and expressed regret for it to Mary's friends. When "that woman" (Anne Boleyn), as Mary called her, was on the scaffold, Mary, weary of her prison, began to make overtures of submission to Cromwell, who had called her "a most ungrateful person to her dear and benign father." The queen, Jane Seymour, was kind to her, and eventually procured her leave to see her father. At this time, when this accomplished princess was studying mathematics, and Latin and Greek poetry, and learning the lute, the virginal, and the regals, we find her attending the christening of Prince Edward in a kirtle of cloth of silver, ornamented with pearls; and she presented a gold cup as a christening gift to her brother. At Queen Jane Seymour's funeral Mary knelt at the head of the coffin habited in black, a white handkerchief tied round her head and hanging down. In the funeral procession which bore the body from Hampton Court to Windsor, the princess rode on a horse trapped with black, and on the sad journey distributed thirty shillings to wayside beggars. At Easter she changed her mourning, and sent Lady Kingston prettily to her terrible father, to ask him if she should wear her white taffeta edged with velvet, which used to be his liking, and was suitable for the joyful feast.

And now the Duke of Saxony, head of the German Protestant League, proposed that Mary should wed his brother-in-law. Her portrait was asked for, but Cromwell replied that there was no instance of a king's daughter sending her picture for approval, and spoke of her as a princess endowed with most excellent learning, grace, beauty, admirable proportion of person, and all honest virtues and good qualities; but the matter never went further. Duke Philip of Bavaria was her next suitor. Mary objected to his Protestantism, so he kissed her, gave her a diamond cross as a pledge of betrothal, and rode away. Yet the German seems to have left some part of his heart behind, for he renewed his suit six years later, and died a bachelor.

Mary's hopes of succession increasing, suitors began again to arise. Her hand was demanded in 1542 by Francis I. for his second son Charles, Duke of Orleans, and the treaty was conducted at Chablis, in Burgundy, a place not unknown to Englishmen. Then began the usual mean and degrading wrangle for the dowry; Henry VIII. only offered 200,000 crowns, while Francis I. required a million. The negotiation fell through. Mary seems to have been an indefatigable needlewoman in that age when there were nothing that you can call books; and her accounts show her now working a pair of sleeves for a friend's Italian gown, and then a pair adorned with gold and parchment lace. She seems, from the privy purse expenses, to have been fond of perfumed gloves from Spain, which were the fashion of the day.

Though Mary received many rebukes about her Catholicism from her brother Edward, she was comparatively happy under his

reign. When the poor and too precious king began to pine, court was paid to the rising sun. After some troubles which are familiar to our readers, Mary ascended the throne. At her arrival in London she was followed by seventy ladies mounted on horseback, and clad in crimson velvet, while five hundred nobles and gentlemen formed the rear. The queen was in a splendid litter, drawn by six white horses covered with housings of cloth of silver. She wore a gown of blue velvet furred with ermine, on her head was a caul of gold network studded with pearls and precious stones, and so heavy that she had to hold it. Elizabeth followed in an open chariot covered with crimson velvet, and by her side was worthy old Anne of Cleves, dressed in robe and kirtle of cloth of silver. The ladies of the bedchamber followed on horseback, dressed in kirtles of gold or silver cloth and robes of crimson velvet; the horses were trapped with the same. After them rode the queen's chamberers, they and their horses trapped with crimson satin. At her coronation the queen, when she removed her royal mantle, appeared in a corset of purple velvet. After unction the queen came forth in a robe of white taffeta and a mantle of purple velvet furred with ermine. If a lady has the least taste for dress, a wedding day is the day for displaying it. An eyewitness says:—The queen was dressed at her marriage in the French style, in a robe richly brocaded on a gold ground, with a long train splendidly bordered with pearls and diamonds of great size. The large *rebras* sleeves were turned up with clusters of gold set with pearls and diamonds. Her chaperon, or coif, was bordered with two rows of large diamonds. The close gown, or kirtle, worn beneath the robe was of white satin wrought with silver. On her breast the queen wore that remarkable diamond of inestimable value sent to her as a gift from King Philip, whilst he was still in Spain, by the Marquis de los Nanes. So far, says Miss Strickland, the dress was in good taste; but scarlet shoes and brodequins, and a black velvet scarf, added to this costume by the royal bride, can scarcely be considered improvements.

At Mary's third parliament, when King Philip, the bold bridegroom, came riding by her side, the coldhearted queen rode on a trained courser which was adorned with a gold housing and bands, and rosettes of gems. She rode on the old bended side-saddle, though Catherine de Medicis had already introduced the modern pommelled one. She wore a small coif, a band of rare jewels passed over her head and clasped under her chin, while a Spanish mantilla hung in broad folds from her head to her waist. Her dress opened from the throat to the chest, with a very small ruff surmounting a chemisette. She showed a carcanet of jewels round her throat, connected with a splendid *ruce* and a pear pearl fastened on her chest. The sleeves, slashed and moderately full towards the elbow, were gathered at the wrists into ruffles and jewelled bracelets. The tight and tapering corsage was bound at the waist by a cordelier of gems. The skirt of the robe was open from the waist, but could be closed by *eglets* studded with jewels. Such, says Miss Strickland, was the riding-dress of ladies of rank before the monstrous farthingale was introduced which was worn by Queen Elizabeth even on horseback.

But now for a greater dresser even than Mary. Elizabeth is said to have been the mistress of many million hearts and full a thousand dresses: the real fact is, that her brocades and embroideries were too rich to destroy, and too well known to give away.

The waxwork figure of Elizabeth at Westminster exhibits her in royal robes, as she may have appeared at Tilbury or at Kenilworth. She wears a kirtle and bodice of very rich crimson satin, embroidered with silver, the front of the skirt being wrought in a bold coral pattern, and fringed and tufted with spangled silver fringe; the bodice is very long and slightly rounded at the point, the stomacher embroidered in quatrefoils of silver bullion, interspersed with rosettes and crosses of large round Roman pearls, medallions of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, and is edged with silver lace and ermine. The bodice is cut low, so as to display the bosom without any tucker or handkerchief, with a high ruff of guipure of the Spanish fashion, and sloping towards the bust; the sleeves are turned

over at the wrist with cuffs and reversed ruffles of the material of the ruff. About her neck is a carcanet of large round pearls, brues, and emeralds, while long strings of pearls festoon over her neck, and descend below the elbow in tassels. Her royal mantle, of purple velvet trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace, is attached to the shoulders with gold cordons and tassels, and falls behind in a long train. The skirt of her under dress is cut short to display her small feet, of which she was proud.

She wears high-heeled shoes of pale-coloured cloth, with enormous white ribbon bows, composed of six loops edged with silver gimp, and in the centre a large pearl medallion; her ear-rings are circular pearl and ruby medallions, with pear-shaped pendants. Her light auburn hair is frizzed very short above the ears, but descends behind in rich, stiff, cannon curls, and is thickly beset with pearls. Her royal crown is affloriated, small, and high, and placed very far back on her head, leaving her broad round forehead bare. A gold cordon, with large tufted and spangled gold tassels, descends nearly to her feet.

As Elizabeth grew older, she attempted more and more to hide the dilapidations of nature by the resources of art. In a portrait at a hall in Suffolk her ruff is smaller, and resembles that worn by Mary Stuart when queen of France. It is formed of small circular quillings of silver guipure, closely fitting round the throat, and confined by a rich collar of rubies, amethysts, and pearls, set in a beautiful gold filigree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge. Her bodice is of rich white brocade, embroidered with bullion in broad diagonal stripes, in a running pattern of hops and hop leaves; it fastens down the front, is made tight to the shape, and slopes to a point. It is ornamented between the embroidery with gems set in gold filigree. The bodice is slashed with purple velvet, edged with bullion.

The rich sleeves are surmounted on the shoulder with puffs of gold gauze, separated with rubies and amethysts, and two small rouleaus wreathed with pearls and bullion. The sleeves are slashed with velvet, embroidered with bullion decorated with gems, and finished at the wrists with quilted ruffles. From her neck hangs the jewel and ribbon of the Garter. The George is a large oval medallion, pendant from a pale blue ribbon, and is decorated with rubies and amethysts in a lozenge setting. Round her waist is a jewelled girdle; the skirt of her dress is very full, and faced with three stripes of miniver; on her head is an elegant coronal of gems and goldsmith's work, placed on crimson velvet, surmounted with a transparent wreath of laurel leaves, made of gold gauze and stiffened with gold wire; lappets descend from this wreath, formed of pipes of gold gauze arranged in lattices, edged with vandyked guipure of bullion, and fastened at every crossing with a large round pearl; a white rose confines one of the lappets to the right temple. Her hands, of which she was very proud, are ungloved. Her gloves were of thick white kid, richly embroidered upon the back with bullion, pearls, and coloured, fringed with gold, stiffened with bullion gimp, and slashed with coloured satin at the elbows. In the palm five air-holes are stamped, to release the perspiration.

In the Cecil collection she wears a lofty head-dress with a heron plume, and two ruffs, and her robe is allegorically covered with eyes. In one of the Tollemache miniatures, taken in early life, probably when about twenty, she wears a simple black dress trimmed with a double row of pearls, and fastened down the front with bows of rose-coloured ribbon; her hair, rolled back from her forehead, is surmounted with a stuffed satin fillet, decorated in front with a jewel and three pearls. From her ears hang pearl ear-rings.

At Greenwich, in 1598, the year Burleigh died, she appeared to Hentzner's (a German tourist) eyes dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls as large as beans, and over it a black silk mantle shot with silver threads, her long mantle being borne by a marchioness. Round her neck was an oblong collar of gold and jewels; her long white hands sparkled with rings and jewels, pearl drops hung from her ears, she wore a wig of red hair, and had her bosom, according to the English maiden's custom, uncovered.

The list of the queen's wardrobe in 1600 shows us that she had then only 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns (round, loose, and French), 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, and 27 fans, not to mention 96 cloaks, 83 saveguards, 85 doublets, and 18 lap mantles.

Her gowns were of the richest materials: purple, gold tissue, crimson satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, murrey cloth, tawny satin, ash-coloured silk, white cypress, cloudy-coloured satin, horseflesh-coloured satin, Isabella-coloured satin, dove-coloured velvet, lady-blush satin, drake-coloured satin, and clay-coloured satin.

The cloaks are of perfumed leather, black taffety; the petticoats of blue satin; the jupes of orange-coloured satin; the doublets of straw-coloured satin; the mantles of white blush, striped with red swansdown.

Other gowns we find adorned with bees, spiders, flies, worms, trunks of trees, pansies, oak leaves, and mulberries, so that "Bess" must have looked like an illustrated edition of "Æsop's Fables." In one case she shines in rainbows, clouds, flames of fire, and suns; in another with fountains and trees, snakes and grasshoppers; the buttons themselves, in one instance, assume the shape of butterflies, in another of birds of Paradise.

The great essentials of Elizabethan dress are summed up—the detail would require a volume to itself: the ladies wore low dresses and stomachers, ruffs and hats, farthingales, scarves, and velvet masks, frequently carrying scented gloves, feather fans, and mirrors at their girdles. Country women wore plain small quilted ruffs, unadorned hoods, or simple broad-brimmed hats.

The ladies often wore doublets and jerkins, tight-bosomed like a modern riding-habit, and made jaunty like those of a page, buttoned down the breast, and trimmed with wings, welts, and pinions at the shoulders. They were embroidered with lace three fingers broad, or with velvet stripes. Many wore trailing sleeves, others had them tight, slashed, and pointed, with silk ribbons tied in true-love knots. Some had long copes, faced with velvet or fine-wrought silk taffety, and richly fringed, while others' gowns were simply peaked down the back.

TIMON AND FLAVIUS.

(See Frontispiece.)

H. WALLIS, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

OUR steel-plate frontispiece this month is from a painting by an English artist, H. Wallis, and depicts a scene from Shakespeare's 'Timon of Athens.' Timon in the intensity of his misanthropy, occasioned by loss of fortune and the consequent faithlessness of his friends, betook himself to the woods, it will be remembered, forsaking civilisation, and refusing to consort further with mankind. But here Flavius, his faithful steward, followed him, and besought him to share his few savings. The scene depicted by the painter is described by Shakespeare as follows:

Timon. Away, what art thou?

Flavius. An honest poor servant of yours.

Timon. Then I know thee not!
I never had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flavius. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Timon. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—JERVIS MCENTEE, N. A.



VERY few American painters have acquired in the broad field of landscape Art, particularly in the illustration of autumn and winter scenes, so prominent a position as JERVIS MCENTEE. From the beginning of his career he has devoted his study to Nature when in the sere and yellow leaf or in the season of snow and ice, and from those peculiar fields he has never departed, and his pictures then and now attest in an elevated degree the fidelity of his study. While many contemporary artists, who have from time to time made a specialty of delineating autumn scenes, have covered their canvases with the iridescent colours of the rainbow, Mr. McEntee has steadily resisted the sensational temptations by which they

have been overcome, and to-day his tender-toned brown landscapes are generally accepted as true impressions of the solemn phases of the season he loves so sincerely to paint, by all earnest lovers of Art.

He is a native of Rondout, Ulster County, New York, a busy little city on the west bank of the Hudson River, just within the shadows of the Catskill range of mountains, the picturesque beauties of which early attracted the attention of his pencil. Mr. McEntee still makes Rondout his country home, where he passes his summers and autumns, but devotes his winters to studio-labor in New York. In early life his taste for artistic pursuits was stimulated by the earnest teachings of a gentleman of culture who made his father's house his home. Young McEntee, however, did



The Danger Signal.—From a Painting by Jervis McEntee, N. A.

not begin the study of Art until the winter of 1850-'51, when he became a pupil of Frederick E. Church in New York, and in the following summer he studied and sketched in the neighbourhood of his home. Four years later he opened a studio in New York, and since that time he has devoted his time exclusively to his art. From this period Mr. McEntee rapidly acquired fame as an artist; the purity and originality of his style and the poetical sentiment expressed in his works drew to his studio the cultured admirer of Art as well as the patron, and it is not strange, under such auspices, that his genius was stimulated to those higher efforts which have since produced such brilliant results. Mr. McEntee is thoroughly an American painter; he has visited Europe only once, for a summer ramble, and fortunately for American Art his early impressions of home-scenes have not been disturbed by foreign study. His visit to Europe was made in the summer of 1869 in company with Sanford R. Gifford. While there he passed some months in the cities, in studying the Art-collections, but his chief aim was to make a portfolio of sketches of the romantic scenery of Switzerland and the more quiet and sunny landscapes of Italy.

Mr. McEntee, after settling in New York, set himself seriously

at work and became at once an honoured exhibitor at the National Academy of Design. His first great picture, however, was not produced until 1861. It was an autumn-scene, entitled 'Melancholy Day,' the name and motive having been suggested from Mr. Bryant's poem, "The Death of the Flowers:"

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread."

This work was purchased, when in the Exhibition, by the late James A. Suydam, N. A., and at his death was bequeathed to the Council of the Academy. The painting was admired by the artists for the poetical novelty of its conception, and, in recognition of its merit, Mr. McEntee was at once elected an Academician of the National Academy of Design. The peculiar force and poetical beauty of his treatment of an autumn landscape are well illustrated in a picture entitled 'October in the Catskills.' In a critical notice of the work published when the picture was in the Academy Exhibition, a writer said in substance that the scene represented a slope

of pasture-land; one of those abandoned clearings of the primeval forest from whose ashes spring rank ferns, wild blackberry, and everlasting; a kind of wild brake full of shrubs, thorns, and grass-tinted flora—tinted and delicately toned by the autumn winds—is the foreground of the picture; admirable in its details, and so natural that it seems familiar as a frequented locality to every sojourner in an upland country. Far above and back of this foreground vista are the blue rounded summits, snow-flecked in the upper gorges, and a strip of forest between is frost-painted with the crimson, gold, scarlet, and brown hues, as are nowhere to be met with except in an American forest in the season of the fall of the leaf. Mr. McEntee's pencil was equally successful in a 'Late Autumn' picture painted also about that time. The scene portrays the sober brown of the November days. It shows a pool of water in the foreground and a belt of woodland in the distance. The horizon is grey-toned, and the cool blue sky at the zenith is broken by purple and silver-lined cloud-forms.

To the Exhibition of 1868 Mr. McEntee sent an 'Autumn Afternoon' scene. It represented a late autumn day when the forest-

trees are almost leafless, and a tender, dreamy atmosphere overspreads the landscape, veiling it with that peculiar haze which belongs to the Indian-summer season. The sky in this picture was almost cloudless, and its purity of tone and depth were its most poetical features. Mr. McEntee has also painted some remarkably fine winter-scenes, in which he has shown that his perception of the impressive changes of the seasons is not confined entirely to that of autumn. One of these pictures, sent to the same exhibition, was of an early evening moonlight. It portrays a broad landscape view with the leafless shrubbery showing through the snow. In the middle-ground there are the ruins of an old house with its bare rafters and tottering gables drawn sharply against the cold evening sky, while—

"The morn looks down upon the silent scene,
Changing the gloom of night
To sparkling silver, with her magic sheen.

The picture is as refined in its colouring as it is poetical in composition. Mr. McEntee has occasionally sent a picture to the



Autumn Morning.—From a Painting by Jervis McEntee, N.A.

Royal Academy. In the Exhibition of 1872 he had a cabinet-landscape which excited general admiration. The critic of the *London Times*, in his review of the collection, said: "A new name, Jervis McEntee, attached to a landscape of unpretending but rare quality—'November,' with the appropriate line,

'Shade deepening over shade the country round embrowns'—

is, we understand, American. The picture shows what is so rare, an imaginative feeling of the subject—a scene of low hills with a foreground of scrubby woodland, its winter suit of brown here and there enlivened, but very sparingly, with a touch of autumnal scarlet and gold, and a horizon of higher hills of sombre indigo. The picture is too low in tone, and too sombre in sentiment to attract much attention; but it deserves and will reward study, and affixes a mark in the memory to the artist's name." Mr. McEntee has painted very few pictures from his Italian sketches and studies. In 1872 he exhibited at the gallery of the Century Club a cabinet reminiscence of a 'Scene on the Via Appia, near Rome,' which was greatly admired for its atmospheric effect.

As examples of Mr. McEntee's work we engrave a winter-scene entitled 'The Danger Signal,' and an 'Autumn Morning.' The latter picture is a striking specimen of his style, and is interesting as an illustration of the field of landscape Art, which, it has been said, belongs exclusively to this artist's pencil. The group of trees in the left foreground is tinted with autumn colours as well as the bushes in the middle-ground, where the light is concentrated. The mountain in the distance is tinged with crimson tones in harmony with the autumn colours of the landscape. Although our engraving lacks the colours of the original work, the sentiment of the scene portrayed has been well reproduced.

'The Danger Signal' is the most striking picture that has been sent from Mr. McEntee's easel outside of his usual line of subjects. It represents a driving snow-storm, and the train of cars has been brought to a full stop by the red lantern which the trackman is swinging in the foreground. The snow lies in wave-like drifts across the track, and the light from the headlight of the locomotive strikes the partly-covered rails and their frosty covering with strong effect. There is great dramatic force shown in the composition.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

VI.—THE DINING-ROOM.



HERE is great danger that we, who after a sort are fanatics, may fatigue those who are not. It is with this fear that I present the subject of the Dining-room once more, and I trust the great array who enjoy the *Art Journal* may be induced with a sufficiency of patience to bear with me.

The last paper treated briefly, but as intelligently as we knew how in such short space, of the great revival of Art termed the "Renaissance," which had this great merit to balance its defects—that it excited or wakened in the minds of most civilised peoples a very great interest in all that pertains to good and excellent living. Before the period of the "Renaissance" but little *Art* had been applied inside the house; of that little a few pieces remain to us scattered here and there. In all rude times life is mainly devoted to the struggle for existence either against one's enemies or against

form, or stool: a piece of plank into which were stuck legs. By-and-bye the back was added, then came the cushion, then decoration, then delicate perception of form, until now we occasionally see in the chair a combination of use, beauty, and luxury.



Fig. 1.—Mantelpiece.

what we call Nature, so that no time or thought can be spared for what we term "Art." The Table was then a "board" standing upon trestles or horses, and the phrase remains; so that we speak still of the hospitable board, &c. The Chair, too, was a bench, or



Fig. 2.—Hanging Cupboard.

Before the Renaissance—that is during the Gothic period—Art was in some small degree applied to the interiors—to the uses of life, but not devotedly. What examples remain to us indicate rudeness, absence of comfort, little delicacy of living; but what was done bore the stamp of honesty. No attempt was made at veneering; everywhere the construction was to be seen, pegs and pins showed their heads. During the Renaissance, the greater delicacy and refinement ran into surface work, decoration, weakness; until in the time of Louis XV. the forms were tortured, brilliancy became gaudiness, ornamentation excessive, and luxuriousness vulgar.

Against all this there is now, in England and America, a revolt. We are reacting and strongly against superficial and meretricious work: we are demanding honesty and sincerity; and justly, properly. But already there are signs that the reaction is creating among shallow men a sort of "*Puritanism*"—men who are dominated by an idea, and who cannot make an idea their willing slave. They would forbid colour on the wall: no, it must tint through the whole plaster; that only is honest; why not demand that the stone-wall shall appear on the inside and say that the plaster too is a sham? They forbid us also to use any tint on our woods; we must have the natural colour, because that is honest; and so they go without brains or practical "faculty." I have seen already chairs and sideboards made with square sticks for legs; no taper, no chamfer, no delicacy. Like all *doctrinaires*, they will make a good idea preposterous or ridiculous, and so we may be driven away from it, to protect ourselves against the doings of fools.

No, let us beware of these; while we demand sincerity and purpose in our designs, and honesty in our workmanship, let us not cut ourselves off from any good thing in form, decoration, or comfort, whether we find it among the Greeks, the French, or the Jibways. We are and must be cosmopolitan and assimilate all to our own uses. We will have the strength and sincerity of the Goths, combined with the delicacy and grace of the Italians. We will use our beautiful woods, but we will fashion them to suit our own good taste, and tint them so that they may gratify the quiet eye; we will use paint here and gold there certainly.

But always with restraint, with moderation, with GOOD SENSE, which is the master of GOOD TASTE.

We are now reacting from over-ornamentation, and seeking simplicity; and simplicity, severity is better than floridness certainly.

But ornamentation is good, and it has this great use, that it gives value to the work; it tells that the designer and the workman have spent time and thought upon the work; in fine, they have made the wood or iron or stone HUMAN, and thus interesting. But, if the

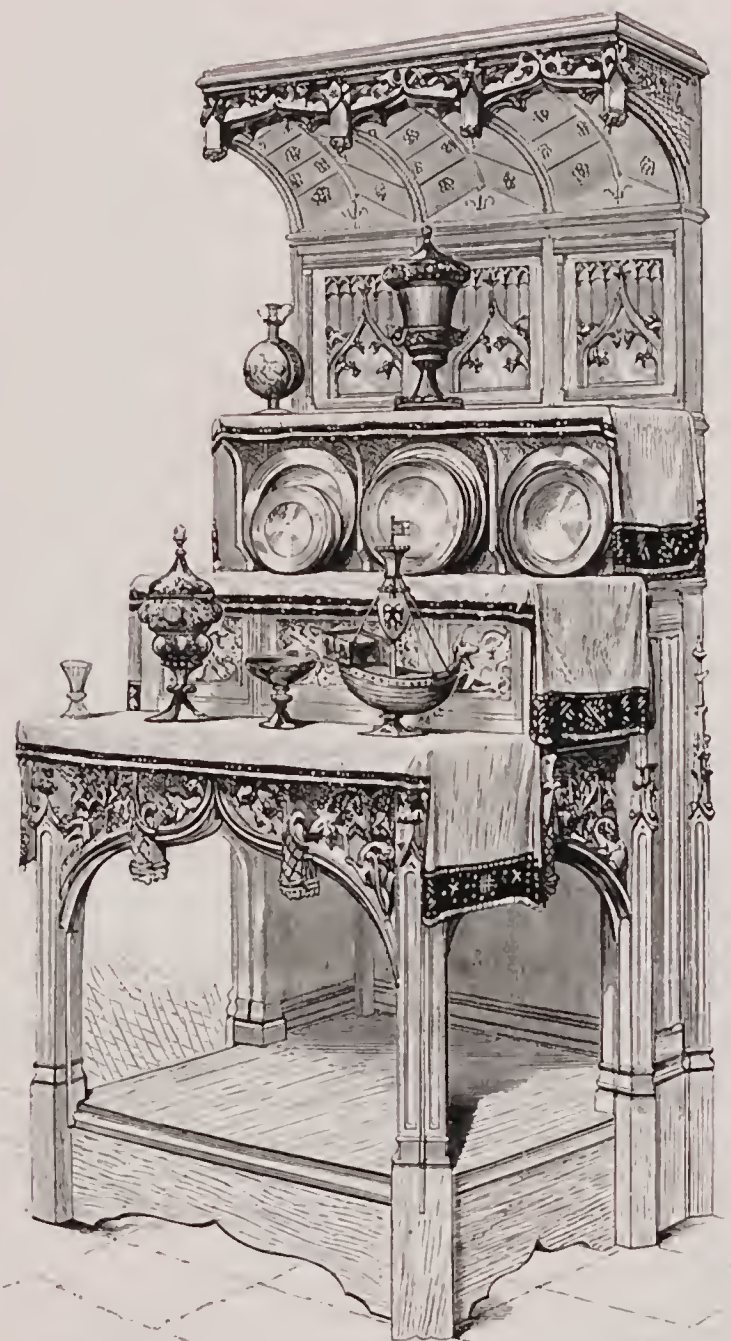


Fig. 3.—*Dressoir.*

ornament is excessive, we are hurt; we protest that there is waste, that the thing is subordinate to its ornament, which is always wrong.

This *principle* applies to dress, dinners, to everything in life. But no one can say, so much and no more of ornamentation is correct; every one must hold himself well in hand and make his own rule.

NATURE—we are everywhere and by almost everybody directed to study Nature—she will tell us what is right. We are told constantly that Nature is friendly, beneficent. The universality of this thing is marvellous. Why everybody should continue to repeat the words of a parrot is mysterious.

The truth is, and it is apparent, that man is constantly and always at war with Nature. We are fighting out her cold and her heat, her winds and her waters, her poisons and her pestilences. We kill her snakes and her tigers, her mosquitoes and fleas, or we are killed by them. She sends weeds and always sends them; we will not have them, we demand wheat and have to fight for it; she sends us caterpillars and curculios and rosebugs; we wage war on them, we want fruit and roses; we can only get them by warring with Nature, which those poets call our Mother! This, then, is one of those whimsies that it is quite time we should grow out of.

Nature furnishes the raw materials for life, and it remains for man to clutch them and fashion them if he has the strength to do it. The column and the statue are in the rock certainly, the table is in the tree, the machine in the iron-ore, but they remain there

until man forces Nature to let go her hold: and she does not let go her hold but by great and persistent persuasion.

Art, with which we have to do, is always and everywhere in opposition to Nature. Household Art has to use the log of wood, the bar of iron, the coloured earth, and to make them by art and work into useful and beautiful things for the delectation of man. The great life is his who forces Nature to yield him the most: so that there is no life without work.

But how many people believe there is!

Principles are perhaps of less value than examples in treating the subject we have in hand; and in this paper we propose to give some examples of styles which are in opposition to what may be called a florid way of treating wood. Some of these have been put into practice with a reasonable degree of satisfaction.

The thing itself, whether mantel-piece, table, or chair, must be expressed and plainly; it must be adapted to its uses, and it must then have to a greater or less degree these additions—good form, good proportion, and harmony of decoration.

The mantel-piece (Fig. 1) is a good piece of work, designed not only for the fireplace, but also to give the uses of a mirror, and shelves for the care and display of china and other ornamental bits of workmanship. Of all the rooms in the house the dining-room should be one of the gayest and most cheerful. While we are to eat and “enjoy the fruits of the earth,” we need not do it simply as pigs do. We can and should in the dining-room minister also to the pleasure which comes through the eye. But the enjoyment which comes from pictures, statues, and what is termed “high-art,” requires an undivided attention, and therefore these are not suited to the dining-room; in it we do and we should appeal more to the senses than to what is called the soul.

True, there are fine creatures who cannot accept the fact that they are carnal. The fine picture and the fine sermon, both are good; but is not the deliciously roasted bird also good? While we are upon the earth let us accept the things of earth and make of them a perennial delight.

The objects which decorate the dining-room, therefore, should speak to the finer sense, but they should be such things as speak simply and to a divided attention. Fine chinas, and *faïences*, may therefore be displayed on the buffet—and also upon the mantel-piece, as is partially shown in our sketch.

This mantel-piece was designed and built for a New York house



Fig. 4.—*Sideboard.*

of modest outlay. It has no elaborate carvings, the wood being fashioned and cut sufficiently to satisfy a quiet glance that it is carefully treated.

The wood is ash, treated with an antique tone and with some

slight touches of crimson. The pilasters are filled with well-painted stork-tiles on a dull-green ground; and above the mirror are a few flower-tiles upon the same ground; these give light and life, and with some pieces of china or brass or silver encourage a spirit of cheerfulness which we in our over-worked land so grievously need.

That we are earthly creatures and not heavenly, is proved by our sympathy with earthly things. The cheeriest of mortals is not likely to continue so if enclosed within dull and dreary walls—such as most dining-rooms, I lament to say, are; nor can the grimmest of Quakers wholly resist the cheerful influences we are now urging upon their attention.

Our engraving does not show a perfected fireplace, because it lacks the wood and the flaming tongues, which again are coming into use; let us rejoice at it. Whoever has a fire of logs, "leetle tronks of trees," or a sea-coal fire, has a good thing, for which he should return thanks.

In arranging such a mantel-piece for a library or living-room the small shelf-spaces could be used for books wholly if desired,



Fig. 6.—Cross-back Chair and Chandos Table.

while they would in the dining-room be better filled with china, glass, and other examples of plastic art.

In Fig. 2 is shown a small hanging cupboard or *cellaret*, which is both useful and ornamental. The cupboard part can be used as a lock-up, and the drawers will always find occupants, while the shelf parts may be decorated with chinas or pots or vases of flowers.

These small things do much, much more than their cost, to make a room beautiful and human. I think we cannot do too much towards endowing our rooms with human characteristics. Whatever is done to the pieces of furniture which shows that the artist loved what he was doing, and *knew* what he was doing, whatever is done of faithful work, these endow the wood or the brass with a human interest. Whatever is done as a mere display, intended to astound the vulgar, is inhuman and bad. Those who occupy the room can themselves do much, giving to it the flavour of their own humanity, a few portraits, a line of motto, a pot of flowers, a pet bird, and above all a cat, that lovely household beast of the forest, who loves and is loved; all such things harmonise the room.

But do not crowd it with dried grass, or crooked sticks, or brittle funguses; and do not *crowd* it with anything!

The sideboard, *buffet*, *dressoir* (dresser), by whatever name it be called, is always most useful, and may be most ornamental.

It is not likely that the Greeks or Romans had such a piece of furniture. It appears to have come into use during the later Middle Ages, when the ferocity of perpetual wars had enough subsided to permit earls and dukes to preserve vessels of gold and silver for personal use. Then the *dressoir* was devised to hold them, to show them, to

dress them for sight. It seems that when one king or duke visited another, it was not unusual to carry a *dressoir* loaded with gold and silver vessels in the procession, and to leave it at the lodgings of the guest.

As luxury and elaborate festivals came to prevail, the *dressoir* grew in importance, and in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance time its form indicated the rank of the owner. A *dressoir* with five steps or stages was only possible for kings and queens, and the lower the rank the fewer the stages. Etiquette was then as positive as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But these stages of course meant something, and then etiquette had a reason: it was that the king had the wealth to fill with golden cups the five shelves, while the baronet could only fill two. Mr. Shoddy now can fill more stages with gold than any king, and he laughs at etiquette: such is "progress."

We give in Fig. 3 a fine example of one of these *dressoirs* from Viollet le Duc, with three stages. It is certainly well designed and very decorative, while it does not do away with the need of our sideboard, which can be closed and locked.

I would like to direct attention to the Napkin as used here to protect the wood and the vessels, which in itself is ornamental. I cannot but think this is a practice to be commended to all our readers.

While this *dressoir* or dresser does not answer all the purposes of a sideboard, having no cupboards, it is very ornamental. In our day we know "the dresser" only as a sideboard for the kitchen.

A distinction in those mediæval days was recognised between the *dressoir* and the *buffet*. The *dressoir*, furnished with shelves for the display of silver, &c. (see Fig. 3), stood against the wall.



Fig. 7.—Francis Chairs.

The *buffet* often stood in the middle of the room, and was made with cupboards to contain articles which were to be set out upon

its shelves. It seems to correspond more nearly to our sideboard.

Some of our readers wish to see and know what can be had which is not too costly for the many people of moderate means.

In Fig. 4 may be seen a small *SIDEBOARD* from one of my own designs, which may possibly meet this demand; we give it here, therefore, in preference to more expensive and more decorated pieces of work. It is about three feet wide only, and the top of the table is some three feet from the floor. It contains much in little, having two cupboards and two drawers, besides the top where glass and china can be displayed. For a small room this will serve a good purpose. In a

large room I like much to see an ample sideboard, even to seven, eight, or ten feet in width. When furnished with chinas, glass, silver, and brass dishes, it is most attractive. In such a large room, besides this grand piece, other smaller pieces like the *dressoir* shown in Fig. 3 are most useful and may be made ornamental.

The question is often asked, what style do you call this—in Figs. 1, 2, 4? Is it a copy of the Mediæval, the Gothic, the Roman, or what? Is it Eastlake? It is none of these. It is an attempt to express a useful purpose, with fine lines, with modest decoration, and with honest construction. As it seems to me, it becomes poor and ridiculous for us to attempt to follow blindly Greek forms or Mediæval forms or Renaissance forms. The true designer will not copy these, but will use them to express his own sense of the *best*. Those forms and ornaments were good for their time, and many are beautiful, but they are not, with rare exceptions, good for us. Over-ornamentation has been the bane of modern design. In the nature of the case you cannot have the back of the chair upon which you are to rest carved in relief; it must hurt and disturb you—and that is enough. Yet this sort of thing has been done for a century. So, too, it is not good Art for a column or any heavy weight to rest on the head of a dog or other animal: good sense is offended, it could not be; it is not good taste or good Art.

Over-ornamentation, I repeat, has been one of our crying sins, which we now resist. No man will wish to spend his life with a "furbelowed" sideboard, as he would not with a "furbelowed" woman. The true woman understands this, and feels that neatness "wears," and finery does not. Mr. Eastlake has done an excellent work in rousing attention to the fact that there is such a thing as *Household Art*, and for this he deserves thanks. Some of the examples given in his book are drawn from Mediæval and early Renaissance times,

and are good; but many of them which he inclines to praise seem to me very far from good, and some of them bad, while all are costly. Few designers can appreciate the judicious use of means and work. Expense *is* to be considered, and the good artist will try to accomplish his ends with as little waste of work as possible.

To return to a name for this style of work: it is not easy to invent a name, and perhaps none can be invented, which will answer. If obliged to coin one, I should like to try "*The Homelike Style*," because the main purpose of it is not display, ostentation or luxury, but to help to make the home-life beautiful.

In no case would I sacrifice *comfort* to a designer's whim; we must combine use and comfort with beauty. Such should be our effort.

Designs for *DINING-TABLES* are manifold, and fortunately all people do not wish the same.

Most of those made during the last twenty years have opened in the middle, to extend on either side; the table when shut being supported by a pillar, which divides when it is extended. This has been called the "*Telescope-table*;" it has been and is a good table if *thoroughly made*, but, if not, it too soon becomes a ramshackle affair.

Many wish to use a steadier, more substantial, and real "*board*," and various plans have been devised; among others the plan of having a centre-piece or table of a given size, say six feet, which shall be solid and firm. At either end of this may be placed, when wanted, another table with or without a leaf, and the three tables together can therefore be extended enough for larger occasions.

This, however, involves three tables, which sometimes demand more standing-room than can be had.

The table (Fig. 5) was designed for the Household Art Company, to combine in one table firmness and a capacity of extension.

The middle portion, it will be seen, is steady and firm, supported by permanent legs; from either end other legs pull out with slides, which slides sustain the leaves to be added. The arrangement of the slides is carefully and strongly made beneath the top, and in such a way that it is almost impossible for them to get into disrepair. Experience proves this to be well devised for the purpose. Another peculiarity of this table is, that the legs and rails are set in so far from the edge of the "*board*" that they cannot and do not collide with the knees of the sitter

—a palpable good. This table is susceptible of a good deal of decoration, which does not appear upon the simple drawing here presented.

Our engraving (Fig. 6) presents a most convenient, pleasing,

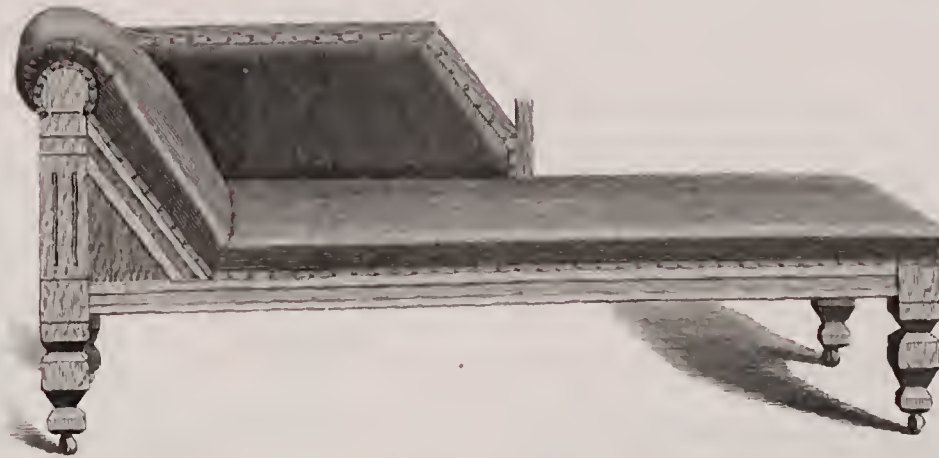


Fig. 8.—Lounge.



Fig. 9.—Brass Dish.

and portable table, sometimes called the "Ladder-leg," also the "Chandos," which is not only strong but inexpensive. This design grew out of an antique table which I bought in Warwickshire, Old England. The arrangement is one which has been in use for three centuries there, and can hardly be improved. When open the table has a wide and firm base; when closed it shuts up to a space of twelve inches. This is a convenient table for a dining-room, and, indeed, for any other room in the house, and may be put to many uses.

In the "good old times," it was customary for the diners to sit upon one side only of the table; the other side being free for the servants to aid them. It is a question, in view of the dreadful fact that gravy in heedless hands does sometimes stream down upon your best dress, whether you would not yourself prefer to dine in that way. It is certainly more free and open, and it might well be more elegant.

In those days the dinner was plainly the great event of the day, an event not to be lightly esteemed.

Our way of eating in a hurry, eating to live, not caring what we eat, is but little above the beasts' way. But it entails upon us more than it does upon the pigs—viz., dyspepsia: no doubt you, gentle reader, know what that is?

CHAIRS for the dining-room are almost as numberless as the population. The great chair-factories supply most of those in ordinary use, and among them are some fair designs. The main objection to them is, that, in the desire to make them ornamental, most of them are made up of many pieces, which for the sake of cheapness must be rapidly put together, and consequently are liable to come apart rapidly, as too many of them do.

I regret to say that it is impossible to combine thoroughness and cheapness. Care is necessary for thoroughness, and care is time, and time is money. No public is to be commended which demands cheapness to the sacrifice of quality. A dining-room chair needs to be comfortable, but should not be a lounging-chair. The seat should not be over *eighteen* inches deep, and the back should be well up so as to support the sitter without his sinking backward. Straight, perpendicular backs are now being devised by the purists, I suppose because the monks of the 1200's made their chairs with perpendicular backs; no doubt they did.

But we need not now follow their example any more than we need to wear sandals. A chair to sit in should be made with a sloping back, but for a dinner-chair the seat should not depart far from the upright.

The chair pictured in Fig. 6, described as a cross-back chair,



Fig. 10.—Wall-Light.

while not an expensive one is a handsome, a useful, and a comfortable one. The "style" dates back a long way, but in the old time the back was perpendicular, while in this it has a slant. A chair in my possession much like this has the straight back;

and, although a hundred and fifty years old, is in good condition.

In Fig. 7 is seen the Francis chair or chairs, which are ample and comfortable, eminently fit for a dining-room. These show



Fig. 11.—Side-Burners.

their frames boldly; the squares are carved; the backs being cushioned, the comfort is enhanced; the seats are cushioned over springs. It is a serious question whether dining-room chairs should not be made always with solid or simple cushions, and not with springs. For myself I say, yes, and for this reason mainly—that in the serious business of dining you do not wish to feel insecure. Upon springs there is not that firm seat which we delight in. Would you put springs into your saddle? Not at all. A cushion may be easy and comfortable without springs, and it will last longer. These chairs are covered with leather, which on the whole is one of the best coverings for a dining-room seat. The brass nails, backed with dark-green bands, give some needed life and brilliancy.

The *lounge* accompanying the chairs (Fig. 8) is a simple and convenient couch, which now finds a place in many dining-rooms. It has its uses, for, after dining, who would not catch a nap who could?

The feasts of the ancients—the Greeks, the Romans—appear to have been served to the guests reclining on couches, and the dining-table and chair may be termed a modern invention. Chairs, although of ancient date in the luxurious courts of ancient Asia, seem to have been affairs of state, thrones rather than seats for ordinary life. The mass of the people sat on the floor, as they do to this day. It is not easy for us to believe their way as good as ours. There is something effective, complete, brilliant, in a well-dressed dining-table, with its snowy damask, its crystal glass, its finely-glazed china, its glittering silver; and, when the company is worthy, what better entertainment can we devise? But we have yet to learn one great lesson of the dining-table, a great one, viz., to talk as a whole, in harmony; so far we cannot do it. Should Sydney Smith, or Macaulay, sit at our feasts, and drop from his mouth the honeyed words of wisdom or wit, not a man-jack would listen; no, he too must buzz into his neighbour's ear his little lay. No one wishes to listen to another, and no one will wait his turn to talk. Further than that, it is almost impossible to stay our mercurial fellows upon any one topic until it can be treated with respect; each one, man or woman, flies from flower to flower with the rapidity of a highly-electrified bee, not always sipping honey. Excited, eager, hasty, superficial, so we talk, so we eat, so we work, so we live. Shall we ever learn?

I would that the apostle of dining might appear to set us one example; or has the day gone by? Has repose departed, never to return?

We can but faintly picture to ourselves the luxury of reclining on easy couches, surrounded by delicately-dressed and perfumed friends, care banished, watches stopped, and "enjoying" the fruits



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

ENGRAVED BY E. STODART, FROM THE GROUP BY J. ADAMS ACTON.

of the earth and the electric play of mind; *that* the Greeks did. We, in our "happy land," are rushing as though a whip were behind us—but whither?

Consider, for a moment, what a charm might be enjoyed by a small party of chosen spirits, who have not only the delightful power of talking well, but that also of listening well; how the ball would go from one to another along the length of the table, with grace, with surprise, with spirit! This would indeed help to make life what life might be, enjoyable. Whenever—if ever—the amazing activities of our people are directed to doing this, we may hope for better things.

Among the most effective decorations for the dining-room may be a brass *repoussé* dish (Fig. 9), showing a picture of Diane de Poitiers arrayed in the stiff ruff which we have come to associate with the person of Queen Elizabeth of England. This style of beaten brass dates back to the Greeks, but it was much in vogue in Europe in the days of Benvenuto Cellini, who was a wonderful gold-

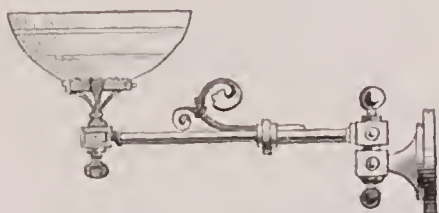


Fig. 12.—Wall-Light.

smith and worker in metals. These antique dishes are mostly found collected in the museums of Europe, and are highly valued. But reproductions like this are now made in France, and are good and cheap. The same style of work is shown in the wall-light (Fig. 10) made by a very skillful English workman in London. These not only are ornamental in themselves, but they throw off the light effectively, brilliantly, and pleasingly.

Brass is again asserting itself as one of the most genuine, useful, and agreeable of metals for interior decoration.

About the LIGHTING of a dining-room much may be said and devised. A handsome chandelier is a handsome thing. We are now making them of brass, in simple yet ornamented forms, which are a vast improvement upon the old styles of brown lacquered things so long in vogue, so meaningless, so hateful. Beautiful is polished brass, beautiful also glittering glass; but can any one say a word of good when the fine brass is *painted over* with a dull coat of French lacquer? In a large room the chandelier has a conspicuous position, and may be most effective and satisfactory. But in a small room I most admire the wall-lights; rather let us have the light come from behind than from above. It is not unlikely that too much heat shall fall down upon you, if the chan-

delier above your head is not quite high. In the best houses of Europe now these centre chandeliers are supplied with candles rather than gas, while the sconces, or wall-lights, may be fed with gas or candles, as one may choose.

These side-lights, or sconces, may be placed on either side of the sideboard and the mantel-piece, one or both. It is better to have them on two sides of the room. It is also very pleasant to have

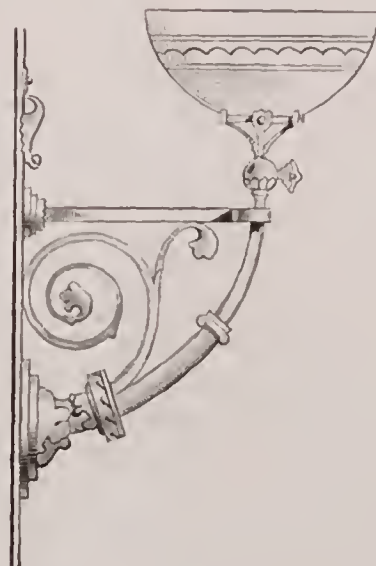


Fig. 13.—Wall-Light.

one set, those by the sideboard, to burn gas, and those on the chimney-breast made for candles. Many designs are now produced, and many very good ones; some are wholly of brass, some enclose a bit of mirror or a plaque of pottery.

We picture here three examples (Figs. 11, 12, 13), all of which are good. Fig. 11 shows three burners, and for a moderate dining-room these three burners will give all the light needed. I like the spring of the arms which hold the two side-burners, and I like the truncated shades better than the globes which have long been in use. Figs. 12 and 13 are examples of wall-lights with single burners, which were designed for me in England, and I think to most persons they will seem satisfactory. There is now a good number of designs from which to select, and these wall-lights have this merit in these "times," that they are a great deal less costly than chandeliers. In England, consequent upon a severer and simpler taste which now prevails, many of these arrangements for light are made with iron pipes in place of brass, which are painted of various colours to suit the taste of the decorator. I have seen none in this country.

Light means life, and therefore it should be welcomed, and it should be thoughtfully and delicately treated.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Engraved by E. STODART from the Group of Sculpture by J. ADAMS-ACTON.

WE do not call to mind any portion of Scott's fine poem where Ellen, the "lady," and Lufra, the dog, are brought together before the reader; but each is described in different cantos. The sculptor appears to have had in his mind, when modelling Ellen, the opening lines in which she is first introduced to the reader, when, having crossed the lake, she hears the horn of Lord Fitzjames:—

"The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head uprais'd, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand."

Canto i., Stanza 17.

Ellen's companionship with Lufra, the favourite hound of her father, the Douglas, is thus related by the poet:—

"But Lufra had been fondly bred
To share his board, to watch his bed.
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came."

Canto v., Stanza 25.

The sculptor, therefore, has done well to associate them in his composition—such devoted friends ought not to be separated, even in marble—where, as here, they stand in loving and confiding companionship, the dog looking up to its mistress as she lays her hand lightly on the head of the gallant hound. Ellen's figure is easy in attitude, and not ungraceful, but it is so amply clothed in light drapery, and rather elegantly arranged, that but few traces of the modelling are visible. It will be seen that in the expression of the face the sculptor has not adhered to the text of the quotation, but has rather used it as a sketch to work from.

THE PAINTER PILS.



ASHIONS in Art change. The race of painters of vast military pictures is passing away. Those especially who trod in the steps of Vernet, who covered acres of canvas with multitudes of soldiers, miles of fortifications, and illimitable plains, swarming with troops and dim with the smoke and dust of conflict, belong essentially to the past. The rising military painters of France, such as Detaille and De Neuelle, tread more in the footsteps of Meissonier than in those of Vernet. With the cessation of the great victories of France seems to have come a change in the ideas of her military artists.

One of those who belonged essentially to the school now passed away, and who was among the best, as well as one of the latest exponents of its ideas, is also one of the latest losses that French Art has been called upon to mourn. A few months ago died the subject of this paper, the painter Pils, the creator of several of the best-known of the military pictures in the galleries of Versailles, officer of the Legion of Honour, member of the Institute (the French Academy of Fine Arts), and officer of the Academy.

ISIDORE ALEXANDRE AUGUSTE PILS was born in Paris the 7th day of November, 1815. His father's wishes, as well as his own inclinations, impelled him to the choice of an artistic career, and at the age of fifteen he entered as a student the *atelier* of M. Lethière. On the death of that artist, some two years later, he became the pupil of M. Picot, under whose care he studied assiduously for over two years. These years were trying and painful ones for the young artist, and only a peculiarly bright and cheery temperament and a great enthusiasm for his chosen Art enabled him victoriously to surmount the obstacles in his path. Pressed by poverty, it was only by executing at night such work as he could best obtain payment for, that he managed to procure the means of existence without too frequently having recourse to the slender purse of his father. The charm of his nature and the intelligence and enthusiasm with which he pursued his studies, won for him the warm friendship of his master, a friendship whose ties were only severed by the death of M. Picot.

In 1835 M. Alaun was charged by the government with the task of restoring the frescoes of the gallery of Henri II. at the palace of Fontainebleau, and applied to M. Picot for the aid of one of his best pupils. The choice of M. Picot fell upon Pils. The works at the palace lasted for over a year, and to this year the artist was ever after accustomed to refer as one of the happiest of his life. During his stay at Fontainebleau he executed some charming pictures of interiors, taken from different rooms of the palace, and also a number of landscape studies of points of view in the celebrated forest. He returned to Paris in the beginning of the year 1836, intending to compete for the Prix de Rome, but a serious illness and lack of funds compelled him to take refuge in the hospital St.-Louis, where he remained for three months. The next year he only gained a second prize, but the third year he carried off the first with a large composition, representing St. Peter healing a cripple at the gates of the Temple. He was at this time just twenty-three years of age, and he had been studying for eight years, two under M. Lethière and six under M. Picot.

Now, fortunate winner of the Prix de Rome, it is probable that the young artist imagined that his trials and troubles were well nigh ended. If so, he was grievously mistaken. The years that he was destined to pass at Rome were full of suffering and disappointment. The climate, so far from aiding his already feeble health, produced a deleterious effect upon his constitution. After some time spent in studying the galleries and the antiquities of Rome, he set to work on the first of the annual pictures which by the laws of the Institute every winner of the prize of Rome must forward. But a new attack of illness, similar to that which had so lately confined him for three months to a hospital-bed, came to prostrate his energies. He arose from his sick-bed to set to work at his picture. The subject was 'Adam and Eve driven forth from Paradise.' He was far from being satisfied with this fruit of

his hours of weakness and discouragement. He imparted his opinion and his fears to his ever-kind friend and faithful instructor, M. Picot, who tried to cheer him with the hope that he had misjudged his own work. But the report of the Institute on the picture was wholly unfavourable, and so, in a modified form, was that of M. Picot. Kindly yet firmly he explained to his former pupil the defects of the work, and exhorted him to further study and renewed efforts. Sick, disheartened, discouraged, but not overwhelmed, the young artist set about his second picture, and also sketched his 'Christ preaching in a Boat,' which he finished later.

His second annual painting represented an archer. It was a little less severely blamed than his Adam and Eve had been, yet it was far from being a success. Horace Vernet in particular did not hesitate to impart to Pils his highly unfavourable opinion of the picture. The blow was a severe one, yet the young artist rose superior to all the strokes of destiny. He sketched and sent to M. Picot his first conception of the picture which he intended for his third annual painting. The subject was 'A Saint healing a Blind Man.' M. Picot praised the composition of this work and gave Pils some useful hints. The picture was finished, and was so far an improvement over its predecessors as to obtain a certain amount of praise. Pils then set to work on a large and important painting, the 'Christ preaching in a Boat' which he had sketched out some three years before. But his health failed so rapidly that he was unable to complete it, and he finally came to the resolution of leaving Rome. "I shall long remember Italy," he exclaimed bitterly as he took his departure. He had passed six years in Rome—six years into which had been crowded the concentrated bitterness and trials of a century. Sickness, discouragement, disappointment, the sense of failure, the knowledge of uncompleted work and of fruitless endeavour, such had been the Roman experience of Pils.

To utilize the knowledge which he had acquired in that painful sojourn health itself was lacking. Another six months at the hospital St.-Louis were necessary before the artist could set to work. This melancholy period was, however, brightened by an order from government of a scene from the life of St. Mary Magdalene, and destined for the church of the Madeleine at Rouen. The Academy also decreed to him the Latour-Landry prize of the value of thirteen hundred francs. On his convalescence he set to work with renewed energy, finished his 'Christ preaching,' and sent it to the *Salon*, where it obtained a second-class medal. Nor did a relapse of his malady hinder him from completing his 'Death of St. Mary Magdalene,' which figured at the Exhibition in 1847.

In January, 1848, he again fell ill, and was again forced to enter the hospital. When he came forth in the month of March it was to find Paris all aflame with revolutionary ideas and wild with the fierce animation of the Second Republic. Under the inspiration of that exciting atmosphere, Pils painted his 'Rouget de l'Isle singing for the First Time the Marseillaise in the House of Dietrich, Mayor of Strasbourg.' This picture obtained at once a wide-spread celebrity. It was the first great success ever obtained by Pils. His hour had come at last. The 'Rouget de l'Isle' was exhibited at the *Salon* of 1849, and the engraving executed from it became immensely popular. The patriotic enthusiasm of the hour had furnished the turning-point in that long career of patient suffering and undaunted perseverance. There was a touch of inspiration about the conception of the work, a vitality in the principal figures, an earnestness and an animation that had hitherto been lacking in the works of the patient and painstaking artist. It was the success of this picture that turned the attention of Pils towards military subjects, and in painting these he achieved his highest fame. Not that he changed suddenly and entirely his style, but the 'Rouget de l'Isle' furnished a fresh starting-point in his career.

In 1850 he exhibited his 'Death of a Sister of Charity,' the reproduction of a scene he had himself witnessed. His hospital experience furnished the subject for another painting, the 'Prayer in a Hospital.' The composition of these two works is simple, yet full of grandeur. In them also is revealed the predilection of Pils for painting children, an inclination which he afterwards fully satis-

fied in the groups of little angels which decorate the chapel of St.-André at St.-Eustache. His next important work was 'Soldiers distributing Bread to the Indigent,' exhibited at the *Salon* of 1852.

Two years later the Crimean War broke out, and in 1855 Pils exhibited his 'Trenches before Sevastopol,' a remarkable picture which stamped him at once as one of the first military painters of the epoch. It is now in the Museum at Bordeaux. It attracted at once, not only the attention of the public but that of the government as well, and the artist received two important orders, one from Prince Napoleon for the 'Disembarkation of the French Army in the Crimea,' and another from the state for the 'Battle of the Alma.' The first-named work was finished and exhibited in 1857. The artist had not been tempted by the nature of his subject to spread his conception over a gigantic canvas. The picture is of moderate dimensions. The point of view is admirably chosen, embracing as it does, the sea, covered with ships and transports, and the vast extent of shore whereon the disembarkation of the troops is taking place. The figures of soldiers and of generals, skilfully proportioned and grouped without confusion, were admirably painted, nearly all of them being portraits. For this fine work Pils received a first-class medal at the *Salon*, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

In painting the 'Battle of the Alma,' he was not less successful. One great difficulty interposed itself to his work; he had never been to the Crimea, and consequently was unacquainted with the peculiarities of scenery and soil, necessary to the realistic development of his ideas. Fortunately, many of the officers who had served in the Crimea were amateur artists of no mean merit, and their sketch-books were freely placed at the disposal of the painter. Thus aided, Pils set to work, and after sketching and changing his idea of the scene some two or three times, he finally settled upon the conception as it now exists. General Bosquet and his staff occupy the foreground. The French army is represented at the moment that it crossed the Alma and ascended the heights, thus turning the Russian positions and assuring the success of the day. The moment was happily chosen, for this turning moment was the culminating point in the battle. This picture, now at Versailles, won for Pils the grand *médaille d'honneur*, and confirmed in public estimation his fame as one of the first military painters of the day.

After tasting the sweets of imperial patronage, Pils was soon destined to become acquainted with its bitterness. In 1861, the Emperor ordered from him a picture, intended for the Museum at Versailles, and representing the interview of the Arab chiefs with Napoleon III. on the occasion of that sovereign's visit to Algeria in the preceding year. He eagerly accepted the commission, and started at once for Algeria, where he remained for two years. He was enchanted with African scenery and the wild life of the Arabs; he studied, sketched, and painted unceasingly, without, however, neglecting the picture which was the primary object of his journey. Of it he made a superb sketch, skilfully shadowing beneath the shelter of a vast tent the unpicturesque group of the official *cortège* accompanying the Emperor. On his return to France he had no difficulty in obtaining sittings from all the personages represented, except from the Emperor and the Empress, the latter, with true feminine caprice, refusing positively to give the artist even a single sitting. The picture in its unfinished state was exhibited at the great Paris Exhibition of 1867, where the fine and power-

fully painted figures of the Arab chiefs contrasted singularly with the dim outlines that represented the Emperor and the Empress.

In 1863, Pils was elected Professor at l'École des Beaux-Arts, and he became member of the Academy in 1868, being chosen to replace his old master and friend M. Picot, who died in that year. He filled his new functions admirably, and was greatly beloved by his pupils. The few years that immediately followed his accession to the last-named dignity were marked by a sensible improvement in his health. In 1870-'71 he insisted upon remaining in Paris during the siege, and as he was still too delicate for military service, he devoted himself to perpetuating by his pencil the heroic deeds of his countrymen. He worked in the open air, braving the rigor of that most inclement winter. Thus, at the Porte d'Auteuil, he executed that noble series of water-colours that added so much to his fame. His tumbler of water while he painted was placed on a hot brick to keep it from freezing, and often the paint would congeal upon his brush before it could be conveyed to the paper.

The last serious toil of his life was the execution of the four fresco-paintings that decorate the vault of the grand staircase of the new Opera-House. On these gigantic compositions, representing the triumph of the Arts, Pils expended all of energy and vital power that remained in his exhausted and suffering frame. As usual, his energy and perseverance were far beyond his physical strength. In 1874 he made a short journey to the Pyrenees, in the hope of restoring to some degree his shattered health. There his malady assumed a new and threatening character, and it was evident to all that the end was approaching. But the indomitable will of the artist soared supreme over his physical sufferings. The Opera-House was to be opened in January, and his work must and should be completed. He returned by short stages to Paris. The four vast panels were already in place, and only needed his last touches. For three months the dying artist toiled at his work, sometimes painting himself, at others directing the work of his pupils, and often so feeble that he was forced to be carried up the steps that led to the scaffolding. At last the great frescoes were completed. The day came when Pils was to put his finishing touch to the work by tracing at the base of each picture his signature. He was assisted up the scaffolding and took up the brush. But for the first time the skilful hand refused its functions. The chill grasp of death was upon the painter. The brush dropped from the nerveless fingers. "Children, I can no more," was the piteous plaint wherewith he looked around at the sympathizing and affectionate band of his pupils. One of these took up the brush and affixed the signature of the master who was never to touch pencil or palette more. He was borne home, rallied again, and with the fatal deceptiveness of consumption, his malady even permitted him to hope that he might be restored to comparative health. He undertook, by the advice of his physicians, a journey to Vichy, but obtaining no relief for his sufferings there, he went to the little seaside village of Douarnenez in Brittany. There the slowly approaching crisis overtook him and smote him down. He lingered for a few days delirious and dreaming bright visions of life and Art. He imagined himself to be surrounded by his pupils and giving them advice and directing their toil. Finally, on the morning of the 6th of September, 1875, he expired. The name of Géricault and the words, "To live—to paint," were the last utterances of Pils.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE ROMANCE OF GREAT ARTISTS.*



FRAŃÇOIS HERRERA, "the Old," born at Seville in 1576, and co-disciple of Pacheco, was a fury in Art. He designed with reds, painted with huge brushes, and possessed such an abominable temper that nobody could remain with him; his wife left him, his daughter fled him and took refuge in a convent; his son ran away; his pupils abandoned him. But such was his transcendent talent that he

was overwhelmed with orders from all parts of the world, and, having no one to help him, he employed his female servant as assistant to do the preparatory work of his pictures. After she had daubed the colour on the canvas with a broom, Herrera would then outline his figures, largely draped, and of prodigious effect. Nothing ever modified the fury of his temper but death, which calmed him to quiet in 1656.

Everiste Muñoz, an historical painter, born at Valence in 1601, was a matrimonial victim in an exceptional way. He married at Ma-yorque a lady whose first husband was supposed to have died pri-

* Continued from page 157.

soner in Argel, but who afterwards made his appearance, well and sound, and announced his intention to retake possession of his wife. Muñoz, acting upon the principle that retreat is the better part of valour, retired from the matrimonial field to Ibiza, where he had the further misfortune to encounter the other husband of his wife. Returning to Mayorque, and being piqued at being supplanted as a husband, he married the widow of another soldier, consoling himself that this time his happiness would find no interruption from a prior claimant. But, to his horror, the husband of this woman also returned, and poor Muñoz, feeling himself a general resurrectionist of dead husbands, thenceforth abandoned matrimony.

There is a pretty romance connected with François Ribalta's career. While very young he studied the principles of art at Valence, where he fell desperately in love with the daughter of his master. His love was returned by the young girl, but her father refused to allow her to marry his pupil, giving for a reason that Ribalta was too mediocre, both in talent and knowledge. Ribalta, upon learning this, resolved to distinguish himself, and the young girl made him a vow that she would wait for him four years, and François left for Italy. Meantime the signorina was repeatedly urged by her father to marry, but she always refused, saying she was waiting for Ribalta. One day, after a lapse of more than three years, her lover returned, and, entering his old master's studio, found the artist absent, and a half-finished picture on the easel. Taking up the brushes he finished the picture, and then, being surprised by the entrance of his *fiancée*, a hasty meeting took place, and Ribalta withdrew. When the master returned, seeing his picture so admirably finished, he held up his hands, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Very willingly, my child, would I marry you to a man possessing such execution as that! and you still are dreaming of that miserable Ribalta!" "Yes, father," she replied, "and it was Ribalta who finished your picture." Of course, a gay wedding followed, uniting the faithful lovers.

French artists, for the most part, seem to have loved Art as well as women, sensibly. Claude Lorraine, who knew the sun's rays by heart, had for all time one love, one mistress, Nature herself. Born in poverty and obscurity, he traversed a pathway as rugged as St. Paul, of wreckings on land and sea; but he struggled bravely through his eighty-two years, and died leaving a large wealth of love and money to his nephews and nieces. He was a simple man, of excellent habits, loved peace and tranquillity, and was generous in what most artists are jealous. So ignorant he was that he scarcely knew how to write his name; but in all Nature-love he was unexcelled. He courted Dame Nature with all the ardor of a lover; she leaned and listened to his chivalrous wooing, and repaid his devotion by yielding up to him her sweetest mysteries. He knew all the changing radiance of her face, at sunrise, noon, night, and midnight, the rustle of her draperies, the green and golden richness of her foliage, her moods in sunshine and storm, until she crowned him her prophet, poet, priest.

The gifted Largillière, who loved to portray people in windows, married the daughter of the painter Forest when a bachelor of forty-three. He was very gallant towards women, and overflowed in compliment. "You are so beautiful," he said to one that he was painting, "that one fancies you belong to the race of flowers." He was always bright and gay, lived to be ninety years old, and retained to the last the beautiful infatuation of love, reciting to his wife not long before he died, paralysed as he was, verses he had written on the occasion of their marriage.

Poussin, who "discovered" the Roman Campagna, married at Rome the sister of the artist, Gaspard Duget. The union was a most happy one, he loving her tenderly, and receiving in turn an immeasurable devotion that had saved his life before their marriage. He was one of the handsomest of French artists—tall, black-eyed, fine-faced, and of a firm and noble character.

Lebrun, the portraitist, loved the wife of the engraver Sylvester, and she was the model for most of his beautiful heads. Jacques Courtois, the celebrated battle-painter, married a Florentine lady, and became so exceedingly jealous of her that he poisoned her after seven years of "wretchedness." He then retired into a Jesuitical convent and assumed a monk's habit.

Rigaud, the Vandyck of France, had a romantic time getting a wife. Although very courteous to women, he never liked to paint them. "If I paint them as they are," he would say, "they are

never sufficiently beautiful; and if I paint them as beautiful as they wish to be, there is very little resemblance between the portrait and the original." But to the "romance." One day the lackey of a lady, who had received orders from his mistress to find a painter to decorate the floors of her house, addressed himself to Rigaud, who, being fond of fun, evinced no anger, and asking the lady's address, said he would call, which he did after dining. Being a very fine-looking fellow, and always handsomely dressed, the lady, upon seeing him, at once recognised her mistake, and began to stammer and apologise for the stupidity of her lackey. It ended by hearty merriment, and the acquaintance so oddly begun led to the discovery of merit and congeniality on the part of both. The lady, however, was married, but, her husband dying soon after, left her free to marry Rigaud. Their wedded life was rich in love and full of years. She died after a long illness, through which she was the object of her husband's most devoted care. A few months after her death, as he entered the room where she died, overcome by his emotion, he raised his hands towards heaven, exclaiming, "Ah, I shall soon follow you!" and then falling upon a couch, he died a short time after.

Watteau, the society painter, who gloried in long silken robes, fans, and other adorable elegances that seemed rather to come from fairy kingdoms than toilsome *ateliers*, died at thirty-seven. He was of delicate constitution, irregular in his humour, melancholy, loved solitude, and had such a horror of visitors that he was constantly changing lodgings to avoid them. He was never married. Of the Vernets, who were painters through several generations, Claude Joseph Vernet, the grandfather, fell desperately in love in Italy with an Irish girl, Cecile Virginia Parker, and married her. She possessed a *bizarre*, fanciful temperament, which developed into insanity. Of the four children born of this marriage, one daughter, Emilie, perished during the Terror on the scaffold. One son, Claude-Antoine, known as Carl Vernet, inherited his father's genius and his mother's wild disposition. He dressed in a monk's habit, fell in love with a pair of magnificent eyes, and, being disappointed, threw himself in a cloister. He afterwards married Fanny Moreau, a daughter of the eminent engraver, and they became the parents of Horace Vernet, the battle-painter, who adored soldiers, and painted them in a thousand attitudes. Horace was twice married, the second time to a widow. His only daughter, Louise, married Paul Delaroche.

In passing to Flemish painters, the greatest in art, and possibly the most fortunate in love, was Peter Paul Rubens. He fell in love with his first wife in church, where he went sad and melancholy after the death of his mother, to whom he owed everything. It was twilight, and he saw a young girl in black on her knees weeping and praying, and she, too, mourned for her mother. It was Elizabeth Brandt. She belonged to an honourable *bourgeoise* family, but, her father having died insolvent two years before, she was left poor, and lived with Gudule, an old family-servant. The two women "took in sewing," and Rubens, in order to make the acquaintance of the household interior, ordered some shirts made, and then collars and cuffs needed repairing, and finally he had won the girl's heart. Before this, however, Rubens had been in Italy, and, falling in love there with an Italian girl, became engaged to her in marriage; but the dark-eyed Italianne proved false and married another. Elizabeth only knew Rubens as Peter Paul—knew nothing of his fame, believed him to be poor as herself, and it was only after she received a legacy of fifty thousand florins that she named a wedding-day. Then, when people shouted *vivas* in honour of Rubens and his bride, did she know that her "Pierre" was the young artist. She was good and beautiful. She died seventeen years after their marriage, leaving three children, the portraits of which form one of the prettiest pictures painted by Rubens, now in the Dresden gallery. Her death was deeply deplored by the artist. He wrote of her to a friend: "She had none of the faults of her sex, no pettish moods, no feminine *faiblesse*, nothing only delicacy and goodness." But, as time cures most griefs, Rubens married four years later, when he was fifty-one, a young girl scarcely sixteen. It was Helen Froment, the daughter of a rich and powerful family, and said by some historians to have been his niece. She was of great beauty and intelligence, had scores of suitors, but, being ambitious, she yielded her hand to Rubens, whose fame and princely household gratified her pride. He was desperately in love with her, and she proved a success, playing the

role of the wife of a great man right royally. She had magnificent blond hair, and was the model for Rubens's 'Madeleine.' Of this second marriage five children were born. Rubens died at the age of sixty-three.

Antoine Vandyck, the beloved disciple of Rubens, was the child of artists, his father being a painter on glass and his mother an artist in embroidery. His first love-affair seems to have been at Saventhem, two leagues from Brussels, where he went to decorate a church. He there met a charming young *Fraulein* of aristocratic birth, who taught him love, out of which grew two of his finest pictures—a 'Holy Family,' now destroyed, and 'St. Martin giving half of his Coat to a Beggar'—a marvellous production, in which Vandyck seemed to have put all the beauty he had imbibed in his journey in Italy, from which he had just returned, and his love for the pretty Anna van Orpheun. But Rubens, hearing of this love-affair, and fearful that it would turn Vandyck from art and picture-painting, sent an ambassador to win the ardent young artist back to Art and glory. This messenger was the Chevalier Nanni, who succeeded in rippling the smoothly-running course of that love, and sent Vandyck back to Italy. After five years he returned to Antwerp, and Rubens offered him the hand of his eldest daughter. Then it came out that Vandyck had loved the girl's mother, Elizabeth Brandt; but, although she was dead, the artist was not anxious to marry her child, and, forging excuses of another character, declined the honour his master wished to do him. After a season of great success at Antwerp, Vandyck went to England. Money flowed in upon him; there was no check to his fame and fortune but his wild life, his mistresses, and his extravagances. His life was of great splendour; his pictures sold for enormous sums; he retained his models at dinner to study their faces; and all continued upon a grand scale until suddenly he found that there was an end to money, and he began to be economical. Charles I., being then king, was greatly interested in Vandyck, and, in order to tear him from the reckless life he was leading, married him to the beautiful Marie Ruthven, a Scottish lassie of great qualities, noble, beautiful, and poor, so that the king gave her a dowry. After a tour on the Continent with his bonny bride he returned to England, and died there at the age of forty-two, his habits having ruined his health.

Albert Dürer married, at twenty-three, a Nuremburg maiden, the daughter of a mechanic, Jean Fry, much against his will; but the force brought to bear upon the poor Albert, both from his own father and the parents of the bride, who gilded their "offering" with a dower of two hundred guildens, was too much for him. According to the portraits Dürer made of her she was very beautiful; but, alas for beauty! for she tormented him actually to death. Although they had no children, she gave him no rest from work, but importuned him with such constancy that Dürer, finding it unbearable, went away. Then she repented, and promised to do better if he would return. He returned, but she failed to keep her

promise, and, despite the prudence and sweetness of Albert's disposition, she continued her treatment—her continual fault-finding and scolding—until he died in a fit of despair at the age of fifty-seven. He took care, however, to immortalise himself in Art, and to write his life before dying. His wife survived him, and, although Dürer left her a comfortable fortune, she continued to torment every one about her with her fears of dying in misery.

But Dürer was not the only unhappy Flemish painter. Martin Heneskerck married a woman much older than himself for his second wife. She was very rich, but so avaricious that she defrauded people to such an extent that her husband felt compelled in turn to atone for her dishonesty, although so miserly himself that after his death his coat was found lined with gold-pieces. Charles Dyres married a girl in Italy, then abandoned her and married another. Having no children, he regarded it as a divine punishment, which drove him mad. Pierre Brughel, a pupil of Korck, loved a long time at Antwerp a governess, whom he would have married had she been able to refrain from lying. It was a vice he detested, one she revelled in, so he finally left her and married a daughter of his dead master. Franc Flore had an ambitious wife, who, in proportion as his wealth and honours increased, enlarged her ambitions—tore down a new and beautiful house they had just finished, in order to build a greater—which ruined him, and he became crazy and died. Hubert Goltzius married for his first wife a sister of Pierre Korck's; he had several children, to whom he gave Roman names—Marcellus, Julius, &c. Becoming a widower, he married a woman who scolded the life out of him. He had the talents, the virtues, and the chagrins of a Socrates. Adrien Vanderspelt, the flower-painter, was also the victim of a wife *difficile*. Lucas de Heere, a pupil of Franc Flore, and who was so great as portraitist that he painted striking likenesses from the memory of having seen a person but once, married happily—the beautiful Leonore Carbounier. Charles Vaumander, a pupil of Lucas de Heere, was a great painter, poet, and *savant*. He married a very pretty girl of eighteen years, and died leaving her a widow with seven children. Adam van Art was so given over to shameful debauchery that all his pupils fled him but one; he was Jacques Jordaens, and the charm that held Jacques was the horrid old painter's daughter, Catherine van Art, whom he married. Jacques was scarcely engaged to her than he keenly felt his loss of liberty, regretting that he was unable to travel in Italy. This regret spread itself like a plastic bitterness over his whole life, and only ended with it. Aside from that he had a happy life, for he studied assiduously at home and met with great success. He would work all day, and then spend the evening in a beer-shop with his friends. As Catherine was of the meek and patient type, she raised no domestic storms, so that Jacques lived long and tranquilly, outliving his wife, and died at eighty-four on the same day as his daughter Elizabeth.

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

(Second Notice.)



AMONG the numerous figure-pictures in the present Exhibition, there are very few which possess any marked imaginative purpose. Scarcely an attempt has been made to express a poetical sentiment, and yet there are traces of a delicate fancy and tenderness shown in the works of some of the younger men.

Mr. Wood's picture of 'The Truants' depicts children on the rocky bank of the mountain-brook, who are surprised by their mother. The general colouring of the work is crude, but bright, and thought is shown in the arrangement of the figures; but the picture lacks harmony, and is not equal to Mr. Wood's earlier paintings. The glaring red gowns of the girls in the centre of the group will bear considerable toning before they will mingle in unison with the surrounding objects.

'The Country Gallants,' by Mr. J. G. Brown, displays similar

faults. A group of children are crossing a forest-brook on a log. An over-timid girl stands in the middle of the pool on the mossy log, supported by two boys, while another girl on the other side of the brook appears leaning against a stump, directly in her path to the shore. The drawing is not good, and the colouring is crude. A point of attraction in the picture is in the serenity and freshness of the wooded background. Mr. Story's 'Scissors-Grinder' is a composition of no more than ordinary merit. From the attractive character of his pictures in the Exhibition last year, better work might have been expected. An old man sits behind his grindstone on a cart. The water is flying from the wheel, and the various persons belonging to the household are intently watching his work. The interest is concentrated; and it inspires rather a pleasant sentiment of domestic happiness and tranquillity; but it lacks strength and expression.

Winslow Homer sends five pictures, which are types of his

dashing, vigorous, but hasty mode of treatment. 'A Fair Wind' may be accepted as the most spirited of his works; the waves roll, the boat flies swiftly before the wind, and the group of happy boys are felicitous in every pose. Nothing could be more spirited and true than the ragged negro boy with the obstinate calf. And yet in both of these pictures the workmanship is rude. Mr. Homer is always perplexing. There are so much truth and vigour in his compositions that one can but admire them; and yet half-expressed thoughts, strange eccentricities of drawing, rude handling of material, seriously offset the charm of his undeniably fresh and usually truthful themes. It is impossible to deny Mr. Homer's genius; it is equally impossible to be always satisfied with what he puts on canvas.

Mr. Weir scarcely shows his usual vigour in his picture, entitled 'Tapping the Furnace;' and the works of Mr. Thompson, Mr. Magrath, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Edgar M. Ward, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Bridgman are characteristic examples, but show no advance over their contributions to the Exhibition of last year. Mr. Wilmarth's 'Frightened Pioneer' exhibits skill and knowledge, yet the subject is fairly imbecile. It is amazing that men of ability should bestow tireless labour upon compositions that are without either imaginative or homely truth, without sentiment and without feeling. Pictures of this kind are labour misspent.

Among the landscapes is Mr. Lafarge's 'New England Pasture Land.' This picture is the admiration of a few and the wonder of the many. The view is a broad one, with the horizon-line strongly defined nearly at the top of the canvas. In effect, the scene resembles a vast topographical map. The surface of the earth appears rolling, with broken lines of stone fences in the distance, and sheep, or the semblances of sheep, are scattered here and there over the landscape. Patches of shrubbery are also introduced in impasto style. In the construction of the trees, the fertility of Mr. Lafarge's genius is shown in the right middle-ground. It is evident that he set out a carefully-constructed tree here, but, as it did not suit the peculiar features or conformation of the ground, he broke off the top and planted the branches a short distance farther off in the perspective. The colouring is monotonous and cold, and the scene is entirely devoid of those bright touches of light and shade and broken colour which give life to a landscape.

Mr. Howland is a student of the French school of Lambinet, and his picture, 'On the Connecticut, at Brattleboro, Vermont,' is a fair example of his style. The perspective view is well painted, and the texture of the sandy bar in the middle-ground is also well suggested. The foliage on the river-bank, however, does not show that leafy texture which belongs to Nature, and its cold tone is not in harmony with the sky, the transparency and depth of which are charming. Like many other pictures in this Exhibition, the work shows want of care in its execution. A little sunshine introduced into the foliage of the group of shrubbery in the left foreground would greatly improve the tone of the work and increase its attractiveness.

Mr. McEntee has a group of pictures, the treatment of which is highly artistic. As examples of his style, 'An Autumn Idyl' and 'The Closing Year' are the most noticeable. In the former he portrays a somewhat gloomy day in the late autumn, when the trees are almost bare and the brown leaves carpet the ground. In the middle distance there is a shallow pool of water, and children are sailing on a raft. This is the only suggestion of life in the picture, and the scene otherwise is very impressive, as well as solemn in its loneliness. The sky is heavily clouded, and a faint tinge of silver lining shows at the horizon-line. A little more light here would have improved the effect and relieved the oppressive solemnity of the work. More agreeable in tone is 'The Closing Year,' as the sky is cheerful and pleasant, notwithstanding the cold winds of December are blowing, and send the frost-bitten leaves swirling over the landscape.

'An Autumn on the Delaware,' by Mr. Whittredge, is very tenderly painted. The autumn tints are subdued and yet forcible in effect, and the work is well kept together. Mr. Whittredge paints the brilliant phases of autumn foliage with charming taste. In the present instance, although the picture is a creditable specimen of his work, it does not assume importance, owing to its small size. Mr. Homer D. Martin's 'Brook' is hung near Mr. Whittredge's autumn picture. The scene is at midsummer, and there is a crisp-

ness as well as freshness about the foliage which is very pleasant to study. Mr. Shattuck sends a group of landscape-pictures which illustrate to some extent the seasons, and are hard in texture and unpoetical in expression. Mr. Shattuck appears to have lost the tender touch which belonged to his pencil in former years. To those who are familiar with his early work, the hard texture and laboured appearance of this group of pictures will prove an unwelcome surprise.

Mr. Charles H. Miller's large picture of 'New York from Newtown Creek' is a sunset scene, and the mellow-toned light of the late afternoon's sun suffuses the whole atmosphere with its glow. In the foreground are the shipping and iron drawbridge, and beyond, in the distance, are the spires of the city defined against the sky. The drawing in this picture is not good—one can understand neither the forms of the vessels, the tracery of the masts, nor the proportion of other objects in the picture—but in colour it is effective. Another work from Mr. Miller's easel is his 'Bush-Burning on Long Island.' This subject does not possess the brilliancy of the sunset, but its truth as a study from Nature is equally apparent.

Clinton Ogilvie has a good landscape view entitled 'The Twilight Hour.' There is an old homestead in the middle-ground, which, with the surrounding shrubbery, is lighted up with the last gleam of the setting sun.

James M. Hart has a large canvas, a landscape and cattle, entitled 'Among Friends,' in which a little girl appears seated in a grove in the midst of a drove of cows and sheep. Considerable skill and taste are shown in the painting of the animals, but the landscape background is scarcely satisfactory. In nearly all of Mr. Hart's recent pictures this weakness in the treatment of the landscape backgrounds has been apparent, and it can only be accounted for from the fact that he is fearful that the introduction of strength in the latter will interfere with the force of his animal painting.

Mr. Wyant has a good example of his work in a picture entitled 'The Wilds of the Adirondacks.' It is a scene in midsummer on a trout-brook. There is a broadly suggested perspective effect looking up the ravine, and the drawing of the arched tracery of limbs overhead is done with considerable force. Mr. Wyant sent to the Academy last year a work of similar character, but it did not show the breadth of treatment nor the strength of this picture, although it was considered a successful landscape composition.

Mr. James D. Smillie's 'Evening, High Sierras, California,' is a low-toned and impressive work. The shadows of night have already shrouded the foreground valley in gloom, but the reflected light of the setting sun yet gilds the snowy mountain peaks and the sky with its radiance. The artist has aimed at the illustration of an imaginative sentiment, and the motive has been well carried out. In the colouring the tones on the mountain-side in shadow are almost opalescent in effect, and are brought together and harmonised in the most artistic way.

Mr. Bristol's 'Lake Champlain' is painted with great refinement, and its grey tone renders it very attractive. In this work the delicacy of the treatment is marvellous. The scene is not particularly noticeable in nature, but under the touch of Mr. Bristol's pencil it is made to express thought as well as sentiment, and it is evident that the painter has dwelt long and conscientiously in working out its poetical motive. The views in the Adirondacks and on the Connecticut by this artist are also worthy of consideration.

William Hart has three little canvases illustrating autumn landscapes. They are painted with great richness of colour, but show the peculiar glossy finish which is so noticeable in many of his recent works. His 'Group of Cows,' however, exhibits unusual breadth and force. This picture, in fact, is the reverse of his usual excessively elaborated paintings; it suggests the broad, free school of Troyon, and when seen at a proper focus is vigorous in effect and luminous in colour.

Mr. Sanford R. Gifford's 'View near Palermo' has all the characteristic charms of this painter's works. It may be said that Mr. Gifford never sees a landscape's rose-tint, but rather golden-toned; but what delicious depths, mystery, sentiment, and feeling in his yellow mists!

Mr. Colman has a small but delightful picture in his 'Venetian Fishing-Boats, the Carnic Alps in the Distance.' It is a quiet scene and charming in sentiment. Near Mr. Colman's picture is a

canvas by Mr. Cropsey, 'An Autumn Scene on the Ramapo,' which seems to have been painted with a determination to show what extravagance of colour a painter can indulge in. If Nature were accustomed to arrange a palette of such brilliant dyes as those in this picture, colour-blindness would come to be a blessing.

Mr. Gay has a 'Quiet Hour—near Albany,' a late afternoon scene, the sentiment of which is very poetical. Of T. L. Smith's winter scenes his 'Late Afternoon' shows delicacy and refinement in its finish, and is truthful as a study. Mr. Robbin's 'Flooded Meadows,' a midsummer scene in the Farmington River Valley, is a solidly painted canvas, and its grave and quiet tones are in striking contrast to Bricher's 'Lift in the Fog, Grand Manan,' which hangs near it. Mr. Bricher's work sparkles with colour, and its

want of transparency in the wave-forms will be overlooked owing to the delicate painting of the silver-tinted clouds which are revealed through the break in the fog-line.

Mr. Maurice F. H. De Haas has a group of marine pictures, thoroughly characteristic of his strong and truthful style. Mr. Moran's 'Gates of the Clouds,' an imaginative marine picture, is a forcible but rather a theatrical work. From Mr. Swain Gifford's easel there is an 'Egyptian Caravan,' a reminiscence of the desert, that shows broad and effective treatment. Mr. Reinhart has an ideal composition entitled 'The Return of the Fairies.' It is a conception showing not a little fancy, but neither in drawing nor colour is it satisfactory. Mr. Reinhart is more successful in simpler subjects.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS RICHARD HOFLAND.—This artist, who was a son of Thomas Christopher Hofland, one of the founders of the Society of British Artists, died recently at West Hartlepool in the county of Durham, England. His pictures, almost entirely landscapes in water-colour, attained considerable local repute, and many of them evince a fine appreciation of rural scenery and an ability in reproducing it which, with culture and industry, might have led to eminence. To his father's excellent and still popular "Angler," republished by Mr. Bohn in 1848, he added a genial and pathetic memoir of the author. He had travelled extensively and possessed a vivid recollection of the scenes and circumstances through which he had passed. His last work was a series of papers under the title of "Personal Reminiscences," in which he gives a vivid picture of the home of his early years, and its frequent visitors, including Miss Mitford, Agnes Strickland, B. West, Stanfield, the Landseers, and other names equally famous in literature and Art. He died at about the age of sixty years.

EDMUND BRISTOW.—Edmund Bristow, an animal-painter, died in February at Windsor, at the age of eighty-nine years. A writer in an English journal, in a notice of the death of this artist, says: "As a painter of animals, horses in particular, Bristow had not his equal, and we believe it to have been Landseer's opinion that there was no one to equal him as the painter of a horse." He seems to have made his mark in the royal borough at an early age, for when only fifteen he was patronised by the Countess of Rosslyn, and soon afterwards by his Majesty William IV., then Duke of Clarence and living at Bushey, by the late Earl of Sefton, and many others. Bristow, whatever his talents as a painter, must have been a rather eccentric character, if, as reported, he refused to sell a picture to the Baroness Burdett-Conlts, when she paid a visit to his studio, although it was for sale: the reason alleged for the refusal being that he had a horror of being patronised. During the later years of his life he lived in great retirement.

JOSEPH VAN LERIUS.—The Antwerp school of painters has lost one of its most prominent members. Joseph Van Leries, who was highly esteemed as a colourist, died at Meehlin on the 28th of February. He was born at Boom, in Belgium, in 1823, and took his first lessons at the Brussels Academy. In 1838 he went to Antwerp, and became a special pupil of the late Baron Wappers, whose mannerisms and those of the Antwerp school generally he strictly adhered to. The works of Van Leries are brilliant in colour, but without any other

especial merit. They became popular, however, and are to be met with in the galleries of the royal families, both of Germany and England. During his lifetime, Van Leries was the recipient of many marks of honour. In 1854 he was appointed professor of painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp, but, for some years before his death, mental and physical infirmities withdrew him from public life. His principal works known in this country are the 'Lady Godiva' and 'Cinderella,' both of which have been engraved. The latter painting is owned by Mr. Schaus, of New York.

PHILIPPE GRASS.—The famous French sculptor, Philippe Grass, died in Strasburg, Germany, on the 18th of April, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born at Volxheim, in Alsace, on the 6th of May, 1801. He began the study of his profession when in his twentieth year, and was graduated from the School of Fine Arts in 1829. His two most celebrated works, a life-size marble ideal statue, entitled 'The Rose of the Alps,' and a colossal bronze group of 'Love Disarmed by Innocence,' were exhibited in the Paris Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867. Several of his colossal busts are in the parks of Strasburg, and many of his memorial sculptures are also in the public monuments and churches in the same city.

JOSEPH VON FÜHRICH.—The German historical painter Joseph von Führich died on the 13th of March in Vienna, aged seventy-six. He was born in Kratzau, Bohemia, on the 9th of February, 1800. He began his Art-studies in Prague, and afterwards continued them in Rome, where he was associated with Overbeck in the decoration of the Villa Massimi. In 1834 he returned to Germany, and soon after settled in Vienna, where he became professor of historical painting in the Academy of Fine Arts. Führich was the last and most famous of the masters produced during the modern period of German Art-development. He stood at the head of his profession in his specialty of historical and scriptural painting, and executed several masterly works for the church of the Viennese suburb Lerchenfeld, and for many religious bodies. His more recent productions are the famous Missal, finished in 1868 for the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, as a present for the Pope; and two large allegorical cartoons, executed in 1869, representing 'Spring' and 'Autumn.' In 1870 he made a series of illustrations of the parable of the Prodigal Son. Führich was preëminently a religious painter, a Nazarene, and yet not without a touch of the distinctive colouring of the romantic school peculiar to Vienna.

NOTES.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT AT ROME.—In the Water-Colour Exhibition recently opened in Via Babuino the spirit of the whole is completely Roman, for the subjects, with few exceptions, are inspired by the picturesque nature, life, ruins, or religion of the immediate locality. This might be expected, for the ten artists whose works are here assembled are all names well and long known in Rome.

A most effective work, showing feeling as well as artistic talent, is by Cabianca. Through two arches of different coloured marble, one gazes

at a scene of desolation, enhanced by a light mantle of snow, which rests upon the chilled turf and furze. The ruins are those of a temple at Porto Venere, and within the arches are only withered vines and bushes, where once priests sacrificed and a superstitious people worshipped. Now it is like a human heart, turned from bigotry to atheism, and filled only with ruined arches, dreary foliage, and over all a chill!

Equally suggestive is another water-colour by the same artist. It is 'Winter at Rocca di Papa.' A soft, true tone, rests on the walls, stones,

and rough stairways of the narrow, ascending Via della Fortezza, upon which is a *contadino* on horseback. He has reined in the thick country steed, half slipping, half blinded by the cold wind, and has enveloped himself in the long, green-lined cloak, invariable accompaniment of all the peasants in the environs. The sky is dull, and there is snow on the buildings and large pavings of the road. This, too, tells its story, the story of Roman country life, upon neighbouring hills, where up and down steep, even precipitous paved ways and steps, between grey, venerable, sometimes crumbling buildings, mounts and descends the current of a human life, rugged from hardship, bracing air, and simple food, while donkeys, mules, men, women, and children carry burdens, make themselves unwittingly picturesque, or enjoy the frequent *festa*.

Carlandi gives us another phase of Roman landscape, called simply the 'Maccarese, a Study.' Here we have Nature alone, for he shows us a group of leafless trees, the roots of which are standing amid clear water and marsh-plants. The tall, slender trees stretch out their delicate, violet-grey branches with almost a human pathos, spite of the tender green reflected in the shining water below them, or of the incipient brightness of the sky. They seem to say, Do not let us and this desolate Nature ever remain without the guiding hand of man to enhance its beauty and purify this heavy, humid air. They are like suffering maidens, beautiful in illness, but who cast sad, regretful glances at the rosy cheeks of more fortunate companions. So would these trees envy the sturdy olives and blossoming peach-trees which blush along the slopes of well-turned hills, forecasting in the colour of their bloom the rich shade of the future fruit.

Equally eloquent, in another of Carlandi's water-colours, are two cypress-trees. They stand within a stone-wall and near a gate opening upon a road, and that is all. Yet it is much. For we know and feel at once, what the artist has known and felt, or he could never have depicted it thus simply but effectively, one of Nature's unspoken poems, the lines of which, with a profound pathos in them and yet a holy calm, turn upon the inevitable, and the great change which must come upon all, from man to bird, from tree to flower. Ah, the cypresses are inscribed with Nature's epitaphs and words of truth, and thus they stand in this little painting!

They are evidently scenes of a far different character which impress the mind and direct the hand of Attilio Simonetti, so skilful a designer of figures that he has established an excellent reputation and prominent position among the Roman artists. The most elaborate water-colour by him, in this collection, is sparkling with life and humour. In a richly furnished sacristy, with carved presses, frescoed ceiling, and tessellated floor, while close by are the vessels of the sacrament, a cardinal in red gown is seated in an embroidered chair at a small table, taking his breakfast, waited upon by a young sacristan in the customary white robe trimmed with lace, and another in purple, who is about to serve a dish of meat. He is arrested, however, by the disgustful appearance of the cardinal, who has just tasted the wine with infinite displeasure. Standing opposite, in full livery, is the trembling servant, with hands upraised in deprecation, upon whom the thunder-storm of the cardinal's wrath is about to fall. Expressive as are all the characters in this morning comedy, and remarkable as are the effects obtained in the figures, the perfection of some of the minor accessories attracts the attention at once.

Entirely Roman are the monastery subjects due to the well-managed brushes of Cipriano. One by this artist, representing 'Meditation in the Choir,' has been sold to a wealthy Englishman, but another excellent convent-scene remains. In the marble-columned galleries that surround the cloister-court are two nuns. One is feeding the hens, and the other, observing her from a shaded seat, is doubtless contrasting the tranquil scene with the more exciting ones that vary an outside, worldly life.

C. L. W.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—The new and elegant building of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was opened, with imposing ceremonies, on Saturday, April 22d. The corner-stone of the edifice was laid in December, 1872, under the direction of Mr. James L. Claghorn, president of the institution, Mr. Fairman Rogers, chairman of the building committee, and other eminent gentlemen who were interested in its welfare. During the opening ceremonies the chairman of the building committee formally transferred the structure to Mr. Claghorn, the president, and at the conclusion of his remarks said: "And now, Mr. President, I have the pleasure of turning over to you this building, the existence of which is mainly due to your zeal and labour." In response, Mr. Claghorn, who was one of the largest subscribers to the building-fund, said he took upon himself the liberty of saying, both for the stockholders who were present and those who were absent, that they were well satisfied with the work. He never entered upon a work with more confidence than that of raising the money to pay

for this structure. Twenty-three persons in Philadelphia had subscribed \$10,000 each; two firms gave \$20,000 each; twenty-one others had given \$10,000 each; ten had subscribed \$5,000 each; and a few had subscribed \$2,500 each. On the 1st of last January the directors started out with a view to raise what would be sufficient to cover their expenses of \$115,000, and he was happy to say they received over a hundred subscriptions of \$1,000 each. All the earlier subscriptions of large amounts had been paid. At the conclusion of the address Story's statue of 'Jerusalem,' and Lombardi's statue of 'Deborah,' were unveiled. The former is the gift of Mrs. John Grigg. It was executed at Rome, by the American sculptor Story, and cost the donor \$10,000. It illustrates this passage in Lamentations, "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow!" The latter statue was presented by Mr. Morris Patterson. It is a beautiful figure, in pearly-white marble, and attracted much attention.

The Annual Exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts was opened at the same time. We hope to be able to give an engraving and description of the new building in the next number of the *Art Journal*.

THE BLODGETT GALLERY.—The sale of the Blodgett Collection of American and foreign oil-paintings took place at Chickering Hall in New York on Thursday evening, April 28th. The paintings offered were all noteworthy, and many of them brought handsome prices. The most important picture in the collection was Church's well-known painting of 'The Heart of the Andes.' It was sold previous to the auction to Mr. David Dows, of New York. The price paid for the work was, we understand, \$10,000. The other principal pictures sold as follows: 'Landscape and Cattle,' by Rosa Bonheur, \$5,100; 'Prayer in the Mosque,' Gérôme, \$2,125; 'Going to the Bath,' Bouguereau, \$1,650; 'The Suicide,' De Camp, \$2,200; 'Landscape,' Troyon, \$6,000; 'Scene near Naples,' Achenbach, \$2,100; 'Eastern Scene,' Tremontin, \$1,150; 'The Conscript,' G. Brion, \$1,050; 'Interior,' De Camp, \$2,500; 'The Cart,' Victor Dupré, \$1,700; 'Landscape,' Constable, \$1,600; 'Police Court,' Couture, \$5,800; 'Diana,' Diaz, \$1,800; 'Arab Tribes Meeting,' Tremontin, \$1,400; 'Pierrot and Harlequin,' Couture, \$4,400; 'Aurora Borealis,' Church, \$1,500; 'Slipper Shop,' Villegas, \$4,000; 'The Halt,' by Schreyer, \$7,300; 'Passing into the Shade,' Boughton, \$1,400; 'Spring,' W. T. Richards, \$1,610; 'Cotopaxi,' Church, \$2,550; 'The Smoker,' Meissonier, \$4,500; 'Landscape,' Rousseau, \$950; 'Landscape,' Diaz, \$700; 'Fisher-Boy,' Ed. Frère, \$660; 'Venice,' Felix Ziem, \$900; 'The Slaver,' by Géricault, \$900; 'Child and Dog,' Drouais, \$800; 'Merchant of Antiquities,' Valles, \$500; 'Church Interior,' Berckheyde, \$550; 'Landscape,' Girardet, \$510; 'Monkeys Feasting,' Meyenheim, \$500; 'Autumn,' Kensett, \$710; 'The Novel,' Plassan, \$510; 'Landscape,' Dauligny, \$750; 'Cat and Kittens,' Peyrol Bonheur, \$600; and 'Domestic Scene,' Mele, \$925. The entire proceeds of the auction sale were \$90,000.

CINCINNATI'S SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The Department of Ornamental and Decorative Art in the Cincinnati School of Design has become thoroughly practical and effective. During the last term the female pupils have carved many beautiful cabinets, tables, and other objects of household Art, many of which have been selected to be sent to the Centennial Exhibition. The designs are novel, and the carvings show considerable skill in their execution. The seating capacity of the school is one hundred and fifty, and these places are well filled both day and night during the term of nine months—namely, from September to June. The instruction in drawing is uniform up to a point that enables the students to express their ideas with facility, after which instruction is imparted in the principles of designing suited to the specialty of each. In the plan of instruction in drawing there have been discarded flat examples, and students work from round or solid objects from the beginning; and this has been attended with such results as to encourage this method in the future.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.—The Thirty-second semi-Annual Exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association was opened in the Art-building of the society, and Academy of Music, on the morning of Tuesday, April 24th. The exhibition contained four hundred and seventy-seven paintings and water-colour drawings, and nearly one hundred and fifty students' drawings, contributed from the educational institutions in Brooklyn. The exhibition of paintings was as usual made up largely from works lent from private collections and public galleries. It was closed on the evening of Saturday, May 6th, and was visited during its continuance by more than fifty thousand persons. Among the principal artists represented in the collection, native and foreign, were Sanford R. Gifford, Richard W. Hubbard, W. A. Bouguereau, F. A. Bridgman, M. F. H. De Haas, Henry Peters Gray, Constant Mayer, Alfred T. Bricher, A. F. Bellows, S. Colman, Thomas Le Clear, K. Van Elten, Eastman Johnson, Winslow Homer, A. W. Thompson, Edwin White, W. L. Sonntag, Arthur Parton, G. H. Terrasa, J. C. Thom, and J. G. Brown.



F. GOODALL. R. A. PINX?

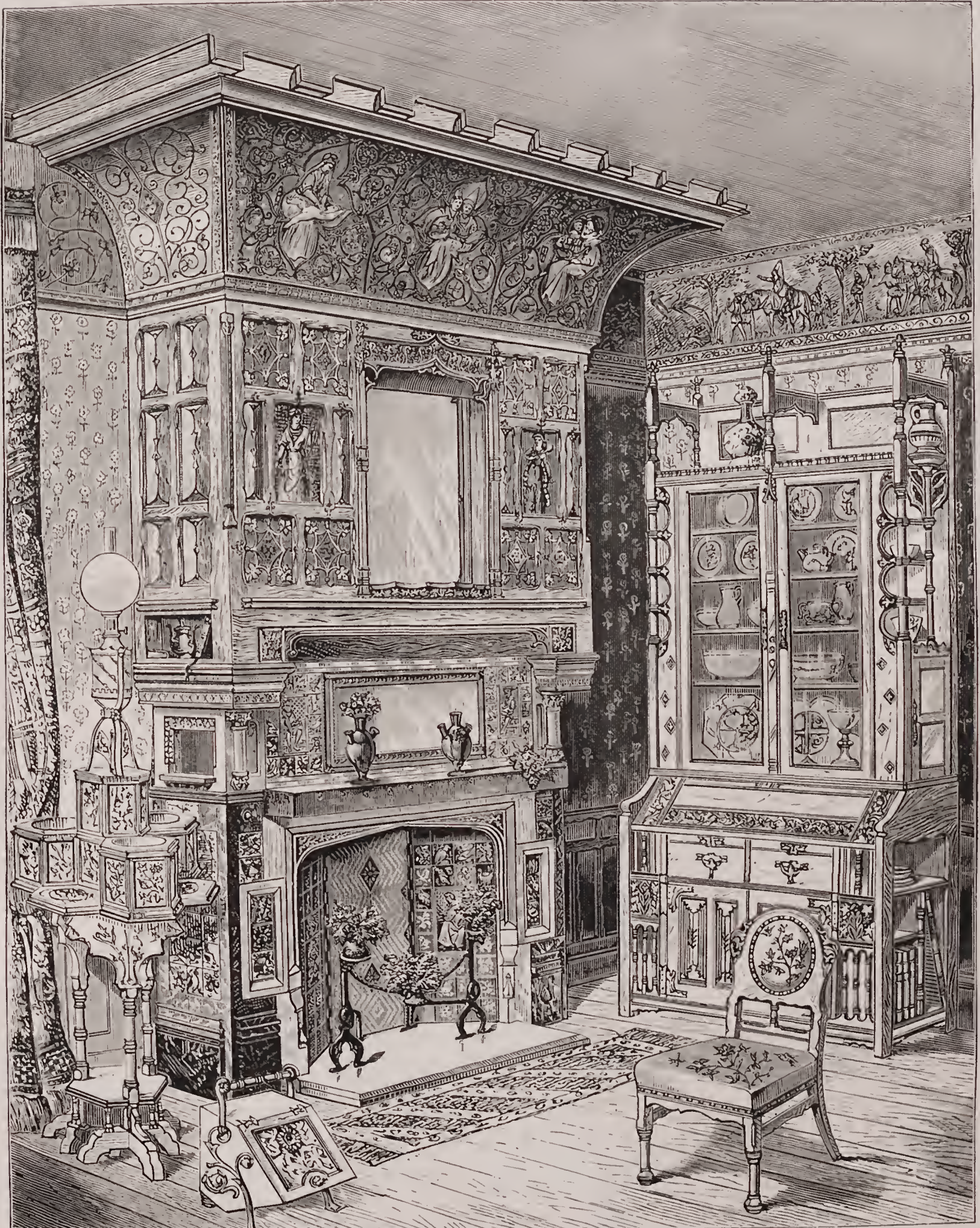
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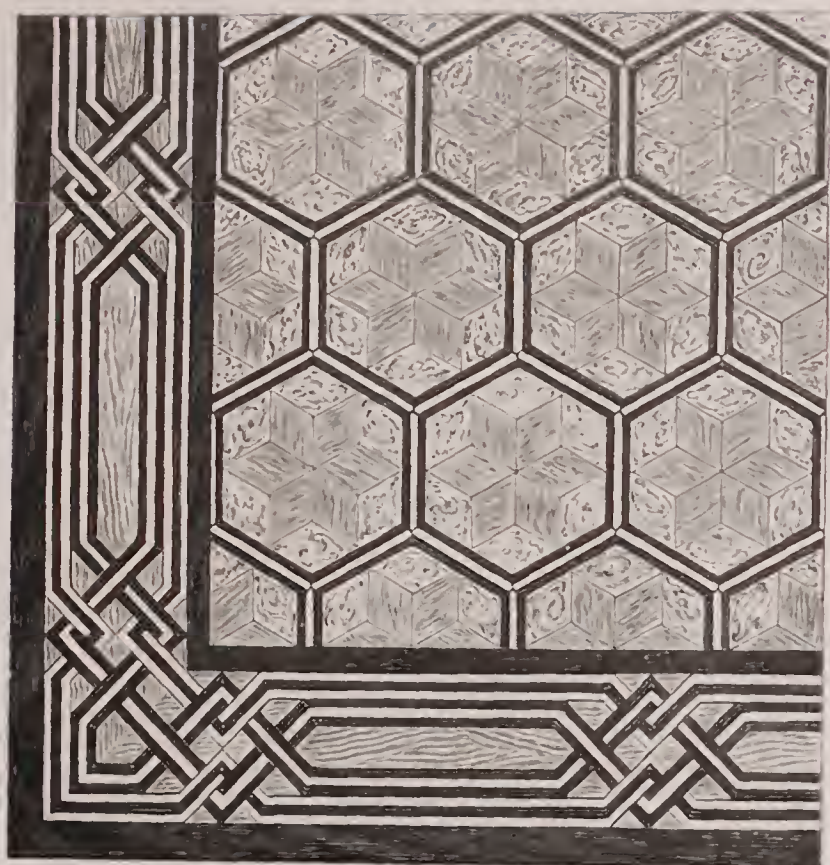
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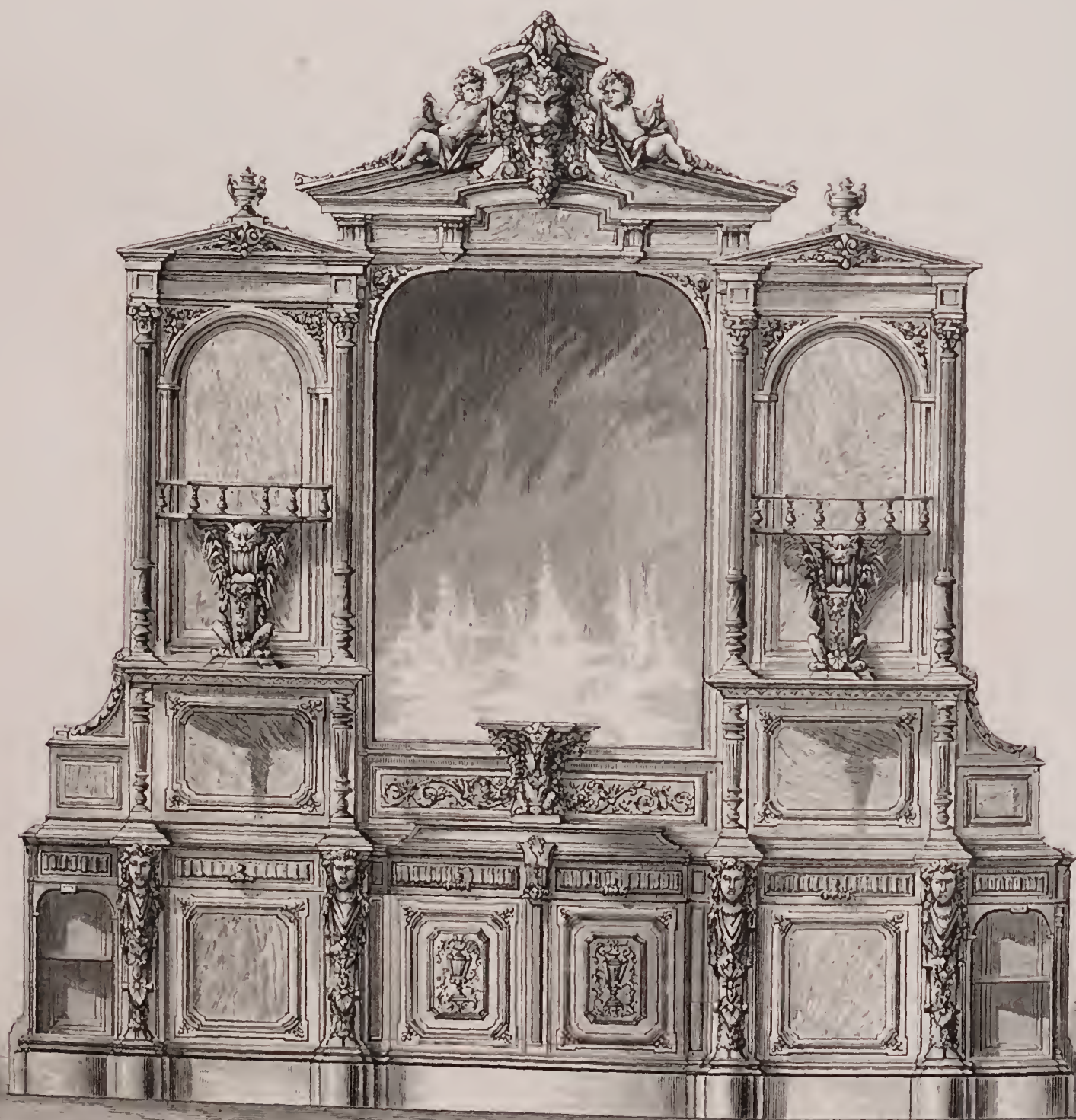
Domestic Furniture, by Messrs. Cox and Son, London.

WE open our second series of illustrations of Art-objects at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia with an engraving in which is effectively grouped some of the artistic furniture contributed by the well-known manufacturers, Messrs. Cox and Son, London.

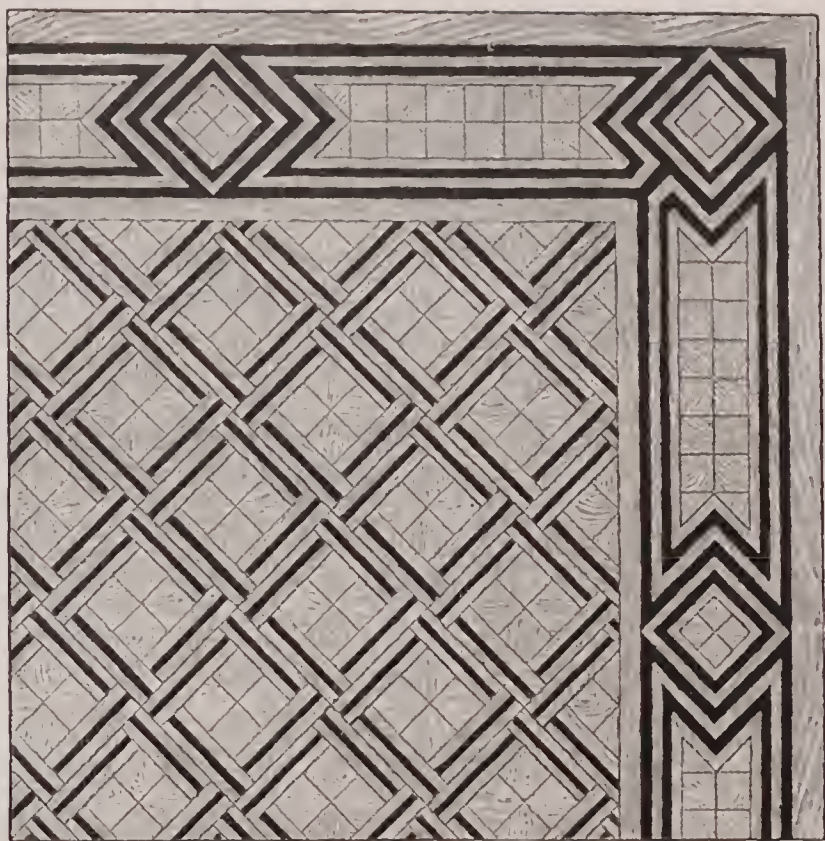
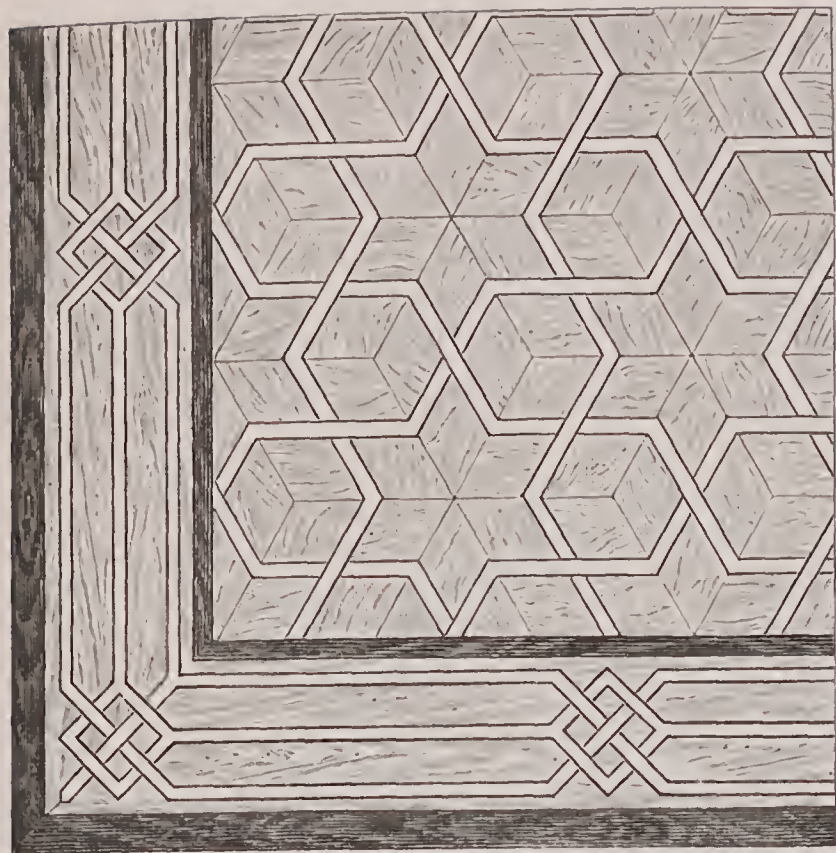


Wood Carpeting, by the Wood Manufacturing Company, of New York.

Sons, of London. The illustration shows a rich and massive chimney-piece, with stone and marble fireplace carved and moulded and inlaid with hand-painted tiles, representing birds, foliage, and the following subjects: 'The Song,' 'The Tale,' 'The Jest,' and



Sideboard, by Mr. George A. Shastey, of New York.

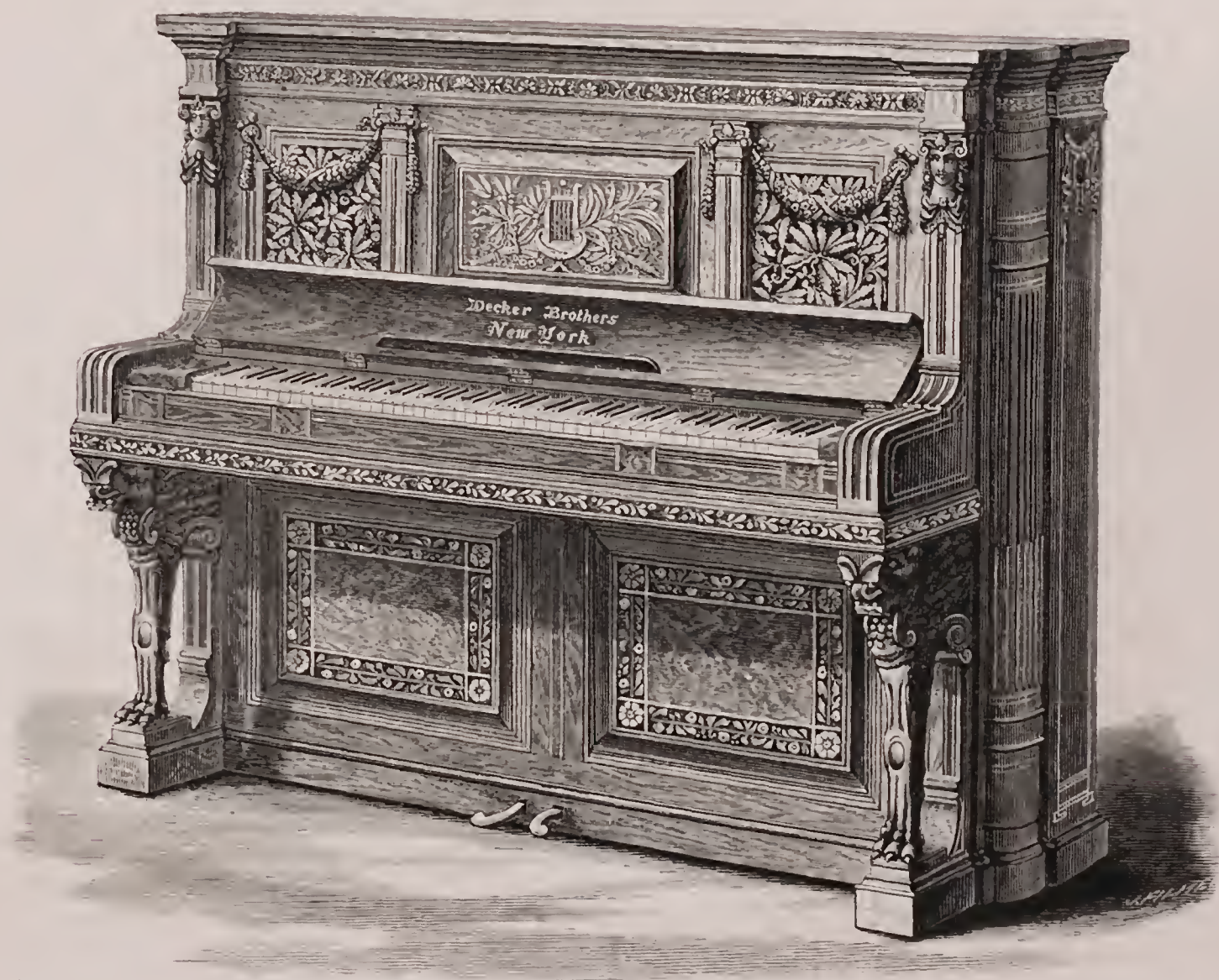


Wood Carpeting, by the Wood Manufacturing Company of New York.

'The Book.' The hearth, also of tiles, is fitted with wrought-iron fire-dogs, which have a reversible arrangement of brass cups for holding flowers in summer. Above the mantel-board, which is covered with richly-embroidered cloth, is a mirror with border of hand *repoussée* work, copper gilt. Surmounting the stone and tile work is carved and inlaid oak framing, with painted panels and a recessed mirror. The framing is the continuation of the wainscot panelling of a room. The cornice is richly decorated in running patterns, having painted vignette panels showing 'Maternal Affection,' 'Conjugal Affection,' and 'Filial Affection,' while intermediate panels are decorated with bird-subjects. The oak book-

case and bureau are richly carved, with walnut shafts and unique brass fittings. The dining-room chair is oak, covered with embossed leather, showing flowers, bird, and insect subjects. The other objects consist of an oak flower-stand filled in hand-painted tiles, surmounted by lamp, and a carved oak coal-scuttle with brass mounts.

We engrave four designs of wood carpeting from the display of the National Wood Manufacturing Company of New York. These designs are all original, and floors of these patterns have been laid. Different styles of these articles are manufactured for wainscoting, stair-coverings, and ceilings. Wood carpeting first origi-



Piano, by Messrs. Decker and Brothers.

*Devonshire Terra Cotta Ware.*

nated in Europe about seven years ago. It is manufactured from woods one-quarter of an inch thick, well seasoned, and backed with heavy canvas. When laid, it is securely nailed to the floor and finished in oil and shellac, which makes it impervious to water. The standard goods made by the company are three-quarters of a yard wide, and are rolled the same as ordinary carpets. The

ordinary styles are made of ash and walnut, and yellow pine and walnut, in narrow alternate strips, or of one wood only, either ash, oak, or cherry. When the carpets are laid in drawing-rooms or other apartments, ornamental centre-pieces may be inserted, or the designs may be varied in many novel ways. Since the introduction of Persian and Turkish rugs, this wood carpeting for the

*Devonshire Terra Cotta Ware.*

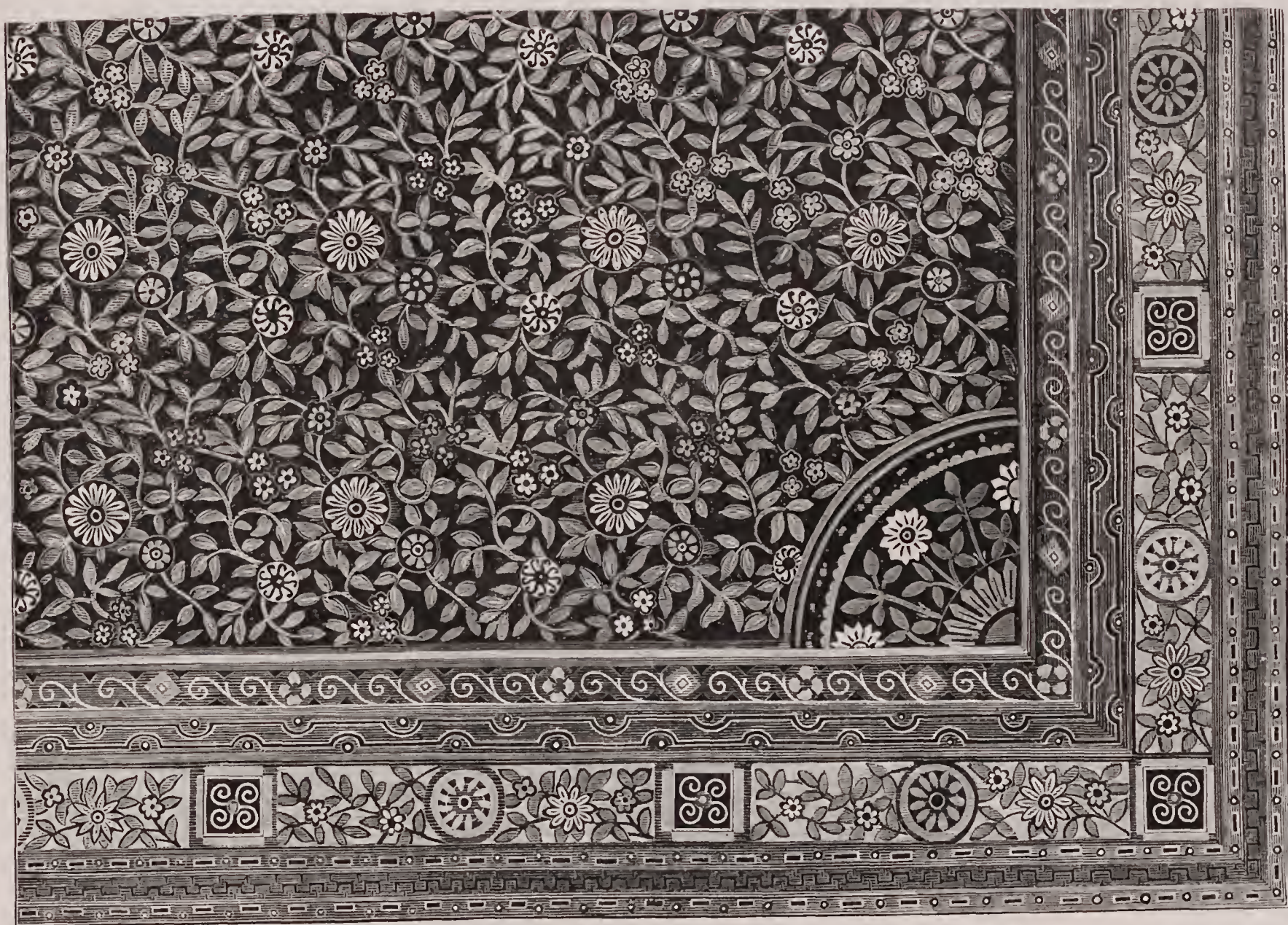
groundwork of household Art-decoration has been received with considerable favour. It is laid in drawing-rooms with a rich ornamental border, and a rug is placed in the centre. The materials used for the most elaborate carpets are greatly varied, and include walnut, ash, oak, pine, maple, cherry, rosewood, amaranth, holly, mahogany, tulip, and ebony. Carpets of this class are rather expensive, and hence can only be indulged in by persons of ample

means. The plainer patterns are equally durable, and will wear for many years. The star pattern, which we have engraved, was designed for and laid in a private picture-gallery in Brooklyn. We are compelled to say that the proprietors have scarcely done themselves justice in the Exhibition, the display at their warerooms in Broadway being much more varied and attractive.

The elaborate sideboard on page 194 is a contribution to the Ex-

hibition from the establishment of George A. Shastey, of New York. It is made from the solid oak, and the carved work is all wrought by hand. The piece is of large size, having an elevation of about sixteen feet and an equal width in front. The central panel of the

top as well as those at the sides are mirrors, and the whole is crowned by a finely-carved head of Bacchus, supported by the figures of Cupids on either side. The main shelf is of marble, supported by elegantly-sculptured figures. There are also bracketted



Axminster Carpets, from Messrs. Tomkinson and Adam, England.

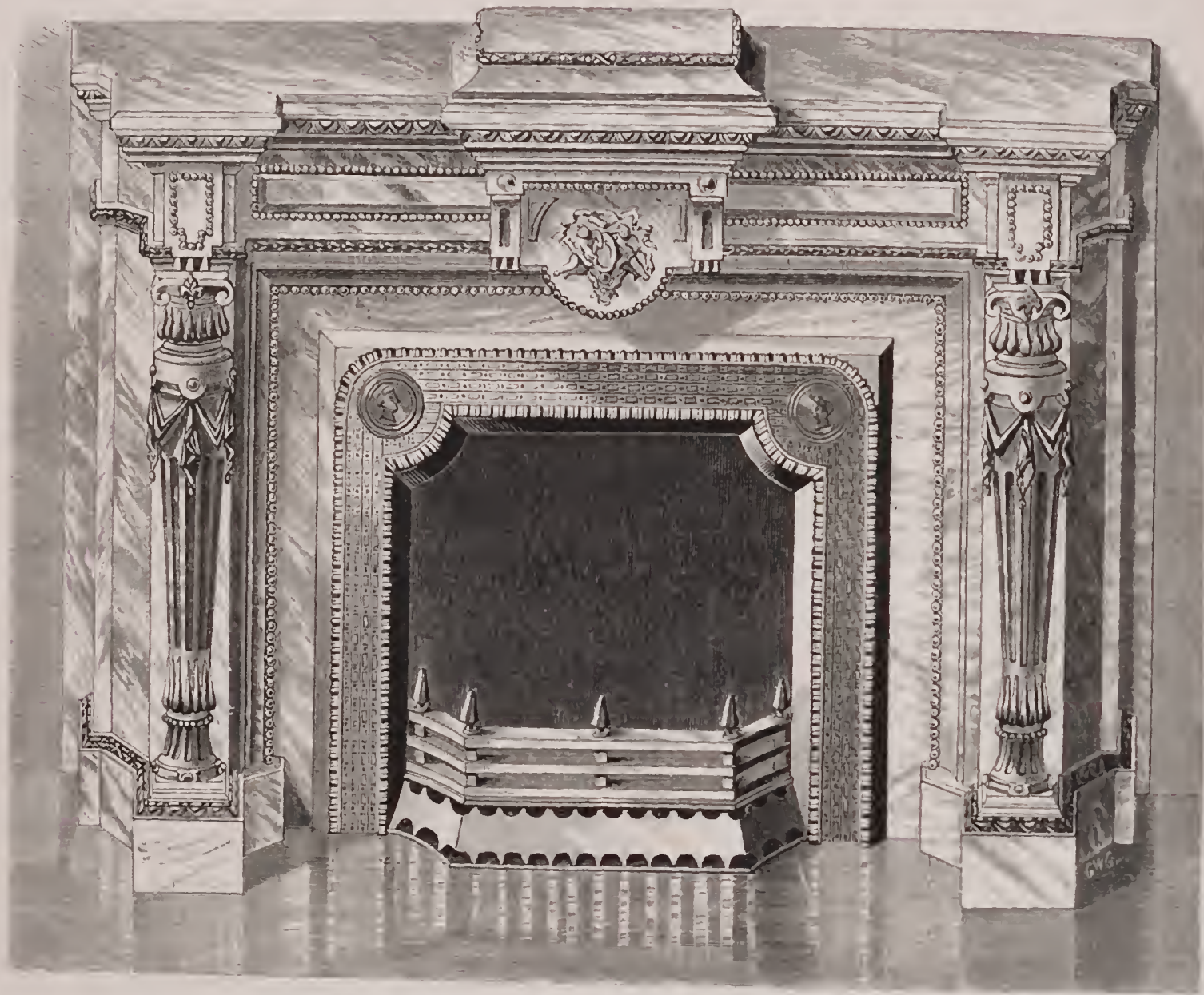
shelves in front of the mirrors. The sideboard in its general effect is substantial and elegant, and the size is large and imposing, making a grand object for a spacious room.

The piano from Messrs. Decker & Brothers, of New York (page 195), is a very beautiful article. The body of the case consists of highly-polished rosewood. The top frieze and frieze below the keyboard are inlaid on black ground, with white holly and black wal-

nut and satin-wood lines. The middle top panel is inlaid on black ground. The lyre, in centre of the panel, is of white holly and black walnut, with delicate satin lines, and leaves surrounding the lyre, which is of mahogany, and satin-wood with white flowers, relieved with bronze, entwined in leaves all inlaid. The two side top panels are of rosewood with dark maroon satin background. The lower panels are amboine with frame inlaid, the same as top

panel. The stripes on the lock-board are amboine. The *shields on the side* are also amboine. On the sides are gold lines, and also

gold lines on the pillars. There are gold lines intermingled with fine polished rosewood on the four pillars in front, and separating



Onyx Mantel-piece, by Messrs. Fauchere and Co., of New York.

the panels. The continuations of figure-columns are gold lines on stripes, on amboine. The entire case is of the finest rosewood, with gold stripes on top ornaments of figure in the pillars. The carving is all dead-finished.

description of some of the Doulton-ware; we now illustrate (page 196) two groups of the TERRA-COTTA WORKS of WATCOMBE—selections from a large number contributed by this famous pottery of Devonshire. They are greatly varied, and consist not alone of orna-



Coal-box, by Messrs. Jackson and Co., of New York.



Wood-box, by Messrs. Jackson and Co., of New York.

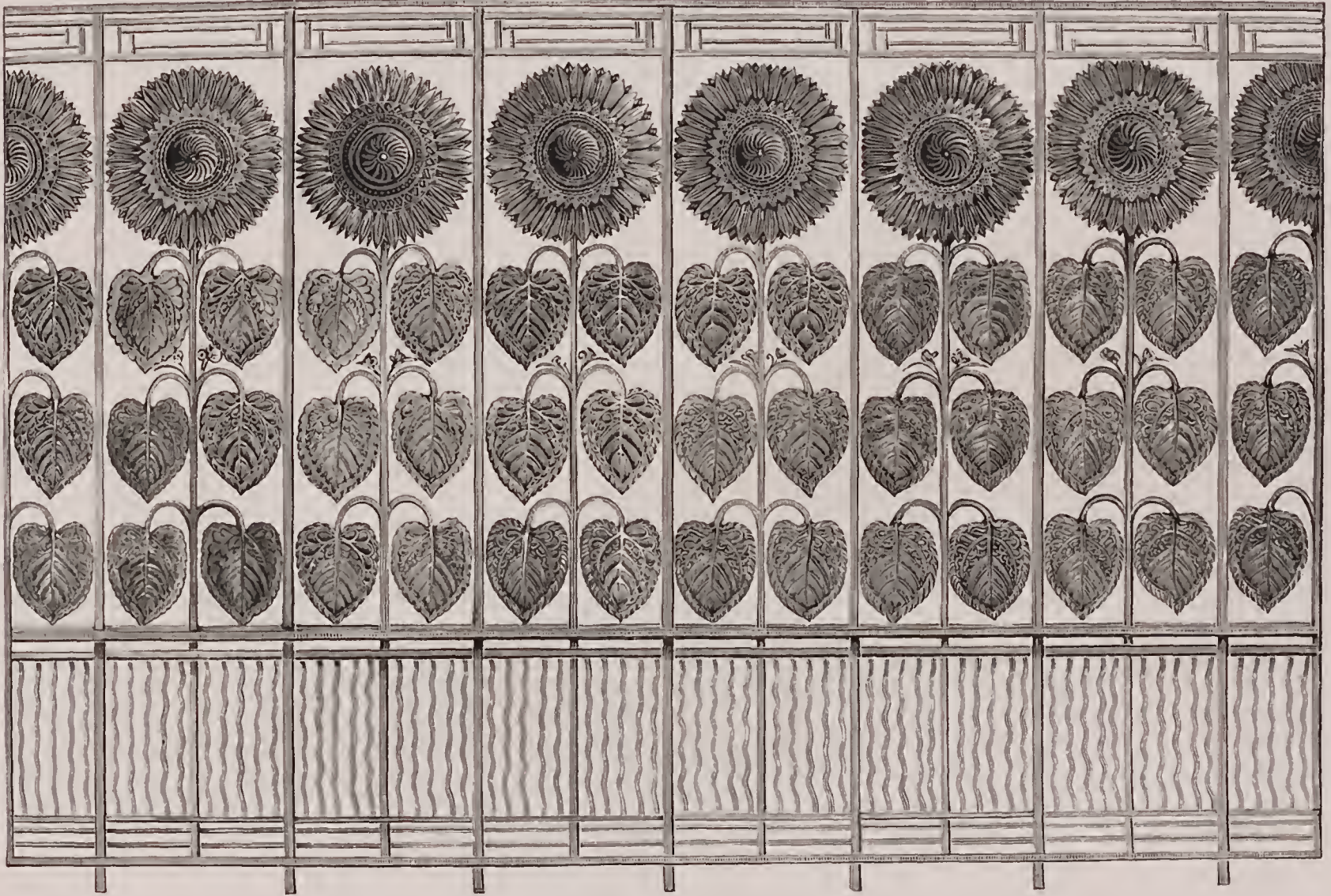
Terra-cotta forms an important feature of the English department at the Exhibition. We gave last month an illustration and

mental objects—vases, figures, &c.—but of articles of utility, to which the hand and mind of the artist have given value—

moulding common clay into things of beauty. The productions of this factory have obtained, and certainly merit, large popularity, yet the works are barely in their teens; they are artists who preside over them, knowing well the capabilities of the native clay, and continually studying how best to combine the graceful with the useful. As might have been expected, therefore, the works are largely successful.

Messrs. Tomkinson & Adam, of Kidderminster, England, are

large contributors of rugs and carpets; exclusively "Axminster," for Kidderminster long ago ignored the style to which it gave a name; we believe not a single yard of Kidderminster, properly so called, is now made there. Messrs. Tomkinson & Adam are the most extensive manufacturers of Axminster rugs in Great Britain, employing eight hundred hands. Our engravings are of carpets (page 197), the designs of which are of great excellence. The border of the upper selection is specially to be commended.



Parts of Iron Pavilion, by Messrs. Barnard, Bishop and Barnards, England.

We give engravings of two of the parts of an ornamental pavilion, in cast and wrought iron, designed by Thomas Jeckyll, and manufactured by the firm of Barnard, Bishop & Barnards, of Norwich, England. It is simple yet effective in design. The upper illustration shows part of the enclosure; the lower engraving shows part of the ornamented roof of the structure. The pavilion is thirty-five feet long by eighteen wide, and thirty-five feet high to the extreme ridge. The work is crowded with panels, brackets,

fans, spandrels, &c., enriched by designs in low-relief. Every part is good in execution, while, as a whole, it is impressive.

Our engraving of a mantel (page 198) illustrates a contribution to the Exhibition by A. L. Fauchere & Co., of New York. It is sculptured from a comparatively new material, known as Mexican onyx, the texture of which is very hard. In appearance the stone has the semi-transparency of the carnelian. Its color inclines to white, with a faint tinge of green. The grain is formed

of regular waving lines, and is crossed with bright-yellow veins, which resemble fractures, and give the work a rich and novel effect. The stone is susceptible of a fine polish. In making selections of the onyx for the several parts of the mantel, the design is to secure harmony in tint and grain. The columns on either side are wrought from the same material, but are of a darker tone. The mouldings are of silver-bronze, and the ornamental border surrounding the fireplace, and also the grate, is made of iron, nickel-plated. The shelf has a raised centre, designed to hold a clock; and underneath, forming the centre of the frieze, is a *placque* of silver-bronze.

We engrave (page 198) parlor wood and coal boxes, designed and executed by W. H. Jackson and Co., of New York. The cylinder-shaped box is for wood, and its rich and tasteful style of ornamentation has been well reproduced in the

engraving. The body is made of steel and is nickel-plated, with ormolu mouldings and end-ornaments. The standard is nickel-plated, to correspond with the groundwork of the body.

The coal-box is diamond-shaped, and, like its companion, has a nickel-plated steel body with ormolu mouldings and ornaments. The handles at the ends are of nickel, with Majolica tiles inserted in the heads. The stand is nickel-plated, and the shovel is of brass. These boxes are finished by the makers in different kinds of metals, and the trimmings may be made to conform to the style of architecture of any room in which they may be placed, and are remarkable for their elegance as well as substantial appearance.

The perfection to which ornamental iron-casting has been brought in this country is well illustrated by a fountain, which is contributed to the Centennial Exhibition by the J. L.



Iron Fountain, by the J. L. Mott Iron-Works, of New York.

Mott Iron-Works, of New York. The design is intended to represent the Renaissance style in its most elaborate form. The entire work of designing, modelling, and casting the fountain, was performed by the artisans of the company, and is a notable piece

of Art-work in metal. The several parts of the design, such as the figures and ornamental objects in relief, were first modelled in clay and then cast in plaster, and from the latter the iron castings were made as in the production of statuary-work in bronze. This

method of working the iron gives greater sharpness to the various designs, and consequently enhances the general effect. The first pan, above the boys and pelicans surrounding the main stem, is

ten feet in diameter, and is the largest casting of the kind ever executed in the United States. The fountain, from the surface of the water in the basin to the top of the vase which crowns the



Silver Soup-Tureen, from Messrs. Caldwell and Co., Philadelphia.

design, is about twenty-five feet in height. Ornamental iron-work is now applied to all kinds of architectural work, in addition to the production of figures for the decoration of parks and lawns; indeed, the ornamental forms to which iron can be adapted are almost endless, but it is not always employed with artistic taste.

Messrs. Caldwell and Co., gold and silver smiths of Philadelphia, have a fine exhibit of work in their branch of Art. We engrave as examples of their workmanship a silver soup-tureen, on tray, and an *entrée* dish in *repoussé* or hammered silver, decorated with flowers

and leaves. In *repoussé* work, it may be well to explain, the floriated pattern is pencilled upon the surface of an object, and then by means of blunt chasing-tools is hammered outward, not to the form in which it finally appears, but in masses rather. After the design is raised in this manner to its proper height, the object is filled with a cement of pitch and rosin, which hardens and makes a solid foundation for the chaser to work upon. The chaser with suitable tools goes over the details of the pattern, and works into position the parts which are to be set back or *repoussé*. The



Silver Entrée Dish, from Messrs. Caldwell and Co., Philadelphia.

chaser's work obviously requires skill and artistic knowledge. The process is a favourite one, but there is too often an excess of ornamentation.

Last month we mentioned our inability to describe the cabinet-

ware of Messrs. Wright and Mansfield, of London, of which two examples were given. These articles are of satin-wood, relieved with mahogany, and have not only an exquisite finish, but a beauty peculiarly well calculated to fascinate ladies of taste.

ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.



THE new building of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, corner of Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, was opened on the 22nd of April last. Although it has cost over \$400,000, three-quarters of the whole expenditure was subscribed by thirty-three people. It is claimed to be the most complete, best lighted, heated, and divided building of its kind on this continent. Its structure is characterised by strength and honesty, and, though light and graceful, seems built for all time. It has a front of one hundred feet on

Broad Street, and a depth of two hundred and seventy feet on Cherry Street. It is constructed of brown-stone for the first story, surmounted by brick and Ohio-stone. The main front presents an imposing style of architecture and decoration, there being over one hundred panels sculptured with various devices. Over the porch is an old headless statue as a figure-head.

The first floor of the building is to be used as Art-schools; there, also, are the rooms for the directors, and also rooms for drapery, painting, and a lecture-room. The second floor is reached by a highly-ornamented and beautiful entrance and staircase, and



New Building of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

leads to galleries lighted by a glass roof and completely furnished for their office. Over the whole is an elaborate iron roof supporting its covering of slate and glass.

From the outside the only fault would seem to be that, while the Broad Street front is uncompromisingly symmetrical in its myriad details, the long Cherry Street flank is so monotonous as to cause the leisurely observer a feeling of vague dissatisfaction. Once within the vestibule, too, one is seized with a strong desire to knock away a pier which obstructs, in a most unreasonable manner, the view of the really magnificent stairway. It is also impossible to get a full view of the grand hall until the first landing is reached, but, once there, the lofty splendour of the dome and its supporting arcade is very impressive. This is made the chief architectural feature of the building, and the effect is admirable.

The stone used in this noble staircase and entrance-hall is Ohio sandstone from the Cleveland quarries, the shafts of the columns under the stairs being of Victoria and rose-crystal marbles and

Jersey granite, and those of the upper hall of Tennessee marble. The capitals of all the interior columns are of French *échelon* marble; the rail of the main staircase is of solid bronze.

Going two flights directly up the stairway, the main corridor is reached, and the arcades leading to the galleries on either side. The exhibition-rooms are in two ranges on each side of the central corridor. The rooms on the north side are almost entirely occupied by the subjects for the spring exhibition.

The Academy of the Fine Arts was organised in 1805, in Independence Hall, its first building being erected on the site of the American Theatre. It is the offspring, mainly, of the members of the Philadelphia Bar of 1805, and a few artists of that day; its maintenance at a later period was due to the liberality of men in active business life; and its splendid housings and surroundings to-day are the work of merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, professional men, and bankers, and, mainly, of the devotion of its excellent President—Mr. Claghorn.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—SANFORD R. GIFFORD, N.A.



HERE is a striking equality shown in the pictures of Sanford R. Gifford, which not only indicates his conscientiousness as a painter, but also the quiet and unassuming dignity of his character. Very few American landscape-painters are possessed of so much perseverance in the accomplishment of their aim, or are able to infuse into their canvases the poetic inspiration which pertains to those sent from Mr. Gifford's easel. In studying Nature he always accepts its most sunny phases; but, even when the storm shuts out the sunlight, its gloom does not leave upon his mind a dark shadow, for every cloud to him has its silver lining, and in that bright tone he paints it.

SANFORD R. GIFFORD is a native of Saratoga County, in Northern New York, and at an early age removed with his parents to Hud-

son, where he lived until he attained manhood. His artistic taste early asserted its power, and the first rudiments of his profession, aside from that developed by his own genius during his school-days, he acquired from John R. Smith, a venerable painter, then living in New York, and whose studio and teaching were at that time greatly esteemed by Art-students. In 1850 he went to Europe, and visited nearly all of the famous schools in London and Paris, and other Art-centres on the Continent. As his taste was inclined to the study of landscape Art, and as the mountains and lakes of his native country had already made a lasting impression on his mind, he found little to admire in the schools abroad, and soon returned home to sketch directly from Nature, unbiassed by schools or foreign individuality. During his rambles on the Continent he worked diligently, and on his return to New York he brought with him a large



Venice, from a Painting by S. R. Gifford, N.A.

number of fine studies and sketches, many of which were finished, in matters of detail, with conscientious care. Mr. Gifford now went to work with his pencil with great earnestness. His studio was in New York, but much of his early work and study was done in the neighbourhood of his summer home on the Hudson. He was, at the very outset of his career, elected an associate of the Academy, and in 1854 was made an Academician. His early success, however, did not satisfy his ambition, but if anything it stimulated him to greater exertions. In 1868 he again visited Europe in company with his friends Jervis McEntee, the landscape-painter, and Launt Thompson, the sculptor.

With his matured experience he sought no schools but those of Nature, and journeyed leisurely through the most picturesque parts of Europe, and whenever impressed with a scene he transferred it to his canvas. During his rambles he visited the Rhine, the Bavarian Alps, Switzerland and its lakes and mountains, Italy, and the shores of the Mediterranean. From Italy he went to Egypt, and up the Nile to the Cataracts. From every point he visited his portfolio contains studies of lasting interest. Mr. Gifford's Egyptian studies are perhaps the most striking in their temperance of treatment and truth of local colour of any ever produced

by an American artist. To those who have visited the valley of the Nile they recall most impressively the vivid emerald oasis, bounded by the sterile desert, the grand old ruins, and the groves of palms, in a style wholly free from extravagance or artificiality. They are also marked by the greatest purity of colouring, and an expression of sentiment which attracts the eye and wins the heart. In his studies of the old tombs he brings us, as it were, in the midst of them, and with one foot upon the luxuriant vegetation of the Nile oasis, and the other set down among the ruined temples of the almost forgotten past, the beholder stands awe-struck between the living and the dead, so realistic is the rendering. In 1870, after Mr. Gifford's return from his second trip to Europe, he made a summer trip to the Western Plains and the Rocky Mountain region, where he collected many interesting studies. Since that time he has found busy employment in his studio. His summers have been passed mostly at his home on the Hudson, with an occasional ramble in the Catskill gorges, the Adirondack woods, the White Mountain region, or along the Atlantic coast, as his fancy might suggest. From the great variety of scenery visited during his travels by sea and land, it may be inferred that he has a wide range of subjects to choose from for the exercise of his

pencil, and few artists are more happy in their choice. During the war of the rebellion Mr. Gifford, who was a member of the Second Regiment of New York, laid aside his pencil and went to the defence of Washington; and some of the reminiscences of his service as a soldier, painted after he returned to his studio, he yet retains as souvenirs of that eventful period.

Mr. Gifford, from the beginning of his career as an artist, has never changed his style; simplicity of treatment marked his first pictures, and, notwithstanding the great advance he has made in

knowledge and power, one can readily discover in them the germ of the greatness which has ripened and enchants us so strikingly to-day.

It is difficult to determine what class of subjects selected from Mr. Gifford's portfolios are the most pleasing, as each has a certain degree of power, which becomes impressive as it is studied. There is a peculiar magnetism in his style of manipulation that attracts the eye, let the scene be ever so commonplace. To the exhibition of the Academy in 1868 Mr. Gifford sent a view of the



Sunset in the Adirondacks, from a Painting by S. R. Gifford. N. A.

sterile sand-beach at Sandy Hook, in which his power as an artist, in combining the realistic with the imaginative elements of composition, was most brilliantly displayed. The scene in Nature is a broad and sandy beach, with a line of telegraph-poles leading off into the perspective, but in connection with these uninteresting features Mr. Gifford introduced the rolling and billowy storm-clouds, dark and mysterious at the horizon-line, and in the foreground aglow with the tenderly-toned mellow light of the sun, the strong rays of which were not yet pent in by the gathering gloom. The effect is grand. Another picture, produced about this time, is a 'Sunrise on the Sea-Shore.' It is a lonely scene, a long stretch of

sandy beach in the foreground, with the ocean in perspective, and the sun just rising above the horizon-line, and sending its flashing rays over the water with magical effect.

Of the pictures painted by Mr. Gifford from his studies made in Italy, we engrave a scene in the harbour of Venice, with a group of fishing-boats in the foreground. Like all of Mr. Gifford's pictures it is remarkable for the exquisite tenderness of its tone, and brilliancy of picturesque effect in the few objects introduced. The companion picture is a sunset in the Adirondacks, a rugged upland view, with its lake, gorges, and primeval forests. It is a fine specimen of Mr. Gifford's skill.

PICTURES OF ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.

NAPLES.



HERE are two sayings popular among the citizens of Naples: one is, "Whoever has not seen Naples has seen nothing;" the other is, "See Naples and die;" the obvious meaning of the latter being that, when the city has been seen, there is nothing else worth living for in the way of sights. But Naples is certainly not an Italian paradise, neither in point of situation can it legitimately claim precedence of Genoa; while, internally, it must yield the palm of architectural superiority to the latter city: moreover, the manners and customs of a very large portion of the lower orders of the people render it anything but a desirable residence, except temporarily, for those to whom cleanliness and comparative quietude are essential to the enjoyment of life. Perhaps there is no city of Europe whose streets present such a medley of strange and incongruous sights as Naples. But the approach to it, over the deep blue waters of the bay, is lovely, yet deceptive: the city in front, with its multitude of white

houses dazzlingly bright in the sunshine, the Castle of St. Elmo crowning the heights above, Vesuvius rising majestically on the right, and the range of the Apennines forming a glorious background, combine to make a *coup d'œil* than which few scenes can be found more attractive of its kind; but the illusion vanishes when once the traveller sets foot on shore.

Notwithstanding, however, the disappointment which so many who visit Naples feel on entering the city, both it and its environs have abundant interest. The whole locality is classic ground; no part of Italy is more so, except it be Rome itself. Long before the Christian era Neapolis—the ancient name of Naples—was a place of considerable military strength, so much so as to be able to resist the attacks of such commanders as Pyrrhus and Hannibal; while "in the plenitude of the imperial power and of the intellectual greatness of Rome, her emperors, her statesmen, her historians, and her poets, took up their residence on her shores." On the eastern side of the city lies Pozzeoli, the ancient Puteoli, famous among the Romans for its mineral



Church of San Severino, Naples.

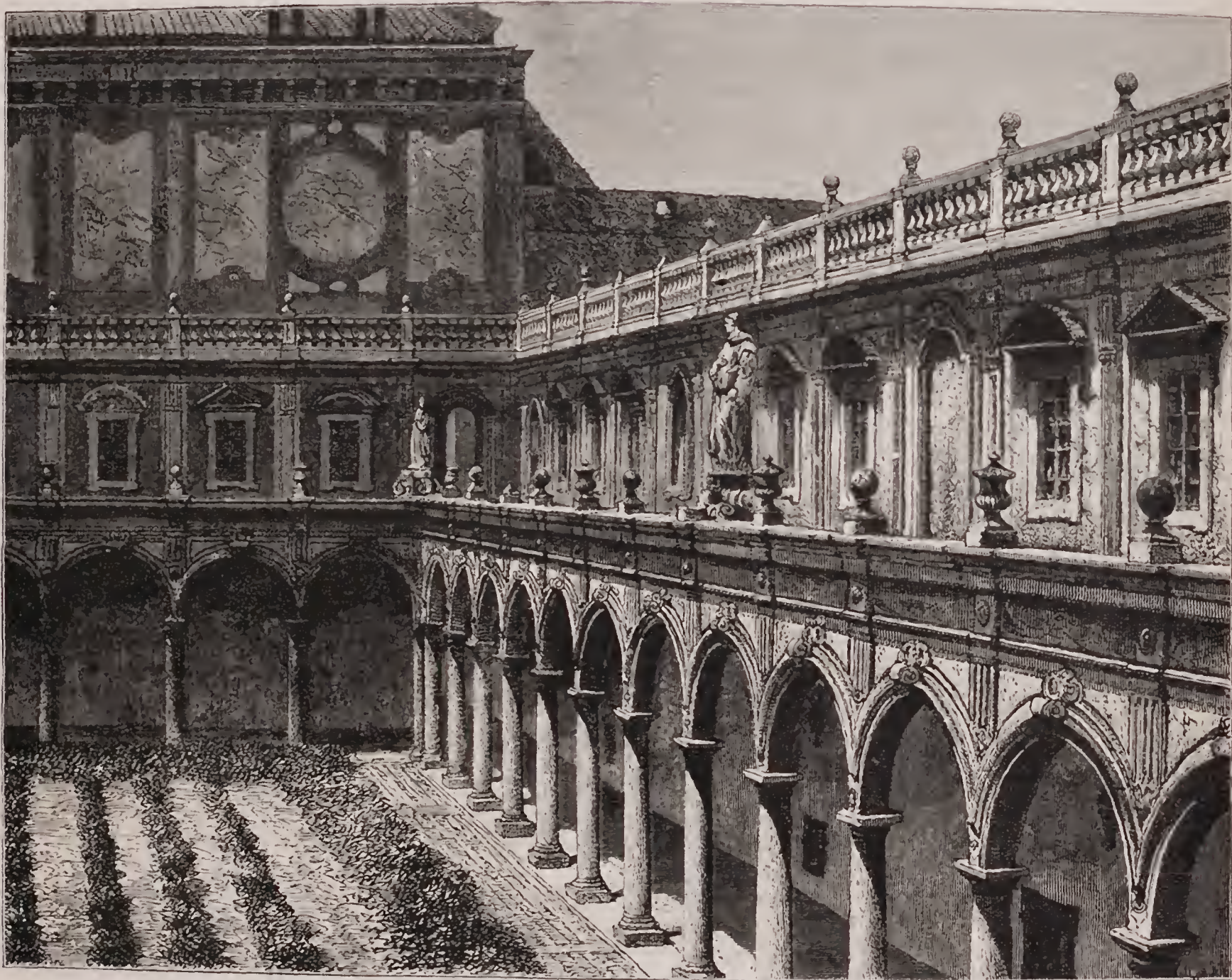
waters and hot baths, and a place full of historic associations: near it Cicero had a famous villa, situated between the lakes Lucrinus and Avernus. At a short distance from the latter lake is Cumæ, which is presumed to have been founded by a colony of Phœnicians prior to the Trojan war, or about fourteen hundred years before the Christian era. Under the Roman kings Cumæ was regarded as the great commercial city of Italy. Here too resided the most famous of the prophetic virgins known as Sibyls; the Cumæan Sibyl is traditionally said to have been seven hundred years old when Æneas arrived in Italy. The vicinity of Cumæ abounds with interesting relics of antiquity.

On the eastern side of the Bay of Naples are the sites of Herculaneum and Pompeii—these will be referred to presently; and then, still skirting the coast, the traveller reaches, at a little distance from the last-mentioned place, Castellamare, the ancient Stabizæ, which was involved in the destruction that overwhelmed the other cities by the memorable eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79. It was in a field adjacent to Stabizæ, to which he had fled, that the elder Pliny perished by the sulphurous vapours of the outpoured lava. The city itself had been more than half desolated, about one hundred and fifty years before the eruption, by the Roman dictator and tyrant Sylla, who,

when he resigned his dictatorship, retired to Puteoli, and died there the victim of voluptuousness and intemperance. There are many other places of much interest to the traveller in the neighbourhood of Naples, such as Amalfi, Sorrento, and the island of Ischia; but we must return to our starting-point.

It has been remarked as singular that Naples should have so few remains of antiquity to show, considering her importance during the reign of the Roman emperors, and the patronage, so to speak, they bestowed upon her. This, however, may in a great measure be accounted for by the fact that few of the old cities of Italy have been subjected to more frequent attacks from invading armies: the Goths, the emperors of the East, the Saracens, the Lombards, the Normans, the Germans, and the Spaniards, successively got possession of the place by force of arms; and it may very reasonably be supposed that such repeated sieges at length destroyed the landmarks of her former

greatness. In the vicinity of the city numerous vestiges of Greek and Roman edifices are visible in the ruins of temples, theatres, and villas, and fragments of such buildings are to be recognised as incorporated in more modern structures in Naples itself; but the catacombs alone remain, in any degree of perfect preservation, to associate the city with classic times. These are assumed to have been constructed by the Greek colonists who established themselves on the site of land previously occupied by the Phœnicians many centuries prior to the Christian era, and it is generally assumed "that both the Romans and the early Christians subsequently appropriated them to their own use, the latter for the purposes of worship as well as sepulture. But however barren externally Naples is in antiquities, its museum, called 'Museo Borbonico,' is one of the richest in Europe, as it is undoubtedly the most interesting, the old city itself, with Herculaneum and Pompeii, having yielded up their



Cloisters of the Convent of St. Martino, Naples.

long-buried treasures, which are deposited there for delight and instruction." Here "we find the furniture, the ornaments, the gods, the statues, the busts, the utensils, the paintings of a great people, whose city was overthrown and buried under thick ashes almost two thousand years ago; their books, their musical instruments, even their bread and baked food in its pristine form, only blackened by the action of the fire, are to be seen. In contemplating these, we trace with a sort of fascination all their habits and customs, looking with double interest on such as assimilate with those of our own days, thus, in idea, connecting ourselves with them; and we dwell on the varied objects presented to our view—all of which are curious and many beautiful—with sensations so lively, so real, that we feel as if the people still lived, still were among us." *

* J. Bell's "Observations on Italy."

It has already been intimated that the general character of the architecture of Naples is not equal to that of other Italian cities. Of castellated domestic architecture many notable examples may be seen in the city and its neighbourhood, yet very few of them can strictly be called picturesque: neither have the churches, of which there are a very large number, any remarkable external features to arrest the attention of those who admire and are interested in the art of the builder: their attractions are chiefly to be found inside—in the monuments, paintings, decorations, and various accessories: the mediæval tombs one sees here are unsurpassed, both in number and richness of design, by those of any other place in Italy. A notable example of these objects—distinguished, however, rather by pretension and quantity than by good taste—appears in the small church of St. SEVERINO, called also Sta. Maria della Pietà de' Sangri, of which an engraving is here introduced. It was erected in the

early part of the seventeenth century, from the designs of the Neapolitan architect Marmondi, at the cost of Alessandro di Sangro, Patriarch of Alexandria, as a kind of mausoleum for his family, the princes of San Severino. Under each arch is the tomb of one of these princes, with a lifesize statue: the adjoining pillar, made the tomb of his wife, is adorned with an allegorical group of sculpture, illustrating the virtues by which the lady was specially distinguished: thus, among others, are found Modesty, Conjugal Affection, Decorum, Religious Zeal, &c. &c. These works are by several sculptors, but not one of them rises above the florid conventional Art which, with very few exceptions, is characteristic of the sculpture of that period. The series of tombs commences with that of the founder of the church, the Patriarch Alessandro, and ends with that of Raimondi di Sangro, who died in the last century. The tombs of the three brothers, Jacopo, Ascanio, and Sigismondo San

Severino, who were poisoned by their uncle Girolomo, that he might possess himself of their inheritance, are by Gian de Nola. In this church are some fresco paintings by Belisario Corenzio, a Greek by birth, but settled in Naples, where he executed a large number of works in the churches and palaces. Corenzio was violent and despotic in his temper, and it was he who, in conjunction with Ribera, a Spaniard, and Caracciolo, a Neapolitan, formed the famous, or rather infamous, cabal to drive from the city all other artists whose reputation seemed to stand in the way of their own advancement. It is generally thought that Domenichino, who died from poison, was one of their victims; and Corenzio has the reputation of poisoning Liugi Rodrigo, a clever scholar of his own. He himself came to a sudden, though it can scarcely be called an untimely death, for he had reached the advanced age of eighty-five, when he broke his neck by falling from a scaffolding while repairing



The Forum, Pompeii.

one of his frescoes in the church of San Severino: this occurred in 1643.

The Carthusian monastery of St. Martino, situated a little below the Castle of St. Elmo, offers a view which, of its kind, has scarcely a rival in the world: it commands a complete panorama of Naples and the Gulf, including, on the right, Pozzeoli, and the islands of Procida and Ischia; on the left, Vesuvius, and the coast as far as Torre dell' Annunziata. "In another direction we have Capodimonte, and the rich plain of the Neapolitan Campagna as far as Caserta; and in the distance we recognise Monte Tifate, backed by the chain of the Apennines, along which, as they advance towards the sea, we distinguish the mountains of Gragnano, Vico, Sorrento, and Massa." The monastery, which owes its origin to the House of Anjou, was founded about the middle of the fourteenth century, but has since passed through a variety of changes, one of the last being its conversion into a military hospital; in 1836,

however, it resumed its own proper character, the monks once more taking possession of the edifice. The chapel of the monastery is of seventeenth century date, and is rich in pictures, marbles, and decorations of various kinds. The Ascension, painted on the cupola, and the Twelve Apostles, in the spaces between the windows, are by Lanfranco. Over the principal doorway is a 'Deposition from the Cross,' by Stanzioni, which to this day testifies to "the profane jealousy," as a French writer terms it, of Spagnoletto, who had painted the figures of Moses and Elias respectively on each side of Stanzioni's picture, and found they would not bear the juxtaposition. The story is that the 'Deposition' having become dirty, or somewhat dark, Spagnoletto obtained from the monks permission to clean it, but instead of this he applied to the surface some corrosive liquid, which greatly injured the painting. Stanzioni refused to retouch the picture, declaring it should remain in that state as a proof of his rival's perfidy.

THE CLOISTERS OF ST. MARTINO are shown in one of the preceding engravings: they form a grand quadrangle, having on each side a range of arches supported by pillars of white marble; at the angles of the sides and at the centres is the statue of a saint: an open halustrade, running parallel with the arcades gives an elegant finish to three out of the four sides; these have a terraced roof from which the splendid view just described is obtained. The centre of the quadrangle is laid out as a garden.

POMPEII.

In this series of papers, now brought to a conclusion, wherein a brief description of some of the picturesque edifices of Italy is offered to the reader, we have hitherto been, as it were, in communication with the living—with objects familiar to the eyes of successive generations of men for centuries, many or few in number, as the history of each testifies. Pompeii, the city of the dead, may appropriately be the subject of the final chapter; it seems, in fact, to be so intimately associated with Naples, that to speak of one necessarily involves some remark concerning the other.

The annals of the world supply, in the way of antiquarian research, nothing more wonderful and strikingly affecting than the discovery of this long-buried city; above which, year by year, and century after century, the yellow corn has waved in the soft southern winds, and the vine put forth the purple grape. And in speaking of Pompeii, the neighbouring cities of Herculaneum and Stabiae must not be forgotten, though originally places of far less importance, and, from the discoveries which have been made, presenting few features of interest compared with the first-mentioned. Older places than either of these have been traced out, and made tolerably familiar to us by the traveller and the artist but very partially, and chiefly by their architectural remains only: when, however, the superincumbent

weight which had so long pressed down the cities of the Italian plain was by slow degrees lifted, there was revealed to the living the life of a world which had existed nearly seventeen hundred years earlier, in its public and domestic aspects—revealed, too, with a vividness sometimes as appalling in its reality as it was interesting for its historic value. A marvellous chapter in the annals of Roman life in the first century of the Christian era is that we read in the story of the exhumation of Pompeii, and of which so much is to be seen in the museum of Naples. There is no occasion for us to give even an outline of what may be called the death and resurrection of the old city; the subject has filled a conspicuous place in the literature of Europe during a century or longer, as fresh discoveries have been made from time to time.

Three or four years ago there was exhibited at the Crystal Palace a number of remarkable pictures, showing the principal views of Pompeii in its present condition; and also another series representing the buildings restored. From the manner in which the former series was produced, by what is called photo-sculpture, it was almost impossible, when looking at the pictures, not to imagine oneself standing in the midst of the identical locality. Doubtless very many of our readers availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing "Pompeii in London," as the exhibition was called; and it is certain to have afforded them both pleasure and instruction.

The FORUM, engraved here, is the most spacious and imposing part of Pompeii; it was discovered in 1816, when excavations were commenced. The range of white marble columns, forming such prominent objects in the foreground, is continued round the top and bottom of the parallelogram; the opposite side shows the remains of temples, of numerous public buildings, and of some private dwellings; the remains of similar edifices are apparent elsewhere in the Forum.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE HOMELY MEAL—BRITTANY.

(See Frontispiece.)

F. GOODALL, R.A., Painter.

THE HOMELY MEAL—BRITTANY,' by Frederick Goodall, R.A., the subject of our engraving, is one of that eminent artist's most elaborately-finished pictures. It is one of his early works, and painted when he was an associate of the Royal Academy. The scene is drawn, probably, in the kitchen of some grand old château, although the diversified costumes of the men are more of the character of those met with at a wayside inn.

Goodall in his style is much given to over-elaboration, and this may be detected in our engraving, but it is not a serious fault, and it will be overlooked when the earnestness and conscientiousness of the artist are thoroughly understood. Goodall is now in his fifty-fifth year. He was a pupil of his father in drawing, and at the age of fourteen won the Isis Medal of the Society of Arts, for a drawing of 'Lambeth Palace,' and soon afterwards commenced his first

J. GODFREY, Engraver.

picture, 'Finding the Dead Body of a Miner by Torchlight,' for which the Society awarded him the large silver medal. Early in his career he found a good friend in the poet Rogers, and from that time his rise was rapid. His picture of 'The Christening' gained for him a prize of £50 from the British Institute. His 'Tired Soldier,' painted in 1842, and 'The Village Festival,' were bought by Mr. Vernon, and are now in the Vernon Gallery. His other pictures painted previous to 1854 are: 'The Soldier's Dream;' 'Raising the May-pole;' and 'The Swing.' In the latter year he visited Egypt, and since then has painted 'Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur;' 'The First-Born;' 'Return of Pilgrims from Mecca;' 'The Palm-Offering;' 'Arab Messenger;' 'Rising of the Nile;' 'Hagar and Ishmael,' and others. Many of his pictures have been engraved.

VILLANELLA.

CH. N. JALABERT, Painter.

JALABERT, who is a pupil of Paul Delaroche, is famous for his portraits of ladies in fancy costumes as well as studies or pictures of country-girls, such as the subject of our engraving. This pleasant-faced young woman appears to have chosen a somewhat exposed place, standing in the bright sunshine as she does, to perform her afternoon's work. But it is evident, from the quiet expression of her face, that her fingers are moving mechanically, and that her thoughts are wandering in a day-dream. The figure is very gracefully moulded, and, notwithstanding her peasant-garb,

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

neither her hand nor brow, as yet, shows signs of toil. Jalabert's works are well known through the medium of engravings. His 'Romeo and Juliet,' the original of the engraving, is owned in this country, as well as many other of his more famous works. To the Chicago relief collection he contributed a little *genre* subject entitled 'The Lesson,' and the picture is now owned in a private collection in New York. During his career as an artist he has won nearly all of the honours that France is so liberal in bestowing upon her great masters.



CH. CALABERT PINX.

J. LEVASSEUR SCULPT.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,* R.A.



THE exhibition at Burlington House, in the spring of 1874, of the collected works of Landseer was a grand exposition of the genius of the painter; but it was only transitory, and therefore could leave little on the mind beyond an impression which must in time pass away. It is true that many of the principal pictures then seen have been engraved, and thus remain to some extent accessible, while the series of woodcuts we are publishing is giving equal, if not

greater, publicity to the artist's sketches and studies, a large number of which appeared in the exhibition with the paintings; many, however, did not, and are, therefore, quite novelties when produced in our pages.

The 'Lake Scene,' engraved below, was evidently taken in the same locality as that which appears on page 97 of the *Art Journal* of last year: both sketches are in oil, and belong to the same owners, who have kindly allowed us to use them; each has, however, been sketched from a different point of view, and presents a dif-



Lake Scene in Scotland (1829-30).—Lent by Messrs. Hay and Son, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ferent period of time: the former is a daylight scene, this a beautiful effect of twilight, with the mountains brought out into bold relief by the streaks of clear sky behind, the light from which is skilfully reflected on the water: in both the artist has introduced in the foreground some barren stumps of trees, presumably washed to the edge of the lake by the periodical floods from the mountains.

'Brutus' was a dog belonging to Mr. W. W. Simpson; it was the father of one in the possession of the artist when a boy; he painted a very small picture of it for the top of a snuffbox, as we learn from Mr. A. Graves's comprehensive catalogue of Landseer's

works. 'Brutus' was a fine bull-terrier and a famous rat-killer. The sketch we have engraved is an outline in pencil, but the head is worked up with black and white chalk.

The next engraving, 'The Alarm,' is not taken from a sketch, but from a highly-finished painting executed by Landseer, in 1837, for the late Mr. Henderson, of Shoeburyness, Essex, who bequeathed it to a relative, Mr. O. Fletcher Watson, who has allowed us to engrave it. The composition shows a most attractive arrangement of a "deer family," stag, doe, and young fawn, the two latter imbedded on a luxuriant couch of bright green grass; the stag has risen at some warning sound, and looks about as if to ascertain whence it comes; the sky is finely worked out to the

* Continued from page 109.

effect of rain, leaving a break in the clouds against which the form of the stag stands prominently forward. The distant deer we have seen in other works by Landseer.

At the sale of Landseer's works was an oil-picture, called 'Stag bellowing;' the fine drawing Mr. Bolckow has permitted us to engrave is the original sketch for the painting, and is executed in



Brutus (1815).—Lent by Joseph Clark, Esq., Emperor's Gate, South Kensington.

coloured crayons on grey paper: we have named it 'A Challenge.' Landseer's well-known engraved picture, 'The Challenge,' differs

from this study. The group, 'Lioness and Cubs,' may be classed among his very earliest works. The large engraving, 'Study of



The Alarm.—Lent by P. Fletcher Watson, Esq., Leeds.

Fir-trees,' is from a small but highly-finished sketch in oils, evidently of Scottish origin also: through the opening we have a peep of the stream which flows at the base of a heath-covered

mountain. Like other landscape subjects we have already given, this shows Landseer's earnest study to realise the truth of Nature.

Hazlitt, in his "Criticism on Art," institutes a kind of compari-



Lioness and Cubs (1809).—Lent by George Gurney, Esq., Eastbourne.



A Challenge (1845).—Lent by H. W. F. Bolckow, Esq., M.P.

son between paintings and engravings, in their respective appeal to our senses, in these words:—"Good prints are, no doubt, better than bad pictures; or prints, generally speaking, are better than pictures; for we have more prints of good pictures than of bad

ones; yet they are, for the most part, but hints, loose memorandums, outlines in little of what the painter has done." There are few lovers of Art who will, it may be presumed, agree altogether with the critic's remarks. Engravings are something more than "out-



Study of Fir-trees (1840).—Lent by Messrs. Agnew and Sons, Waterloo Place.

lines in little of what the painter has done; they are the pictures themselves so far as the artist's conception of the subject is concerned, and the manner in which it is carried out; while there are qualities of engraving that stand, not unworthily, in the place of colour, and may even be said to represent it. A gallery of en-

gravings after Landseer shows something more than "loose memorandums;" it teems with the prolific imaginings of the artist's mind in every form and variety of native animal life, presented with all the power of the master's cunning handiwork, and with an expressiveness which is only equalled by its truth.

ANCIENT IRISH ART. THE SHRINE OF ST. MANCHÁN.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



THE Irish, as we all know, were in ancient times as many of the gifted sons and daughters of that gifted land are at the present day—remarkable for the beauty and intricacy of their designs, and for the marvellous delicacy, precision, and finish of their workmanship, whether in metal, on stone, or on vellum. Their early designs present remarkable and very striking peculiarities, and exhibit a greater inventive power, a stricter adhesion to sound principles of Art, and a more masterly execution, than those of any other contemporaneous people. The style, which can only be called the "Irish style," is national to that country, and was pursued for many centuries with the same spirited characteristics, and the same amount of elaboration and intricacy.

The carved stone crosses; the metal fibulae, shrines, bell cases, croziers, and the like; the illuminated manuscripts; and indeed every species of ornamental work, evince the same skill in design, and the same general adhesion to one fixed principle,

and show that whatever the material worked upon, or whatever the size or use of the object upon which that work was expended, the mind of the Irish artist was guided by the same feeling and the same fixed ideas. The great characteristics of ancient Irish Art are elaborate and ever-varying interlacings; and figures, human and otherwise, either mixed up with that interlacing, or separate from it. Figure subjects are common upon the sculptured crosses; but, except in connection with interlacings, not so usual upon metalwork or in the illuminations. Besides the human form, many nondescript animals and birds are introduced, and the serpent is of frequent occurrence. These, as Mr. O'Neill truly observes, "are interlaced and twisted, and made to do duty as parts of ornamental compositions, with a most thorough disregard of proportion, or of any quality except the requirements of the design and the caprice of the designer. Sometimes we find eight figures, sometimes four, three, two, even one human figure, forming the theme of the ornament; and in each case the interlacings and the contortions are made with a total disregard of anatomy, proportion, or natural possi-

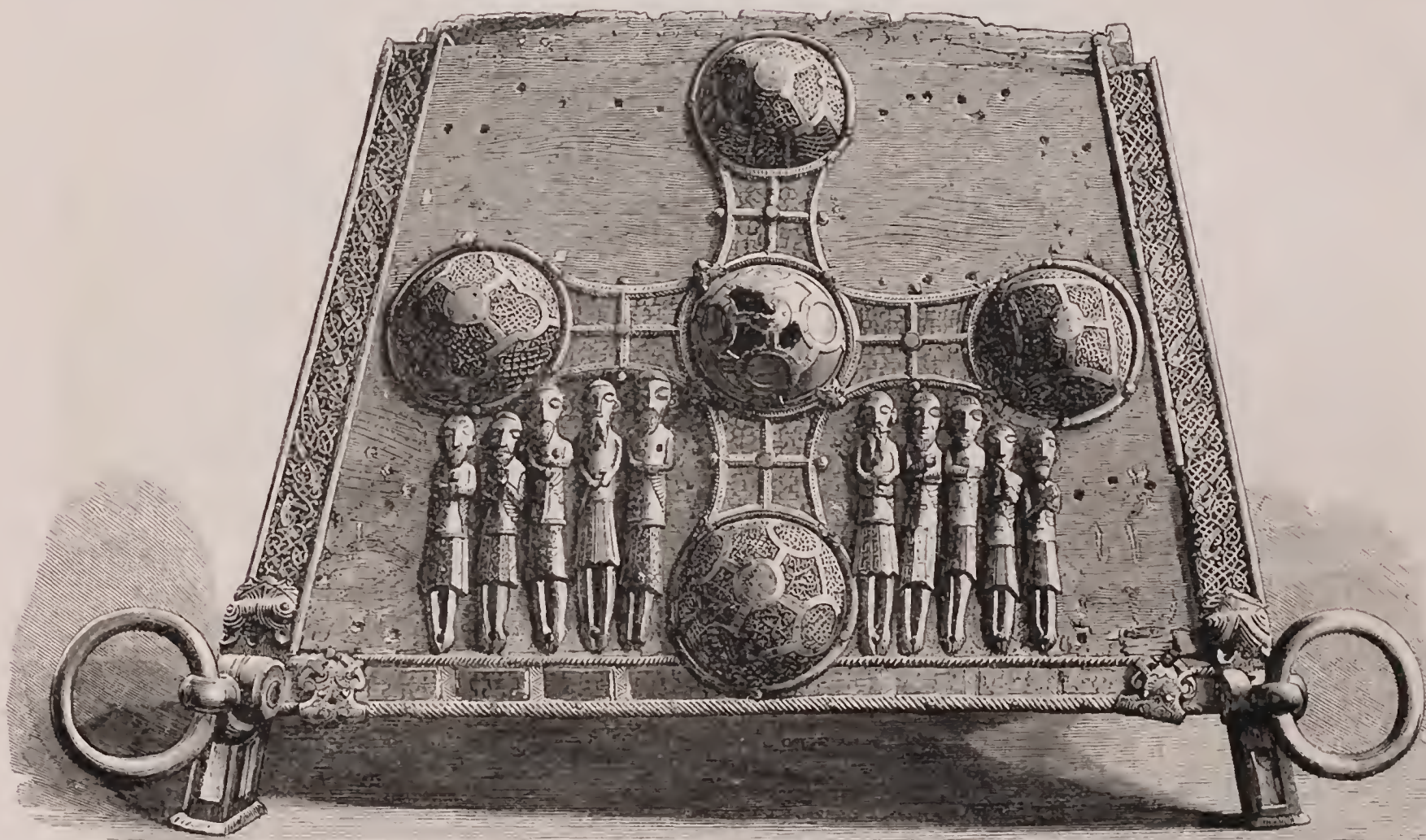


Fig. 1.—The Shrine of St. Manchán: Front View.

bility. The same observation applies to the other animal forms. The artist regarded nothing except the ornament. He twisted and he involved the several members with as little feeling for the truth of nature as a modern opera singer does some simple word or syllable in his melody." And this is just the beauty of Irish Art—it takes for its foundation natural objects, but it converts them, with a wonderful and never-ending skill, into forms as varied and as numberless as those of nature herself. The ornament was, as in all cases as a fixed rule it ought to be, invariably made subservient to the use and design of the object on which it was introduced. There was no smothering with decoration, and no hiding of the general form of the object with useless ornamentation; but the most intricate and elaborate

design was made to fall in with, and add to, the simple and severe shape of the article itself.

It is not, however, my intention in this brief article to write either upon the general principles of ancient Irish Art, or upon any of its special characteristics. These I leave for abler pens and more fitting opportunities. All I intend to do is to describe and call attention to a very remarkable and altogether unique example of that art, the shrine of St. Manchán; and this I am enabled to do, and to illustrate, with engravings belonging to the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland, kindly lent to me through my friend, the Rev. James Graves. In another paper I purpose speaking of some of the peculiarities of ornamentation on Irish fictile Art.

This shrine, the only one of its kind, as I have said, in existence, is a marvel of beauty, both in design and execution, and exhibits many features in common with other examples of early Irish and Byzantine Art, with the addition of some which are totally distinct from any other known examples.

It is not easy to say to which of the St. Mancháns—for there were two saints of that name—it is to be appropriated. Miss Stokes, says Mr. Graves, speaking of Lemanaghan, says:—"In the year 645, Diarmid, King of Ireland, according to the Four Masters, passed through Clonmacanois on his way to Carn Conaill, in the County Galway, where a battle was fought between him and Guaire, King of Connaught, in which the former was victorious. The congregation of St. Ciaran made supplication to God that he might return safe through the merits of their intercession. On his return from victory, he granted the lands of Tuaim Eirc—that is, Ere's Mound—to Clonmacanois as 'altar sod' to God and St. Ciaran; and he gave three maledictions to any king who should take [as a mark of supremacy] even a drink of water there. In 664 we read of the death of

St. Manchán here; from him the place was afterwards named *Liath Manchain*, i.e. according to O'Donovan, St. Manchán's grey land, *liath* (Welsh *llwyd*) meaning grey. 'This St. Manchán is thus described in the 'Martyrology of Donegal,' p. 27:—'Manchán, of Liath, son of Indagh. Mella was the name of his mother, and his two sisters were Grealla and Greillseach. There is a church called Liath Mancháin-Dealbna-Mhec-Cochláin. His relics are at the same place in a shrine, which is beautifully covered with boards on the inside, and with bronze outside them, and very beautifully carved. It was Manchán of Liath that composed the charming poem, i.e.—

'Would that, O Son of the living God,
O eternal, ancient King,' &c.

The Four Masters, however, record, *sub anno* 1166, the making of a shrine of St. Manchán thus:—"The shrine of Manchán, of Maethail, was covered by Ruaidhri Ua Conchobhair [Rory O'Connor, King of Ireland], and an embroidering of gold was carried over it by him in as good a style as a relic

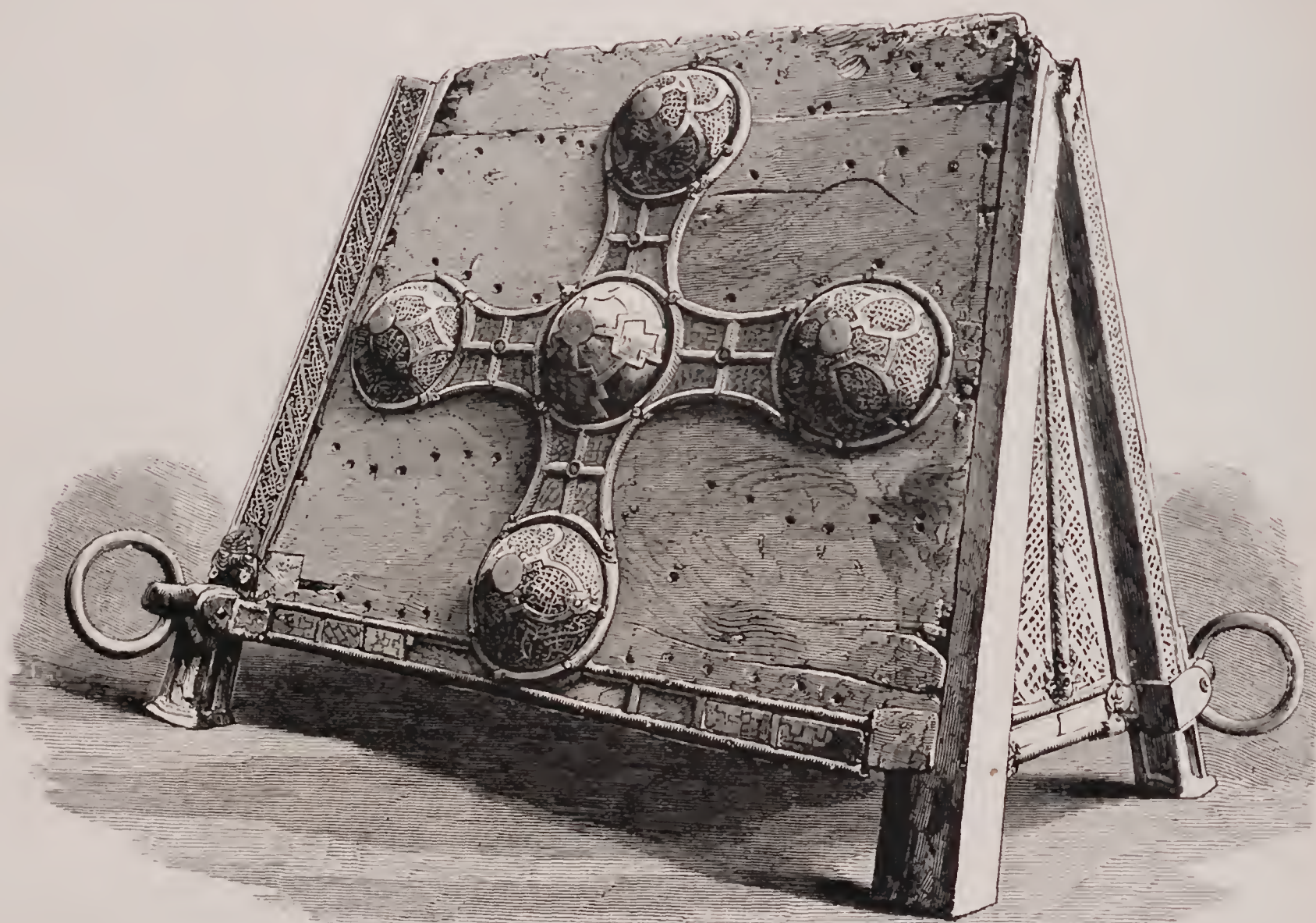


Fig. 2.—The Shrine of St. Manchán: Back View.

was ever covered in Ireland." The locality of the shrine thus described is fixed at Mohill, not at Lemanaghan; but Mr. Graves thinks it possible that it may, from some cause or other, have been transferred from the one to the other. It is said there were two Mancháns of Liath, one who died of the yellow plague A.D. 664, and another who attended a synod with St. Adamnan, circa 694. Certain it is, however, that a St. Manchán was venerated in the seventh century at a place from him named Lemanaghan, but which was originally termed Tuaim-n-Erc, i.e. "Ere's Mound;" and it is no less certain that he died there in the year 664, of the *buidhe conaill*, or yellow plague, which then desolated Ireland, and that we have his shrine preserved in the locality to the present day.

The site of the church of St. Manchán, now in ruins, and close by that of what is traditionally called "St. Manchán's house," also in ruins, is on a low swell of land, and that of the cell, or house, of his mother on another adjoining rising ground, almost surrounded by peat bogs of vast extent, that in former times must have rendered them difficult of approach. Near the

churchyard is *Tobar Manchain*, the well of St. Manchán. "Two hundred and eighty yards from the well there is a large sandstone flag lying on the *togher*; and tradition says that here every day the saint and his mother Mella met, and sat without speaking to each other, back to back, one at each side of the *leac*, then erect, St. Manchán having vowed not to speak to a woman."

The site of the monastic establishment of St. Manchán, Mr. Graves writes, "is almost surrounded by peat bogs of vast extent, which in former times must have been nearly impassable. At present it is easily accessible, both from the Prospect or Boher, and Ferbane sides, good roads having been made across the intervening morasses. It stands on a low swell of land—an arm of the bog, now reclaimed, running up between the two rising grounds on which the church of St. Manchán and the cell of his mother were severally founded. On the westernmost stands, in the enclosure of the graveyard, the church and 'house' of St. Manchán. The church is without a chancel, measuring internally 53 ft. by 18 ft. 5 in., the walls being

3 ft. 3 in. thick. At its western end is a doorway 5 ft. 10 in. wide, now much ruined, the arch and gable above it having fallen, and only the southern jamb and the base of the northern one remaining; the jambs were each enriched by an engaged shaft of limestone with fluted cushion capital, and measure 6 ft. 6 in. in height to top of latter; this and west doorway of the cathedral at Clonmacanais are apparently of the same age. The arch was of two orders, and the capital of a disengaged external shaft remains at the north side. Some very massive uncoursed masonry is to be seen in the lower part of the west gable, and the walls of the church are, at all events, as old as the doorway, which is late in the twelfth century. The west end may, however, contain masonry belonging to an earlier structure. Windows of the fifteenth century have been inserted, and there is a chasm in the south wall where probably stood a doorway of the latter date. A few yards to the north of the church are the remains of what is traditionally known as 'St. Manchán's house.' It measures 23 ft. by 17 ft. 8 in. internally, the walls being 3 ft. thick. The western gable has fallen, so that there is no trace of the doorway; only small portions of the walls

remain, and they are apparently of a date not older than the neighbouring church, the stones being of no great size, and the mortar abundant. There are six early Irish tombstones at present to be seen in the churchyard. Two of them are of large size. One of these is of sandstone, lying in the grass to the south of the church, and is inscribed with a large interlaced cross of a kind common at Clonmacanais. The other is a squared upright sandstone slab, like the shaft of a cross, covered at one side with a rare and effective pattern in low relief. Three of the stones have plain early circle-enclosed crosses on them, and one, which is inscribed, bears a beautifully-interlaced cruciform design. Two portions of ancient querns are also used as headstones. The cell of St. Manchán's mother is surrounded by a very ancient *mur*, or wall of earth faced with stonework. The enclosure is rectangular, and measures 50 yards by 36. Large boulders are to be seen on the surface of the adjoining land, and some of them have been used in the construction of the *mur*. About centrally within this space stands the cell, a small rectangular building, measuring 18 ft. by 10 ft. 10 in., the walls being 3 ft. 2 in. thick. Both the cell and its enclosure lie

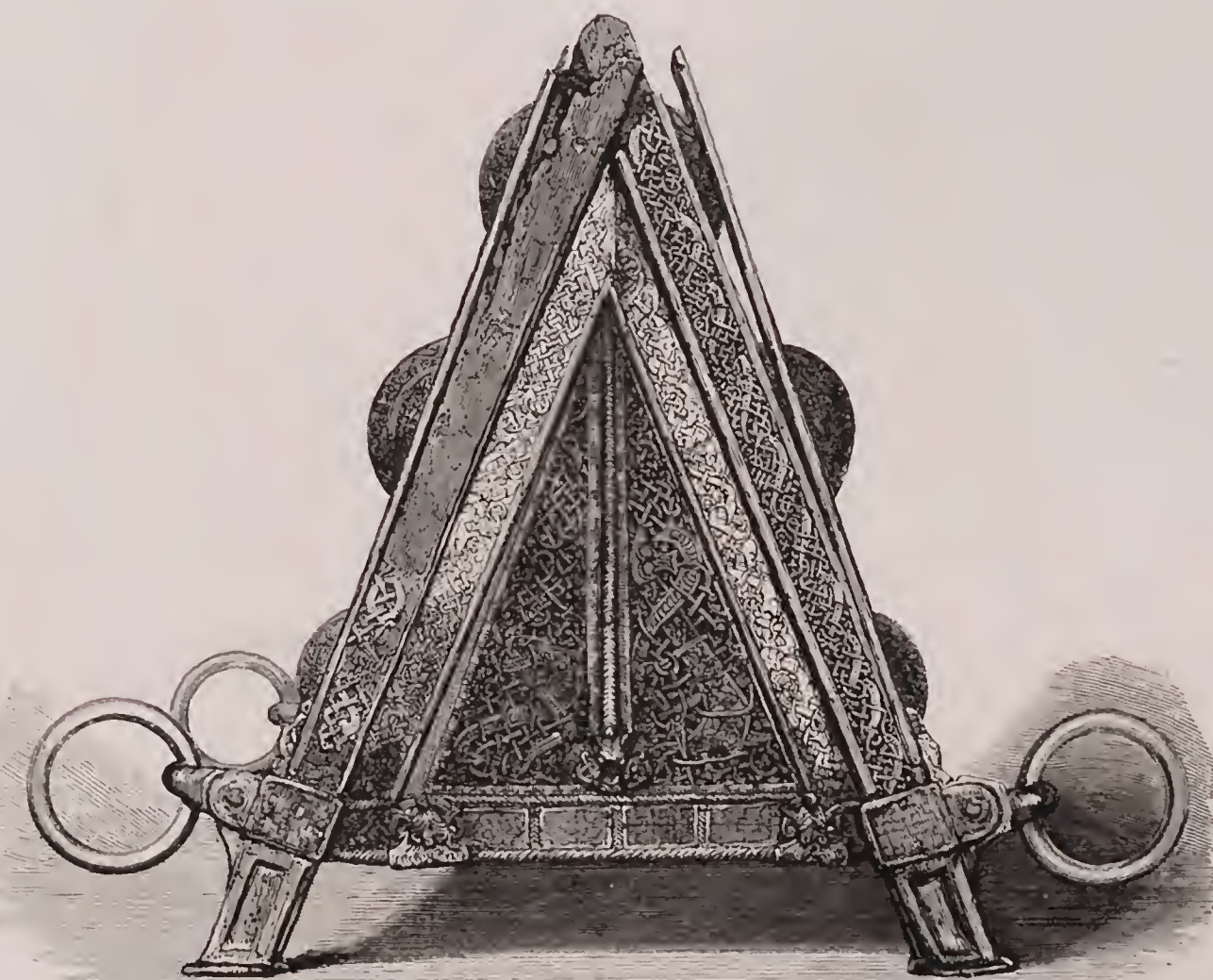


Fig. 3.—The Shrine of St. Manchán: End View.

east-north-east, and the square-headed doorway remains in the west-north-west side of the former. The lintel and one of the jamb-stones pass through the entire thickness of the wall. There is no sign of any mode of hanging or fastening the door, the ope of which is very narrow for its height. The sides are inclined, the width being $24\frac{1}{2}$ in. at bottom, and $21\frac{1}{2}$ in. at top. The height of the doorway at present is 5 ft. 5 in. The east gable has fallen, and there is no window in the sides of the building, which are about 10 ft. high. The remains of this curious cell are at present mantled with ivy, and the enclosure round it is thickly planted with young trees. There is no trace of this cell having had a roof of stone. The walls indeed seem too thin to bear its weight."

The shrine, which I now proceed to describe, was formerly kept in a small thatched building, used as a chapel, not far from the Doon. Tradition says that the chapel was destroyed by fire, but that this shrine—the only thing saved—was miraculously preserved. It was then placed in the hands and under the care of the ancient Irish family of Moony, "but in consequence of the resort of the peasantry to the house to swear by the shrine, it was, some two or three generations back, handed

over, by request, to the then Roman Catholic priest of the parish. It is now carefully preserved, under glass, at the side of the altar of the Roman Catholic chapel of Boher, in the parish of Lemanaghan. It was very kindly lent to the Dublin Exhibition in 1853, and again to the loan collection in the Dublin Exhibition in 1872. It was then photographed, and from these pictures the accompanying engravings have been taken.

The shrine, which of course contained relics of the saint, is, as shown in the accompanying engravings (Figs. 1, 2, and 3), in the form of a high-pitched gabled roof. It measures twenty-three inches in length, and thirteen inches in width at the bottom; and the sides, which slope up to a point, measure nineteen inches in height. It stands on four bronze feet, two inches in height, and at each corner is a massive bronze ring, probably used for the passing through of the staves for carrying the shrine in processions; these are attached by strong bronze clamps, decorated with grotesque heads. Along the bottom of both sides and ends is a border of bronze, ornamented with the **T**, or cross tau pattern, variously modified, in red and yellow *champlevé* enamel, the spaces between being engraved with *chevron* pattern.

(To be continued.)

BRIC-A-BRAC AT FLORENCE.

By JAMES JACKSON JARVES.



THE lily-city of the Arno has quite another aspect besides that of flowers in full bloom and fragrance. It is one, however, which requires an intimate acquaintance to comprehend fully; but as a study of life and dead civilisations, it pleasurablely repays whatever trouble and time it may cost. There are few symptoms more certain of any special phase of the world's civilisations having gone to seed than the number of shops and people devoted to the sale at second-hand of old objects of Art, or those things in which Art of some sort is an obvious characteristic. Collectors, dealers, and amateur sellers are chiefly the product of countries whose material prosperity and power have passed their zenith and fallen into a slow decline, whilst the people still cling too closely to the traditions and habits of past greatness to take a very lively interest in any fresh start in civic progress. This is a period in which the public taste regards most fondly whatever objects recall the old æsthetic skill and styles of living, for the double purpose of gratifying pride and turning them to profit. At some time or other of their existence all peoples seem to prize even common articles, for the pleasure they afford the eye more than for their intrinsic serviceableness. Especially is this true of the infancy, and of the maturity of races as they verge towards their decline. There is, however, an intermediary stage when solid utility gets uppermost and lays the foundations of the wealth, knowledge, and power which subsequently expand themselves into national refinement and adornment. Our prominent nineteenth-century civilisations, although, as regards Art, more eclectic than creative, are reaching forward to a new attempt to give it full scope, and make it again what it was in its earlier being—part and parcel of everyday existence, whether of the public or individual. There is a general craving for æsthetic originality, but the power of creating it, as in the mechanical arts, is not yet fully re-developed. Hence we chiefly copy or collect of the past for the fleeting moment. Our passion for beauty demands some sort of satisfaction. Whilst awaiting the good time coming when we shall be able to equal, perhaps surpass, the best art of former times, we are not indisposed to enjoy whatever it can still yield to us that is elegant or tasteful, of every age and race, even if out of fashion and timeworn.

Side by side with public museums and collections there has grown up a widespread special business in Art objects, to which the term "bric-a-brac" has been given; an elastic eclectic expression made to cover everything good, bad, and indifferent, in the most remote degree related to Art that has fallen into its second-hand stage; or, in other words, passed out of regular commerce into the fluctuations of chance. Bric-a-brac has an omnivorous appetite for things which have seen their best years, is not averse to decrepitude and even decay, and is equally fond of anything that reflects the taste of the past, from hairpins to pyramids, and, ghoul-like, ransacks and disinters with untiring vigour garret and graveyard, from the youth of Adam down to our grandmothers' fashions, with a truly edifying breadth of taste, asking no questions as to faith, and treating pagan and Christian with perfect impartiality of choice.

Naturally, having the richest soil to work, Italy is foremost in the harvest of antiquity. Her Art, too, has literally gone to seed, leaving only a few thrifty sprouts to represent the once-vigorous growth. Hence she abounds with persons, and even towns, that live as it were on the marrow of their progenitors, trafficking in their household gods, bringing every relic of former prosperity into the market, and testing their merits by the gullibility of buyers or the depths of their purses. This business is all the more fascinating as it has about the same elements of chance as the national lottery, which is such an absorbing passion for all classes. Bric-a-brac has its recruits from all ranks in Europe.

It attracts even princes, not to speak of the lesser aristocracy, and descends through all the social grades until it dies away in ex-cooks, couriers, and even street lazzaroni. But the chances by no means nowadays incline towards either great finds or large profits, for many an object dearly acquired proves to be downright rubbish, skilfully-concocted invention, or forgery.

In ceasing to be the capital of Italy, some compensation Florence may get in its fast becoming the capital of Bric-a-bracdom. It always was a favourite mart of Art, old and new; but the former business was confined to a few well-known names. Now the number of regular dealers, I am told, has swollen to about eighty, not to count one hundred or more individuals who make the traffic more or less a special pursuit. Among these the noble families are largely represented, openly or otherwise; whilst there still exist many palaces in which family relics ever patiently await their destined purchaser. Their names and localities are discreetly confided to a class of agents or *sensali*, whose especial business is to lie in wait in favourable places for the "illustrious" foreigner of taste and means; if without the former, and as presumptuous as ignorant, so much the more of a godsend. Flies in dog-days are a mild infliction as compared with the avid zeal of these intermediaries, after once drawing blood; yet some there are courteous, intelligent, and trustworthy, whose services are well worth their charge. They pilot the amateur through historical palaces with a certainty of welcome that is marvellously refreshing, invading noble room after room superbly furnished *à la* bric-a-brac, or else take him into a private sanctuary, or even a bedroom, to inspect some one precious object, puzzling the connoisseur to know whether he will most offend or please the titled owner by suggestions of buying, and where the line is to be drawn between things saleable or reserved for domestic use. In one venerable palace, bearing an ancient and highly-aristocratic name, with an uncommonly imposing coat-of-arms over the portal, there is a most commendable frankness of exhibition which precludes all doubt as to the "one price" system, "cash on delivery," and the identification of the particular objects "on sale." Wandering through its suites of beautiful rooms filled with objects that attest the varied taste and wealth of the noble collector, including a lavish display of precious Oriental and Mediæval Art, one is struck with the harmonious union of mercantile shrewdness and æsthetic knowledge. The full enjoyment of the individual of his domestic arrangements is secured, combined with more than the usual advantages of the first-class shop. The superabundance of the attributes of a tasteful, convenient home give rise to no conflicting sentiment or action that the visitor can discover. Attentive servants wait on him, priced catalogues in hand, each article duly numbered or otherwise distinguished, the non-saleable speaking for themselves; explanations are promptly given with no fear of a cautious proprietor overhearing any suggested criticism; a luxurious leisure and embarrassment of riches on every side tempt to buy, and a display of great names of "the old masters," very significant of the inexhaustibility of Italy as regards them, eloquently appeal to the imagination, if you can believe all you read in the catalogue. This palace is the very paradise of bric-a-brac, open only to the elect, and is sufficiently tempting to inspire a taste even into the soul of a "fifth monarchy" man. But blue blood as well as red must not forget the cash rule, which, like the inscription over Dante's *Inferno* applies to all who enter, as one of the wealthiest princes of Europe recently ascertained, on buying a painting, somewhat to his surprise.

Where there are less show and business-etiquette there are often more fun and chances of coming to terms. I was greatly entertained on one occasion at the *naïveté* with which a certain member of one of the oldest noble families took me over his



SIR E. LANDSEER R.A. DELT

C. J. LEWIS SCULPT

IN THE GLEN.

ancestral palace, offering me the choice out of a long series of family portraits by distinguished painters at cheap prices, descending merrily on their individual characteristics, while heartily laughing over any that resembled himself.

The rubicon of bargaining once passed, all goes smoothly in some cases, even if the offers are considered as trifling with the object. These are offences easily condoned on sight of bank-notes anywhere within hail of the "appraisal;" for most aristocratic houses keep somewhere hidden a mysterious apprisor of their wares, who by courtesy is supposed to be the best-informed person in the world as to their values. Unfortunately, not all the Art works discreetly exhibited in mansions of lofty lineage can be authenticated, so that *caveat emptor* should be the motto of their would-be possessor. Otherwise he may learn to his cost that whatever degeneracy there may be in other matters among the Florentine nobility, the money-getting shrewdness of their trading ancestors still lingers in their veins, even though the modern bearer of the title knows nothing of and cares nothing for the object you covet, and has not the faintest idea who created it, or why you want it. He sees money in you, if not in it, and can soon discover how far he can draw bills at sight on your taste. Sometimes the aristocratic seller becomes so fond of the occupation that he turns his home into a scantily-disguised shop, and continues to buy and sell with the zest of a regular dealer, but with a somewhat intermittent enterprise.

There must be peculiar fascination in the pursuit, for when prince, priest, or commoner, however humble in position, once enters it, he never abandons the traffic whilst there is anything old and uncertain he can buy or sell, unless it is to gamble at the bourse, which speedily wipes out all his bric-a-brac winnings. I have known several fortunate dealers thus come to grief—among them a priest. The passion for bric-a-brac is not exclusively founded on its gains, for sometimes even dealers display a touching appreciation of beautiful or rare objects, and real pleasure in possessing them, if but for a brief period. True, the chances of replacing them speedily assuages their sorrow at giving them up. Then, too, there is a perpetual excitement in looking for prizes in heaps of rubbish bought at hazard; and when found, tracing their histories, sagaciously making them known to connoisseurs, and finally reaping a rich harvest out of a small outlay, such as no other calling offers. Besides this appetiser, there is the intellectual return in the mental capital invested, which is a sure crop, whether the dealer lose or gain money in any transaction. He acquires some knowledge of history and of Art, and by the chain of material things is introduced into the thoughts and characters of the makers of the works he admires, and learns something of the current ideas of their epochs. A genuine connoisseur gets this double advantage. By judicious purchases, his money is invested in what brings him a good financial return when needed. Meantime the possession of well-chosen works is in itself a refining, mind-enlarging discipline, second only in efficacy to abstract study, and much more pleasurable. We may, therefore, respect those who sincerely pursue it, whether for intellectual or financial profit, as it is real service done to society. Not only does it spread æsthetic culture and enlarge the boundaries of occupation for the wealthy idle, but it discovers and preserves much of real value that otherwise would be lost. If the amateur dealer be thus inspired, what necessary social loss can there be in this enterprise? In continental Europe there seems

to be none, whatever may be thought of it in England and America. True, rank or wealth in any country, engaged in any pursuit, are no perfect guarantees against chicanery and deceit. The only sure test in bric-a-brac, is knowledge tempered by a cool head.

Students and institutions are greatly indebted to dealers and collectors. There are many types to be seen in Florence besides the aristocratic one already noticed. I have in mind an abbé of the old school as I used to meet him twenty years ago, when good works of Art more abounded. He was an enthusiastic, well-informed connoisseur, as well as shrewd dealer, master of all the acquirements to make his business agreeable and profitable, as handsome himself as a portrait by Leonardo, of refined and elegant manners—a fair type of the ecclesiastical dandy that in the last century often ruled supreme in France over ladies' hearts and households. In dealing with him the buyer soon discovered there was nothing in his sacred cloth incompatible with the mundane bargains, to which his quiet courtesy added a pleasurable zest, while his æsthetic sensibilities never misled him in his own buying. Other *canonici* have I since known, simple-minded, unworldly men to look at and listen to, but somehow or other they always got the better of the average layman. I do not mean unfairly, because the scale of bric-a-brac values is a very flexible, sliding one, dependent largely on the whim of the moment, the state of mind of the buyer, the supposed scarcity and authenticity of the object, or a thousand and one considerations independent of intrinsic worth as regards ordinary merchandise; all which differences and uncertainties can be honestly pitted against one another in the final bargaining, which is often like a game of chess when there is anything important at stake, and taxing the wits of a small army of subsidiaries on either side.

Our Leonardo *canonico* belongs already to a departed age. As a bric-a-brac knight, chivalric, courageous, and engaging, he exists no longer, and we may never see his like again. I meet him occasionally in the doorway of an antiquarian shop, like Marius reposing in the ruins of Carthage, contemplative, low-toned, but ever courteous, and sometimes disposed to chat over the times when first-class "old masters" had not become almost as scarce as dodos. But it is plain to see that the fatal *bourse* has laid him irrecoverably on the shelf, as it already had the most noted but less interesting of the olden lay dealers of Florence, whose fame was conspicuous for much quite foreign to our *canonico's* ideas of trade.

But of all species of dealers, save me from the feminine. A man may be led to acknowledge an article is false, restored, or has some latent defect, but a woman earnest to sell—never. Pardon me the sex in mass! I mean only the veteran female bric-a-brac trafficker. She slips through the meshes of cross-questioning and hard facts as easily as an eel through wet fingers; changes issues more readily than a snake does his skin; pleads with wily eloquence for merits real or invented; throws in pathetic touches of better days, delicious bribes, and personal flatteries; in short, is so irresistible that one must flee her presence or succumb. Most trying of all her ways are the artful allusions to the generosity, taste, and general munificence of the fly she has cajoled into her bric-a-brac web. One feels unspeakably mean in not purchasing everything she has, and herself besides, at her own estimate. Hesitate, and you are lost.

(To be continued.)

I N T H E G L E N .

THE engraving of deer in the mountain-glen, after one of Sir Edwin Landseer's sketches, is inimitable in its way. It does not, however, embody the spirit of some of his rare hunting-scenes with deer at bay or in violent action, as this group of animals is in repose, with the exception of the buck in the

foreground and the doe in the rear, whose ears are erect as if on the alert at some unusual sound in the mountains. The composition is thoroughly pyramidal, beginning with the mountain-peak in the background, which is so faintly defined, and terminating with the lordly buck and the supporting animals on either hand.

PAINTINGS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE ENGLISH PICTURES.



THE exhibit of Great Britain is superior to that of any other country represented at the Centennial Exhibition. Her Art-department is the most interesting feature of her own works, and according to our judgment is, if not the most absolutely artistic, at any rate the most significant collection of pictures in Memorial Hall.

These paintings fill some half-a-dozen rooms in all, and include about fifty by the old English masters, Mulready, Wilkie, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Maclise, Barry, Newton, Stanfield, and Turner. There are about a hundred and fifty modern English paintings in the Main Hall, and a corridor filled with water and oil colours, besides one or two rooms devoted to the display of students' work from South Kensington. The arrangement and hanging of the paintings are remarkably good, and, while the one Turner is "in line," the pictures which are on the sky-line are so strong and good as to give the impression to the visitor that the Exhibition is a solidly excellent one, and not occupied, as is often the case, by a few show-paintings, while the rest are used merely to fill up the rooms.

This is the first time that the American public have had the opportunity to study, in anything like an adequate manner, the peculiarities and the style of artists whose pictures are familiar to us by name and also by engravings, and adorn and illustrate the productions of many of the most popular English writers. Miss Hannah More's likeness by Opie at the Centennial is the original from which her readers were accustomed to learn her features. Sir Joshua Reynolds's large three-fourths-length likeness of himself is a famous painting, and is an admirable specimen of his style, and is in a perfectly good state of preservation. Reynolds's pictures have many of them lost their colour through the fading of the pink, the red, or the yellow glazes with which he covered the grey underdrawing of his canvas. But, unlike those of his paintings which are now little more than monochromes, this one has the flesh-tints intact, and the red colour of his dress is rich and handsome. One of the finest pictures in this old portion of the English gallery is a full-length portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, by Gainsborough, which exhibits the grace, the elegance, and the fine colour of that artist. A lady, tall, straight, and with a blond English skin, clothed in flowing robes of blue satin, leans slightly against the stone railing of a balustrade, dappled by the light and shade that play through the trees of an English park. Gainsborough, like many of those men who delighted in the elegant Watteau-like accessories of high life, has painted his model with charming grace in the folds of her sweeping robe and the lace about her neck and arms.

One of Mulready's best pictures, the 'Village Buffoon,' is here. A sweet, Dutch-like distance and sky, and an interesting thatched cottage, with a queer old chimney, form the setting for a woman and children, before whom the buffoon is gesticulating. Mulready was always at work, and Couture's advice, "Dessinez, dessinez toujours," applied particularly to this artist. Pencil in hand, he constantly noted the characteristic attitudes, or the peculiarities of expression, of every one who came in his way. The result of this observation is clearly discernible in his pictures, than which no children are more simple and childlike in their natural attitudes, and he as much as any artist has translated into paint the fresh, pure types of the yeomanry of England. Peasants and schoolmasters, good and bad children, the neat little miss of the village-school, or the ugly, bullying boy, all had in Mulready their friend, ever ready to discern their picturesque or their salient points.

Wilkie has a very nice bit of *genre* painting called 'Boys digging for a Rat,' in which the lively vivacity of the youngsters and their dog is full of the action and interest of the moment, while they bend over a hole in the ground, peering eagerly into the space which the dog is every instant making bigger.

The 'Banquet-Scene in Macbeth' is a large and powerful but

rather melodramatic picture by Maclise, in which a great many figures are brilliantly painted.

There is one picture in this room which always attracts a crowd, the 'Marriage of the Prince of Wales.' This painting is really quite a poor one, but the gaiety of the scene, the splendour of the crowd of guests and the maids of honour, and partly, it is to be presumed, the interest Americans usually take in anything connected with Queen Victoria, keep a circle of people continually gazing at it.

But, though this set of paintings of older English Art, with the exception of this one we have last mentioned, and a portrait of the Queen herself, gives this room the general character of one of the apartments of the National Gallery, it is the large new collection of pictures to which this English department of Art owes its greatest importance. These are largely made up of paintings which for several years have appeared at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and a number of these are not a little distinguished. The styles of painting exemplify nearly all the English methods, and range from the intensely pre-Raphaelite works of Wallis, in 'The Stone-Breaker,' to Faed's 'God's Acre' and Leighton's 'Summer Moon,' the latter painted as no artist entirely educated in England could possibly have done it; and the collection also includes some capital portraits and excellent examples of water-colours. But what chiefly gives general interest to it is not so much the artistic rendering of the subjects, as the impression they make upon the mind, that their authors had something of importance to say, and were men of fine character and intelligence. Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, and Thackeray, have had their very strong impressions of life, and have depicted them in their ways, more or less perfectly; and the same motive appears to have influenced Holman Hunt, Leighton, and Frith, through another medium than words, to show the passion or the toil of life.

One of the strongest of these strong pictures is Holman Hunt's portrait of himself. It cannot be criticised from the standard of French paintings, for, in place of simply massed lights and shades, the canvas seems traversed by flowing ribands of colour, which only by accident show the anatomy of the strong, firm jaw, the full, square forehead, eyes clear and resolute, and a reddish beard that resembles tow or wavy flax as much as any other substance. The dark or grey colours that most of the artists have used from the times of Titian and Rubens to those of Couture and the Munich painters, seems to have been omitted from the imagination of a class of English artists of whom Holman Hunt is one, and in this picture of himself, as well as in his famous 'Shadow of the Cross,' the shadows are filled with pure colour—red, blue, or purple—as clear and positive as those of the half-tones. But Mr. Hunt's picture is a very rich one despite this absence of contrasting positive and neutral colours, and from a distance it resembles a beautiful bit of Turkey carpet or autumn foliage, till on coming near we discover in this kaleidoscope a noble and calm face fit for a Northern viking.

Of the same style of work as this is J. C. Hook's famous picture, 'From under the Sea,' where at the entrance to the mouth of a mine which opens in a cliff of rock on the borders of a cold, green ocean, just above high-water mark, a gaunt rusty iron car has drawn up from the bowels of the rock two strange, sad men. They look like some product of the sea, with their beards and hair long, their slouching hats, and well-worn clothes that hang on them as uncanny and rusty as their iron vehicle. Joyless and completely stolid faces, from which hope has vanished, and in which patient endurance has become a habit, and has taken the place of sharp pain, dominate the imagination of the beholder as they appear to dominate the cruel landscape. The one bright bit of sunshine in the picture, and contrast to a life so dreary as this, is the sight of the wife and two children of one of the men, who, innocently happy, have come to greet the beings so far removed from their experience, that the heart turns sick to know how the life of

certain classes is cut off from the natural and cheerful instincts of humanity. And this bit of human happiness serves but to make more gloomy the contrasting side of the picture. Kingsley and George Eliot have depicted some characters the recollection of which throws an atmosphere of tragedy over the fairest scenes of England, and side by side with them these poor toilers from under the sea take their place, and we recognise Hook, through a rich palette and half-weak drawing, as having interpreted a phase of life that, once seen, can never be forgotten. A most masculine picture, this has no suggestion of the sentimental weakness that has laid some of the English artists open to criticism, and the way in which it is done marks the artist as a man keenly alive to the great questions of life, as well as a painter earnest and devoted to the faithful rendering of his art. It has been a common opinion among the uninitiated that the life of a painter was usually an easy and pleasant one, when the soft shows of existence relieved their interpreters from any feeling of deep responsibility. The æsthetic temperament is no doubt a happy one, and in being so is liable to become selfish. We have heard it said by intelligent persons that many artists would paint better if they would lay aside their brush at times, and, by reading or by study of people, enlarge and deepen the field of their observation, and thus multiply their artistic conceptions. *Technique* might slightly suffer by these occasional lapses, but after all *technique* is somewhat limited, and it is our impression that pictures created and not made in this way would have much more use in the world. Our own Lafarge is an example of the good results that come from great experience and wide culture. His thought and composite refinement are shown in the paintings that come warm and alive from his brain, distinct and genuine creations.

A very expressive but intensely pre-Raphaelite painting by Wallis is called 'The Stone-Breaker.' Ruskin, in his instruction to beginners, advises them to copy exactly the forms of leaves in their perspective positions to the eye as they appear on the branches and twigs of trees. Ignoring conventionalised forms and the results of other people's experience, in his love for Nature this was the course this great writer in English Art laid down. The picture of 'The Stone-Breaker' completely carried out his idea, and of this painting he has given an enthusiastic description. Against a sunset sky, with hills as hard and dark-coloured as indigo, and a pale-yellow lake that reflects the sky, the forms of two or three trees are silhouetted with the most careful precision; but, as if from sheet-iron, the twisted leaves are relieved against the sky. In the front part of the picture is a broken bank overgrown with ferns and weeds, between which the red colour of the earth frequently crops out. Against this dark, damp bed, a thin, worn man—the stone-breaker—is lying asleep. At his side are his iron tools, and at his feet are multitudes of fragments of stone. No attempt has apparently been made to give this mass either breadth of shadow or form, but each individual bit of stone in turn fixes the attention by its prismatic colours. The spectator exclaims at the want of space or atmosphere in a picture which might nearly as well be made of painted glass for a decoration, or might be embroidered in silk-floss. But the imaginative qualities which give value to the painting by Hook appear in this one, and the stillness of the sky above the stone-breaker seems like the eye of Providence, which neither slumbers nor sleeps.

In quite a different vein from these serious paintings is the 'Three Jolly Post-Boys,' by Stacey Marks. Few English artists seem to have the appreciation for the classical and statuesque repose which every Italian *contadina*, even with her water-jar on her head, or her child, held like the Sistine Madonna, is possessed by. But the piquant, the romantic, or the familiar details of *genre* painting have a great attraction to many of them; and in the delineation of the three jolly young men, sitting in an inn-yard, and a buxom English bar-maid attending on them, if there is not a charming curve nor a well-defined light and shade in the picture, the forms and action of all the figures are spirited and natural, and the bright flowers that bloom behind them, and their white hats, and the ruddy skins of the party, make a picture which, if it is somewhat confused, is painted with great animation and vivacity.

Among the most strictly artistic paintings in the collection, in which the proprieties of colour, form, breadth of light and shade, are observed, are those of Frederiek Leighton and of Alma-

Tadema. Each of these men has four or five paintings, and Alma-Tadema's 'Vintage Festival,' which has long been familiar to us in America by the engravings, although not a very large picture, is a very beautiful one. We recall the figure of a splendid woman, draped like a Greek, advancing into the middle of a great hall, filled with figures of men and women who might be priests and priestesses of Bacchus. They bear in their hands pipes and other musical instruments, while about them are grapes, stone masks, and all the pomp of a rich Greek festival. Such pictures as this, when vulgarly conceived, have frequently a confused and crowded medley of people and of objects that utterly take away from them any elegance or dignity. But the composed attitudes of sculpture are what Alma-Tadema specially delights in, and his stately and beautiful Bacchantes, whose drapery sweeps in long curves to their feet, look as if they had been spellbound to stand forever in their positions of graceful repose. We have seen artists arrange draperies and properties of the studio, and compose from their varied colours the blue of a sky, the gleam of white clouds, and the dark-bronze branches of trees against the heavens.

The colour of Alma-Tadema's pictures is always remarkably rich-toned and beautiful; but, after seeing the subdued and curiously coloured jars and old vases in the Japan and Chinese collection of the ceramics in the Exhibition, we thought in a moment when our eyes rested on the pale olives, the scarcely reddened browns, blues faint as an August sky, and greys hardly dashed with yellow in Alma-Tadema's pictures, that he had not stimulated his eyes and his imagination with the tissues of Cairo or Algiers, but that the softer and more subtle tinges of Japanese porcelain had formed his inspiration. A mass of such colours as an old case of Japanese pottery contained, which we saw in the Main Building, seemed to have separated and shaped itself into this picture of the 'Vintage Festival,' and also into the same artist's beautiful painting of 'The Mummy.'

Leighton's 'Summer Moon' is by many considered the most beautiful painting in the entire English collection, and it certainly merits a very high place there. It shows two young women sleeping, whose forms, rounded like statuary, are seen through the folds of their soft and richly-coloured robes. Their heads rest upon the sill of a round stone casement, whose crescent form is relieved against the dark-blue sky of night, dotted with stars. Ripe pomegranates and their leaves rise above the margin of the casement, pomegranates fall from the hands of the sleeping women, and on a bough of a tree a nightingale is singing. Few figures in sculpture are comparable, for their sense of weight and repose, to the reclining figure of one of the Fates in the Elgin Marbles. But this sense of utter *abandon* seems to have influenced Leighton's conception, and his two women rest as one seldom sees them except in life. A sensuous picture without other feeling than sweetness and rest, this painting glows with soft colour and charms with its grace. It is neither like the French, the Italian, nor any of the English paintings, but the artist works with the directness of a Frenchman, and the depth and fullness of his colour could never have been arrived at without great study and appreciation of the Venetian painters. Another picture of Leighton's, 'Eastern Slinger scaring Birds,' is a fine piece of modelling from life of the brown form and naked limbs of a dark-skinned Oriental. Less poetical than the 'Summer Moon,' this picture was probably painted as a study of anatomy from life, and the accessories that make it tell a story were only added to give a reason for the display of this beautiful and finely-painted man.

A landscape of great strength and colour, as rich as those by Veronese, is by P. F. Poole, R.A., called a 'Lion in the Path.' The landscape may be among the arid hills of the African Desert, and gnarled, twisted trees that look like olives or mimosas are sparsely scattered here and there. No vegetation covers the rocky sides of the barren slopes, and sharp cactus or prickly pear usurps the place of greensward. Clouds, full of wind and heat, glow with silver whiteness against the dark, low-toned sky, and the land is covered with shadows. Out of a stretch of sand that borders a hillside the big form of a lion is indistinctly seen amid the broken colours of the daylight, and directly in the foreground are the sinewy shoulders and naked form of a man. Like the other paintings we have just described, this might be a scene from "Pilgrim's Progress;" but it is so full of Art, and of the results of study of famous painters, the colours in it are so strong and deep, and its *chiaro-*

oscura is so effective, that it is really a great picture. Painted with many of the motives that have made the works of Ruysdael, Salvator Rosa, and Titian famous, it is full of intellectual strength as well as of artistic knowledge.

Many of the portraits in the gallery are very charming, and full of individuality. Among the best of them are some by Ouless, and a little portrait of a child by Millais, called 'Early Days,' is delightfully fresh and sweet. A small, round-faced girl, with eyes as blue and arch as violets, is sitting on the grass, holding her kitten. She wears a little muslin cap, and has on a queer-figured frock. But the pure colours of her flesh and the delicate lines that mark her face, are the most attractive points of the picture, and to them we returned again and again to examine anew the way that her small chin swept into the oval of her cheeks, and to mark the fading of the eyelids into the arch of the forehead.

But the list of good pictures is too long to mention in detail, for any half-dozen of them afford material for a magazine article. Landseer does not appear better than in his beautiful painting of the 'Sick Monkey,' where the colours of the soft fur are so agreeable and the expression of the animal is so removed from caricature that beside such refined interpretations of lower life

most other modern paintings of the kind seem crude and disagreeable.

In the sentimental line of English pictures, is the famous one of the 'Interior of a Railway-Station' just before the starting of the train. In it are many scenes of life, from a bridal party to separating families, and the arrest of criminals, and all the attendants of such events are vividly if not very finely expressed. Faed's 'God's Acre' shows a graveyard where some children are peeping into an open grave, the sods of which are piled beside it; and here too is a cottage interior, after a funeral, where the father is saying grace, and the family, with streaming eyes and sad faces, are standing about their humble meal. Many of these latter pictures are painted with good technical skill, but they transgress the rules of Art by relying too much on their sentimental pathos.

On the whole, this is the finest collection of English pictures that has ever been seen in America. Scarcely a poor one breaks the completeness of the Exhibition; and, when they are not very good, the subjects, such as portraits of the Queen, the Princess Alexandra, or the marriage of the Prince of Wales, made the sending of them a compliment and a recognition of the interest Americans have always taken in Queen Victoria.

THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

I.



THE present, the one hundred and eighth exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, if it does not enhance, will not diminish, the reputation of the English school of Art. It is well up to, if, indeed, it does not exceed the standard of last year's exhibition in the number of notable works sent in; but is sustained more, perhaps, by rising men than by artists of higher professional attainments. On the whole it is a worthy record of English genius and skill in the several departments of the Fine Arts, and in this respect alone is deserving of careful and thoughtful study, and considerate estimation. In the department of portraiture, always a strong one at these annual exhibitions, the examples shown, taking into consideration the space each occupies, seem to be out of proportion to the number of principal works serving to illustrate the other departments of painting. Some of the landscapes exhibited are exceptionally good, and alone atone for certain other defects, chiefly of unequal selection of works, too noticeable on the Academy walls.

Figure-painting, as usual, occupies the most prominent space in the galleries; and, if the subjects treated this year are not particularly interesting, nor altogether novel, still the examples shown in this branch of the exhibition are admirably illustrative of the fact that English artists excel in this interesting branch of painting. In the first room, a very charming piece of landscape and figure drawing is F. Morgan's picture of 'The Haymakers'—three rustic beauties, pretty enough in all conscience to secure their elevation to leading positions in the more refined class of their sisterhood of the cities, are trudging homeward in the gloaming after haymaking. A bare-legged, chubby-faced, and prattling infant, in the arms of one of these pretty haymakers, is playing joyously with a good-tempered, bonny-looking lassie at her side:

The lisping infant prattling on the way
Does all their weary cares beguile,
And makes them quite forget their labor and their toil.

Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the newly-elected associates of the Academy, has a picture near at hand representing a scene from the "Birds" of Aristophanes, remarkable more, perhaps, for elaborate attention to detail in its working out, than for any special attractiveness of subject. Greek players are grouped about the poet, who instructs them in their parts; in the background is the chorus with masks of gigantic birds. Briefly glancing at 'The Wreck,' by W. Small, a noble specimen of grandly-painted seascape, certainly one of the masterpieces of the year, we are attracted

for the moment by Goodall's 'An Intruder on the Bedouin's Pasture,' a work of considerable merit depicting an Eastern scene. A dusky Nubian mounted camel-high surveys with apparently contemptuous look a pair of swarthy Arabs resting at the brink of a pool in the desert. The patches of pasturage, the camels, and the attitudes and faces of the men, are all effective; but the sky, blue and cloud-ruffled, does not, it seems to us, convey an adequate conception of the intense heat natural to skies of the desert. 'À bientôt,' by Val. C. Prinsep, is the best of this exceedingly skilful painter's contributions, although 'The Linen-Gatherers,' in an adjoining gallery, is the more ambitious work. A pretty piece of deftly-executed *genre* painting is this same 'À bientôt.' At the foot of the staircase of Devonshire House, well and accurately drawn, a gentleman in olive-green makes a courtly farewell to a lady in white satin. "Until we meet again," says the cavalier, and so they part with grace and courtesy. Mr. Prinsep is always exceptionally strong in these charming little pieces of drawing-room incident, and this picture is an admirable illustration of the care and skill with which he handles such subjects.

One always feels refreshed and invigorated after a glimpse of the breezy, warm-looking seas peculiar to Mr. Hook's pictures. Marine painting is Mr. Hook's forte; but he rarely plunges us into the cold, icy-looking green depths of the ocean without taking us, tiptoe at first, through a course of sea-bathing at sunny sandy coves sheltered by verdurous cliffs from the nipping winds of the northern and eastern English coasts. With 'Seaside Ducks,' for example, lovers of the town as we are, we are at home in an instant, and ready to take a courageous part in the, truth to say, not particularly inviting work which the foreground of the picture happens to portray. A fisherman has just hauled his boat on to the sandy shore of one of those picturesque coves familiar to all American lovers of the genial coast of southern Devonshire; such a cove, for instance, as may be found nowhere in more sunny luxuriance than about the waters of Torbay. The fisherman has hauled up his boat, and he, with the goodwife assisting, is busily engaged in assorting the night's catch. Cod, skate, whiting, and haddock, lie in a comely heap upon the beach. Human ducks, in the form of two healthy, barefooted, plump-looking fisher-girls, wade in a trickling rill running from the cliff down to the sea, and assist in the morning's labour of preparing the fish for the market. Feathered friends, in the shape of plump and well-looking representatives of the Aylesbury breed, dig their bills into the patches of sea-weed about in quest of edible flotsam and jetsam of the ocean. 'A Little Blue Bay,' by the same artist, in another gallery, is a charm-

ing counterpart of this picture without the figures—the landscape, green and bright-looking; the sea of a bluish tinge, ruffled by a gentle breeze; Nature everywhere smiling and serene. ‘Crabbers,’ Mr. Hook’s third picture, is a vigorous and grandly natural piece of deep-sea painting, fit to be classed with the never-to-be-forgotten ‘Luff! boy,’ beloved by all who cherish friendly reminiscences of the ocean. Two stalwart, weather-beaten fishermen are engaged in looking after their crab “pots;” one keeps the boat’s head to the sea, while the other is engaged in lifting out a goodly red-shelled crab from the wicker trap in which he has been caught.

Very pathetic in conception and vivid in expression is R. W. Macbeth’s painting of ‘A Lincolnshire Gang,’ to explain which we take leave to borrow *verbatim* the description appended in the catalogue:

“Eight appears to be the ordinary age at which children join the agricultural gangs in the Fens; in some instances they have been known to do so even at four. It is a common practice with parents to stipulate that if the elder children are hired to the gang-master, he must take the younger ones too. The distances they have to walk, or rather run, before the labours of the day begin are astounding; sometimes eight miles a day. They leave at five in the morning, under the care of the gang-master, and return at five at night. They work eight or nine hours; and during the last hour they are at work, ‘they will ask,’ said an old gang-master, ‘*forty times what o’clock it is.*’” A child lying on a heap of straw in the unsheltered barn of the farm-yard has inquired just “forty times” too many times “what o’clock it is.” The dawn of the day heralds the dawning of an eternal rest for this poor, over-worked waif of humanity. The retainers of the farm, men, women, young girls, and youths, roused from their slumbers by the call of the master of the gang, are awe-stricken, and lost in curiosity to know what has befallen the lad in the barn. Master and maid bend over the dying child, tendering a sympathy and help which come too late. The young master of the farm, greyhounds in leash, tugs at the dogs to hold back while he inquires “What’s the matter?” The matter of this deeply-pathetic, skilfully-composed, and powerfully-painted picture is that of a soul-stirring parable whose moral is Mr. Arch and his disciples.

‘The Temple of Diana at Zaghonan,’ in the room adjoining, from the pencil of J. E. Hodgson, R.A., is a modern Algerian version of the classical story of Actæon discovering Diana and her nymphs at the bath. An English sportsman, gun under arm, and setter in advance, has incautiously strayed too near the bathing-place of the Tunisian ladies. The dog, utterly unconcerned, laps the water with his parched tongue, while his master, descending through the brushwood, has just discovered the fact that the inviting pool into which he perchance had thought to plunge is already occupied. The ladies, very graceful and very pretty, coy in manner, and resenting the intrusion with becoming modesty, warn the adventurous Actæon by their looks that he should depart.

The grandest piece of landscape in this year’s exhibition is unquestionably the picture with the motto, ‘Over the Hills and far away,’ by Mr. John Everett Millais. It is simply impossible to render adequate justice to this masterpiece of natural representation. It is our opinion that it is a very splendid illustration of the artist’s extraordinary genius, exhibiting consummate draughtsmanship, marvellous power of colouring, and vivid truthfulness in execution, and that it ranks as one of the finest, if not the very finest, and most artistic pieces of painting of the year. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the scene lies in the Scotland that the painter loves so well. From the precise painting of the foreground of sedge and reed, morass and pool, heather and stunted herbage, the eye passes and descends at once to the delicate tints of the distant champaigns far below, and travels away across the wide prospect to the blue hills, clear, distinct, and glowing with warmth of colour after a shower of summer rain.

In ‘Newgate, 1818,’ by Mrs. E. M. Ward, wife of the Royal Academician of that name, we have a very telling piece of historical painting. Mrs. Fry, and her young friend Mary Saunderson, models of virgin-like purity and graceful beauty, are about entering the interior of Newgate jail. The gaoler has just opened the massive door leading to the women’s part of the prison. Inside we see a den-full of raging female prisoners, struggling for front places at the iron bars of the yard. Mrs. Fry has thus described her feelings at the moment of passing the gaoler: “The railing was

crowded with half-naked women struggling together for front situations with the utmost vociferation.” She felt, she adds, as if she “were going into a den of wild beasts.”

In Gallery III., the first picture likely to attract attention is ‘A Storm at Sea,’ by E. Nicol, A., by far the largest and best of this artist’s two contributions to the exhibition—a picture of great pathetic power, vigorously handled and marvellously well drawn, and abounding in evidences of skill and painstaking study on the part of the painter. Two weather-beaten sailors, inhabitants of some old seaside house, or Scotch coast-guard station, are watching, at the only window of their primitive-looking abode, some vessel evidently perilously in danger. One of them peers through a telescope resting upon a litter of books and papers, while a companion notes, with feverish anxiety, the motions and looks of his friend. An old woman, no doubt wife to one of the sailors, is in the background, eager to hear the result of the men’s watching. This last figure is full of energy and life. The old woman’s wrinkled hands clutch convulsively at the plaid shawl at her breast, and every line of her face betokens intense and agonised suspense while waiting to learn the fate of the vessel. In the ‘Apothecary,’ Mr. J. S. Marks, A., takes us inside the shop of the apothecary at the moment when with careful hand he measures out the one drop of the deadly potion which is to kill the rash Romeo. An old man in “tattered weeds, with overwhelming brow,” stands at a small table pouring into a vial the fatal liquid, one red sparkle of which is visible. The room is just such a one as Mr. Marks loves to revel in. Of the apothecary it is related that—

“In his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.”

And the artist has carefully reproduced this studio full of odds and ends. The tortoise, the stuffed alligator, the skins, the ill-shaped fishes, green earthen pots, and musty seeds, all are there, and much more besides of symbolical interpretation. Poppy-heads and a jug full of rosemary, for instance, stand prominent upon the table, and a skeleton hand and arm hang significantly from the wall, seeming to convey an illustration of the fate awaiting the dispenser of a poison.

“Whose sale is present death in Mantua.”

It is not too much to affirm that the very existence of the Royal Academy as the university of British Art depends very much upon the honest and careful selection of the pictures which, sent to the annual exhibition, are intended to exemplify the status of Art-learning in this country. Mr. Cope’s picture, a gift to the Academy by Mr. G. Moore, is intended to illustrate (and very effectively it does it) the manner and mode of selection. It very accurately portrays, too, the gentlemen of the Council for a year, to whose care the difficult and invidious duty has been entrusted. Grouped around a table are the following Royal Academicians, adjudicating on a work submitted for exhibition: The president, Sir F. Grant, and Messrs. Armitage, Calderon, Cope, Faed, Hook, Horsley, Leighton, Lewis, Millais, Redgrave, and Ward. The secretary, Mr. Eaton, is seated at an adjoining table. The portraits are from the life. A painting is being held up for inspection by the porters of the Academy, commanded by a janitor, evidently of Scotch lineage, who, chalk in hand, awaits the command of the committee to note their decision on the back framework of the painting. This picture, the title of which is ‘Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition,’ will prove one of the attractions of the exhibition, simply because it is a skilful illustration of a much commented upon and oftentimes adversely criticised scene in the annual history of Royal Academy Exhibitions.

A work in this room exhibiting great æsthetic power and insight is a picture from the pencil of Mr. Poole, R.A., illustrating one of the fairy-scenes from the “Midsummer-Night’s Dream,” where Oberon meets Titania and exclaims:

“Ill-met by moonlight, proud Titania!
Titania, What, jealous, Oberon?
Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?”

A very wonderful piece of subdued tone and colour. The fairies

dance around a placid lake, whose surface is dimly lighted by the soft rays of the moon peering through thick foliage. Ferns, and wild-flowers, and other specimens of rich and rank vegetation, frame the margin of the pool; while athwart the dewy grass, as on a looking-glass of Nature's own designing, are thrown the elfin shapes of the fairy revellers in fantastic commotion. This picture has the rare power of appealing to the imagination. Its unreality and indefiniteness are its charm.

There is a wealth of Art-work of the highest order in this room, the most extensive apartment, by-the-way, of the suite of rooms belonging to the Royal Academy. It would be careless to pass over, without appreciative comment, Sir John Gilbert's 'Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke,' one of the most considerable and impressive as well as finely-executed works in the Exhibition. The artist has sought to illustrate the scene from Shakespeare's play, where the discrowned monarch makes Bolingbroke hold the crown with him, and compares his own fortunes and the king-maker's with the alternately full and empty buckets as they are raised and lowered in a deep well. The figures in the picture are life-size, and full of carefully-conceived characterisation. In

'Thy Duty towards thy Neighbour,' which discovers the same delicious charms of unaffected sweetness in early womanhood observable in all Mr. Leslie's works, we are introduced to a group of children, one of whom is repeating the catechism to an elder sister. We are permitted to view the interior of an old-fashioned apartment of some equally antique mansion in the hours between "church" on Sunday. The elder sister coming in from the garden has seated herself in an easy attitude on a sofa, put her hat off, and appears here clad all in white, patiently awaiting the recital by the younger sister of her bounden duties towards her neighbour. A little boy, half-amused, and half-doubtful, it seems, of his own success, when it shall come to his turn to be catechised, stands against a quaint and ancient-looking fireplace in that posture of childish irresoluteness not unmixed with fear familiar to most owners of brothers and sisters. This work is painted with consummate skill in the ordering of tints, and with all that grace and vivacity of attitude for which Mr. Leslie is famous. The dresses of the children are exceptionally good examples of the pretty and graceful costumes common to English households of wealth and taste some hundred years ago.

THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



THE present exhibition of paintings and statuary at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which was opened early in May, is a very large one. It includes about five hundred and fifty paintings and a hundred pieces of sculpture. A large permanent collection of pictures belongs to the Academy, and includes the West and Allston Gallery, the Cope Gallery, the Wittcamp and the Gilpin Galleries. The collection of old American paintings is, we believe, the most complete in this country, and the artists include the names of Sully and Allston, Stuart, Benjamin West, Rembrandt Peale, C. R. Leslie, Henry Inman, and indeed of every eminent American artist except Trumbull, Copley, and Vanderlyn, none of whose works are found here. Among these paintings are West's large and famous picture of 'Death on the Pale Horse,' a composition of great power. And here also is a very large and fine example of Allston called 'Dead Man restored to Life by touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha.' It has been the custom of late years to overlook the excellence of these two masters, and, in exalting the charms of quietly posed figures and simple *genre* scenes, to forget that these painters in reality have many of the qualities that made the great masters famous. There has not been an artist since his day, in this country, who modelled heads with such refinement and strength as Allston, and the rich tones of his pictures, still brilliantly transparent, place him among the colourists whose use of pigments was not matter of accident. His composition, which is one of the highest qualities of a painter, is very noble, and in its balance of light and shade, its repetition of forms all leading up to the central interest of the picture, but few artists have surpassed him in the dignified and majestic repose of some of his canvases. Besides these old American works, there are several genuine valuable foreign paintings belonging to the permanent collection at the Academy, including a very fine Van Lint, of a head of St. Jerome, whose excellence consists in the beautiful clear brown tones of the head and hands. Such a picture as this of Van Lint's is almost an education to a young student, and any one who has really appreciated the way the lights fade into the shadows, could run little risk of contenting himself with the chalky flesh and the heavy, opaque colour which so often appear in the works of inexperienced painters. The bright glazes that gave this picture its flesh-coloured tints have nearly faded away, and it is now chiefly as a piece of monochromatic painting that it is valuable. Here is also a very richly-toned painting by David of 'Samson sleeping on the Knees of Delilah,' which has less melodramatic and exaggerated anatomy than almost any picture we know by this master. Two or three pictures by Angelica Kauffmann are good examples of her style, and there is also a very excellent Joseph Vernet from the Buonaparte collection. In

addition to these foreign pictures there is a nice bit of Dutch still-life by Ostade; but a great many copies of famous masters and some more than doubtful so-called Salvator Rosas, Guidos, &c., weaken the collection.

In addition to these two distinct classes of pictures which belong to the Academy, there are fresh works by Philadelphia and other American and foreign artists which complete the gallery and compose this year's exhibition. Of the really good Philadelphia pictures their authors are mostly known as familiarly to us as our own New York men. On the walls of the Philadelphia Academy may be seen sea-pieces by W. T. Richards, a painting of a girl coming down a graveled path by Lambdin, which was in New York a year or two since, besides others of Lambdin's pictures. But there are several very excellent and suggestive works by persons whose names are not so familiar to us. Among the best of these are two fine landscapes of American scenery by George Hetzel. They are fresh, and strong both in drawing and colour, and the bending boughs of the trees, distant glimpses of mountain-side gleaming in the sunlight, and especially the limpid water and still pools, with grey mossy stones beside them, are as true and as full of feeling as similar scenes by W. T. Richards or by Kensett.

A number of American students, at Paris or Munich, have their pictures here, and we recognised with pleasure a head by Mr. Sartain, even more picturesque than his Italian 'Contadina' at our Academy. It is a Neapolitan peasant-boy, painted with the delicacy and sweetness of his picture at our own Academy; but the face has more character than that, and a picturesque quaintness of feature which resembles some of Murillo's heads gives it piquancy. Walter Shirlan, a new name to us, has an admirable composition called 'Feeding Poultry,' where children, geese, and dogs, are huddled together in a Dutch interior. Another and even a better painting by the same artist is called 'Tuning the Bell.' The scene represents a coarse man with his hammer striking on the sides of a big bronze bell which occupies the centre of the canvas. Near him stands a fiddler admirably drawn and painted in an easy and natural attitude, who strikes the note on his violin while the bell-tuner repeats it with his hammer on the bell. Beside them a charming little girl is standing, and a snub-nosed dog seems equally alive as his master to the interest of the tuning. The stories of these two pictures are not of much importance, but they compose into pictures which are really fine works of Art. From the style of neutral grey colour in the faces and the careful relations of all the parts, as well as the good anatomy of the figures everywhere thoroughly drawn, we suppose the artist must be a student at Munich, where no ignorant or slovenly work seems to be tolerated.

Two or three paintings by Miss Mary Cassatt are powerful, and replete with thoughtful individuality. This lady's works are un-

known to the New York public, and are so peculiar that it is difficult to define them. 'A Musical Party' is her principal production, and shows the heads of three young women, the size of life. One of them has a queer profile face, with the light falling full upon her head and throat and neck, upon which scarcely a degree of shadow defines the forms even about her small, half-averted eyes. A pink ear lies like a shell against her pale cheek, that has a surface soft as velvet, while coarse yellow hair is coiled in masses back from her head into the shadow. Looking at this strange and beautiful piece of colour, and examining the subtle arrangement and the curious hues everywhere full of meaning, the remembrance of Vedder and his mysterious people comes powerfully to mind. We should like to see more of this lady's pictures, but we imagine that, as they have so distinct a character, she cannot paint many of them. A

picture that grows into a live thing in the mind of the artist before it is interpreted into paint is usually only of occasional conception. Miss Cassatt has, besides this one, a very charming picture of a child, but it is by her 'Musical Party' that we must interpret this interesting artist.

There are many very bad pictures in this Spring Exhibition collection—more, we think, than we ever saw on the walls of our own Academy; but the good ones, and especially the great paintings by Allston and West in the permanent gallery, are so fine, that they alone would give great value to any exhibition.

In the Sculpture Gallery are some good works of Art, by Powers and other men; but one of the latest and most important additions to it is Mr. Story's 'Jerusalem.' This statue seems to us one of the best of the sculptor's works.

OBITUARY.

JOHN GRAHAM LOUGH.—The career of this sculptor, who died on the 8th of April, after a few days' illness, is one of no very unusual occurrence in the annals of artists of every description. Born, at the end of the last century, of humble parents, and with little aid beyond his own perseverance, energy, and ability, to achieve success, he raised himself to a very honourable position as a sculptor, though he may not have quite realised the expectations the painter Haydon entertained of his genius, and which he recorded in his "Life." Mr. Lough was the son of a small farmer living at Greenhead, near Hexham, Northumberland, and, when a boy, is said "to have followed the plough and sheared the corn." But even then he showed a taste for drawing, and yet more for modelling, "always making figures in clay with his brother," as he himself told Haydon. In due time he was apprenticed to a stonemason named Marshall, at Shotley Field, one of his earliest productions in the way of sculpture being an angel's head, with drapery, on a gravestone to the memory of "Jane, daughter of John and Ann Mayor," in the churchyard of the village of Muggleswick. Subsequently he went to Newcastle, where he found employment as an ornamental sculptor on buildings, among which was one erected for the Literary and Philosophical Society. We next hear of his finding his way to London on board a collier, the captain of which gave him a free passage. At the British Museum Mr. Lough studied the Elgin marbles, and made such progress that, in 1826, he ventured to send to the Royal Academy a bas-relief, 'The Death of Turnus,' from Virgil, which was accepted, though showing no very remarkable merit. A colossal statue, 'Milo,' executed at a somewhat later period, brought the sculptor into prominent notice, and called forth the warmest eulogiums from his friend Haydon. This was followed by a companion statue, 'Samson,' which and the 'Milo' the late Duke of Wellington gave Mr. Lough a commission to reproduce in marble; a cast of the latter figure is now in the Crystal Palace. In 1832 his famous work, 'Duncan's Horses' appeared at the Academy. Two years afterwards he went to Italy; there he remained four years, and executed several works for the Duke of Northumberland. At the family mansion of Sir Matthew W. Ridley, in Carlton Terrace, are no fewer than ten full-length marble statues by Lough, illustrative of characters in Shakespeare—his 'Ariel' is one of these; a series of very elaborate *bassi-relievi*, in marble, from "Macbeth," and "The Tempest," besides several groups in bronze, also from Shakespeare. Other works by him are: 'The Lost Pleiad,' 'Night's Swift Dragons,' from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream;" 'The Mourners'—a knight slain in battle, his

horse standing over him, and a female kneeling by his side, exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1844; the statue of the Queen in the Royal Exchange, placed there in 1845; a statue of Prince Albert in "Lloyd's;" a colossal statue of the Marquis of Hastings, erected over his grave at Malta; the monument of Southey in Keswick Church; a statue of Dr. Broughton, late Bishop of Sydney, in Canterbury Cathedral; 'Comus,' in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House; and statues of Dr. Gilly, at Durham, Judge Talfourd, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir John Lawrence, Lady C. Villiers, and others. In private life no artist has been more largely esteemed and respected. His personal friends were numerous, including many of the most famous men and women of the age.

EDMUND JOHN NIEMANN.—The death of this landscape-painter occurred suddenly on the 15th of April; he had for some time been in feeble health, and at the period of his decease was in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Niemann, as his name implies, was of German extraction; he was born at Islington in 1813, his father being a native of Minden, Westphalia, but settled in London, and engaged in commercial pursuits as a member of "Lloyd's," where the son was also occupied from the age of thirteen to about twenty-six, when the love of painting, which from boyhood had acquired a strong hold of him, induced him to relinquish business and follow Art as a profession. Mr. Niemann's first appearance in the Royal Academy as an exhibitor was in 1844, and from that year until quite recently his works have been constantly before the public.

SAMUEL FERRIS LYNN.—The death, at the age of forty, of this Irish sculptor took place suddenly in Belfast on the 5th of April. In early life he studied architecture in that city under his brother, Mr. W. H. Lynn, at the same time attending the school of design there. Subsequently he determined upon sculpture as a profession, came over to England, entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and there made such progress that he early obtained a silver medal for a model from the antique; in 1857 a silver medal for the best study from the life; and in 1859 the Academy gold medal for the best historical composition, the subject given being Achilles and Lycaon. From the year 1857 up to 1875, Mr. Lynn, who had long resided in London, was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy of poetic and portrait statues and statuettes, and very frequently of busts. He executed a statue of 'Evangeline,' as Longfellow describes her, "seated by some nameless grave."

NOTES.

PREHISTORIC ART.—The German Expedition, which commenced the exploration of the famous site of Olympia about eight months ago, has already made discoveries of extraordinary interest; and, as it is known, from the very elaborate description of Pausanias, that the whole neighbourhood was crowded with edifices and public monuments, and as it is ascertained that every part of the plain of Altis is thickly covered with alluvial deposits, there is every reason to believe that the discoveries in future will be far richer. Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, has visited the scene of the explorations, and has written to the London *Times* an account of his observations. The ground adjacent to the great tem-

ple has now been explored for some distance in the direction of Alpheios. "Here lie the inscribed bases of several public monuments, the positions of which have been noted by Pausanias, and interspersed are the drums and capitals of the mighty columns of the temples lying just as they must have fallen, having been evidently thrown down by an earthquake. Intermixed with these ruins were fragments of the sculptures in the eastern pediment which were attributed by Pausanias to Pæonios, of Mende, the contemporary and, as some think, the scholar of Phidias." There is also a fair hope of recovering some of the sculptures of the western pediment, which, according to Pausanias, were the work of

Alumenes. The writer thinks that of the antiquities hitherto discovered certainly the most valuable as a work of art is the statue of Victory by Pæonios, which Pausanias notes as standing on a column near the temples of Zeus, which bore a dedicatory inscription of the Messenians, and which inscription has been found on one of several triangular blocks near the temple. The statue of Victory is headless, armless, without wings, and otherwise mutilated; but the attitude must have been that of just alighting after a flight, and poised on the right foot. The movement is beautifully expressed, and the curves of the clinging and flying drapery admirably adjusted and executed. Traces of real colour appear on the inside of a fragment of drapery, and the girdle has been of metal. The sculptures of the eastern pediment are likewise greatly mutilated, and cannot as yet be identified in detail. These consist of nine torsos, or little more than torsos, sometimes less. In style they differ so greatly from the Victory that it is difficult to believe they are by the same artist. The drapery, in particular, is very coarsely executed; still, the action of the figures seems to have been conceived in an original and forcible manner; and, assuming them to have been well composed, the effect of the whole, when seen from below, and judiciously enhanced by colour, may have been very striking. Mr. Newton comes to the conclusion that Pæonios furnished the design for this pedimental composition, but that the execution of the several figures from his models was left to Peloponnesian artists, whose training had not been sufficient to enable them to reproduce in marble the subtleties of Athenian art. This view is confirmed by the occurrence of similar characteristics in the metopes now in the Louvre, which were brought from Olympia by the French in 1828.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The four new Associates of the Royal Academy are Mr. G. A. Story and Eyre Crowe, figure-painters; Mr. J. M. W. Oakes, landscape-painter; and Mr. W. F. Woodington, sculptor. The Academy says that the results of the election will not be very intelligible to the public, nor were they altogether anticipated even by those who are deemed responsible for them. In one case only could the election have been confidently predicted. "Mr. Story, apart from his qualifications, which are no doubt sufficient, has long been the accepted candidate of a particular school who held a position in the councils of the Academy that may be compared to that which the Home-Rule party enjoys in the House of Commons. Without possessing an actual majority of the votes, they are able, to a certain extent, to control the choice of the elective body, and their favour is, therefore, almost a necessary condition of success. But, besides this party, there is, we believe, another, equally persistent but not equally strong, and the conflicts of these opposing armies, if they do not add weight or dignity to the decisions of the elective body, at least introduce a pleasing element of excitement and uncertainty into proceedings that might otherwise be dull. The election of Mr. Eyre Crowe cannot be surrounded with these romantic incidents, for, looking at the acknowledged talents of the artist, it is not to be regarded as in any sense surprising; but the two other gentlemen who have had honours suddenly thrust upon them are perhaps not more astonished at the result than the members of the Academy themselves. We do not hint in either case that the honour is not entirely deserved; but Mr. Oakes, who is now, we believe, well advanced in life, and whose talent was ripe for recognition years and years ago, must regard it as a piece of grim humour that he should at last be deemed worthy to enjoy the juvenile and probationary rank of Associate. Mr. Woodington once held an official position in the Academy, and he is therefore perhaps better able to understand the little ways of the institution and more prepared for the unexpected favours that it distributes. But possibly it was the intention of the Academy in this election to perform a sort of penance for former neglect. Ten years ago they proposed an increase in the associateship which was never carried out, and perhaps in electing Mr. Woodington and Mr. Oakes they have only striven to do what they would have done ten years ago if they had done anything at all." At the Royal Academy banquet Sir Francis Grant said that the Academy had resolved to elect six other Associates.

GÉRÔME'S CHARIOT-RACE.—The latest important work from the studio of Gérôme, and the last picture added to the collection of the late Alexander T. Stewart (it arrived in New York a few days before the rich merchant's death, when he was too ill to see it), is a large painting, about four feet by six, representing a Roman chariot-race. As this work has never been exhibited either in the Old World or New, some account of it may be of interest to our readers. This superb specimen of the artist's archaeological skill is not unlike, in its mastery of an immense amount of detail, Gérôme's 'Gladiators,' for the past two years one of the most striking works in Stewart's gallery. Eight chariots are represented, each drawn by three horses, and the contest is taking place in the Circus Maximus, in the presence of thousands of spectators, with the warm sunshine lighting up their bright-coloured mantles of varied hues.

The chariots are in the act of turning, amid clouds of dust, the end of the course presented to the spectators of the picture, and there is a wild and fierce *mêlée*. The struggle and confusion are powerfully painted, and in a manner worthy of Delaroche's favourite pupil. Perhaps fault might be found with this work that it does not, owing to the dust and the large number of horses and chariots, represent the race with the same distinctness that characterises Wagner's representation of the same subject. It is, however, a noble picture, and worthy of the artist whose works, Meissonier's excepted, command higher prices than those of any other living French artist.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The trustees of the National Gallery have selected ninety-four pictures from the four hundred and three works bequeathed to them by the late Mr. Wynn Ellis. There are fourteen Flemish pictures by Memling, Quintin Matsys, J. de Patinier, Rubens, old Teniers, Teniers the Younger, Vandyck, Dirk van Deelen, and Gonzales Coques, G. Coques, Jan Nyet, and Cornelius Huysman; fifty-six Dutch pictures, by Poelenburg, Jan Both, Albert Cuyp, Jan Vander Cappelle, Isaac Van Ostade, Gerard Douw, A. Vander Meer, G. Metz, J. Wynants, P. de Koning, Ph. Wouwermans, Jan Wils and Wouwermans, N. Berchem, Paul Potter, Zonde Roeter, Karel Dujardin, Jacob Ruysdael, Vander Heyde, W. Vandervelde, A. Vandervelde, Hobbema, Schalcken, Backhuizen, Van Huysum, Walscappelle, and Van Os; four German pictures, two small portraits ascribed to Hans Holbein; Elsheimers and Sir Peter Lely; sixteen Italian pictures, by Fra Filippo Lippi, Pollajuolo, 'Apollo and Daphne'; Raphael, a replica of the Bridgewater Madonna, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Sebastian del Piombo, Titian, Canaletto, including the large picture of the 'Scuola di San Rocco, with the Maundy-Thursday Procession to St. Mark's'; Ferdinando Bibiena, 'The Teatro Farnese at Parma'; Salvator Rosa, and Carlo Dolce; three French pictures by Claude and Greuze, two heads of girls; a large Flemish or Spanish landscape signed "D. D. V., 1662, and ascribed to Velasquez. It is thought that some of the attributions may have to be revised.

STATUES OF GERMAN SHOEMAKERS.—A wealthy shoemaker of Bremen has recently decorated the front of his house with life-size statues of the three most celebrated shoemakers in German history. The first of these was St. Crispin, the patron of the shoemaker's craft; the second was the brave Hans von Sagen, who, in 1370, turned the tide of the great battle of the German orders against the heathen Lithuanians by bearing the imperial standard right into the midst of the enemy; and the third was Hans Sachs, the well-known shoemaker and Meistersinger. These figures have been executed by Herr Kropp, a sculptor of repute in Bremen, and are said to be very characteristic works, resembling in many respects the productions of the old Nürnberg masters. Hans Sachs is represented in the leather apron of his calling, but with a book in his left hand, and a face expressive of mischievous humour; St. Crispin as a saintly personage, who yet does not disdain the smell of leather; and the patriotic Hans von Sagen bearing the victorious standard, but with a wooden leg, the price he paid for his courage.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The annual election of the National Academy of Design took place on Wednesday evening, May 10th, and resulted as follows: President, Daniel Huntington; Vice-President, William Page; Corresponding Secretary, T. Addison Richards; Treasurer, E. D. E. Greene. The Academicians-elect are: Mr. James D. Smillie, landscape-painter; Edward H. May, figure-painter; and William Magrath, landscape and figure painter. Of the associates-elect, Alexander Lawrie is a figure painter, and Oliver J. Lay a portrait-painter.

DECORATIVE ART.—M. Signol, after twelve years' labour, has recently finished the last two of his grand wall-paintings in the transepts of the Church of St.-Sulpice, in Paris. These represent 'Christ leaving the Tomb' and 'The Ascension of Christ.' They are nine metres high and five wide, and are spoken of by French critics as being among the noblest achievements of modern French Art.

ART IN VIENNA.—The Historical Exhibition of the Imperial Academy of Arts in Vienna, which was announced to be opened on the 15th of next October, has been postponed until the 15th of March, 1877.

IN our illustrated article on the Centennial Exhibition, in the first portion of the number two errors occur that we wish to correct. The firm name of the pianists is Decker Brothers, and not Decker and Brothers, under which term inferior pianos are forced upon the public by irresponsible persons. The other error is corrected by the American Wood Company, who assure us that wood-carpeting did not originate in Europe, as we assert, but in this country.



THE SYREN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS



THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

III.

VISITORS to the Centennial Exhibition cannot fail to be impressed with the brilliant display made in the American department by the manufacturers of silver-ware. In this branch of Art our people have acknowledged ascendancy in the Exhibition. The advance in this country, in artistic work in the precious and other metals, has been most marked within the last score of years, and is indicated in the improved forms and more elegant ornamentation of nearly all articles of use capable of receiving impressions of beauty. It is quite within the recollection of men and women not yet old, when the more fastidious of our citizens deemed it necessary to send to Paris or London for any artistically-designed or elaborately-ornamented silver service. Among the many beautiful productions in this art we find a large design in silver by Messrs. Reed and Barton, of Taunton, Massachusetts (and New York), that has many artistic claims to our admiration. It is intended to typify the progress of Ame-

rica from its discovery by Columbus to the present day. We append a detailed description of the group furnished by the designers:

"The landing of Columbus, in bas-relief upon the pedestal of the central vase, expresses the date of the beginning of progress. The vase upon the pedestal represents the present attainment of manufactures, gained under the peaceful dove with the olive-leaf. The surmounting figure of Liberty, standing upon a broken chain, and bearing in one hand a palm of victory and in the other a scroll, is the inspiring genius by which the progress of the four centuries has been accomplished.

"The group marked 'XV Century' represents the primitive state of America. The barren, basaltic rocks, decayed logs, and scattered bones, indicate the want of all ideas of gaining a living from the soil; the serpent, that life is a fight with untamed Nature. The wild-horse, his uncouth rider with his companion on foot and carrying the rudest of Aztec shields, aim to express



Silver Piece by Messrs. Reed and Barton, of New York and Taunton, Mass.

the fierce courage of the struggle; while the savage mother teaching her child the use of the bow indicates the training considered

most important in the wild state of Nature.—"The group marked 'XIX Century' symbolises the present state of America. The ge-

AUGUST, 1876.

nius of Columbia bearing the olive-branch of peace in one hand and the fasces of just government in the other, clad in the toga of civil life and sitting placidly upon a spirited steed, yet so gentle as to be led by a flower-wreathed bridle, represents our free and peaceful yet powerful country. Mercury, the swift-

footed god of commerce and oratory, bearing his peace-giving caduceus, and leading the horse of Columbia with a festoon of flowers, symbolises the guiding influences of learning, eloquence, and skilful commerce, by which our free government has been led to prosperity; while Plenty with her cornucopia significantly



Tiles, by Messrs. Minton, Hollins and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, England.

appears as her watchful companion. Under their feet spring growing plants, and the wheat-sheaves suggest a flourishing agriculture. The student-group in the foreground, surrounded by symbols of the sciences and arts, and intent upon problems of still further advance, indicate that the progress already gained has not yet reached its end."

Messrs. Minton, Hollins and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, furnish a great variety of tile-work, suitable for any conceivable purpose of the kind. The piece represented in the engraving is of rose-face in majolica tiles, the chimney-piece being of oak and the panels of the jambs beautifully painted. Above the mantel-piece is a family painting of shady-brown colours, all on tile, which is thoroughly

accordant with the surroundings. The two panels on each side of this centre-piece are beautifully adorned with paintings of birds and flowers in light colours, the borders being in majolica tiles in stars. The fender is of black inlaid tile-work, and the hearth of a light and cheerful pattern. In fact, the whole is one mass of tile of unexceptionable workmanship and judiciously-mingled colours.

Messrs. Cooper and Holt, of London, have, among other specimens of excellent cabinet workmanship, a cabinet which reaches as high as the cornice, and is of massive proportions. It is of light oak, elaborately carved, the design on the drawers and panels being oak leaves and acorns. The doors of the centre part of each wing are inlaid with fine tile, with paintings in the centre bordered



Cabinet, by Messrs. Cooper and Holt, of London.

with acorns. There is a large mirror in the centre, portioned off into oblongs on the border. The ornaments are of mosaic of various designs and contrasted colours. So far from this handsome cabinet being merely ornamental, it affords unusual accommodation, having seven large drawers which are themselves richly carved.

The furniture on exhibition by William Gram, of Christiania, Nor-

way, is of most antique style, being more than three hundred years old, and still in excellent repair. It is all of natural oak, the only other colour being a heavy facing of ebony on the cabinet, and a few instances of black polishing on the other articles. The cabinet is the largest of the three pieces, and it forcibly shows what thoughts of oak and "nerves of triple steel" the men of old Nor-

way had. It is of oak and ebony in five parts, with four doors and two drawers, the only ornament being the ebony face, varied by a few walrus-heads carved above the columns, which are six in number and of the Doric order. It comes from Frederickshald, and is for sale at \$330 gold.

The bedstead is the most ancient of the three pieces, and, so far as shape goes, is of the usual box-fashioned, four-poster style of mediæval pattern. It is of massive oak in natural colour, but inlaid judiciously with dark oblongs of highly-polished oak. The wood-work above is so heavy and elaborate as to give the idea of



Norwegian Furniture.

its being out of proportion, until one examines the supports and finds they are of oak as hard as iron. Those supports consist of the figures of two of the Evangelists, carved finely out of the hard plain oak, and the work is so severely accurate that the very nails on their toes are lifelike. Under these, and separated from them

by two blocks of oak, themselves richly carved with curious devices, are two figures from the Norse mythology, with their heavy and uncouth extremities, and fair, long hair, outlined in a world of rich carving. The upper end of the bed is carved in minuter style with the figures of the other two Evangelists, bor-

dered by a panelling of dark and polished oak. The inside of this highly-finished bed—which is now, of course, devoid of coverings—shows the rude, hard material from which such superb chasing was wrought, and it exposes the bluish stone-colour of three centuries.

But by far the most extraordinary production of this otherwise remarkable work is the chest, or buffet, which forms the centre-piece, and is about nine feet high by eight feet wide, supported on rests of ebony. As an ordinary buffet, it has simply three doors



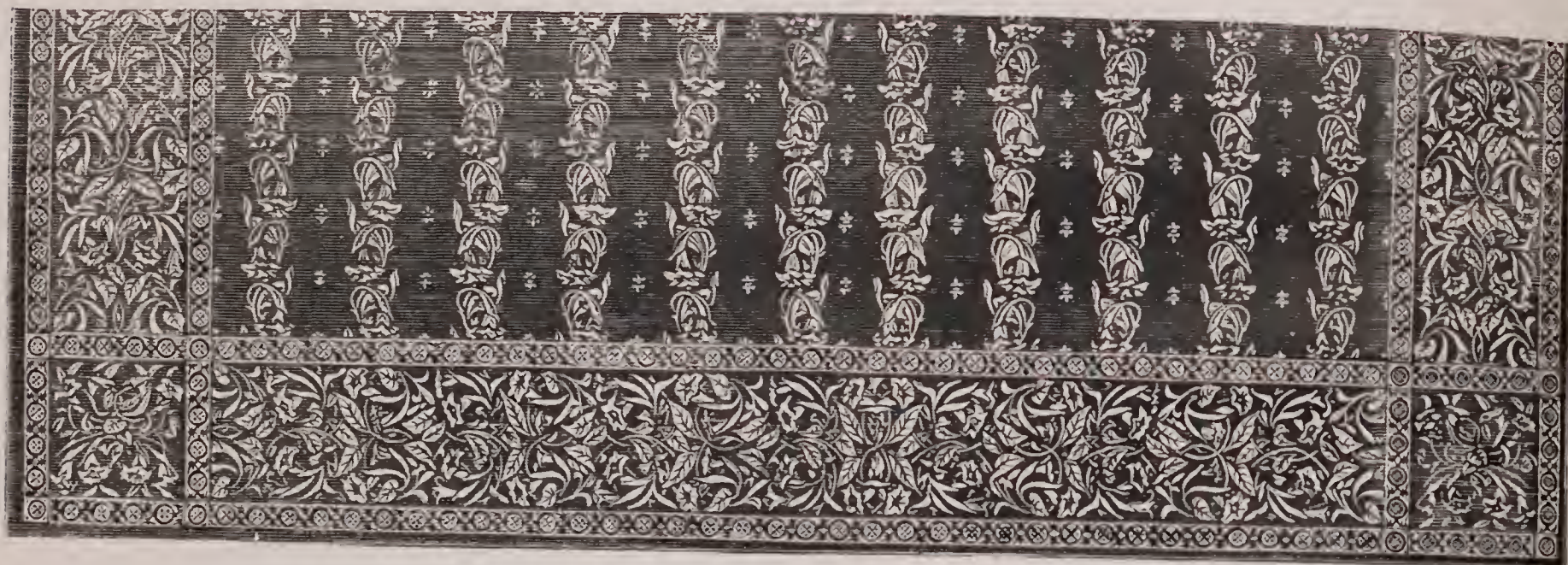
Danish Pottery.

and three drawers, and it is divided into nine parts. But each part is carved and inlaid with all the devices that it is possible to conceive of, in such a compass, from the rock-bound fortress and the furious Viking to the little cherubim and Cupids and daintily-carved flowers. The borders and panel-work, however, are devoted

to this extravagant intermingling of many ideas; the main spaces are reserved for Scripture subjects. The Crucifixion forms the centre object in the upper row, and the face of the Saviour as he looks down in his agony on Mary and John is cast into as significant a shading as could be produced by artistic colouring. Behind

the cross and the three solitary figures loom forth sternly the battlements of Jerusalem, with the very rocks and slope of the hill palpable and realistic. On either side of this splendid monument of the carver's genius are equally artistic, if less overpowering, carvings of the 'Child in the Manger,' and the 'Presentation of Christ in the Temple.' In the second row, the carving—'The Last

Supper'—is thrown into suitable shadow by the shelf abutting over it. On either side of this are two cherubim surrounded by a profusion of carving. The lower work consists of 'The Annunciation,' 'The Flight into Egypt,' and the 'Visit of the Wise Men.' Casing those pictured carvings—each of which is a marvel of ingenuity—are angels and clusters of fruits and flowers, not a tiny



Diaper Designs, by Messrs. Brown and Co., of Belfast, Ireland.

one of which has been slighted by its painstaking artist. This chest is three hundred years old, comes from Bergen, and is for sale at \$430 gold.

The Danish pottery at the Exhibition is remarkable for its chaste beauty. We have selected for illustration a few objects that fairly represent the whole, all the specimens being of terra-cotta in three colours—natural, black, and ashy-brown; adorned with many designs in opposite colours—many of them in gold, and all exquisitely drawn by hand. First, there is a flower-stand in pale terra-

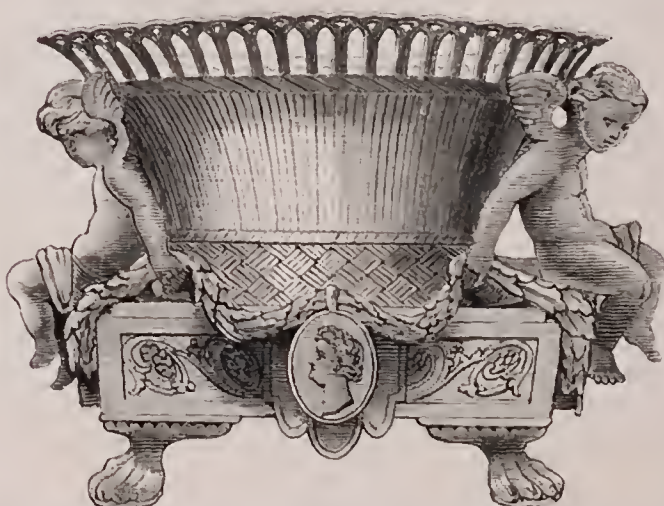
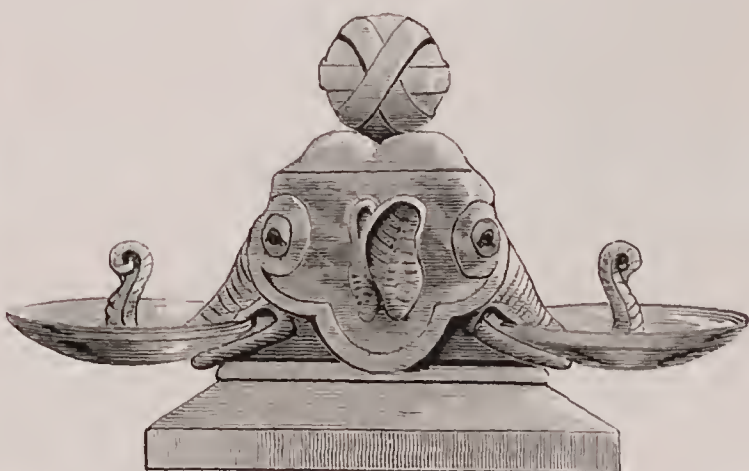
cotta, supported by a finely-wrought figure of a dolphin on a pedestal of the solid material. Around the cup is a wreath of flower-work lightly but firmly attached, the whole article being of one colour and material so delicate as to give an impression of semi-transparency. Next, there is a vase with the material painted on ebony-black, inlaid with gold and figured with Egyptian devices, and encircled with rings of blue, interspersed with white stars.

Near it are a fruit-basket and stand, the basket of pale terra-

cotta, with a wreath, in the centre, of flowers and grapes of brown and black colour, every line of which was painted by hand. The stand is massive and handsome, and is painted of a sky-coloured marble tinge.

There are near it a white water-pitcher with graceful neck and handle and a single figure of an angel winging his flight, raised

in the same pale, chaste colour. In the same row is a mantel-piece ornament painted black, with two circles of light-brown squares enclosing a Tuscan design of exquisite and minutely-lined handiwork in relief, and in the same light-brown colours shaded by fine lines of black. In pretty contrast with this, again, is a beautiful little vase with a narrow circle of gold and black round the



Porcelain and Earthenware, by Messrs. Brown-Westhead, Moore and Co., England.

neck, and on the side a rare grouping of bluebells and pink and white roses painted superbly, all by hand. The article next this (in the centre of the lowest row) is a magnificent vase of Tuscan pattern in rich black terra-cotta, the side adorned with a finely-draped painting of 'Solomon's Judgment regarding the Disputed Child.' One of the prettiest as well as simplest little things in the collection is a small plate, with figures of storks drawn in blue and gold in the centre, and the rest of the little platter streaked and painted in the most elaborate manner. Another

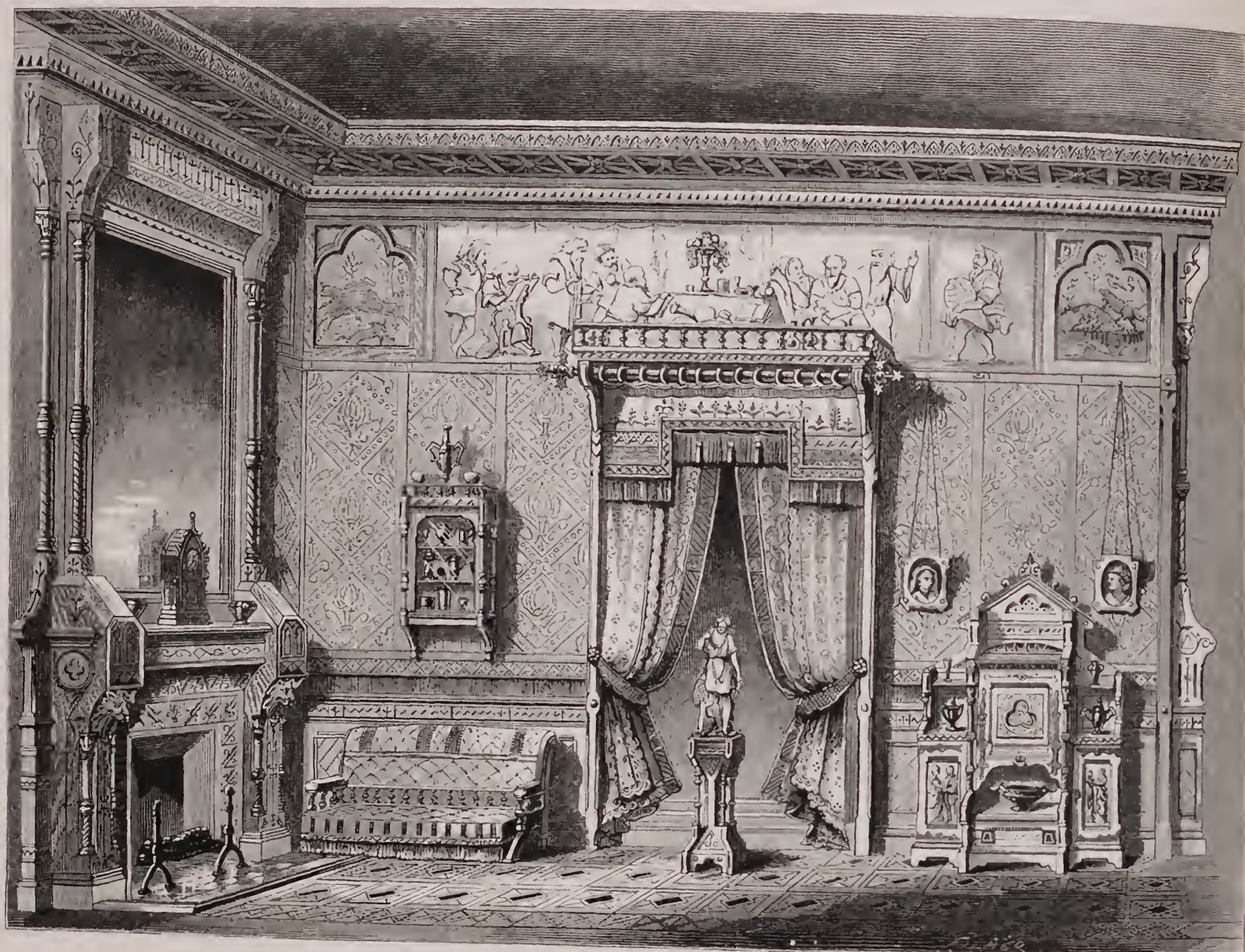
tasteful ornament (second in bottom row) is of finely-painted black with spare lines of gold and one broad circle of scarlet and gold squares linked together with minutely painted white and pearl figures of swans and wolves in alternate succession. There are various other articles in this collection, all in the same material, but with various designs, the leading characteristics of all being substantial workmanship, with delicate tracery and exquisite figuring.

Messrs. Brown and Co., of Belfast, are noted for their extensive

trade in linen fabrics. Of the three patterns engraved, one design is in ferns and lily-of-the-valley, the centre being the royal coat-of-arms, and the border ferns and flowers of the same design, but

larger pattern. The others have each a different centre-piece finely woven and bordered elaborately with flowers.

Messrs. Brown-Westhead, Moore and Co., of Caudon Place,



Furniture, by Messrs. Kimbel and Cabus, New York.

Staffordshire Potteries, England, have works which include every variety of porcelain and earthen-ware, and they are of admirable finish and beautifully painted, consisting principally of articles for daily use. The centre column in the engraving contains examples of drawing-room and boudoir *jardinières*. The first is a basket of beautiful design and tasteful gilding. The next is a jewel-tray decorated in numerous styles. The third is an oval *jardinière* with perforated ribands and medallions and turquoise delicately chased in gold. All these objects are decorated in elegant styles.

Messrs. Kimbel and Cabus, New York, furnish a rare and hand-

some design, in an elegant section, of drawing-room furniture, of ebonised cherry, beautifully carved. The cabinet is profusely gilt, the panels being figured with Cupids and exquisitely-painted flowers. Sofa and chairs are finely carved throughout and covered with maroon satin of the finest texture, with gold cord and rich fringe.

The fireplace is principally of light tile-work of minute and pretty pattern. The mantel-piece of ebonised cherry, high and substantial, with fine carving and surmounted by a large and deep mirror. The ceiling is also of ebonised cherry with gilt-figured panels on the border. The mirror in the centre is handsomely draped with maroon satin, fringed with rich velvet mixed with gold.

THE SYREN.

(See Frontispiece.)

C. L. MULLER, Painter.



THE picture here engraved is by Charles Louis Müller, the famous French painter, commonly known as "Müller of Paris," by way of distinction from other artists of the name. He was a pupil of Cogniet and of Gros, and has obtained high repute in his native country by several large historical pictures, especially such as 'The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew,' 'Diogenes and his Lantern,' 'Satan leading Christ up into the Mountain,' 'Massacre of the Inno-

H. BOURNE, Engraver.

cents,' 'The Roll-Call of the Victims of the Days of Terror,' now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Among his single figures are 'Spring,' 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Haidée,' and 'The Syren;' for this latter picture the painter evidently selected a Spanish, or probably a Hebrew model: the face and hands are not bronzed enough for those of an Eastern female. The full dark eyes, the raven-black hair flowing in masses over the shoulders, the jewelled head-ornaments, the pearl necklace, the armlet, and the finger-rings, bespeak the Jewish race nearer than any other.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land." MRS. HEMANS.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

RABY CASTLE, DURHAM.



EW counties are so rich in ancient fortresses and castellated buildings as Durham; but pre-eminent among these in historical interest, and perhaps in antiquity, is Raby Castle, which we add to our series. Situate about six or seven miles from Barnard Castle, a trifle more than that from Bishop Auckland, and about a dozen from Darlington, Raby Castle, with its grand old park, lies close to the pretty little town of Staindrop, about which we shall say a few words later on. The castle itself, with its many massive towers and turrets, is built on rising ground, on a foundation of solid rock, and is surrounded and enclosed by a massive battlemented wall; the area of the edifice, within the wall, comprising about two acres of land in extent. The castle was formerly surrounded by a moat, the course of which, although now filled up, is clearly traceable; in its place extensive sheets of ornamental water have been very judiciously laid out, and give to the

scene the effect, in approaching the castle from the park, of a fine but placid river.

Raby Park, which surrounds the castle, consists of several hundred acres of the finest land, and contains a noble herd of more than five hundred red and fallow deer. The Park is entered by three lodges of ancient and unpretentious appearance. The South Lodge, which is the main entrance, is situated about one hundred yards from Staindrop Church. On entering the Lodge within a very short distance from here the towers of the castle are visible, and continue in sight for some considerable distance, when a sharp incline cuts off the view. On attaining the summit the grand old pile is again seen standing boldly out from the grounds, and forming a most imposing prospect, which is greatly enhanced by the sheet of water that at this point separates the castle from the observer. The carriage drive from the Lodge has hitherto been wavy and circuitous in its route, but from here it takes a straight course across the

*Raby Castle, from the West.*

Pond, or Lake, of ten acres in extent, by means of an embankment, and again continues in a circuitous form through an avenue of grand old venerable beech-trees, which terminates at the entrance, or Porter's Lodge, to the castle itself.

The Pond, or Lake, which is divided by the carriage drive, is situated on the west side of the castle, its western portion overflowing into the eastern half, that flows to and surrounds the south battlement walls; the Moat, which is now dry, receding from it to the east and west. The Lake is well supplied with swans and other aquatic birds.

The East Lodge is a foot entrance for the workpeople; the

North Lodge, or back entrance, has two low castellated towers, one on each side of the entrance gates.

The Home Park and woods consist of nine hundred and forty acres, which are intersected by fifteen miles of drives and walks; the woods are beautifully varied and picturesque, especially the North Wood, which forms the north boundary of the Park, and rises considerably above the castle, commanding a most extensive and charming landscape, especially on a clear sunset evening, when the old dark walls of the castle are lit up by its golden rays, which are also reflected on the far distant Yorkshire and Richmond hills.

The Bath Wood, which is quite of a different nature from the North Wood, is situated a short distance to the west of the castle in a valley that is thickly wooded, and through which walks and drives wind their way in such varied forms as to render it one of the most enjoyable summer retreats that can possibly be desired. The walks and drives all terminate at the Bath-house, somewhat west of the centre of the wood. In front of the Bath, which consists of two rooms, supplied by a natural spring of intensely cold water, is a fine open lawn, well laid out with rhododendron beds and single specimens of conifers, with a lake of water winding its way in various falls and artificial forms. This open space, or lawn, is thickly surrounded with grand old beech and spruce fir trees, blending most charmingly together. At the back and on the north side of the Bath-house is a picturesquely-built lodge or cottage, inhabited by persons who have charge of the Baths.

The Gardens, under the clever and careful management of Mr. R. Westcott, the head gardener, are situated on the north side of the castle, on a slight incline, which commands some of the most interesting views of the north side of the

building. The whole grounds pertaining to the Gardens, including the head and under gardeners' dwellings, are enclosed within substantial time-worn brick walls, which are strictly in keeping with the castle itself. The interior is formed into various sections by brick walls, and massive yew hedges, that are kept closely clipped in "tapering" form; in thickness they are ten feet wide, and eleven feet high, and probably were planted in the days of the first occupiers of the castle. Formerly these sections were almost exclusively devoted to the culture of fruit and vegetables, but of late years bedding plants of all descriptions have been very extensively introduced, associating very agreeably the ornamental with the useful. On a terrace which is bounded on one side by a stream of water is a ribbon border extending its whole length; and on the south side of the boundary wall the effect produced by the bends and receding form of the border is very charming, and the very perfection of what a ribbon border should be. Glass structures are extensive, and principally devoted to fruit culture, especially to pines and grapes; excepting the Conservatory, and two or three other houses containing some very fine specimens of tropical plants, plant



Raby Castle, East Side.

culture is little regarded. Most of these houses are reconstructed on the most approved modern principles, but not so in their arrangement, as they are scattered about in all directions. The noble range of vineries erected some thirty years since, that contained the vines which caused so much controversy amongst horticulturists on the carrion system of vine culture, are now things of the past, and are succeeded by fine healthy canes, which must, to all present appearance, produce in the future fruit of the most approved excellence. In addition to the many glass structures devoted to fruit culture, hot air walls are also introduced for the same purpose, which, especially in the case of apricots, ensures a full crop in spite of unpropitious weather.

The most-cared-for antique occupant in the Garden is, however, the famous "Raby Fig-tree," which, although known to be upwards of one hundred years old, still produces annually thousands of figs of the finest quality. This remarkable tree is covered by a very primitive glass structure, very much in keeping with its own venerable character. The house in which the tree is planted is fifty feet in length, eight feet in width, and nearly twelve feet in height; and every possible space of this house, both walls and rafters, are occupied by this one tree,

which bids fair to live and flourish and produce fruit for many a century yet to come. The house is heated by flues. Another speciality of the Gardens is the original "Raby Red Currant," whose trees are still in as good preservation, as prolific, and as much in repute as ever.

The name of Raby points to a Danish origin, and it is first named, so far as any record is known, in connection with King Canute, who, after making his celebrated pilgrimage over Garmondsway Moor to the shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham, offered it, with Staindrop and its shire, to the shrine of that saint. It continued, except for a time during the life of Bishop Flambard, in the peaceful possession of the monks until 1131, when they granted it, for an annual rent of £4, to Dolfin, son of Ughtred, of the blood royal of Northumberland. To him, Mr. Hodgson is of opinion, is to be ascribed the first foundation of the manor. The descendant of Dolfin, Robert Fitz-Maldred, lineal heir to Ughtred, Earl of Northumberland, was described as "Dominus de Raby," when, early in the thirteenth century, he married Isabel de Nevil (daughter to Geoffrey de Nevil, the grandson of Gilbert de Nevil, who came over with the Conqueror, by the daughter and sole heiress of Bertram de Bulmer), who, by the

death of her brother, the last male of his line, became sole heiress and representative of the great Saxon house of Bulmer, Lords of Brancepath and Sheriff-Hutton. Their son Geoffrey assumed his mother's surname of Nevile, and thus laid afresh the foundation of the great house of that name. He had issue two sons, Robert, who succeeded him, and Geoffrey, who became Constable of Scarborough Castle and Justice Itinerant, and from whom the Nevils of Hornby, afterwards merged in the Beauforts, descended. Robert de Nevil, who was Governor of Norham, Werke, York. Devizes, and Bamborough castles, Warden of all the King's forests north of the Trent, Justice Itinerant, General of all forces beyond the Trent, and Sheriff of Yorkshire, joined the rebellious barons, but was afterwards restored to favour. His son Robert, called the "Peacock of the North," dying without issue during his lifetime, this elder Robert was succeeded by Ralph de Nevil, who took a prominent part in the troublous internal wars of his time. He in turn was succeeded by his son John de Nevil, Baron of Raby, who was Admiral of the King's fleet from the Thames northward, Warden of the East Marshes, Lieutenant of the Duchy of Aqu-

taine, and Seneschal of Bordeaux. He died 12th Richard II., and was succeeded by his eldest son Ralph; his second son being Thomas, Lord Furnival. This John, Lord Nevil, was the builder of the present castle of Raby.

Ralph, Lord Nevil of Raby, held many important offices, and founded the collegiate church at Staindrop. By his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford, he had issue two sons, John, who died during his father's lifetime, and Ralph, "who married the daughter and heir of Ferrers of Oversley, by whom he had John Nevil, called Lord Ferrers, whose daughter Joan (heir to the baronies of Oversley and Newmarch), being married to Sir William Gascoigne, brought forth Margaret Gascoigne, their daughter and heir, wife to Wentworth; whence the Barons Raby of that surname do descend;" and seven daughters—Maud, married to Baron de Mauley; Alice, to Sir Thomas Grey; Philippa, to Baron Dacres of Gillesland; Margaret, to Baron Scrope; Anne, to Sir Gilbert de Umfraville; Margery and Elizabeth, nuns. His second wife was Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, "by whom he had issue eight sons—Richard, Earl of Salisbury; William, Baron



Raby Castle, North-east Side.

Falconbergh; George, Baron Latimer; Edward, Baron Bergavenny; Robert, Bishop of Durham; Cuthbert, Henry, and Thomas, which three last died issueless. Also five daughters—Catherine, married first to John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, secondly to Thomas Strangways, Esq., thirdly to John, Viscount Beaumont, and lastly to Sir John Widville, Knight; Eleanor or Elizabeth, to Richard, Baron Spencer, secondly to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Anne, to Humphrey, Duke of Bucks, and afterwards to Walter Blunt, Baron Montjoy; Jane, a nun; and Cicely, to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York." He was created Earl of Westmoreland, being "the first who was made Earl of this county;" and at his death, in the 4th of Henry VI., he was succeeded by his grandson, Ralph Nevil, as second Earl of Westmoreland and Baron Nevil of Raby, who in turn was succeeded by his cousin, Ralph Nevil, son to Sir John Nevil, as third Earl of Westmoreland. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Roger Booth, by whom he had issue, with others, one son, who died in his father's lifetime, leaving a son Ralph, who in turn succeeded his grandfather.

Ralph, fourth Earl of Westmoreland and Baron Nevil of

Raby, married Catherine, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckinghamshire, by whom he had issue seven sons and five daughters, and was at his death succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Nevil, as fifth Earl. This Earl married Anne, daughter to Thomas Manners, Earl of Rutland, by whom, amongst others, he had issue a son Charles, who succeeded him as fifth Earl of Westmoreland and Baron Nevil of Raby.

This nobleman, Charles, fifth Earl of Westmoreland, having taken an active part in the rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, known as the "Rising in the North," was defeated, and all his possessions confiscated to the Crown. He left only female issue.

Raby having passed into the hands of the Crown, was afterwards sold to the Vanes, to which family we now draw attention.

It will thus be seen that Raby Castle holds a very high rank among the baronial halls—the ancient castles of England—and is one of the few of its old glories that continue to be the habitation of its lords. We proceed to give some more detailed account of the honoured nobleman who is now, and has so long been its possessor.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT IRISH ART. THE SHRINE OF ST. MANCHÁN.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



THE bronze borders mentioned at the conclusion of the former paper are fastened together by clamps passing under the bottom of the shrine. Up the edges of the sides are borders, an inch and a half wide, filled with a continuous interlaced pattern of grotesque animals and foliage (Fig. 9) in pierced metalwork, showing the wood of the body of the shrine through the openings; a similar border has probably formed a crest to the shrine now lost. On each side of the shrine is a large and remarkably elegant cross, eighteen inches in width from arm to arm. The central and four terminating bosses are somewhat highly raised, and are four and a half inches in diameter. The central boss on each side has evidently been filled in with enamel, while those terminating the arms of the cross are elaborately filled in with interlaced ornamentation of various designs, but all alike in their elaborate and exquisite character. Two of these are shown

on the engravings Figs. 5 and 6. The arms between the bosses are each divided by a plain cross, the compartments being filled in with red and yellow enamel.

On what may with propriety now be called the front side of the shrine (Fig. 1), there are, on either side of the lower limb of the cross, five singular but exquisitely-modelled human figures. These are all that remain of what were originally eight on each side of the lower, and five or six on each side of the upper limbs of the cross; the holes by which the missing figures were attached with pins are still visible, and indicate their position.

The figures that remain on the front side are ten in number, and are thus very carefully described by Mr. Graves; they measure from seven to five inches in height. "The first of these figures (which are shown in detail on Fig. 4), beginning at the right hand side (the spectator's left) of the shrine, has his hands joined, and although it may at first sight appear that a shirt, with a separate kilt attached to the girdle, is indicated,



Fig. 4.—The Shrine of St. Manchán: the Ten Figures remaining on the Front.

yet I think it will be seen on examination that the figure is habited in one close-fitting garment,† over which appear the

* Concluded from page 215.

† This is evidently the *leinidh*, a tight-fitting garment without sleeves, which descended to the knees, and sometimes lower. O'Curry, in his lectures on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," is of opinion that when written *leine* it indicated a shirt, and when given as *leinidh* it means a kilt; but the learned editor of these lectures, Dr. Sullivan, concludes, with reason, that the shirt and kilt were one garment, in other words, that the lower part of the shirt formed the kilt. This is confirmed by the figures on the shrine, some of which are without girdles, and show the continuity of this garment. *Celt* (anglicised *kilt*) is not a modern term; it means "vestis," according to Cormac's Glossary; and O'Clery's Glossary has *cealt . i . édach*. Compare *celure*, Lat.; *helan*, old High German; *celu*, Welsh.—See Dr. Whitley Stokes's "Remarks on the Celtic additions to Curtius's Greek Etymology," p. 2. When of linen, the *leinidh* was white, but it was often richly embroidered, as we see it here, on the lower portion, and at the neck, and was sometimes of wool and silk. In the "Táin Bó Chuailgne," and other ancient tales, the *leinidh* is described

plaits of another,‡ and outer, sleeved covering; a girdle§ encircles the hips, and below it the tails of the inner garment forms

as red, white with red stripes, variegated, striped, and streaked; and also as embroidered with gold and silver thread.—Derrick ("Image of Ireland," 1578) both pictures and describes the shirt, or *leinidh*, as set thick with plaits, and reaching to the knee.

‡ This is the *inar*, which was sometimes tight-fitting, and then called *inar cliabh*. The latter is usually described as forming part of a splendid dress.—"Manners," &c., vol. i., p. cccxxvi. The poet Mac Liag received from Tadhg O'Kelly "an hundred scarlet tunics [*inars*];" and Donnchadh Cairbrech O'Brien, when inaugurated in the year 1194, wore over a "splendid shirt" "a brown satin tunic [*inar*] lustrous and light."—Id., vol. iii., pp. 153, 154. The *inar*, in general, was a sleeved frock or tunic, below which appeared the kilt, or end of the *leinidh*. Cu Chulaind's "*oliab-inar*" reached to the top border of his kilt.—"Táin Bó Chuailgne." The Dagda's *inar* extended to his buttock.—"Second Battle of Magh Tuired."

§ This is the *cris*, below which hung the tail of the *leinidh*, forming the kilt. The *cris* was often highly embroidered.

a richly-embroidered kilt reaching below the knees: the legs and feet are bare,* and the hair and beard are straight. The next figure, habited in the same fashion, has a curled beard. The right hand holds a short stick with a hook which passes over the fingers, and is probably the riding-rod described by Geraldus Cambrensis ('Top. Hib.') Dist. III., cap. X., and the left is raised and open, with the palm turned out. The third figure, similarly habited, has the left hand closed on the riding-rod, and the face is apparently beardless. The fourth effigy wears a plaited kilt, and holds a battleaxe in the right hand; the beard is long and bifid, and the girdle is a twisted cord. The fifth figure resembles the first, except that the girdle is ornamented, and the beard curled. It will be remarked that the figures increase gradually in height towards the middle of the shrine, where the groups are intersected by the upright limb of the cross. Passing the cross, the left-hand group commences with a figure resembling the fifth, already described, except that the girdle is twisted, and the hands are not joined. The seventh figure resembles the sixth, the arms being folded, as also appears to be the case with the eighth; whilst the ninth resembles the fourth in all particulars, except that the hands, instead of holding a battleaxe, grasp the long bifid beard, and the girdle is plain. The tenth effigy holds something like the square satchel, or case of a book, in his hand, and the scalloped juncture of the tunic with the kilt is not hidden by a girdle. These ten figures are, it must be allowed, most interesting examples of the lay or military costume of the Irish in the twelfth century; I use the term *lay* advisedly, for I cannot recognise any indications of the tonsure, or the vestments of the ecclesiastical class, which, no doubt, as we shall see, had its representatives also on this remarkable shrine. That the dress is that of the chieftain order is almost certain from the richness of the embroidery of the kilts and of some of the girdles."

What has become of the, say *fifty-two*, effigies which must have filled the other six compartments formed by the arms of the crosses, it is impossible to say. The holes by which they were attached to the wood of the shrine still remain to tell their tale; and from the slightness of the fastenings it is fortunate that all have not been detached and lost. The two figures engraved on Figs. 7 and 8, there can be no reasonable doubt, formerly belonged, and were attached to, this shrine. The one belongs to Mr. Day, and, when purchased by him, was said to have been found in Clonmacnoise, which would of itself lead to the inference of its having originally belonged to the shrine; and the other is in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. The first of these only retains a portion of one leg, and exhibits no girdle—the scalloped juncture of the doublet and kilt resembling the fourth figure still attached to the shrine. The hands are raised and open, palm outwards, the chin is bearded, and, which is most interesting, the head is protected by a richly-adorned conical helmet, covering the neck behind and at the

* It has been suggested that the figures wear tight trows, made from stuff cut bias, which we know from ancient Irish MSS., and from examples found in bogs, were formerly in use in Ireland. But all the feet are bare, and there is no indication of the termination of trows.



Fig. 5.—The Shrine of St. Manchán: one of the Bosses terminating the Cross.



Fig. 6.—The Shrine of St. Manchán: one of the Bosses terminating the Cross.

of the ecclesi- | is clearly ecclesiastical, and from the hands being represented

as grasping a short *cambutta*, or pastoral staff, it is evidently intended for a bishop, the head being also covered by a mitre of ancient form. The alb and chasuble are plainly recognisable, of much shorter fashion, however, than was the usage in later times.

The back of the shrine, as shown on Fig. 2, has lost the whole of the figures by which it was once adorned, but the cross remains in its entirety. The ends of the shrine, one of which is carefully engraved on Fig. 3, have an outer border of interlacing openwork, of the same general

character as that spoken of on the front and back. Within this is another border of somewhat similar character, but not pierced. The general surface of the remaining part of the ends is covered with a plate of bronze, the whole surface of which is richly and elaborately covered by a marvellously-intricate and elegant interlaced design, divided down the middle into two separate compartments. It will only be needful to add that the shrine itself in which the relics of St. Manchán have for so many centuries reposed, is composed of yew wood, on which the works of Art in metal have been



Fig. 7.—The Shrine of St. Manchán:
Figure in the possession of Mr. Day,
F.S.A.



Fig. 8.—The Shrine of St. Manchán:
Figure belonging to the Royal Irish
Academy.



Fig. 9.—The Shrine of St. Manchán:
portion of Openwork Border of
Bronze.

fixed, and elaborately and thickly gilded. The period of the workmanship is, with much reason, assigned to the twelfth century, and it is doubtless one of the finest examples remaining to us of the metalwork of that period.

The bones of the saint are said still to remain within this costly and matchless reliquary, and the following is the tradition, as told to Mr. Graves, regarding them. With it I cannot do better than close this brief notice:—“Some time after St. Manchán and a great part of his people died of the great plague and were buried, the saint’s ‘bohooly’ [*buachail*, or cow-boy] being left without a protector, some men

came and drove away his cattle; for in those days whoever was strong did what he liked, and cared nothing for law or justice. The ‘bohooly’ cried out to St. Manchán for help, who immediately appeared to him. The ‘bohooly’ was so overjoyed to see his master that he threw his arms about the saint, who thereupon fell into a heap of dry bones, for no sinful mortal should have touched him. On this the priests of the place gathered up the bones, and they made the shrine now in Boher chapel to hold them. The ‘bohooly’ recovered the cattle, and the robbers lost their lives, through the power of St. Manchán.”

HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

VII.—FIRE, AND MANTEL-PIECE.



WE are not fire-worshippers, and it does not appear that any European race ever has been religiously or technically so.

It was among those strange, incomprehensible Asiatics that the adoration of fire began. Out of the wonderful teachings of Zoroaster the Persians came to see in the sun the source of all power, all goodness, all life.

Ahura-mazda was God—the spiritual being, creator of all things, creator above all the created things—of the sun. Source as he was of light, heat, growth, abundance, he was also God-creator of all wisdom, inspirer of the mind and soul of man.

What outward and visible symbol so fitly represented this divine greatness and goodness as the wonderful sun, whose coming brought to the universe, each and every day, light, heat, fertility? When his face was toward the earth, man and Nature lived; when it was turned away, there were darkness and death.

From the sun came down to us the heavenly fire, which in his hands became a power over all for good and for evil, but a mighty power. This divine fire burned on every altar; no priest prayed without looking upon the aspiring flame; from the flame the soul rose to the sun, from the sun to the god. Symbolism certainly, but what early religion has been without it?—what one has escaped the blast of narrow souls, which converts the symbol into the god?

Behind all, or nearly all the great early religions, shines the sun, emblem as it is of light and blessing. We find him contained in Zeus, in Baal, in Amen-Rá, in Odin. In the most perfect and most striking of American civilisations, the Incas of Peru called themselves “children of the sun,” to whom they raised temples and offered sacrifices in vessels of gold.

The Magi, the great priestly caste, spent the days and watched

heavenly bodies—that they became like gods, knowing good and evil!

The worship of fire, of the sun, may still be found in a feeble state among the Parsees, a small sect existing in India—a remnant



Fig. 2.

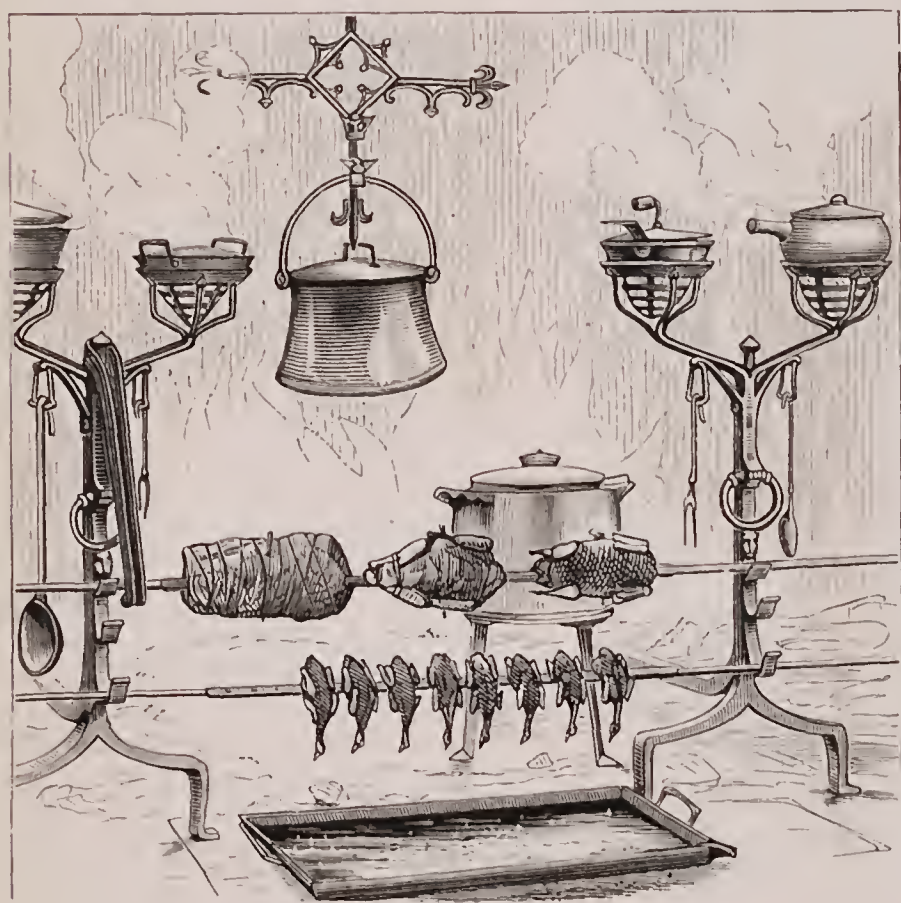


Fig. 1.

of the old Persian fire-worshippers, who fled from the devouring sword of Mohammed for safety; these keep alive in a sort of expiring way one of the most ancient religions of the world.

While none of the European religions, perhaps, were centred in the sun, there are traces through nearly all of them that festivals were held in honour of the great father of fire; and the term “Beltein” among the Celtic nations distinctly expresses this fact. In the months of May and November the fire-rites were held, when every domestic fire was by law to be extinguished. The whole people was assembled, the sacred fire was kindled, sacrifices were offered, and all took part in the religious and social festival. These were the great days of the year; that of May was to welcome the coming of the heat and light of the summer, that of November was in thanksgiving for the abundance which the sun had given to man.

A peculiarity of these days was that, twice in the year, all household fires were to be renewed from the sacred fires then kindled; every house was dark and cold until light and heat were carried to it afresh from the consecrated fires of the festal-day. They were festivals of commemoration, and to every mind it was brought home that life was naught without the Heaven-given blessing of fire.

The god Bel seems to have been known far and wide. We find Bel or Baal among the Phœnicians, Beal among the Celtic tribes, and Balder was the loveliest of the Scandinavian gods.

In parts of Germany the celebration of the summer solstice was observed with rejoicings, with feasts, with the lighting of bonfires on all hills and mountains.

through the nights to study the movements of the heavenly hosts, among whom reigned the supreme sun. Need we wonder that their lives, passed amid mystery and the study of the infinite, endowed them in a degree with the mystery and might of the

Among the German and also among the Celtic tribes the feast of Yule was honoured with famous fires. The Germans particularly were devoted to this feast, and their observances were many. With Christianity came changes, and with a master's dexterity the priests converted the heathen feast of Yule into the Christian festival of Christmas. The burning of the Yule-log was always a great and joyous rite, and was celebrated with song, with shouts, with laughter—down to a late day this practice prevailed in England. Neither in England nor here is the Christmas fire burned in this youthful and riotous manner; but on every good man's hearth the holocaust of logs burns toward heaven cheerfully, brightly.

Other old English church-days were kept with fire-rites; among them were Candlemas, Lammas, and Halloween. Halloween is still so celebrated in Scotland. Even down to the last century a fire-festival was celebrated in Scotland, where troops of young men and women went out upon the moors, and, placing themselves in a magic ring around the fire, they chanted their ancient song while the cake was baking before the fire. When ready it was divided into parts, one for each person, and one of these pieces was blackened with ashes and charcoal. Whoever drew this piece from the lot was doomed to the fire, and was obliged to pass through it, while the air rang with laughter and shouts.

Can we revive the worship of fire? Do we wish to do so? We certainly do not wish to, in the sense of adoration; and we certainly could not if we wished to. We may well doubt whether man now adores anything, even the Infinite and the Unknowable. Do we any longer bow down our heads to kings, when we have come to know that they are weak and wicked like ourselves, and that we can cut off their heads when we wish to? Shall we, then, worship fire, when we know its chemical action? Can we adore the sun, vast and majestic as he is, when we are busy exploring, analysing, photographing, and lecturing about him?

The critical faculty adores nothing, and to-day that faculty dominates the mind of man. But the critical faculty might be brought to grant such a body as this some respect—thus described: "A molten or white-hot mass, 856,000 miles in diameter, equalling in bulk 1,260,000 worlds like our own, having a surrounding ocean of gas on fire, 50,000 miles deep, tongues of flame darting upward more than 50,000 miles, volcanic forces that hurl into the solar atmosphere luminous flames to the height of 160,000 miles; drawing to itself all the worlds belonging to our family of planets, and holding them all in their proper places; attracting with such superior force the millions of solid and stray masses that are wandering in the fathomless abyss that they rush helplessly toward him, and fall into his fiery embrace. And thus he continues his sublime and

restless march through his mighty orbit, having a period of more than 18,000,000 years!"

Mortal man is a strange creation; there is no doubt that the fireworks on the night of the emperor's *fête* at Paris excited more enthusiasm than the daily miracle of the rising and the setting sun! The god who walks about among men does not seem a god.

Among the Asiatics, however, the domestic fire was never what it became in Europe and here, the centre of family life. In England it reached its greatest glories, and its "place" came to be the feature of the great hall, the centre from which radiated the genial heat. From time to time it was decorated and glorified in many ways, and some of the best work of the feudal period was lavished here.

While I cannot ask you to adore the fire religiously, I may ask you to admire it, to love it, to care for it, to sit by it, and to keep it alive on your hearthstones.

But a few years have passed since we witnessed a violent outburst, the expression of disgust, of hatred to fire and all its delightful accessories and associations. Fireplaces were abolished, walls were plastered up; fine houses were built in which there was no altar sacred to fire to be seen! And mankind consented to sit or stand over a hole in the floor, from which ascended a blast of parched air! This hideous social condition was, I fear, brought about by the superior sex—the sex which proposes to purify the ballot—because the fire in its beauty was so much trouble. That sex has not yet discovered that the "Good Lord" does not permit any good thing to man—except air and sunshine—without infinite trouble.

Can we persuade women that no thought, no labour is too great which can secure a perfect home; and that in a perfect home no one thing is more beautiful than the family hearth?

When woman worships at this altar, then let us have hope; when she glorifies this, we shall take courage; when she believes in and enjoys her great and fruitful mission, man will be helped, childhood will be happy, and old age will come stepping softly—serene like the days of the Indian-summer.

Fire has been useful from the days when Prometheus stole it from the gods and bestowed it upon men; but its house has not always been beautiful. In the beginning it was made upon the rock or upon the ground; above

it, upon crotches of trees, was stretched a pole, from which hung the pots for seething the food. By-and-by the dwelling was enclosed in walls, and in the middle of the room was built the fire, whose smoke escaped as it could through openings in the roof. In the early Norman period this was the way in the finest halls of the most stately castles; and in the great hall at Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys, is still to be seen the massive fire-iron standing on the stone floor, upon which the logs were piled.



Fig. 3.

The name "mantel-piece" seems to be meaningless. It would appear, however, to be derived from "mantle-tree;" and this mantle-tree was, in the beginning, an arrangement of the tree so fixed as to hang the mantles for drying. In those early days man was battling the elements and defying the storms; he was not protected, as he is to-day, with all but invincible armour. India-rubber had not been discovered, and his rough mantle of "wadmal," drenched with the rains and sleets, sought the mantle-tree for restoration.

This is an age of comfort—of luxury, indeed; and, while we have gained much, we have also lost much. We have lost strength, manliness, heartiness, fellowship, and helpfulness. The help once given by the master is now given by the town-agent; the fire which blazed in the feudal hall then warmed the serf, it now gladdens only the lord. "Caste," I fear, was never more potent; the lawyer cannot eat with the carpenter, the priest may not sit with the labourer. Machinery is mighty, inonstrous—it produces beyond the mind of man to measure; and who can predict the end? Who can see to what we must come? None can tell and no one can hinder much. Man is worth less than he was two centuries ago. The machine can do the work of a hundred men, and one man can watch and direct it; but what is to become of the ninety-and-nine? They wander in the wilderness seeking manna—they are to-day starving at our doors.

I, who am a believer in hand-work, in strength, in health, in beauty, in simplicity, am obliged to say this is not blessedness nor altogether lovely.

The early fireplaces in Old England, as well as in New England, were rude and large; made to contain great logs, above which hung the crane, with the "hook and trammels" to hold the pots and kettles, in which then the cooking of food was mainly done. Before this ample fire a revolving spit containing the savoury food presented it to the roasting heat. No food was ever so well cooked as this, because the roasting viand was always fed and flavoured with the constant oxygen of the moving air, as it is not now.

In the great houses a smoke-jack, fixed in the chimney, moved with the current of ascending air, turned these revolving spits. In the smaller houses some child was impressed to do this work. The brute, too, was compelled to serve; and there grew to be a species of short-legged dog, with broad, out-turned feet, who turned the spit with a kind of tread-mill; he exists to-day, and is called the "turnspit."

In Fig. 1 we show an interesting sketch of the methods of early cooking (time of the 1200's) in France, as pictured by Viollet-le-Duc. In this is also shown an andiron, which I have seen nowhere but in France, with a spreading top which holds the pots and pans.

In the house of Shakespeare's Ann Hathaway, near Stratford, is to be seen to-day one of these great fireplaces, unchanged from the days of Queen Bess. Into it a man can walk, and on either side the blazing logs is room for persons to sit. It is not fifty years ago since the same kind of fireplace was common in New England, and there may yet be some of them left, I know not where. In my grandfather's house was such a fireplace, in which I sat as a child, and I remember to have seen stars in the daytime

looking down upon me through the long throat. To-day coal and the stove prevail—convenient, not lovely.

One of the earliest improvements in the fireplace, following that of making the fire in the middle of the floor, was the hooded mantel-piece under which the fire was kindled, upon the stone floor, the hood serving to conduct away the smoke through a flue. A highly-decorated example of this is to be seen in Fig. 2, from a French château of the time of the 1200's. The hood of stone is built upon massive brackets projecting from the wall, and is elaborately sculptured with figures, all of which have some significance. Often the chimney-breast was decorated with figures of saints, with texts or mottoes, with the crest and arms of the master. It is easy to see how much good art could here be displayed. Such a treatment made the mantel-piece a part of the person or the family, and gratified the sense of individual ownership so universal to us all.

It is palpable that the fire placed against the wall must give out a greater heat than if recessed into the wall; and it is evident, too, that these great rooms needed all the heat that could be got.

During the long and fierce religious wars in France, many of the finest old castles and châteaux were destroyed, and we have comparatively few examples of the best period of French architecture. In England many more exist, and we present, in Fig. 3, from the old house of Lanhydroc, Cornwall, a stately mantel-piece of an early time. The fire-opening is spacious

but simple. The ornamentation is in the sculptured figures, which fill the space from the elevated shelf to the cornice.

This style of mantel-piece is eminently fit for large and decorative rooms, such as few houses with us are expected to have.



Fig. 4.

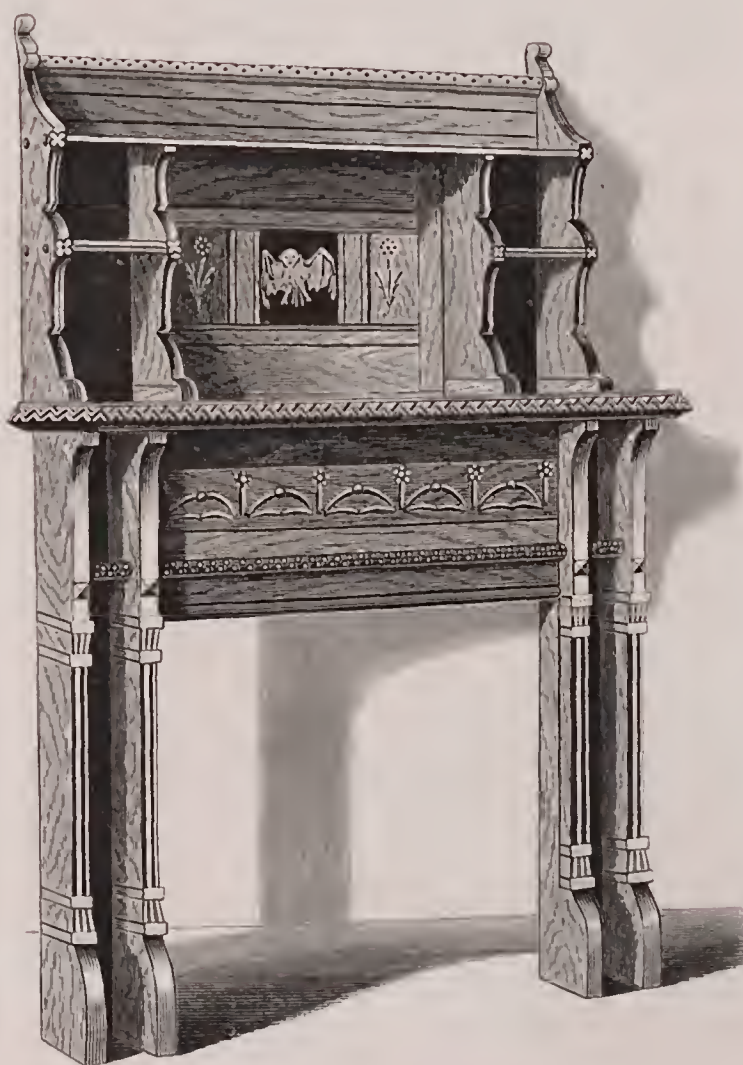


Fig. 5.

Our mantel-pieces have mostly been made of marble, or slate imitations of marble, which are not enough cheaper to make it worth while to forego the real thing. At one period the black-veined marble of Italy was greatly in fashion; but it is dismal in

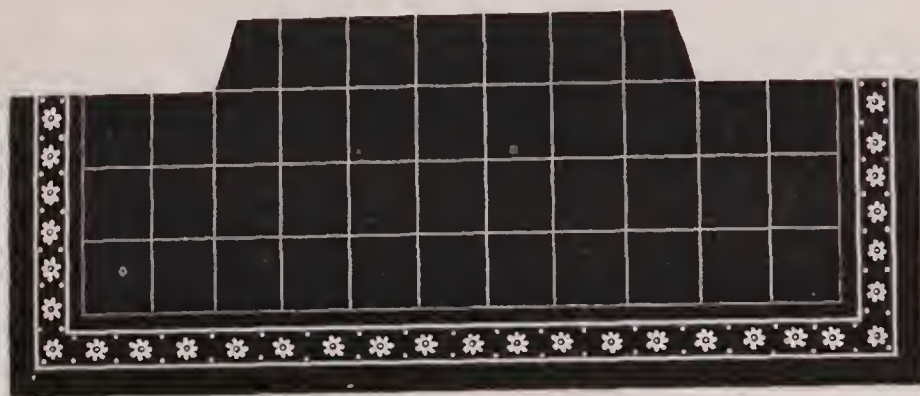


Fig. 6.

colour, and has not beauty enough to make it desirable. It is impossible to say why black is not cheerful or agreeable to the eye; but it seems not to be; nor is it explicable why blue is one of the most fascinating. Still it would fill one with dismay to see a blue mantel-piece; so that there have come to be conventional applications of colour which are imperative, and inexplicable.

Black is a neutral colour, which admits of its being used in a great variety of ways; but after all it is dismal, not cheerful. Why the whole female world just now should love to dress itself in black no one can understand; it is against Nature, especially woman's nature, which really is more responsive to outside influences than man's.

The middle tints, which harmonise with other colours, are most agreeable in stone, and there are many marbles which take a good polish which are good in colour and beautiful in their veinings; these are always decorative and desirable. In some houses exquisitely-carved mantel-pieces, made from the most delicate Carrara marble, are now and then to be seen. Such an exquisite stone is not suited to the real purposes of a fireplace, nor is it fit that elaborately sculptured figures should be put to hold up a shelf on their heads, in close contact, as they here must be, with the smokes and smouches of the fire.

Fine-sculptured figures should have an appropriate place; they should be treated with distinction, should be properly pedestalled and backed, and so be made to gratify another taste than that which comes from a fit household use. Therefore it is that the mind instinctively resents an improper use of human beauty and human skill. America abounds with fine qualities of marble, but I believe it is cheaper to buy and bring marbles from Turkey than to work our own mines, the consumption being so limited.

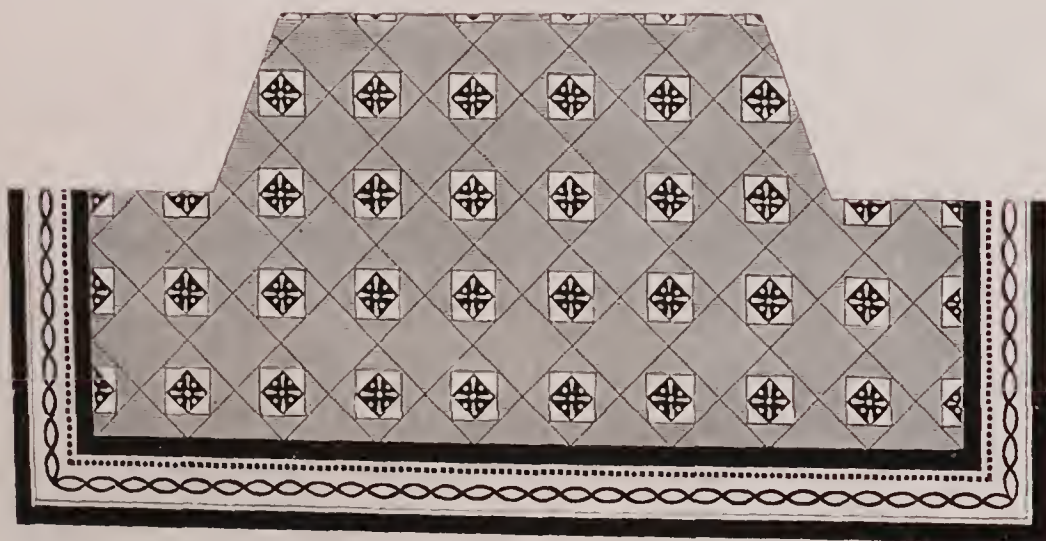


Fig. 7.

Stone is undoubtedly a fit material to use about a fireplace, but in working a mantel-piece of it much cost is involved. Wood, therefore, is now in much favour and is growing into general use. Good results can easily be produced with it, and very beautiful

effects are possible. In all cases where wood is used it must be protected by a lining of stone, brick, or tile.

The greatest number of mantel-pieces are such as have but one shelf, and for small and low-ceiled rooms these are appropriate and unobtrusive. The fashion which now prevails of using our fine woods without paint gives us a good number to choose from. But it should be remembered that the fireplace is liable to much hard wear, and therefore soft woods like pine and butternut do not stand the work so well as harder woods like ash and walnut. These should not be varnished, but filled and rubbed to a dead finish with shellac.

Paint is not now in vogue, and why should it be, except in very dainty rooms? It does not wear so well as, and it is more expensive than, the real wood-grain properly filled and rubbed. There are also a delicacy of tint and some variety of veining in any of our good woods which insensibly please the eye; so that I would, even in a painted room, choose that the mantel-piece should be in its own wood-colours.

In Fig. 4 is to be seen a simple form of mantel, somewhat decorated, which meets many wants. The shelf is slightly carved in low-relief, and so are the panels. In the pilasters are to be seen two tile-panels, which give a certain life and vivacity which the wood sometimes lacks. The drawing shows only the wood-work, not the lining of tiles or the fire-dogs, which, of course, add much to the effect. We gave in the last paper a sketch of a mantel-piece, with a high top, very handsome for the proper room; we give here, Fig. 5, a simpler style of fireplace, with a small arrangement of top shelves; these are very useful as well as orna-

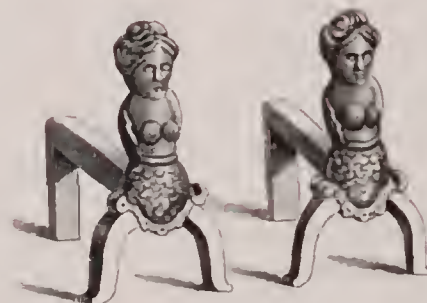


Fig. 8.

mental, and, when dressed with china, brass, &c., are attractive features of any room. The tiles which face the fire-opening are not shown in this picture; so that that part has an unfinished look, which the reader is asked to fill in his own imagination.

TILES are now coming into use in a variety of ways. They are eminently adapted for the decoration and protection of the fireplace. They are durable, they are clean, they are agreeable to the eye. Of course, in their selection and arrangement the same good taste and knowledge of values of colour must be used which are to be used in any other work. There are many hideous tiles made, and it is safe to say that a large part of them are bad; so that the necessity for selection is imperative. For the hearth, which has usually been of stone or marble, the tile is admirable. In arranging these the prevailing colours of the room must be kept in mind; not for the sake of repeating those colours, but to harmonise them. In some cases a hearth filled with decorated tiles may be used, but often it will be found that it is in better taste to make the middle part of some plain colour, such as red, brown, grey, bounding it with a decorative border in other colours. In Fig. 6 is shown a tile-hearth arranged for a house on the Hudson River. The centre part is of a dull, unglazed tile, the border being composed of two strips of black tile one and a half inch wide, enclosing a strip of decorated tiles in green and buff quatrefoils upon a dark-crimson ground. The effect is good, and that effect is enhanced by the glow of a bright wood-fire.

In Fig. 7 we give a small hearth, showing an arrangement where figured tiles are used in the centre part as well as in the border; for a small room, or where the carpet and walls are very quiet, this combination is gay and agreeable. I may add that, as far as my

experience goes, the danger lies—the same here as with carpets and walls—in making the hearth over-brilliant and many-coloured. As I have said before, it is easier to overdo in the matter of decoration than to strike the just mean.

A marble-quarry is a good thing, and I once visited one in the western part of Massachusetts, where they were grinding it up by the ton, and making what they called "sugar-grade, soda-grade, flour-grade." Those were adventurous people. But I do not like

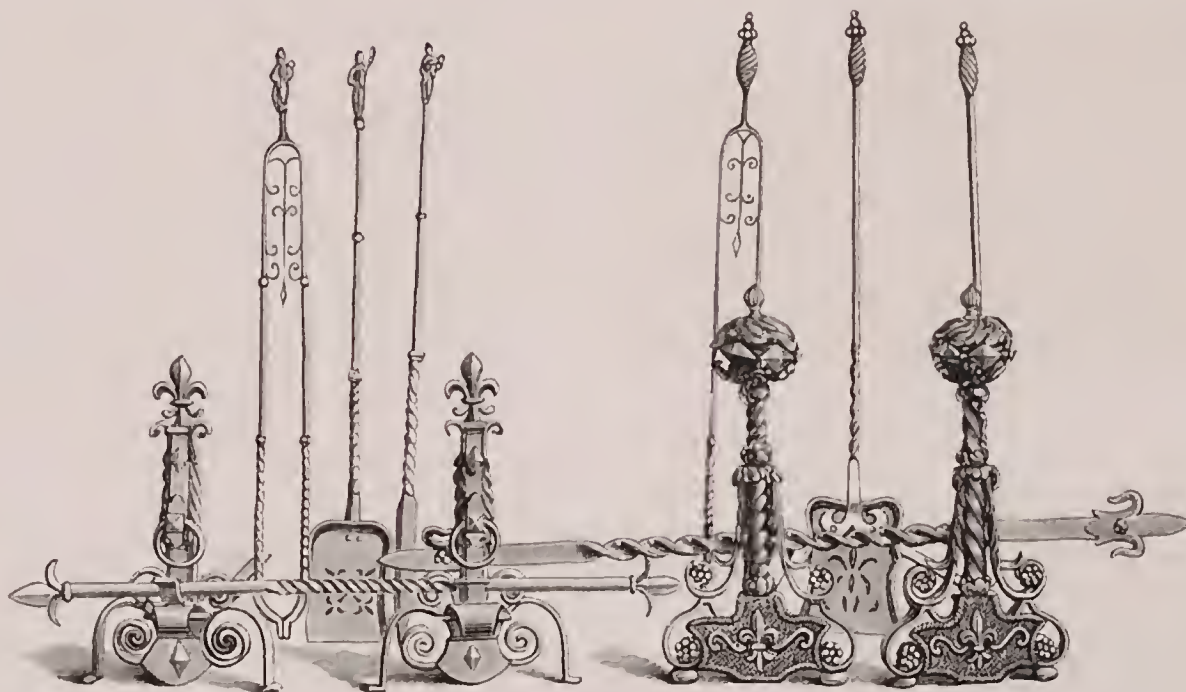


Fig. 9.

marble in my sugar, in my soda, or in my flour. Nor do I like it as slabs for my washstand or sideboard; nor yet for my floor. For a mantel-piece or a hearth it is good.

For a floor, marble is cold, cheerless, slippery, and if wet it is dismal. I tread upon it with doubt and escape with gladness. It is not comparable with tile in any way, and for small surfaces or household use it should not have a place. For great halls even it is not so good as some of the slates and limestones, or even soapstone.

With the coming back of fireplaces, come also fire-dogs and andirons—handirons—now used to express the same thing. There were fifty years ago in every good house the best brass andirons in the best room, which supported fires sacred to hospitality on certain days, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas. On these days they glowed with the warm and cheery light; on others they shone with a

8, were picked up in a junk-shop in the interesting city of Portsmouth.

We are now getting fire-dogs and fire-irons of good designs from both England and France: the greatest variety from France, and some of them are excellent, others are over-florid for us.

Those shown in Fig. 9 are of forged iron and are good work. The fire-irons standing against the wall are from the same workmen, and are equally good.

Figs. 10 and 11 show some in polished brass, which are interesting and decorative.

For *fenders* a word may be said—they are sometimes useful. Just now they are seized with considerable avidity under the impression that they are desirable and satisfactory to the artistic sense. But are they?

To protect children against fire, or to prevent fire from rolling into the room, they are useful; but certainly one does not wish to be fenced away from the glowing fire by a trellis-work of brass, no matter how well it may be cut or how brightly it may be polished. There is not room here for much Art to be shown in any

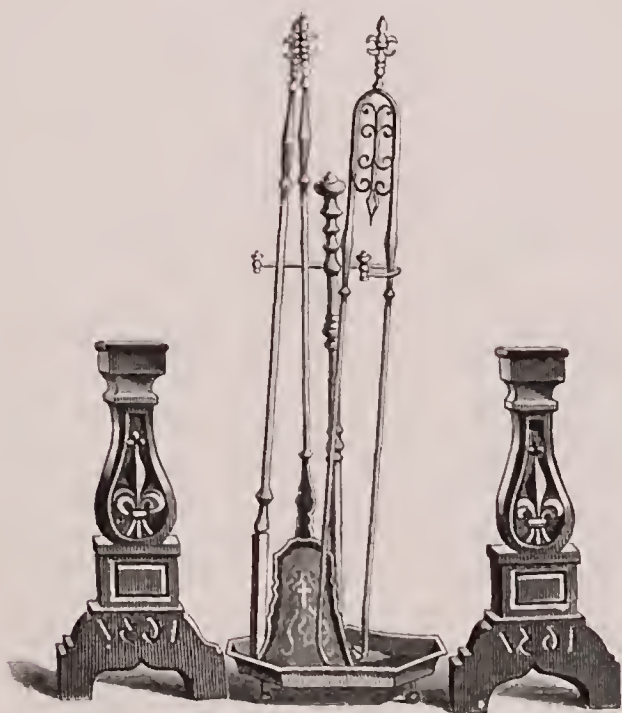


Fig. 10.

cool brilliancy ready to be quickened into heat by the blazing brands. These were mostly of two patterns, those bearing globes on the top of a turned standard, and those with slender, taller stems, which ended in a sort of urn. Some of these exist and are good. In addition to these were some very quaint ones in cast-iron, which used the human figure more or less travestied. The old pair, Fig.

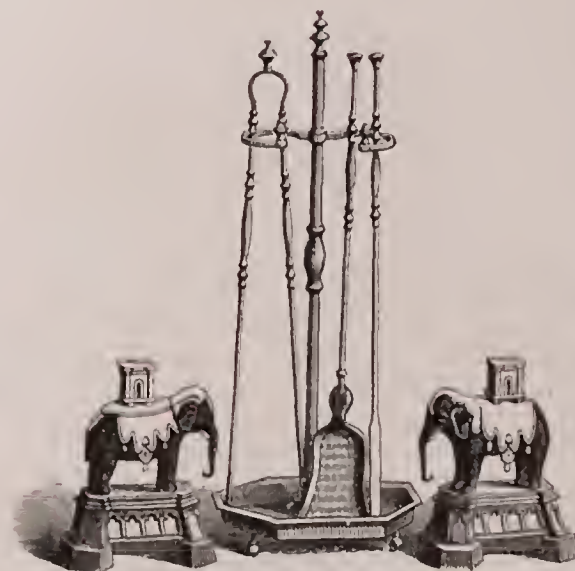


Fig. 11.

way, and we may well question whether the fender is not an unnecessary or superfluous appendage.

If one wished to lie upon a luxuriously-cushioned sofa, which was intended for that and for no other purpose, would such a person enjoy in any degree a fence or bar, however carefully carved or polished, which kept him from enjoying without hindrance what

lay beyond the bar? A fender, then, is not a thing to spend Art upon, because it is only a hindrance—it is in the way—it can only excite a wish for its removal; and therefore one cannot stop to enjoy the Art which may have been lavished upon it—in vain; he must wish to see it—away; that is, not at all. Why, then, bestow thought, money, and time, upon what we do not wish to see?

In an unbelieving time, the worship of fire, the adoration of the sun cannot be glorified in mystery or tinged with the faintest aurora, or made to bewitch the imagination by any spiritual glamour; but we—even we—can for a moment try to appreciate the might, the subtlety, the fascinating beauty of this one of the four great elements; we—even we—can enjoy the great good and delight which it sheds upon us; we can also value ourselves when we think for a moment—that we mortals have caught and tamed this fiercest and cruellest of all Nature's great forces, have turned a destroyer into a creator, have made it our benignant friend and comforter;

have, indeed, put it upon our hearth, that domestic altar, where we minister to it, and keep it ever alive, burning, but shedding, with its light and warmth, only brightness and content.

I may speak a word in favour of that little and most beautiful wild beast, which had its origin in Persia, and, therefore, is a born worshipper of the fire. I mean the CAT. He is often maligned and shockingly ill-treated. But his is a great and a true nature, for he loves the fire, and he hates all vermin: what great and true nature does not?

We have tamed him as we have the fire, and made him our helper, companion, and friend—might we not say “guide, philosopher, and friend?” He is sleek, graceful, most dainty. His presence is a blessing; and no one thing conveys so perfect a sense of comfort, of supreme and serene household enjoyment, as his beautiful form basking in the warmth of the crackling fire.

Let us cherish, then, these too—the cat and the fire.

ART IN WASHINGTON.



ANOTHER statue in marble has been added to those in the old Representatives' Hall of the Capitol. The new contribution is from California, and represents the late General E. D. Baker (killed at Ball's Bluff in October, 1861), who, after serving as a representative in Congress from Illinois, was colonel of a volunteer regiment in the Mexican War; then settled in California, and was subsequently a general in the Union Army.

This statue was executed by Dr. Horatio Stone, who lately died in Italy while finishing it. Though it is well to say nothing personal against the dead, their works that “live after them” are fair subjects of criticism, and a study of the Baker statue compels the assertion that it is an utter failure as a portrait in face or form. A finer model for a statue, military or civic, than was General Baker is not often seen. Tall and erect, with dignity of form, energetic and comely features, it is strange that such noble material could be converted into an effigy so tame, unsoldierlike, and unlike the manly original. Here we have him short, and swathed in a cloak that no soldier, at least, could have tolerated to be so twisted round his legs. Above this rises a very large head, whose mild features and curly, brushed-back hair suggest the portrait of a missionary. The left hand holds a scroll, and the right hand seems

pointing to a sword at his feet, upon which lies a book, and on the book a regulation-pattern of an officer's felt-hat and plume.

There is, then, a want of distinctive character, as well as of likeness, in this statue of *General Baker*, unless the sculptor ingeniously tried to show, by these opposite signs of professional costume, a subordination of the soldier to the civilian, which, in view of Baker's heroic death, seems unsatisfactory.

The statue is made more insignificant from its position between the tall copy of Houdon's Washington and the majestic bronze figure of Jefferson by David of Angers. It is a pity, also, that Congress did not instruct the sculptors of these new statues to observe more uniformity of size; but the truth is that the arrangement of all works of Art in the Capitol should be in the hands of some one person of competent taste and judgment. At present many of the statues and pictures appear to be placed without regard to fitness of position or light. The opening in the dome admitting the light should be enlarged to twice its present width, and then, by darkening the windows in the gallery and tempering the light from those below, which now give so many cross-lights, a fine vertical light would be diffused over the entire area. If this plan were followed up by hanging maroon drapery along the semicircular front of the gallery between the columns, the statuary would have a powerful relief, such as is admired in the east-room of the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

OXEN AT THE TANK: GENEVA.

FROM THE DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF H. W. F. BOLCKOW, ESQ., M.P.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Delt.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.



AMONG the numerous drawings sold, with other contents of Landseer's studio, after his death, there were few more eagerly coveted than this, to judge from the price—upwards of three hundred guineas—at which it was knocked down. It is not, moreover, a drawing highly finished in colours, but is executed simply with pen and ink, and is slightly tinted, and in size is not much larger than our engraving. We must look for its value, then, in something beyond that element—colour—which usually goes so far to make a picture of almost any kind attractive, and this is to be found in the truthfulness of the artist's representation and in the consummate skill with which the group is composed. Just study those two heads for a few moments, and mark how different are their expressions, though to an ordinary eye observing the animals as they move along the street, or even when standing at the tank, little or no variation would be apparent. Note, too, how different in form are the horns of the two animals; a small matter in itself,

probably some may think, but not so undoubtedly from a pictorial point of view. The fact is, that the interest of the drawing centres in these two heads, which are instinct with animal life—though the *life* is just now of a dozy, dreamy kind—and beautiful in artistic arrangement, while most effective in the management of light and shade. The oxen are yoked together, and have most probably been at work in the streets; their owner, or driver, the woman with the huge spreading hat, which serves the purpose of an umbrella in the rain and of a sunshade in the heat, has now brought them to the tank for water; they have evidently satisfied themselves, or they would not stand with such apparent indifference before the water; the woman, with her hand on the back of the animal nearest to her, watching both patiently, to ascertain whether she may now venture to lead them away.

Landseer made a tour on the Continent in 1840; Geneva was one of the places he then visited, and there he found many subjects for his pencil of a somewhat similar kind to this, some of which have appeared in this *Journal*!



SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. DELT.

C. COUSEN, SCULPT.

OXEN AT THE TANK: GENEVA.

FROM THE DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF H. W. F. BOLCKOW, ESQ. M.P.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

V.

I.

CEDARMERE, SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THERE are many charming and some "stately homes" in America, but none which appeal more directly to the sense of the beautiful than that of William Cullen Bryant, at Roslyn, Long Island. It is cast within a nook of exquisite loveliness, upon the hilly shore of Hempstead Bay; and the mansion, gardens,

grounds, and distant fields, all show how perfectly Nature and Art may be wedded in one harmonious whole. Cedarmere is like the finished and impressive poems of its master.

The house is nearly a century old, having been built by a Quaker in 1787. Mr. Bryant purchased the property about thirty years ago, and it has since undergone great transformations. It is a large, square structure, with an old-fashioned gable-roof, modern bay-windows, attractive verandas, and antique balconies. It is so embowered with handsome, rare, and stately trees, and so artisti-



Summer Residence of Mr. William Cullen Bryant.

cally ornamented with honeysuckle, clematis, and other aspiring vines, that but a mere suggestion of its style can be obtained from the approach.

The entrance is in the centre, and a broad hall lined with choice pictures extends quite to the rear of the building, where a quaint, old-time door, cut open in the middle, leads to a smooth, velvety lawn, decorated with mounds of bright-coloured flowers. The staircase is of the pattern in vogue before the Revolution, and teems with historic associations.

The parlour, a large, restful apartment, with two graceful bay-windows commanding a long stretch of out-of-door beauties, is upon the left, and the dining-room upon the right of the entrance. In the former are two ancient cabinets built deep into the wall, one upon each side of an antiquarian fireplace, with tiled jams, brass andirons, and massive hearthstone; they contain valuable curiosities and interesting heirlooms, which are treasured with scrupulous care. The furniture is so tastefully blended that no one feature stands out prominently before the mind; but the soft cush-

ions, dressed in cool chintz, the fine paintings and engravings, and fresh-cut flowers, declare the perfect embodiment of personal comfort, and the refinement of high culture. The appointments of the dining-room are in the same rare good taste. Pictures and books and flowers occupy every spare place, and seem exactly fitted to the space they occupy. A broad bay-window overlooks a magnificent rhododendron, and a bit of bewitching landscape beyond, while a smaller window upon the eastern side reveals glimpses of a leafy and picturesque hillside.

The poet's library and study-room is in the northwestern corner of the mansion. It is separated from the parlour by an immense forefatherly chimney. The original fireplace has disappeared in favour of a patent fire-frame, where curling flames dance merrily in chilly weather; but the Dutch tiles, with their Scriptural references, remain. The room is of the same size as the parlour, and it has two bay-windows courting the sunshine and the magnolia-shades, with patches of water-prospect, and romantic and wooded undulations upon the opposite side of the bay. The entire walls to

the ceiling are lined with books. Nearly all that genius has created or industry achieved in the way of letters has found its way to these shelves. A large library-table occupies the centre of the room, and is strewn with periodicals and literary novelties. In the western bay-window stands a small writing-desk, which, like the pen of the poet and the scholar, seems to have caught inspiration from the ceaseless hum of rustling foliage and the poesy of birds. Pictures and choice engravings upon easels, coaxing arm-chairs, and brilliant rugs, add to the subtle charms of this incomparable room, from which has emanated so much of the best thought in our language.

The upper rooms are large and luxurious, and nearly all of them open upon balconies, commanding views which are a perpetual fascination. Of the guest-chamber, directly over the library, a recent writer has drawn this brief picture: "Easy-chairs and sofas, curtains in daintiest chintz, matching the oak furniture, which appear to be the spontaneous product of the carpet, a little bookcase filled, a table before it with inkstand and fancy pen-wiper, and works of Art."

The chief glory of Cedarmere, however, is in its grounds and surroundings. From the house no fences or boundaries can be seen, only vistas of exceeding beauty reaching off to where the



Residence of Mr. Frederick E. Church.

trees and mountains seem to come together, or the water dwindles to a point bridged with overhanging foliage.

A fanciful, artificial lake glimmers from below the house, between which and the bay an irregular embankment has been constructed, which is filled with trees and shrubbery. The Quaker proprietor of Cedarmere, many years ago, gathered the mountain-springs into this basin for the practical purpose of running a small manufacturing establishment, little dreaming that it would be converted into a "joy forever" to the admiring eye. The garden, spreading over an acre, or possibly two, is disposed along the slope between the house and the bay, and is encircled on all sides by grand old trees and luxuriant shrubs. It is filled with the choicest

specimens of floral culture. Here and there fruit-trees of gentle birth and foreign lineage, such as the persimmon, the Portuguese quince, the Chickasaw plum, and the Chinese sand-pear, which decline the associations of a common orchard, flourish in haughty isolation without casting ever a grim shadow among the flowers. Grapes abound. In the lower part of the garden seven or eight varieties are cultivated under glass, and there are at least ten other varieties in different places.

Mr. Bryant is a skilled horticulturist, and in his various and extensive travels has never omitted an opportunity of securing the products of other climes, and experimenting upon their culture at Cedarmere. As a natural result, the garden itself is a remarkable

and instructive botanical cyclopædia, as well as a continual artistic surprise.

On the southern edge of an extensive and well-regulated strawberry-patch, near the foot of the slope, is a unique little mill which contains saws and machinery, with power to force water into a reservoir upon the top of the hill. It is nestled in shrubbery and oppressed with vines, and has the outward appearance of a summer-house.

The trees of Cedarmere, to do them justice, would require a special article to themselves. Like the plants, they have been brought from all quarters of the globe. They present a curious combination of natural wildness with artificial planting. Not far from the house stands a Turkish oak, indigenous in the islands of the Archipelago and throughout Greece; and by its side, as if jealous of so much foreign arrogance, sulks an old American oak, with a head broader than the height of its trunk; in the immediate vicinity another member of the oak family offers leaves destitute of flexible points or bristles. In the remote boundaries of Cedarmere are some gigantic natives of hoary age. A huge black walnut, for instance, is some twenty-five feet in circumference, and about one hundred and eighty feet high. It is supposed to be at least one

hundred and seventy years old. It has several branches equal in size to giant trees. Along the road to Glen Cove, Mr. Bryant has formed a sort of belt to his property by planting several thousand European larches—similar to the American hackmatack. One high point of land overlooks even many of the trees, and from it is obtained a magnificent view of the Sound seven miles distant, with the village of the Methodist camping-ground in the intervening space.

It is a walk of miles to visit the various points of interest with which Cedarmere abounds. Cottages, pretty and picturesque, spring upon the rambler from the most unexpected quarters, each presenting a different phase of architecture. There are some eight or ten, all of Mr. Bryant's building, and designed for members of his family, or personal friends. The elegant dwelling of Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, is just to the north of his own, hedged in by weeping-willows and stately elms. Fruit, shade, ornamental, and forest trees, are in every part of this vast domain; standing singly, standing in rows, standing in clusters, as if they had been distributed through some convulsion of the elements, with out order or method. And yet the most consummate method is discernible in their arrangement. They become a study the moment



View from the Grounds of Mr. Church's Residence.

it is remembered that the hand of the poet himself planted the greater part of them. And they acquire a sacred charm through the knowledge that from under their shade the gifted Bryant has drawn inspiration for some of his noblest works.

II.

RESIDENCE OF MR. CHURCH, THE ARTIST.

As we have viewed at length the summer home of one of the foremost poets of the land, we can now do no better than to glance at the new residence of one of our most distinguished landscape-painters. On the banks of the Hudson, opposite Catskill, and some three miles south of the city of Hudson, on a hill nearly six hundred feet in elevation, stands the house of Mr. Frederick E. Church. The site for the residence was selected by Mr. Church after a careful study of the river-shores, and commands so many views of varied character and beauty, that here may be almost said to culminate the glories of the Hudson. Here is the grandest and most impressive view of the Catskill Mountains. In the deep valley flows the Hudson River between high and wooded banks. To the south it suddenly broadens to a width of two miles, forming a beautiful lake with picturesque shores. In the distance rise various mountain-chains, including the Highlands at West Point, sixty miles away. Easterly is a long, meadow-like valley forming the base of Blue Hill, a mountain of eight or nine hundred feet elevation, and about two miles distant; beyond is the Taghanic Range,

partly in Connecticut and partly in Massachusetts. At the north the river reappears, divided by Mount Merino; on the east bank lies the city of Hudson; on the west, Athens. A glimpse of the river is seen near Albany, and beyond lie the more southern mountains of Vermont. A variety of hill-forms, and small bodies of water, give striking variety to the great panorama.

The house is built in the Persian style, so far as the climate and the requirements of Western civilisation permitted. The walls, two and a half feet thick, are constructed of some rough stones, which are beautiful in colour, and quarried on the place. The cut-work is partly of light brown-stone and partly of blue-stone. The upper part of the principal tower is constructed of red, yellow, and black bricks, arranged in characteristic patterns. These bricks are introduced elsewhere in the main structure, in order to produce a pleasing variety of colour, as also an effect like mosaic-work. The main doorway, of light brown-stone, has a border of mosaic tiles. The cornices, which are very bold, are richly painted in colours and gold, in designs being conformable to the style of the house. The roofs are covered with green, red, and black slates, arranged in appropriate and elaborate patterns, relieved by a few gilt slates.

The main feature of the interior is a large central court or hall, cruciform, which opens into the various rooms. The picture-gallery, with a ceiling eighteen feet high, permits the introduction of four lofty windows to the north, giving an even and admirable light. The partitions throughout the house are of solid masonry,

and, as the house is fixed on the firm rock, a strength and durability are gained seldom to be found in our domestic architecture.

Mr. Church designed the house in all its details, consulting with Mr. Vaux, the eminent architect. The building is certainly very

unique, and will excite interest as well as approval, if for no other reason than because it is wholly an individual structure, departing distinctly from the types that abound all around us. The grounds are not yet finished in all their details.

THE ROMANCE OF GREAT ARTISTS.*



FAUL REMBRANDT VAN RYM was a man of low origin, of basest stamp of character, but of original genius. He never had anybody for master, and followed in his painting no "school." He married by inclination a young peasant-girl; he himself was the son of a miller, and born in a mill. His wife, Saskia Nylembourg, was his counterpart in character, rather pretty in face, and often served as model for him. He had no taste for the antique in Art, prided himself upon never having been in Italy, and, in order to evade the fault of perspective, of which he knew neither the rules nor principles, he made the background of his pictures a mass of dark colour. No one knows just the process he employed in giving his productions their obscurity and luminarity, for he worked in secret, and guarded his secret in death. If one in his studio walked too near a picture, he would pull him back with the judicious remark that the odour of the colours would produce a headache. He lived meanly, his best repast consisting of dried herring or cheese. His desire for gain was such that he resorted to all sorts of unworthy tricks to raise the value of his pictures and engravings, one time giving out word that he was dead, while he and his wife secretly left Amsterdam. After the death of his wife, Rembrandt's sister came to keep house for him, and so improved his manner of living that his later years bordered upon respectability. Rubens, who had visited his studio once with his young wife, Helen Froment, introduced her with evident pride. Rembrandt pointed to a dowdy woman in a corner, and growled from under his slouched hat, "And that's my old woman!" When Rubens visited him again, Rembrandt ran eagerly towards him and greeted him with, "I'm a widower; the old woman you knew is dead, God be praised!"

Paul Potter, the Flemish animal-painter, fell in love when very young with the pretty daughter of his neighbour, an architect of some distinction. After considerable hesitation on the part of the girl's father, the two were married. But the young wife proved to possess a very great taste for flirtations, and naturally found many adorers. Her husband, greatly occupied in his work, paid little attention to her behaviour, which soon became a matter of public scandal. One day, however, discovering by accident his wife with one of her lovers in a moment of great tenderness, he was inspired with a volcanic idea. Seizing some ropes that lay under his hand, he quickly garroted the two and tied them strongly; then he surrounded them with a network which he had used to protect his horse from flies, and, when thus securely imprisoned, he invited her other adorers to come and regard the two lovers. The punishment, though severe, was effective, and the wife, fully ashamed of her fault, became one of the most faithful of wives; and Potter, who was very indulgent, fully forgave her.

The Hondekoeters, who lived at Utrecht early in the seventeenth century, were famous artists—the grandfather, Gillis, who painted the feathered tribe marvellously, the son Gilbrecht, and the grandson Melchior. The latter became enamoured of a young orphan girl, and begged his father to ask her for him in marriage. Gilbrecht, who was a handsome man, went to fulfil his son's wishes; but the young girl was so impressed with his appearance and manner that she fell in love with him on the spot, and declared that she greatly preferred him to the son! He endeavoured to present to her the more suitable age of his son, &c., but in vain, and he was obliged to retire. The fact that she loved him remained present in his mind, and he resolved to marry her, and did so. He removed his residence, in order that his son should not be daily

annoyed by the sight of the father's domestic bliss. Melchior subsequently married a woman who brought home with her five ugly and quarrelsome sisters, who rendered his home intensely unhappy. He took to drink, and died at fifty-nine.

Jeanne Paul Slingeland, born in 1640, was famous for the length of time it took him to paint a picture. One day, as he was painting the portrait of a widow who was tired of his slowness, she overwhelmed him with reproaches. "It would take me much less time to love you, madame," he replied, "than to paint your portrait. I find so many beauties to render; so many lovely features to imitate, that my pencil is lost in the attempt. On the other hand, I should only be following my inclination, and if my feeling could but find response, I should be the happiest man in all the world." She made no reply, but noted his handsome face and his honest character. During the last sitting for the portrait she said to him, "Would you be willing, mein Herr, to accept the original in payment of the copy?" He said he was quite willing, and did so. The marriage was a happy one. Slingeland died at sixty-one.

Jean Asselyn had a romantic experience while painting the Campagna about Rome. Two lovely pilgrims, passing one day and seeing him at work, approached him to look at his pictures, and praised them. The conversation beginning to take colour, the painter hazarded a direct question, and asked them the cause of their pilgrimage. "We are Germans," replied the youngest. "Father remarried, and our stepmother wished to put us in a convent. We had a horror of that, so we took our jewels and started on this pilgrimage." "But are you not afraid of meeting with some ugly adventurer?" "Oh, no! We are devoted to the goddess Cythere, who will find us each a good husband, and we travel in this confidence." Although Jean was heart-free, he resisted the opportunity of offering himself as a fulfilment of St. Cythere's obligations towards one of them. He afterwards wooed and won the charming daughter of an Antwerp merchant.

Philip Roos, whose pictures are well known in Italy, had great talent for landscape and animal painting. One day, when designing in the country about Rome, Hyacinthe Brandi, who enjoyed at that time a great reputation, rode past in his *carrosse*. Stopping to make the acquaintance of the artist and to look at his designs, he became so pleased with him that he invited him to his house. Next day Roos went, when his witty conversation so amused Brandi that he extended to him a standing invitation to call whenever he chose. As he was leaving he met Signorina Brandi, his host's daughter. She was so beautiful that Roos became hopelessly in love with her on the spot. But he turned away in pain and despair, for the name of Brandi, his wealth, the beauty of his daughter, his country, his religion—everything was against him. One thing, however, was in his favour; he was the handsomest man in Rome. Next day he went to see Brandi again; he found him engaged, but prevailed upon the domestic to allow him to wait. He passed into the garden, looking everywhere, hoping to see the daughter; finally he discovered her standing behind a grated window. Time was short and precious, and he began at once to make her declarations of love by signs, and succeeded far enough to obtain some hopes from *la belle Italienne*. This pantomime courtship endured several days, when the father discovered it, and became furious. He put his child in a convent, and told Roos that he had not reared and educated his daughter for an animal-painter. Roos, who was rapidly amassing fame and fortune, went to the Cardinal Vicaire and changed his religion. This public renunciation of his faith made a great *bruit*, and proved very advantageous to the project he had formed. He then declared to the cardinal his love for the beautiful Brandi, and, persuading him that his love was returned, his eminence mentioned the matter to the pope.

* Continued from page 189.



THE RT HON W E GLADSTONE M.P. D.C.L. & C. & C.

ENGRAVED BY W ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY J ADAMS-ACTON.

His holiness considered it; the father was "finally forced to give his consent to the marriage, and would doubtless have added his forgiveness if Roos had not been so extravagant." The morning after the marriage Roos rose early, and, taking all his wife's clothing and jewels, sent them to her father with the message that he only wanted his daughter, and that, although an animal-painter, he was abundantly able to support her. The father died of chagrin, and the daughter lived long enough to repent her choice. They went to Tivoli to live. Roos, who was very extravagant, and never had any money in his pocket, would often start out on horseback with his servant, and, halting at a wine-shop, he would dismount long enough to paint a picture, and then send it, all fresh as it was, by his valet to be sold. So great was the number of his works that he soon drugged the market, and they were often sold for a very small sum. Sometimes he would be absent from home a month at a time, leaving his wife in the greatest misery. He died in Rome at fifty.

With an episode in the life of Leonard Vander Roogen, we must conclude these "romances" of painters. Vander Roogen was born at Haarlem, of a family of artists and amateurs. He was a student of Jordaens, but, as he possessed an ample fortune, he only toiled for his pleasure. He was very timid and retiring, and so prudent and moral in his ways as to be joked by his careless friends. One day, towards twilight, while entertaining a gay party of friends in his studio, his domestic entered, saying that a young lady was in the adjoining *salon* to see him, and added some *plaisanteries à propos* to her good looks and his bachelor state. Embarrassed and annoyed at the joking, he arranged his toilet as well as he could, and, excusing himself, went out to see his visitor. It proved to be an acquaintance of his, and, after ordinary civilities, she paid him some compliments, and then said she had something to say to him, if he would promise not to reveal it. He promised, and she began: "My proposition, Herr Vander Roogen, will indeed surprise you, as it is not common; perhaps you will find it indiscreet. However, for myself, I regard it as reasonable, for the proverb says, 'No matter who asks, if the asking be appropriate.'"

You are known and esteemed of my family and by me! You know me and what I am. We both live quite at our ease upon the property left us by our fathers; but our friends are rapidly passing away and we are growing no younger. Our friends die one after the other, and the greatest sorrow is, that it is often the best that we lose. As for our relatives, they are too rich to accept a home with us, or, if poor, are only too anxious we should die. It is for this reason that I am determined to marry, and, if I please you, I am disposed to choose you for my husband."

Poor Vander Roogen could only blurt out tremblingly, "But, Fräulein, but Frau—that appears to me very strange."

"I was quite ready for that reply," she said; "but look at the matter yourself. We are equal in birth and fortune. I have opened to you my heart; now question your own. In whatever way you shall decide, we shall always remain, as now, good friends." He remained a long time without saying a word, and then stammered: "But, Fräulein, oh, I do not know! get married! very well, yes; but that surprises me much."

She saw how much he was disconcerted, and endeavoured to put him at ease. She added gently that she had not come to terminate the affair, but simply to propose it, and that he could consider it as long as he wished, and then took leave.

When he re-entered his studio, he was met by a thousand queries from his friends, as to the object of the lady's visit; but he kept his promise and said nothing, although they had listened at the door, and heard the whole conversation. Quite naturally, he slept little that night, and arose at an early hour and went out to refresh his troubled body and mind by a walk in the public gardens. To his surprise he saw the young lady pass in front of him, which he thought very extraordinary. Collecting himself and making a desperate effort to approach her, he said, "Fräulein, nothing can come of that which we talked of last night." "All right, Herr," she replied, and, making him a reverence, they parted. Notwithstanding this adventure, he remained a bachelor. He designed with great intelligence, and painted both large and small pictures with excellent taste. He died in 1681.

MARY E. WAGER.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

J. ADAMS-ACTON, Sculptor.

W. ROFFE, Engraver.



HIS statue of Mr. Gladstone was executed in the sculptor's studio when he resided in Rome, and there Mr. Gladstone gave him several sittings, and also in England when both had returned home. It stands on the east side of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, near that of the late Earl of Derby, and was presented to the corporation of Liverpool by a number of gentlemen, of all shades of political opinion, desirous of doing honour to their distinguished fellow-townsmen. Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered, is a native of the place; his father, the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., having been a wealthy merchant there.

Habited in the richly-ornamented costume of a Chancellor of the Exchequer—an office which the right honourable gentleman then

filled—he is represented standing firmly on the right leg, the left being slightly advanced; and on the latter rests the corresponding hand holding a scroll: the right arm is thrown easily across the chest, the forefinger of the hand pressed against a fold of the robe, while the thumb is inserted within the vest. The sculptor has given an expression to the face less severe and more composed, mentally, as it were, than artists generally portray Mr. Gladstone's countenance, and, indeed, as it ordinarily shows itself to all who meet with him personally: there are the lines which result naturally from a long life of political turmoil and much-varied deep thought, but all are softened down into comparative repose and gentleness. The statue is certainly the most pleasing portrait of the eminent statesman and author we remember to have seen, while both in design and execution it is a work exceedingly creditable to the artist.

THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

II.



FOR scholarly culture, high imaginative power, and entire freedom from all conventionalism in the pursuit of his art, Mr. Leighton stands in the front rank of the first English painters. His great processional picture, "The Daphnephoria," which is to serve as a mural decoration to a country-gentleman's house, is a splendid example of his learning and academic skill, and reveals the highest qualities of Art in the painter. The "Daphnephoria," or festival

in honour of Apollo, was celebrated at Thebes in every ninth year, and it is related owed its origin to the following circumstance: An oracle had advised the Æolians to abandon their ancient possessions and go in quest of another settlement. It happened that they invaded the Theban territories, which at the time were pillaged by an army of Pelasgians. As the celebration of Apollo's festival was near, both peoples, who religiously observed it, laid aside all hostilities, and, according to custom, cut down laurel-boughs from Mount Helicon and walked in procession in ho-

nour of the divinity. The day that this solemnity was observed, Polemates, the general of the Bœotians, saw a youth in a dream, who presented him with a complete suit of armour, and commanded himself and his followers to offer solemn prayers to Apollo, and walk in procession with laurels in their hands every ninth year. Three days after this dream the general made a sally and cut off the greater part of the besiegers, who were compelled by this blow to relinquish their enterprise. The institution of a novennial festival to the god followed. The mode of celebration has been faithfully realised by the painter. It was usual on the occasion to adorn an olive-bough with garlands of laurel and other flowers, and to place on the top a brazen globe, with smaller globes suspended, symbolising in this manner the sun, or Apollo, the moon, and the stars. This decorated bough was carried in solemn procession by a beautiful youth of an illustrious family, attired in a magnificent robe of office. His hair hung loose and dishevelled, his head was covered with a golden crown, and he wore on his feet shoes called *Iphicratidæ*, from Iphicrates, an Athenian, who invented them. This so-called high-priest of Apollo, followed by a company of children, and of noble and lovely virgins singing, and preceded by one of his nearest relatives bearing a rod adorned with garlands, walked in procession to the temple of Apollo, where supplicatory hymns were sung to the god. Visitors to the Academy will be charmed with the free drawing and admirable composition of this painting, and the long train of daintily-clad maidens and singing children has afforded Mr. Leighton opportunity for designing some rare models of Grecian grace and beauty.

As a priceless gem to be sifted from the rank and file of the grander, more ambitious, but less skilfully-drawn works hanging in this room, is Alma-Tadema's small but exquisite picture of 'An Audience at Agrippa's,' one of the best of the many fine works which this artist has given us. In this painting, as in all of Alma-Tadema's work, one's attention is absolutely rivetted in astonishment at the extraordinary imitative detail exhibited in the drawing of the marbles. The painting of marble and stone interiors, columns, floors, and steps, is a special forte of the artist's, and most wonderfully truthful are the results of his skill with the pencil in this direction. There is, unfortunately, no story told in the picture, which is simply a splendid and chaste illustration in oils of the entrance of a Roman palace, all of white and polished marble, down the steps of which, leading from an atrium on a high level, passes the famous Roman minister of Augustus. A group of suitors await his coming on the hither side of the base of a statue erected to the most august "Octavius Imperator." In the hall above the bright sunlight, finely diffused, illumines the rich costumes of a throng of robed parasites, followers, and friends; this passage of brilliant colour is contrasted with the cool tones of the marble on the steps, and the wall of the palace, and the more delicate tints of the dresses of the suitors in the foreground. To the right, just within the entrance, two obsequious scribes rise, and bend their greyish, closely-cropped heads over a table at which they have been writing. A large tiger-skin spread over blue mosaics, almost in front of these writers, and just where it is to be presumed that Agrippa may next tread, is a fine specimen of skilful drawing and local colouring. The steps with their darker joints are painted with matchless skill, and the arrangement of rich and powerful tints on the surrounding brilliant white marble is a very beautiful illustration of the consummate ability of the artist in arranging archæological effects.

A word or two of praise is due to 'The Threat,' by Mr. Pettie, R.A., a masterpiece of skilful and rigorous figure-painting, which hangs not far from the picture we have been describing—an armour-clad knight, with visor up, and outstretched arm and clenched fist, vowing a threat, which, judged by the expression of his face, will be redeemed with energy and will against some enemy hidden from our view. We venture to think that this picture will prove one of the attractions of the year. It is an admirable study of character and expression, painted with matchless strength of colour, and exhibiting an intensity of dramatic action rarely to be seen on canvas. Portraits hang in rich profusion in this room, not the least noteworthy among which are Sant's 'Stolle Zaré Thalberg' and Millais's 'Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger'—the first a life-size full-length of the charming cantatrice, in which she stands at the very front of the stage, draped in a white robe, and bearing a laurel-wreath in her left hand; the second a very

gracefully finished half-length of a lady, in dark-violet velvet, the rich hue of which harmonises excellently with the soft, yellowish greys of sané lace. We cannot do better, in concluding our remarks on this gallery, than briefly describe the leading features of Mr. Lewis's painting of the year, 'Mid-day Meal, Cairo,' a scene in the Egyptian city, where bearded and turbaned merchants, assembled on a veranda overlooking a court-yard, are busily engaged with their mid-day meal. Pictorially, a very feast of brilliant colouring. The Turks in the cool gallery are seated around a rich repast of melons, grapes, figs, and apricots, dainties to be handed around presently by a fat, black butler standing in reserve. There is a wealth of colour of bright green, warm browns, and rich maroon in the court below, heightened by the changing sheen of the feathers of fluttering and flocking pigeons. Persons unacquainted with the Oriental taste in ornamental design and fondness for colour, might feel disposed to view with something like incredulity the piece of Art-magic which Mr. Lewis has produced; but the artist's present fame in the painting of Eastern scenes is sufficient evidence of truthfulness in the execution of the design and detail of this admirably-drawn picture.

The contributions of the Royal Academicians to this year's exhibition do not present any specially striking subjects. Mr. Frith's works are fewer in number than last year, and, as usual, are chiefly remarkable for pretty faces and gay costumes. He sends a scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield," a scene from Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," and a picture whose title is 'Below the Doge's Palace, Venice,' illustrative of a passage from "Marino Falieri." This last work is the most meritorious of his contributions. Redgrave has three pastoral landscapes of unusual excellence; Ward sends five pictures of great merit, but none evincing that high dramatic power in Art for which this painter was so long famous; Goodall has three Eastern subjects, one of which has been already described in our notice of the paintings in Gallery I.; Calderon has four pictures, none of any great importance, the prettiest, perhaps, 'The Nest,' a picture thoroughly artistic, carefully executed, and an outcome of painstaking study and long-cultivated taste; Dobson has two or three religious subjects of considerable strength; and J. R. Herbert, 'Judith in the Tent of Holofernes,' and 'St. Mary Magdalene with the Precious Ointment approaching the House where our Lord was a Guest.' Armitage's 'Phryne' is really a charming piece of anatomical study, and one of the grandest paintings of the year. Next to Mr. Leighton's in point of originality, grandeur, and artistic treatment of the classical, is Mr. Poynter's painting of 'Atalanta's Race.' It is needless to relate here the story of Hippomenes wooing, or to dwell upon the legend of the lady's skill in foiling her admirers, known to all students of the Metamorphoses of Ovid. In Mr. Poynter's picture, which is the largest on the Academy walls, we are presented with the story of the famous contest. Atalanta is in the act of stooping to pick up one of the golden apples which Venus had bestowed upon Hippomenes, who, with swiftness and energy depicted in every limb, hurries onward to the goal. The figures are life-size, and prominently forward in the picture. The action of the runners is a difficult one to render; and its difficulties have been skilfully grappled with, so that the result is altogether easy and graceful. As has been aptly stated by one of the most competent and learned of English Art-critics in alluding to this picture: "The calm of Greek Art has laid hold of Atalanta. She is in no hurry about catching the gleaming apples as they roll; there is no eagerness in her face; we have ample time to regard the beautifully-modelled arms and bust, the beautiful features, the beautiful, breeze-blown auburn hair." Hippomenes's figure is freely and powerfully drawn: a wonderfully expressed likeness of a swift-footed, lithe, and muscular athlete.

In Mr. Horsley, R.A.'s, principal work, 'Coming down to Dinner,' we have an interesting chapter from the every-day life at an old baronial hall some two centuries ago. It is "dinner-time," and the company, headed by the old lord, are descending the stairs from the upper apartments of the mansion. The head of the house leans on his handsome daughter, who with coquettish look surveys some friend in front. The lord's chaplain is behind, and there are many other figures in the several groups introduced into the scene; but not one, we think, to spare. A flood of cheerful light and colour bursts through the lofty mullioned staircase-window, which displays, in painted glass, the coats-of-arms of the baron and his

ancestors, who, judging from the *fleurs-de-lis* and lions rampant in the quarterings, must have been of more than of high degree. We get a glimpse of the dainty viands spread on the table, at the head of which stands the major-domo, stave in hand and bowing deferentially. One guest, a charming little fellow of five or six years old, has stolen a march on the company, and, with a napkin to protect his scarf of deep orange, is already in place. On the left, pleasingly suggestive of the times when there were no illiterate squabbings over servants and "lady-helps" in the newspapers, are assembled at their own table the maids and housekeeper of the establishment, to be joined presently by the men-folk. We need hardly remark that the scene is given with consummate skill, attention to detail, and masterly artistic ability.

Considerations of space compel us, with the greatest reluctance, to leave unnoticed not a few most meritorious works of Art which will be on exhibition at Burlington House until the 7th of next August; but this paper would indeed be incomplete without mention of Mr. Fildes's most admirable and striking picture of 'The Widower,' certainly one of the finest works of Art ever received by the Academy committee of selection—full of tender pathos and sentiment, robust in execution, and vigorous in outline. The subject is the simplest in character, but reaching the heart and stirring the deepest chords of our nature. The scene is the interior, not particularly bright or cheerful, of a cottage; but through the door and window the setting sun peeps brightly on the simple flowers in the little garden. Upon the floor three children, bright, rosy, and happy, are playing—one, a baby, scrambles after an apple, while the other two, unused to any feeling of sadness, are cheerfully eating their suppers of bread-and-milk. The father has just come in from his day's toil. He appears to be an agricultural labourer, a rough, untutored man apparently, wearing the ordinary coarse clothes of his class. Entering hastily he has evidently at once seated himself, and has taken upon his knee, from a bed of suffering hard by, his sick child, a little girl of some six summers. It is not difficult to see that she, unlike her brothers and sisters, has ever been the ailing one, and her wan cheeks and wasted form seem to foreshadow an approaching death. She has been her father's darling, and the strong, hard man's heart is crushed as, taking the little sufferer on his knees, he passionately kisses the tiny hand he holds in his own broad palm, while bitter tears are forced from him. He has to bear his impending sorrow alone, for the mother of the little ones has been taken away. Behind the table, on which are the neglected loaf and accessories of the humble evening meal, is an older girl with pinafore held up to her face, looking sorrowfully at her father. The whole story is told with fine graphic power, and if, as should be the case, it has the effect of stirring up kindlier sympathies towards the poorer of our

neighbours, one of the higher purposes of Art will have been answered, and Mr. Fildes will not have worked in vain. And as an illustration of the truth of one touch of Nature, whether in Art or outside of Art, making us all akin, let us take one more glance at two other pictures in the collection, and then write "Finis" against this article. One picture is by Mr. F. Holl, the other is by Mr. T. W. Lawson, and both have reference to children. Let us take the first, which is pathetic enough to make us steal a look around and then search furtively in the pocket for a handkerchief. We are in a quiet churchyard in Surrey in the afternoon of a summer's day. Four little girls of the village are carrying an infant to its grave. The procession is led by an old rustic, bowed with age, who directs the way along a gravel path; then comes the tiny coffin suspended by the white handkerchiefs of the girls and strewed with such emblems of purity and childly love as daisies, wild-roses, buttercups, wood-violets, and primroses; then the mother anxiously straining forward to see the last of her loved one, and walking by her side the husband, solemn and sad. Finally come the friends, and, as a contrast, a lad so little impressed with the scene that he swishes the heads off the wild-flowers gracing the green turf of this quiet village God's-acre. A holy and pathetic subject in sooth, skilfully and lovingly handled, a beautiful and rarely-designed picture of childly love, womanly sorrow, and manly sympathy. And now for Mr. Lawson's subject, which assures us that, whatever our condition of life, it has been ordained by Providence that each of us is to have his full measure of contentment, and each his full measure of happiness, and that it is not for man to declare, by any self-erected standard of his own, what, in fact, does constitute contentment, and what, in fact, happiness in and under entirely separate conditions of living. Let us peep into this room on the canvas of Mr. Lawson's picture, for a moment, and note the contentment and happiness within its shelter. In a wretched and miserable garret two children, a little boy and a very tiny girl, are amusing themselves by making "bunnies" on the walls. Well-nigh in rags, without any appearance of food about, the attic lighted by a solitary dip-candle stuck in a beer-bottle: under such conditions of miserable comfort two poor little "waifs and strays" of London humanity are still managing to make merry on the eve of Christmas. "A merry Christmas," scrawled upon the wall in somewhat original spelling, reminds us that the anniversary has come. Out through the little window we get a peep of the great city, whose children these little ones are, looking dark, it is true, but with its many thousand homes, in anticipation of the Christian festival, lighted up with joyousness, wealth, and good cheer. Not a word more need be added. The moral of Mr. Lawson's well-told tale is clear. That moral might be painted in great letters of gold, and proclaimed as the Religion of Humanity.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

THE SALON OF 1876.

I.



It is now generally conceded that this annual Art-exhibition is this year of great richness and interest. Not only does it comprise several works of exceptional excellence, but the Art standard of the whole is unusually high. There are, of course, as there always will be at such exhibitions, a large number of pictures painted either simply and avowedly for sale, or else as mere vehicles for the display of millinery and *bric-à-brac*. But there are also many works wherein real talent, nay, even true genius, has inspired the artist and lent life to the production.

The 'Reconnaissance in a Village,' by Detaille, may be cited as the chief success of the year, and is undoubtedly the finest work that this artist has as yet exhibited. It represents a narrow village street, whence the Prussians have retreated, leaving a young officer dead on the ground, while his wounded horse still struggles in mortal agony. The artist probably had no intention of making this dead German a peculiarly pathetic figure; and yet as he lies there, face downward, his black-and-white pennon fallen from his

listless hand, bareheaded, with the pale light glinting on his close-cropped yellow hair, he attracts the eye and awakens our sympathy and interest. This group, the dead Prussian and his horse, occupies the foreground on the extreme left. Down the narrow street comes the reconnoitring party of the French army, led by a bearded veteran, his breast ablaze with crosses and medals, who throws from under his eyelids a glance of stern satisfaction at the corpse of his foeman. A sturdy peasant-boy, in a blue blouse and straw-stuffed *sabots*, points out the retreating foe to two young officers, one of whom cocks his pistol with a defiant air. At the left a party of peasants are tending a wounded young Frenchman, while in the background at the entrance of the street are visible the pennons and bayonets of the French troops. The strength and the expressiveness of this fine picture can hardly be overpraised. The faces of the French soldiers and the peasant-boy in the central group are in particular marvellously characteristic and forcible.

As usual, Doré claims the honour of sending to the *Salon* its largest canvas. His picture this year, of 'Christ entering Jerusalem,' is replete with his usual mixture of great qualities and great

defects. That Doré is a great artist it would be folly to deny. His vast imagination, his powers of composition, the creative breath which he contrives to infuse even into his slightest works, combine to make of him one of those that the world will not willingly let die. He has his place in the haven of immortality, not beside Michael Angelo or Rubens, it is true, but close beside Albrecht Dürer and not far away from Rembrandt. Centuries after half the painted prettinesses that now attract the crowd, the pink-faced girl, the velvet petticoats, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the *bric-à-brac* and millinery schools, have passed into oblivion, the weird original creations of Doré will be held at their true worth. This huge picture, with all its crudities of colour, and the coarse and commonplace type of most of the figures, is a remarkable work. Chiefly noticeable is the manner in which the masses of the multitude are treated without being broken into separate groups, yet without crowding or confusion. Christ, mounted on the ass's foal, comes through a massive arched gateway, whose towering columns and rich architecture fill the background. He advances towards the spectator down the lane left by the shouting and enthusiastic crowd that carpet thick the way with strewn palm-branches. The upraised glance and uplifted arm of the Saviour seem appealing from the clamours of earth to the approval of Heaven—the attitude and expression are replete with elevation and inspiration. Far away against the deep-blue vault of the Oriental sky, gleams, faintly outlined upon the lustrous azure, a mist-like, shining band of angels. The eye willingly leaves the gaudily-robed, repulsive-looking throng in the foreground, to rest on the white shimmer that tells of celestial witnesses where "beyond these voices there is peace."

The *Salon* of last year boasted of no work from the pencil of Gérôme; and this season we have two, neither of which will do anything to advance the artist's fame. It is deeply to be regretted that when a painter's reputation is firmly established and his fortune secure, he should so tamper with his own fame, and so reveal his contempt of public opinion, as to send to so important an exhibition as the *Salon* such works as these. Neither of them possesses any importance, either of design or of execution. One, the 'Santon at the Door of a Mosque,' is indeed one of Gérôme's characteristic pages of Eastern life, and so may pass muster; but the 'Women Bathing' is trivial, purposeless, and to a certain extent unclean. The picture represents the interior of a harem, with two nude women that have just left the bath attended by a negress—as commonplace and trifling a subject as could well have been selected by the veriest tyro that has just learned how to sketch from a living model. One of these bathers has thrown herself sideways on a carpet with her back towards the spectator, and her form is so twisted as to present a sort of pumpkin-shape at the hips, which is at once indelicate and excessively ugly. The colouring is in Gérôme's hardest style, the flesh presenting purplish and metallic reflections that resemble anything but the warmth and softness of life.

The greatest portrait in the *Salon* is due to the powerful but eccentric pencil of Carolus Duran. It is that of M. Emile de Girardin, and is painted with a breadth and force that leave nothing to be desired. The accessories are severely simple—a dark background, a dark-covered table over which leans the great author-editor, fixing upon the spectator his keenly-intelligent eyes. The likeness is a very striking one, though the flesh-tints are somewhat too warm in tone. Another portrait by the same artist represents a lady, in a dress of white satin thickly embroidered with white jet, in the act of descending an ebony staircase covered with a crimson carpet. The head with its masses of red-gold hair, pale complexion, and large deep eyes, is finely relieved against a deep twilight-blue background.

Leloir sends this year a single and strikingly dramatic work. It represents a Christian martyr, a fair young girl, on her way to a cruel death in the arena, conducted by a stalwart slave, who holds her by the shoulders. She is passing through a corridor in the Coliseum. On one side rises a strong iron grating, through which a lioness, eager for her prey, protrudes her quivering muzzle and massive paws, while in the background on the other a party of slaves are dragging away with cords a bloody corpse. White-robed, bound with cords, her slender hands crossed upon her breast, the young Christian passes serenely onward, casting a side-long look of cold disdain from under her level-fronting eyelids at

the savage beast that is so soon to become her executioner. That pale maiden's proud, noble face tells a tale of lofty enthusiasm and heroic exaltation that have rapt their possessor far above all earthly fear or anguish.

M. Sylvestre, whose 'Death of Seneca,' a powerful but most unpleasant picture, obtained for him a second-class medal last year, has achieved one of the striking successes of the season with his 'Locusta essaying on a Slave in the Presence of Nero the Poison prepared for Britannicus.' The cruel pair, the hog-like poisoner, and the wicked emperor, sit at one side, Locusta whispering into Nero's ear, while he looks intently at the dying agonies of the slave who writhes in mortal anguish on the marble floor in the foreground. Low-browed, bestial, wholly brutal, looks the emperor as he gazes from under his heavy brows at the dying man, in spite of his rich crimson robe and golden ornaments. The walls of the room are of dark verd-antique marble, and amid the shadows of the background a statue dimly seen glimmers white through the gloom, with a hand extended as though to denounce or threaten the guilty couple. The drawing of the nude figure of the slave is extremely fine, and the general composition of the group is admirable. The picture is very large, the figures being the size of life. The colouring is warm and rich though subdued in tone—altogether a fine work, and one that gives us hope of a revival of the well-nigh extinct race of great historical painters. Strangely enough, another artist, M. Auhlet, has chosen the same subject as M. Sylvestre, but has treated it with far less force and skill. His Locusta is melodramatic, and the dying contortions of the slave, a sturdy negro, are altogether too horrible, while the corpses of several other dead slaves in the background add an unnecessary element of horror to the composition.

One of the most talked-of pictures in the exhibition, and one that has singularly divided the opinions of the critics, is the 'Flower-Market' of M. Firmin Girard. It is said that the price demanded by the artist for this work is no less than \$17,000—some say \$20,000—and that the late A. T. Stewart was in treaty for it at the time of his death. A crowd is always to be found stationed in front of it. It represents the flower-market on one of the quays on the left bank of the Seine. The foreground is literally ablaze with colour, masses of pinks, roses, tulips, &c., piled up against the stone-wall of the quay. A charming group of figures, a young mother with nurse and baby, occupy the centre of the foreground, while at one side a young girl, in a dress of delicate *écru*-coloured linen trimmed with lace, is engaged in making purchases from the stout old flower-woman. The soft neutral tints of her attire admirably relieve the brilliant hues of the masses of blossoms. Other characteristic figures lend life and movement to the picture—an old cocoa-seller, with kindly, strongly-marked, aged face, a gardener arranging the plants, &c. The sky, with its grey floating clouds cleft here and there with streaks of blue, is admirably painted, and the artist in the whole atmosphere of the picture has skilfully caught the effect of outdoor light. The defect of this really fine and carefully-executed painting is that of over-finish. The distant buildings, the leaves on the trees full half a block away from the spectator, the minute pink and blue stripes of the *toile-d'Alsace* dress of a lady who is in the act of hailing a carriage in the background, are all executed with the same sharpness and crispness as are the petals of the flowers and the details of the costumes of the personages in the foreground. We cannot withhold, however, our tribute of admiration from the skilful manner in which the colours of the masses of bright-hued blossoms are treated so as to produce an effect of brilliancy without glare or gaudiness.

The nude subjects this year are mostly without any particular value, being generally literal reproductions of a model of more or less beauty, without any idealisation or significance. There is nothing in this line to equal the exquisitely graceful and poetic 'Chloe' of Lefevre, which so charmed the eye at the *Salon* last year. Lefevre sends this year two pictures, one a recumbent female figure of small size, which he has christened 'Magdalen.' She lies in the shadow of a rocky cavern, her head thrown back against her upraised arms, and her features consequently in shadow. The flesh-tints are warm and delicate, and are treated with the usual skill of this master. But the attitude of the figure is constrained, and the picture lacks grace and charm. His other contribution is a well-executed portrait.

The best nudes in the *Salon* are probably the 'Galatea' of M.

Parrot, and the 'Aurora' of James Bertrand. The first represents Pygmalion's image at the moment she awakes to life. She stands upon her pedestal, her fair form and rounded limbs flashing into the warmth and rosinness of life. With one hand she puts aside the curtain that had been hung before her shrine, while she turns her face away with an exquisite expression of maiden modesty, as though that sentiment had been the first to wake to life within her heart. The drawing of the figure is admirable, the colouring of Titianesque warmth and richness. The 'Aurora' of James Bertrand is, on the contrary, of somewhat too ethereal a type. Poised on tiptoe on the summit of a dusky globe, a lark crouching at her feet, and her pale, delicate form relieved against the dark azure of the sky, just tinged with the first rays of dawn, she seems about to soar upward into the deep-blue air. The attitude is extremely ærial and graceful. The arms of the figure, upraised above the head, are too thin for perfect beauty; and the pallid tints of the flesh hardly suggest the rosy goddess of Morning. In another room we find the other contribution of M. Bertrand, the 'Marguerite' of Faust. Clad in a dark-blue robe, relieved by slashings of white, Marguerite, pale, haggard, remorseful-looking, cowers in a corner of the room, with wild eyes fixed upon the corpse of her infant that lies in the centre of the floor upon a carpet, with a spray of flowers in its waxen hand. Mephistopheles, red-garbed, mocking, gleeful, sits on the window-sill, jeering at her agony, and running his fingers over his guitar. The picture is an unpleasant one, and has the grave defect of incorrectly representing the work of Goethe. No such incident exists in the poem, and as the poor distraught heroine herself tells us that she drowned her babe, the trim, flower-strewn little corpse belongs neither by statement nor by suggestion to the work of which the painting is professedly an illustration.

Munkaesy's 'Interior of a Studio' is one of the best works that he has given to the public for years. It represents the interior of his own studio. A large picture is placed upon the easel before which sits Madame Munkaesy, richly but soberly arrayed in a dress of dark-blue velvet, in the act of examining and criticising the work of the artist, who stands beside her, leaning upon her chair. In the shadow behind the picture sits, fast asleep, the painter's model, an unkempt little peasant-girl. While still adhering to his habitual sombreness of colouring, Munkaesy has contrived to keep his favourite blacks and greys out of his flesh-tints. His own portrait and that of his wife are well and strongly execu-

ted, forming a great contrast with the dingy female head which he exhibited at the Cerele des Mirlitons last year. On the other hand, Ribot's false theories of colouring have led him farther astray than ever. His portrait of Madame Gueymard-Louters is simply dreadful. The lady is arrayed in a dress of black velvet; her face and hands are grey, and the pearls which she is taking out of a casket are grey also. A patch of pink on either cheek fails to give warmth or life to the countenance, all the flesh-tints looking as though executed with a mixture of soot and glycerine. A group of heads, also by this artist, produces much the same effect as if the heads in question were those of a set of mummies, so dark and death-like are the faces, so hollow and cavernous the black-shadowed eyes. The countenance of the long-buried empress in the powerful but disagreeable picture of 'Francis Borgia identifying the Corpse of Isabella of Portugal, Wife of Charles V.' is but a shade blacker and more lifeless. This striking work is by Jean Paul Laurens. To the frame is attached the following quotation from the "Lives of the Saints:" "François de Borgia was charged by the Emperor Charles V. with the mission of accompanying to Granada the body of the Empress Isabella. After the solemnity of the funeral ceremonies, he caused the coffin to be opened in order to recognise the corpse of his defunct sovereign." The dead empress lies in a sarcophagus of stone, decked in gay robes, her head supported on a cushion of scarlet velvet, and with pearls glistening in her dark hair and on her discoloured forehead. François de Borgia, in the act of respectfully removing his plumed cap, stands beside the tomb, and gazes on the blackened features of his once beautiful sovereign with a serious and thoughtful air. A church dignitary in full canonicals stands at the foot of the tomb. Beyond, we see the massive arches of the cathedral and the glow of light from the funeral torches. A curl of incense-smoke from a censer in the foreground drifts across the group. There are a strength and seriousness about this fine picture that rob the subject of much of its repulsiveness. The subject is taken from one of the artist's designs in illustration of the "Imitation of Christ." The original drawings for the whole series of these illustrations, eleven in number, are on exhibition in the gallery of drawings. Of these, one of the finest represents the shade of Mariamne, appearing to Herod the Great, her husband and murderer. The powerful but sombre talent of M. Laurens found full scope for its exercise in these illustrations.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

BRIC-A-BRAC AT FLORENCE.*

By JAMES JACKSON JARVES.



WE have seen how aristocratic bric-a-brac is lodged, let us now take a look at the other extreme; the fountain-head or the dust-bin of the traffic, just as it may happen—for it as often begins as it ends in picturesque open air; one ought not to say squalor, although it approaches it, because even in the lowest haunts of the business, amid, however, much untidiness and disorder, there are sparkles of beauty that tell of the better times outlived by many of the objects, and which, like a faded-out belle at a discreet distance, suggests charms that fail, on closer inspection, to answer expectations. Misery is said to make strange bedfellows, and certainly the misery which reduces æsthetic objects to this sort of street communism often carries with it many strange mysteries and doubtless much sorrow, out of which romances could be woven. Portraits that have outlived all family affections; pictures which have furnished the last meals to decayed gentility; *ex-voto* offerings and ecclesiastical gear, in which no depth of ignorant devotion can now find anything sacred; fragments of Etruscan and Grecian articles of toilette, and pagan toys, real or false, frequently encrusted with dirt and verdigris, mediæval medals and coins, seals, superannuated vanities, defunct fashions of domestic utensils mingling with

broken sculpture, diversified buttons, incomprehensible terra-cottas, discarded frames and crippled glass, smashed jewellery—in short, piles of nameless *roba*, that require a courage to inspect to which few are equal—all this makes up the stock-in-trade of the outdoor antiquarian. But we must see the man himself and his magazine, which never migrates, and is only possible in positions where mediæval architecture continues to hold its own ground.

In the ancient piazza below me, into which a modern public garden has encroached, enveloping its antique fountain, and otherwise disturbing its fourteenth-century gravity, there stands a small Tuscan palace of the heavy indigenous style, time-stained and weather-beaten enough to pass for a bit of bric-a-brac itself, beyond the possibilities of any restorative that could fit pleasurably or profitably into modern life. The human bats that inhabit it evidently have no intention of trying such an experiment. They would not feel at home in any habitation which had a savour of a less antiquity than their genealogical tree. Whispers have been heard at times of miserly as well as conservative habits, but I do not believe the former, because for many a year I saw daily led out of the stable part of the palace—which in these old buildings is outwardly undistinguishable from the human—two aged milk-white horses, fat and carefully groomed, to take a few rounds of the piazza for air and exercise. Finally only one appeared, hobbling slower and slower, and one day he too was missing. The neigh-

* Continued from page 217.

hours said their nonagenarian owner gave them family fare and nursing long after their vigour had gone, until their days were prolonged beyond any equine precedent in Florence. What miser can afford a heart of this pattern?

Let us back to the house. It has one of those sharp, beetling roofs which project far enough to cast a deep shadow over the front and ward off rain and hail; besides, it serves as a sort of umbrella for the stone *banco*, or bench, built out from the foundations beneath. Anciently this seat was occupied for business purposes during the daytime, and on it the moneyed affairs of the family were chiefly transacted; hence our word "bank." At other times it was the lounging-place of retainers and friends, whence were distributed the news, jests, and gossip of the neighbourhood, while Florence was fancying itself a republic—and long afterwards too, for its gossip outlived its liberties. The *banco* still holds its own on either side of the doorway, and with conservative obstinacy refuses to give way to the new-fangled sidewalk that touches it at either end, but which it will not permit to pass, leaving in front a strip of naked earth for the weather to turn into dust or mud at will, and thus showing its supreme contempt for the cleanly municipal pathway. The city did try to enforce a passage for its sidewalk, but, getting worsted at law, now lets the *banco*, as it does some other mediæval ways, remain a public nuisance as long as it chooses. Keeping its aggressiveness in countenance, and just above it, are several of those heavily iron-ribbed windows—peculiar to mediæval Florence—projecting far enough their gridiron armour to make the pedestrian wish chimney-pot hats had never been invented, if he unwarily attempts to pass them, on the narrow sidewalks.

This grim old building makes a fitting background for the quaint spectacle to be seen in its shadow every day the weather permits; in fact, this spectacle serves as a barometer for the whole neighbourhood. If the *banco* be covered with bric-a-brac, we know fair weather has come; if it be seen only in fragmentary piles of the most hardy rubbish, or in rapidly-dissolving views as hastily disappearing into the underground den whence it is dragged up in early morning, "take warning;" if the *banco* is entirely empty, it is the worst sort of weather-signal.

The owner of all the stuff which overspreads the *banco* and climbs up the basement walls of the palazzo as high as his obesity can drive a nail, is the very genius of musty bric-a-brac—a living picture, fashioned corporeally after one of Holbein's fat burgo-masters on canvas, or rather he was, before, in an unæsthetic mood, he cut off his patriarchal beard, and I suppose sold his velvet cap of the sixteenth-century cut. His clothes were ever seedy like his occupation. How many pounds of grease might be got out of his voluminous cloak, I dare not calculate; but as he sat—he never stood except in extremity—it draped the portly bulk which overflowed his chair, obstructing the way quite as much as the *banco* itself, with an æsthetic dignity whose only drawback was its mixed odours. Above all rose a somewhat massive head, with slumberous eyes and a face not without good points, but sunk into a dull repose which only lighted up with a spasmodic ripple of satisfaction as a possible customer stopped before his wares. He instinctively discriminated between the individual who meant business and the no-trading lounge of any quality. For him he never stirred, fully opened his eyes, or moved his inevitably slipshod feet. Albeit so fat, picturesque, and quiet, he was no spoony. It was no light matter to encounter him in a bargaining tilt, assisted, as one was sure to be, by all the small boys of the neighbourhood and a detachment of idle hackmen from the neighbouring stand, enlivening the scene with street wit. If the temptation were an irresistible one, you might be pardoned. His commercial code was pithily short, viz.—ask any price the imagination was capable of improvising, and then descend gradually by a ladder of pertinent fibs to the fixed point, below which he never budged were the heavens to fall. The difficulty was to detect the breach in his well-simulated innocence, which disclosed the real point. Intrinsic values never entered into his speculations. He bought where he could buy cheapest, I fancy never giving more than one franc for any one article, and sold to whomsoever would pay more; if not a hundred-fold profit, any fraction of it. How he contrived to exist in selling so much at less than cost, if one credited him, I could not divine. I suppose it was general philanthropy that moved him, or else he might have been a disguised Rothschild studying human

nature and the first principles of trade. At all events, his rent was not much. The tidy Anglo-Saxon would call in the police to deal with any squatter against whom he had cause of complaint of any kind. Not so our lord of the palace. He always treated his squatter-tenant with distinguished consideration, and accepted his rent the deferential salute without one touch of snobbishness or sentiment of inferiority, which every Italian of the old school of manners knows how to give with polite grace, and which is invariably returned with equal gravity and friendliness. True, this perpetual liability to open his eyes wide, rise up with military agility and promptitude, and put his unwieldy figure into a parabolic outline at any unexpected moment, doffing his sticky head-gear, was not wholly suited to his outward man in his inward feelings; but it cheapened rent, and enabled him to undersell the regular shopmen. For lodging he paid scarcely more. His home, shared by a wife, son, and cat, was a damp, low cellar close by, lighted only by a small grating from the sidewalk. As it served also as a storehouse for his goods, and had none of the modern scientific modes of ventilation, the landlord probably was accommodating to such a permanent tranquil tenant. During April showers he had a particularly active time of it in getting himself and his *roba* up and down the steep entrance, often several times a day. But my Holbein's serenity was never ruffled—no, not even on selling for a shilling what was afterwards found to be worth fifty. He still lives. An eagle-eyed artist overlooks his *banco*, and swoops down the instant he sees æsthetic spoil. He is near to several enterprising bric-a-brackers possessing shops. I fear he misses the most of his own "finds;" still his countenance shows no misanthropy. As his outward man is slowly transforming into a less picturesque effigy, I fear he sometimes dreams of setting up a shop and becoming a grand swell, like the twenty-five others of the trade in his immediate neighbourhood; now he is unique.

There are only two ways of obtaining choice things: either you pay their full market value, or else next to nothing, by some lucky combination of chances. There is no medium price for truly valuable objects. But great finds are very often the fruit solely of one's own illusions. It requires a cooler head to avoid their snares than those of the arch-enemy himself. Every connoisseur buys his experience more or less dearly. The field of Art is wide and varied, temptations many, and the artifices without number. The perfected connoisseur is a rare being; the intelligent dealer perhaps still rarer, for the common one frequently falls into the same traps he lays for others. Sometimes both deceive themselves by rejecting an article because of its cheapness. To be a successful collector requires a combination of qualities and circumstances rarely to be had. Men with money to throw away on whims risk nothing worse than making fools of themselves. But to others they are an injury, as they establish fictitious and fluctuating prices, detrimental to the real student and public interests.

The freaks of fortune in these matters are sometimes very strange. That unique easel-painting of classical antiquity, known as the 'Muse of Cortona,' being on slate, when first found was used by a peasant to stop a hole in his oven. Recently, a peasant's child, near Siena, picked up a massive metal double ring in the field where the father was ploughing, which, looking like a bit of common metal, he was allowed to keep for a plaything. A pedlar seeing it, offered so much more for it than its value as old iron that he excited the suspicions of the father, who took it to a goldsmith, who found it to be an Etruscan solid gold armlet, in the form of a serpent, of some colossal statue, and worth ten thousand francs.

The soil of Italy yields annually a rich artistic harvest of disinterred treasures, and doubtless there remain more beneath than above it. Old villas and palaces yet contain stores of good things. Bric-a-brac hunters leave no nooks unexplored in search of booty. Florence has become their headquarters. The amount of worthless objects they in their ignorance accumulate in their trips of discovery, inflaming the cupidity of the people in the most out-of-the-way places, and causing them to suppose every ugly old majolica dish, worm-eaten chest, or torn canvas, is a small fortune, is marvellous. The consequence is, that Florence has become both the cheapest and dearest emporium of antiquarianism, and scores of persons rush into the business without other qualification than a liking for lottery-like excitements, a disposition to loafing and laziness, and a few names and ideas picked up at random when they were cooks, couriers, or had some similar vagrant employment.

Strange to say, what they get together sooner or later seems to find uses and buyers, and enters civilised life once more under new outfits. The best objects are not exposed to vulgar gaze—master-dealers know their interests too well for this. They keep them in discreet cover, to be shown with due ceremony and pompous circumstance only to long purses. Prices depend greatly on the general outlook of the buyer. Usually dealers band together and act as one against the foreign customer, especially at auctions. He is warily gauged in every point. There is a sort of freemasonry against him whichever way he may turn, the petty traders acting as pilot-fish for the bigger. Associative ownership and speculation are common. The whole business is a kind of hedging against loss, or compromise between chances either way, with occasional drawings of big premiums. If the buyer have knowledge and experience, he can buy well, is fairly treated, and seldom imposed upon. One may spend a franc, or a hundred thousand, in some of the establishments, and receive adequate value in return.

Elsewhere in Italy the business chiefly divides itself between a few dealers with capital. Here in Florence it is split into so many petty streams that it threatens to dry up altogether, although the

fraternity do hang tenaciously together as to prices. In the vicinity of the Piazza S. Spirito there are not fewer than twenty-five places of sale of bric-a-brac; near Santa Maria Novella, sixteen, and about as many near S. Croce; the rest are scattered widely over the city, which has become a distributing-point for the rest of Europe, attracting dealers from France, Germany, and England, to lay in their home stocks. Not a little also—especially carved furniture, engravings, majolica, tapestries, glass, &c.—has begun to find its way to America. The average annual sales, excluding the auctions, which are considerable, I am told by one of the chief dealers, now reaches 2,000,000 francs yearly by the trade alone, while half as much more is sold by private individuals either as heirlooms or bought on speculation. I fancy this is an under-estimate. At all events, for a widowed capital like Florence, destitute of any great arteries of commerce, these three millions, gained from out of the savings and industries of past centuries, is an item in its resources, as the objects themselves are to its attractions, not to be altogether despised, although by no means symptomatic of a sound prosperity or the wholesomest enterprise.

FLORENCE, March, 1876.

AN HISTORIC PAINTING IN ROME.



THE Art-world of Rome has been much occupied of late with a *chef-d'œuvre*, entitled 'Nero's Illuminations, or the Punishments of the first Christian Martyrs,' by a Polish artist, H. Siemiradski, a young man of only thirty-two years of age. This large painting fills one side of the exhibition-room in the Instituto di Belli Arti, and has attracted crowds of visitors, to the great advantage of the benevolent society in whose aid the tickets are sold.

The idea of the work is founded upon the passage in the "Annals" of Tacitus, where the ancient historian states that the "Christians were killed with derision, or burned or lighted with torches to make illuminations at night. Nero lent his gardens for this spectacle." The meaning is still further illustrated by the text cut in the upper and lower sides of the gilt frame—

"*Et lux in tenebris lucet et tenebra eam non comprehenderunt.*"

To the first general observation is presented a mass of architecture, marbles, bas-reliefs, and figures, interspersed with stuffs, brocades, and gold, in raised and shining thickness, while jewels, gold, silver, and onyx vessels, mother-of-pearl, mosaic, and floral decorations, gleam with all their inherent richness upon the colossal canvas, so dazzling with brilliancy of colour and modern realism.

Such is the first impression received, but a second and more analysing contemplation distinguishes that the glowing painting portrays a luxurious, amusement-loving Roman court, surrounding, in their hour of greatest sensual indulgence, the licentious and cruel Nero, who is half-reposing in a chariot-palanquin, resplendent with gold and ornament. By his side is the infamous Poppæa, and the canopied, throne-like litter is supported by powerful slaves, the gold of whose garments contrasts effectively with their ebony skin. Nero holds by a chain a tiger, and this animal, fitting symbol of his master, is snapping his fierce mouth in the same direction to which the eyes of the emperor are turned, who is leaning his head, but surely not in remorse, upon his hand as he gazes.

And what is it that fills the faces of some of those semi-nude, lounging, drinking, or gambling men and women with horror, while others have a stolid, indifferent expression, as if sated with such spectacles? And who are those on the right, covered with straw, corded and fastened to high crosses, the poles of which are wreathed with flowers in cruel mockery, to give a festal effect to these living illuminations? The labels attached to each cross explain the dread ceremony, for these are Christians supposed to have set fire to Rome, and thus are they punished. Already, at the red signal, waved by one who stands not far from Nero, torches

are being lighted at the glowing brasier at the base of the crosses, and stalwart men, nude except for the white hands about their loins, are igniting the combustible materials around the doomed Christians. One is a noble, venerable man, the true Christian type; another is a beautiful young woman, whose luxuriant hair is fastened to the cross above her head, while the coverings about her have displayed her white, full neck and bust. And thus the dismal row of crosses extends, the faces decreasing in distinctness in the distance, where the flames begin to burst forth with more brilliancy, and the ladders are being removed as the torches have been applied.

In the foreground of the witnessing crowd reclines a young girl, whose noble features are full of sadness and disgust at the scene. She is covered with rich drapery and gleaming jewels, and her hand falls listlessly upon a mother-of-pearl lute, suspended from her arm by a crimson-velvet attach. The young page at her side, draped with a silver-embossed mantle, as he clutches a wine-cup, the shining metal of which reflects the light brilliantly, is looking at the martyred ones with youthful horror and excitement. A few others are gazing with fixed and dilated eye at the dread attraction, but most of the beholders are carelessly continuing their revels, while several old Roman veterans stand, with compressed lips, frowning their brows over grim thoughts and remembrances.

From the lowest marble pavement to the summit of the canvas, terrace, steps, and balcony, are crowded with life-size and life-like figures, the men with strongly-marked Roman traits, the women wanton but graceful, with classical and often lovely features. Of one of these, nearly in the centre, whose nude back and profile are seen, it is difficult to decide which is the most prominent, her grace of form, the regularity of her expressionless face, the waving hair, covered with flowers, or the lustre of the immense pearl that hangs from her ear, for each detail in this painting is made with supreme finish.

The palace, background and support of all this variety and multitude of life, is resplendent with its architecture of white and coloured marbles, with its surmounting *quadrige*, its upholding Corinthian columns, its Byzantine balconies, and large bas-reliefs, copies of ancient Art perfect enough to form attractive paintings by themselves. Some of them are touched with gilding, in accordance with a usual Roman manner at the period represented. Each coloured marble has its peculiar gleam and blending.

So in the costumes. The rich tissues, elaborate in hue and design, but scantily draping the voluptuous female forms, are well alternated and relieved by the white tunics of the men, whose heads are mostly encircled by the wreaths of flowers appropriate to festal occasions.

The proportions of the figures, with some few exceptions, give but little opportunity for criticism; but Nero, naturally the most important personage in the scene, seems too small and inconspicuous in comparison with the figures in the foreground, and considering that he is not far behind them, although on the higher terrace of the palace. There is also an objection to be made in reference to the light of the painting, which is very strong, bringing out conspicuously every detail. But the hour is supposed to be that after sunset, although no suggestive red glow lights up the

sky and a broad daylight pervades the scene. Even the torches cast no lurid glare upon the objects or figures near them.

Still the picture remains a marvellous work, with all its variety and sheen. Spite of their ghastly fate, the Christians are composed and happy, and a holy calm seems to rest around that row of wreathed crosses, diminishing the pain with which we regard them. This may be justly considered as the most meritorious part of the painting. Its perspective is especially excellent.

The work will probably be purchased by the Emperor of Russia.

NOTES.

THE CENTENNIAL LOAN EXHIBITION, NEW YORK.—

The splendid collections of pictures now at the Academy of Design and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Fourteenth Street, originated, so says the official catalogue, "in the suggestion that the city of New York ought to furnish to its centennial visitors more than its ordinary sources of entertainment." It may not be amiss to say that we believe this suggestion originated in *Appletons' Journal*, which as far back as February last uttered the following: "In this centennial year, when so many strangers will visit us—from abroad, and from far-off sections of our own country—it is peculiarly desirable that they should see something of the Art-treasures of the country. The Centennial Art-Exhibition at Philadelphia will display native productions liberally, of course; but, in view of the exceptionally large number of visitors, we in New York ought to have an Art-exhibition. If there could be gathered in one place the great paintings in the collections of Mr. Stewart, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Lennox, Mr. Olyphant, Mr. Roe, Mr. Wolfe, of the late Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. Blodgett, and those of others, it would be something to the glory of our city, and of great value to those of our people who long to see examples of foreign artists but cannot go abroad to do so. There is no reason why Philadelphia should have a monopoly of centennial attractions; an immense majority of centennial visitors will include New York in their tour, and we should have something of special interest to show them. It is not too late to organise for next summer a grand exhibition of pictures borrowed from private galleries. We do not doubt that in the patriotic fervour of the hour the owners of these pictures would consent to part with them for a few months in the interest of so good a cause." This suggestion was taken up at once by some of the daily papers, and promptly met by a number of picture-owners, the result being that the committee of artists and others who undertook the task have been enabled to present an exhibition of paintings "that has never been surpassed on the continent"—to use again the words of the catalogue. Mr. Belmont had made it a rule not to remove his paintings, but he has thrown open his gallery certain days in the week; Mr. John Taylor Johnson's pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum; while at the Academy of Design are selections from the galleries of ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, Messrs. Parke Godwin, W. L. Andrews, H. E. Howland, John H. Sherwood, M. K. Jessup, John Wolfe, George A. Robbins, R. L. Kennedy, A. R. Eno, Whitelaw Reid, T. A. Havemeyer, R. L. Cutting, R. M. Olyphant, W. H. Osborn, Marshall O. Roberts, D. H. McAlpine, F. N. Otis, S. Hawk, T. B. Musgrave, Israel Corse, James G. Bennett, H. G. Marquand, L. Turnure, R. L. Stuart, P. Van Valkenburg, W. Schaus, T. N. Adams, W. E. Dodge, Jr., M. Knoedler, J. W. Pinchot, David Dudley Field, E. Matthews, W. B. Hart, H. K. Thurber, John Bigelow, B. H. Field, C. W. Griswold, and from those of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mrs. C. A. Lamont, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mrs. Thomas Hicks, Miss C. L. Wolfe, Mrs. Jonathan Sturges, Miss Eliza Bierstadt, Mrs. H. C. Potter.

In the collection are found examples of nearly all leading American and Continental artists, with a few from English painters. It is quite impossible to enumerate all the paintings in these several exhibitions. At the Academy there are pictures of Gérôme's 'Gladiators' and 'Chariot-Race,' a magnificent coast-scene, by Achenbach, and admirable examples of Merle, Alma-Tadema, Schreyer, Rosa Bonheur, Boutibonne, Jules Bréton, Cabanel, Comte Calix, Corot, Coomans, Desgoffe, Dubufe, Frère, Max, Bouguereau, Kaulbach, Lobrichon, Millet, Meissonier, Zamaeïs, Horace Vernet, Verboeckhoven, Troyon, and many others; while of our native artists there are paintings by Church, Bierstadt, Kensett, Leutze, Hart, Page, Casilear, Whitteridge, Eastman Johnson, Hicks, Gifford, Durand, Cole, Cropsey, Beard, and others. Mr. Taylor Johnson's collection is specially distinguished by Gérôme's 'Death of Cæsar,' Church's 'Niagara' and 'Twilight in the Wilderness,' and Holman

Hunt's 'Isabella and the Pot of Basil.' These several collections offer our citizens an opportunity of studying many of the best of modern paintings; it is deficient only in examples of the English school, which the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia fortunately is rich in, the two exhibitions combined enabling the student to acquaint himself thoroughly with all that is best in the Art of the present century.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE.—"We have received," says the *London Athenæum*, "a large number of impressions from drawings on wood, prepared to illustrate the serial styled 'Picturesque Europe,' published in New York by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The artistic qualities of these proofs are generally excellent, both as regards draughtsmanship and cutting on the wood. Some of them are extremely delicate and fine in execution, as 'Medmenham Abbey,' in which the effect of bright, diffused light is perfectly rendered; 'Chee Tor' has similar merits. 'The Entrance to the Peak Cavern,' on the other hand, is strong, and remarkably rich in colour, and capitally drawn to render the characteristics of the rock. 'The Frying-Pan, Lizard,' is a choice example, combining both orders of draughtsmanship with rare solidity. The effect of hazy moonlight has seldom been better rendered than in a view of the Victoria Tower, Westminster; a view of the Pool, London, with a vista of shipping, is first rate. 'Burnham Beeches' could not be better in drawing and modelling; the curious formation of the remarkable rock, called 'The Spindle,' St. Andrews, is vigorously and faithfully rendered; very beautiful is a view in Epping Forest, especially as regards the trees in light in mid-distance. 'Whitby Abbey,' east front, is beautiful in execution and sentiment; a doorway of Rievaulx Abbey is exceptionally brilliant and pure, as well as remarkably rich in that quality which artists prize, *i. e.*, rendering of local colour. Other specimens may be praised highly, *e. g.*, 'Dryburgh Abbey,' 'The Lizard,' 'Entrance to Chepstow Castle,' 'The Church at Stratford-on-Avon,' 'Eton Quadrangle,' 'Windsor Castle,' with mist on the river, 'Ballachulish,' and numerous other illustrations of rocks, rivers, forests, domestic buildings, external and interior views, streets, shipping, castles, mountains, abbeys, tombs, and towers. Such engravings as these must be welcome to the travelled and untravelled public."

THOMAS EARLE.—There is a sad and affecting story recorded in connection with the death of this sculptor, which occurred at his residence in Vincent Street, Ovington Square, on the 28th of April. A correspondent of the *London Times* wrote thus a few days after Mr. Earle's decease: "For above thirty years he exhibited, whenever he had a chance, most artistic works, notably, 'Sin Triumphant,' 'L'Allegro,' 'Hyacinthus,' 'Ophelia,' 'Titania,' 'Miranda,' while his bust of her Majesty, now in his gallery, shows how powerful he was in portrait-busts. Yet his works were frequently rejected by the Royal Academy, and he lay down quietly to die, and did die without a murmur or a pain, on finding that his last work, on which he had been employed three years, 'Alexander the Great,' was rejected by the Royal Academy this year." A melancholy termination to the career of an artist who, for nearly forty years, had been before the public, and most creditably. While a student in the Academy Mr. Earle gained, in 1839, the gold medal and another prize for the best historical group, the subject being 'Hercules delivering Hesione from the Sea-Monster.' For a period of twelve or fourteen years subsequently he worked in the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey as designer and modeller, and under this sculptor he executed the equestrian statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square. The first work he exhibited at the Academy was in 1834, 'The Age of Innocence, a Group;' the last, 'A Flower-Girl of Capri,' in 1873. He died at the age of sixty-five.



W. HILLINGPORT 1846

P. LIGHTFOOT SCULPT

THE BLIND MEN



THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

IV.

IN the Austrian department the exhibition of Hungarian glassware is noteworthy for the gracefulness of the designs presented, and also their rich ornamentation. We engrave a group representing a number of styles. The great vase in the centre is of celadon-coloured bone-glass. It is decorated in the Renaissance style. The handles are of bronze fire-gilt. Standing at the base of this superb vase, to the right, are a massive beer-mug and drinking-glass. The body, or swelling part of the mug, is covered with a sheet of opalesque enamel, and richly painted with a wreath of hop-leaves and flowers. In the manufacture of this crystal glassware every part is done by hand. The object is first

formed in the rough, and is then covered with the enamel, after which the latter substance is cut away from the parts to be left transparent, like the neck of the beer-mug. This mug, with its rich ornamentation, is, however, intended more for ornament than use. The decorations, after they are painted on the surface of the enamel, are burned in by fire.

The vase and bottle, decorated with a leaf-like ornament, are of opal-coloured glass, with enamelled decorations in the old Venetian style; and the large, dark-coloured, two-handled vase has a deep-blue body, with fine white enamelled tracery and floral designs upon its sides. The flower-pot has a green-glass body covered



Hungarian Glassware.

with a sheet of enamel. The decorative design is painted in colours. The transparent bottles, vases, and centre-pieces, are of crystal glass, and wrought in new designs, but not novel in other

respects. The group was selected from the display of Messrs. J. and L. Lobmeyer, of Vienna.

The ornamental stoneware from the works of the Messrs. Dou-



Terra Cotta Ware, from Messrs. Doulton and Co., of England.

ton is probably attracting more attention in the Exhibition than any other class of modern Art-work. In this "Doulton-ware" the manufacturers have shown that beautiful forms may be given to common things as well as to the loftiest Art-conceptions. In the production of this ware the Messrs. Doulton have aimed to preserve novelty, and in our engravings it will be observed that, with the exception of the pairs of vases, no two objects are alike

in form or in the style of ornamentation, and on no consideration will an order to duplicate a form be taken. The principal object in the largest group is a clock-case, the body of which is finished in a rich blue and brown glaze. The top is of open-work, with medallions inlaid below it, and winged figures in relief at the sides. The face is intended to be gilded. The vase, with parrot-handles and ornamented with lizards, birds, and water-plants in relief, is one of



Terra Cotta Ware, from Messrs. Doulton and Co., of England.

the most elegant objects in the group. It was designed by George Tinworth, a graduate of the Lambeth School of Art.

The vase with the swelling neck, on the right, is decorated with

what is called the flowing style. The leaf and stem tracery is inlaid in the form of seed-pearls of white paste upon a dark ground. The vase on the extreme left, with a handle at the neck,

is also an elegant specimen of the art, and ornamented with glazing of yellow, blue, and white. In the production of these vases and other familiar objects, every part is done by the hand of skilled workmen, and many of them are etched in a style of rare artistic beauty.

Our engraving of an Axminster carpet is after a specimen contributed to the Exhibition by Messrs. James Templeton and Co., of Glasgow. The design is of singular and original beauty, but is not by any means the best carpet from the workshops of this famous firm in the Exhibition. The general style of the work is



Axminster Carpet, from James Templeton and Co., of Glasgow.

well shown in the engraving. The border is maroon-coloured, interwoven with a wreath of green leaves, and this is relieved by a band of grey, which separates it from a broad strip of pale-blue, overrun with garlands of bright-tinted flowers. The centre inclines to grey, but is so profusely ornamented with flowers that the effect is simply gorgeous. At either end and on the sides there

are medallions, with groups of musical instruments. In the centre of the carpet there is also a medallion, filled in with a brilliant mass of flowers. The size of this carpet is about fourteen by twenty-five feet.

Another carpet contributed to the Exhibition by this firm is in size fifteen by twenty-eight feet, and decidedly the most elegant



Exhibit in the French Court.

specimen in the English department. It has a light centre ornamented with festoons of leaves and flowers. The border is of a darker tone, and is in effect hung with wreaths, which are tied to an inner bar with gay-coloured ribands. At the ends there are large feathery ornaments, which add to the general effect. The

design is very graceful, and, like the one we engrave, is original with the firm.

In the French court there are many articles of taste and beauty. We engrave a selection which has all the characteristics of the French school of design—novelty, elegance, grace, and delicate



Hindoo Carved Furniture.

fancy. Bronze and gilt are used prominently in these articles, which are designed to set off a lady's boudoir, ornament an *étagère*, or give refinement to a drawing-room.

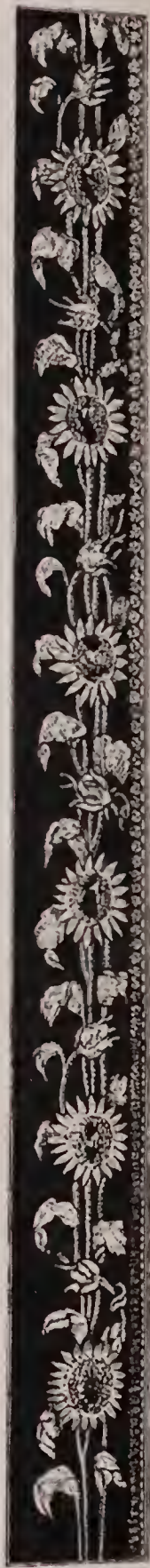
The contributions from India include a set of carved furniture manufactured by Messrs. Watson and Co., of Bombay. The

material used in the manufacture is called blackwood, and bears a close resemblance to the teakwood from China. The carvings also resemble in a measure the cunning handiwork of the artisans of the latter country. The largest object in the group is a cabinet with a plate-glass front. The woodwork is richly carved with figures and

flowers in high-relief, and is ornamented with a centre-piece wrought in open-work design. Another piece is a writing-desk. The front is supported by nondescript winged animals carved in high-relief, and the sides are open-work. A centre-table has the top bordered with a broad piece of carving, and is supported upon a base or standard of coiled cobras. The heads of the serpents have their

hoods dilated as if about to strike. There are also two circular fire-screens, supported upon standards with animals' heads at the base.

A half-circle dressing-table, with a carved top surmounted by a looking-glass, is supported by an eagle surrounded by its young, and the whole rests upon the head and shoulders of a crocodile.



English Designs in Embroidery.

A centre-table, to match, is supported upon scroll legs. Among the smaller objects is a pair of flower-stands resting upon the backs of turtles. There are also a number of ottomans and easy-chairs. The several objects in the group are all carved from the solid wood, and are rich and substantial in appearance, and, as an example of the Art-industry of India, are interesting.

The display of embroideries from the Royal School of Needlework at South Kensington is very large and interesting, although there is but little of it which would be available for use in an American home. The designs are mostly original, and have been skilfully executed. The various specimens exhibited are executed in several different materials, such as silk, cotton, and worst-

ed. The column-like pattern, No. 1, forms one piece of a set of decorations for the entire side of a room. It is embroidered in two colours on a foundation of what is usually called satin-jean. The work is very handsomely carried out, and is after a design drawn by Mr. Walter Crane, of South Kensington. The strips of embroidery on a dark ground, No. 2, form the centre-piece or top, and side-pieces of the hangings for a doorway, and are similar to a set made in the school for the decoration of an apartment in Windsor Castle. The ground is of maroon-coloured velvet, the leaf-work is of silk, and the flowers are wrought in worsted. The design was drawn by Mrs. Percy Wyndham. The two square designs are intended for screens. The flowers are embroidered with white silk, while the delicate leaf-work is of a pale grey-green shade. Many of the smaller objects, such as napkins and other articles, might be made available in an American home, but in any case the display is worthy of the attention of all persons who are

interested in fine needlework. This school of needlework is under the patronage of the Queen, and is very prosperous.

Our next design represents an ornamental centre-piece produced by the Middletown Plate Company, of Middletown, Connecticut. It is named 'The Barge of Venus,' and its novel beauty of form is well shown in the engraving. The shell-shaped barge is lined with gold, and the outside shows the tasteful satin finish. Cupid stands upon the lofty prow, driving the swans with golden ribbons, and the well-known American water-plant, the cat's-tail, springs from the water on either hand. The figures of the swans and the driver, Cupid, are neatly modelled, and it must be admitted are in the highest degree artistic in their effect. The execution of the feathery coats of the swans is very elaborate, and resembles the hand or hammered work when executed in solid silver. The plateau, or water-surface, is highly polished, and the border is ornamented with a gracefully-executed wreath of laurel.



Silver Piece, from the Middletown Silver-plate Company.

The base is oblong, and is covered with a looking-glass plate, and the four little figures at the corners are richly gilded and represent music. The sides are etched with designs after familiar

American plants. The combination of gilded work, burnishing and chasing, in the production of this piece, is very rich in effect, and harmonious as well.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY.

THIS London institution has just now acquired by purchase several important additions to its treasures. These are: 1. Mary Tudor, as "Ladi Mari," aged twenty-eight, anno 1544, a much-injured but quite genuine picture, and similar to an engraving by Hall, on panel, with gilding. 2. Mary Queen of Scots, at the time she was a prisoner at Sheffield, dated 1578. The brand of Charles I., "C. R.," surmounted by a royal crown, is on the back of the very strong oak panel. These two pictures have lain hid at Beaurepaire, a seat of the Brocas family in Hampshire. 3. Angelica Kauffmann, by herself, an oval half-length, the size of life, holding a book and port-crayon. 4. Anne Oldfield,

grandmother of the first Earl of Cadogan, who was brought in state to the Jerusalem Chamber, and refused a monument in Westminster Abbey, where she is buried beneath the memorial of Congreve. She was "Narcissa," the subject of Pope's satire:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!"

"Betty" was Mrs. Saunders, an actress, Mrs. Oldfield's companion, who described the grave-clothes of her mistress in terms which are well known. 5. Rachel Lady Russell, widow of Lord Russell, the patriot, in mourning, seated in a pensive attitude: a good Kneller.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—SAMUEL COLMAN, N. A.



SAMUEL COLMAN, who is so distinguished as a painter in water-colours, is a native of Portland, Maine, and was born in 1832. His father, who was a bookseller and publisher, removed to New York while Samuel was yet a child. The elder Colman's store soon became the resort of authors and artists, and his publications were brought out in very attractive styles. He was also a dealer in engravings, and it was from these tasteful works in black-and-white, and also from association with artists, that young Colman received his first impressions and love for Art. At the beginning of his studies he drew from Nature and painted without a master; but later he studied for a brief season under the direction of Mr. Durand, where he made rapid progress in the art. At this time, like nearly all young artists, he found that the goal of his ambition was yet far

away, and that the means to achieve the end were not yet acquired. But he set himself earnestly at work, and somewhere about his eighteenth year we find him sketching and painting the great ships along the wharves on the river-front. For these productions he found ready sale, and the pay received for them encouraged him to persevere in his studies and seek advancement into the higher walks of Art.

In 1850 he sent his first picture to the Academy. It was well placed in the exhibition, and greatly praised by the artists as well as the critics. The taste acquired in his early years while sketching along the river-front has clung to his pencil all through his career, and many of his choicest pictures have been selected from that source. Between the years 1850 and 1860 Mr. Colman studied the scenery of the Hudson, Lake George, and the White Mountains, with great earnestness, and painted many pictures



Andernach on the Rhine.—From a Painting by Samuel Colman, N. A.

which are yet treasured among the gems in the New York picture-galleries; but the field was not broad enough to satisfy his aspirations, and he determined to go abroad. In the latter year he sailed for Europe, and passed some months in Paris studying and painting. From Paris he went to Spain, which was at that time a new field, comparatively, for Art-study, where he worked assiduously in sketching the scenery and the remains of the old edifices which date from the time of the Moorish occupation of the country. Mr. Colman had been elected an Associate of the Academy previous to his departure for Europe, and immediately on his return home in 1862 he was made an Academician. His style of handling had now well matured; the study of the architectural remains of old Spain had given him remarkable accuracy in drawing, and the rich tones of colour in the landscapes and skies were a source from which much of the inspiration belonging to his pencil as a great colourist was drawn. Up to the first four or five years after his return from Europe, Mr. Colman had painted his 'Conway Valley,' 'Tow-boats on the Hudson,' 'View of Lake George,' 'Hill of the Alhambra,' 'Harbour of Seville,' 'Tower of Giralda,' and 'Bay of Gibraltar.' Of the latter picture, which is, perhaps, one of the

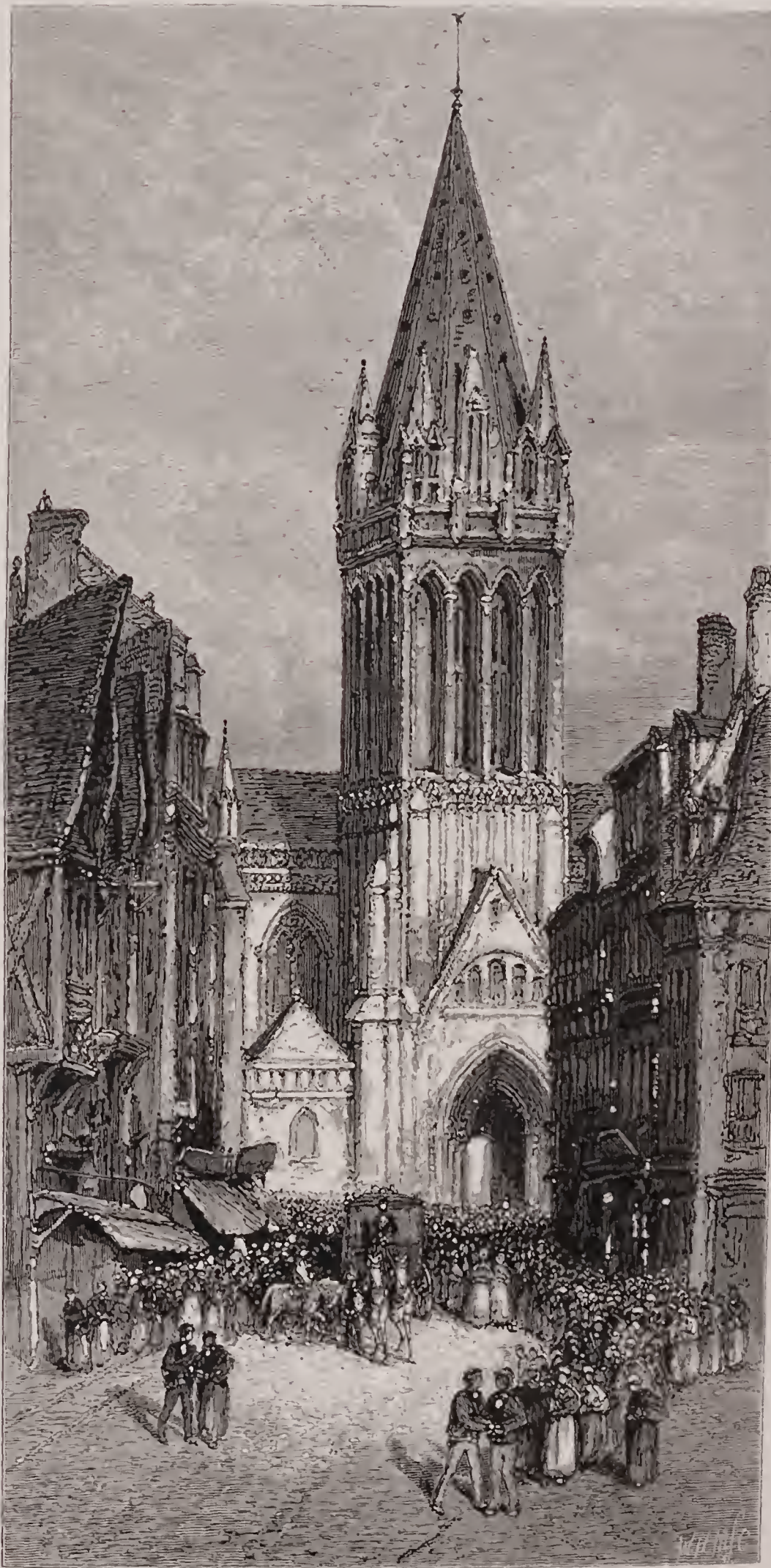
best of his early works, a critic said, at the time of its first exhibition, that the subject is not a promising object for picturesque treatment. Turner in his admirable picture has made it almost a subordinate object, struggling for notice amid a splendid array of sunlit clouds and sea. Achenbach, in a work of scarcely inferior merit, well known to the New York public, depicts the rock as a distant object, darkly gleaming in a stormy sky. But Colman, not caring to follow either of these distinguished precedents, shows us the grand old historical monument as it appears on a tranquil summer's day, lifting its majestic summit from a calm, unruffled sea, into a serene and cloudless sky, and glowing in the golden rays of the noonday sun. The 'Bay of Gibraltar,' as well as all other of Mr. Colman's large pictures executed up to this time, was painted in oil-colours, but at intervals he had paid considerable attention to water-colour drawing, and had sent from his easel several fine examples of the art.

In 1866 Mr. Colman, together with several other prominent artists, founded the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and was elected its first president—a position which he held until his second visit to Europe in 1871. He was one of the first Ameri-

can artists who gave prominence to water-colour painting in this country, and after the organisation of the Society worked almost exclusively in that medium. During his last visit to Europe he resided for several years in Rome and Paris, but made numerous visits to the interesting places in Switzerland, Northern Italy, Spain,

and Northern Africa, for the purpose of adding to his collection of studies and sketches.

During his residence in Europe his pictures were rarely seen in our exhibitions; but on his return last year he made a great display of work, and surprised his friends, even, with its brilliancy.



A Street Scene in Caen, Normandy.—From a Painting by Samuel Colman, N. A.

It was a water-colour exhibition exclusively, and to the annual display of the Society last winter he sent no fewer than eleven studies and finished pictures. No artist belonging to the American school of landscape-painting is more refined or poetical in the treatment of scenes from Nature than Mr. Colman. In pictures drawn from

the interiors of the old towns in France, as well as those selected among the picturesque Moslem tombs in the deserts of Northern Africa, he is equally successful, and the student and traveller will recognise with delight their truth in local details, chaste coloring, and delicate expression of sentiment. In his great picture of 'The

Tomb of Sidi Bou Hac, Tlemcen, Algeria,' he portrayed a real scene drawn from Nature, a grand old historical monument, as it were, but so invested with poetic sentiment that even the hard lines of the old towers assumed elements of beauty by the force of artistic treatment. There is nothing monotonous about Mr. Colman's style; his work is always pleasing, varied, and will be ever welcomed in our exhibitions. We do not suppose that Mr. Colman will entirely forsake oil-colours as a medium of Art-work, but it is evident that, for a time at least, the pursuit will be a matter of secondary consideration with him.

We engrave two pictures as examples of Mr. Colman's work, a view of the old town of 'Andernach on the Rhine,' and 'A Street Scene in Caen, Normandy.' In the former he gives us a river-scene with trading-boats moored to the bank, and a village background with its quaint towers and picturesque houses. Mr. Colman's firm and brilliant style of handling is forcibly shown in

this picture. Every object is carefully drawn, and in the finish one can see the earnestness of the artist's nature manifested in every part of the work. The quiet water in the foreground, with its wavering reflections, as they are disturbed by the gentle wind which plays over its surface, the village in the middle ground, and the sunny hills in the distance, are all expressive of Nature in its most poetical aspect, and will appeal to the hearts of all true lovers of the beautiful.—The 'Street Scene in Caen, Normandy,' shows in a marked degree the precision of Mr. Colman's pencil as an architectural draughtsman, and also his rare ability in the massing of figures. It is evidently a gala-day in Caen, and the multitude of people in the street have been attending a festival in the cathedral in the background. The architecture of the old French towns, like the Moorish remains of Spain, has been a fruitful source of study for Mr. Colman, and the rare taste shown in their treatment will be readily recognised.

THE NINE WORTHIES.

(See Frontispiece.)

R. HILLINGFORD, Painter.



SHAKESPEARE'S play "Love's Labour's Lost" is comparatively so little known that without some explanation the subject of Mr. Hillingford's picture, an incident of which it assumes to illustrate, would scarcely be intelligible. The place is a park in Navarre, in which is one of the palaces of Ferdinand, King of Navarre; in another part is a pavilion erected for the use of the Princess of France, a visitor at the court of Navarre; and in front of it she witnesses what is termed in the drama the "Pageant of the Nine Worthies," the "worthies" being representatives of some of the great warriors of antiquity, real or mythical—Alexander the Great, Hector, Hercules, and others. The two *dramatis personæ* now before the audience are Holofernes, a schoolmaster, in the character of Judas, and Moth, a page, in that of Hercules; he is introduced by the former thus:

"Hol. 'Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed *canis*;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*;
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.'—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

'Judas, I am,'—

[Exit Moth.]

P. LIGHTFOOT, Engraver.

DUM. A Judas!
HOL. Not, Iscariot, sir,—
'Judas, I am, ye leped Machabæus.'
DUM. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas."

There is something ridiculously droll in the two actors who, save for the costume of Moth, might stand for Don Quixote and Sancho: the idea of making the dwarf represent Hercules, dressing him in a lion's skin, and putting into his hand a club as large almost as himself, is an absurd pleasantry for which both the poet and the painter are alike responsible. The figures forming the audience are artistically grouped: within the pavilion is the king, with one of his nobles, Biron; on the right of the princess are two of her attendants, one of whom is evidently listening to some "love-poison" poured into her ear. The two gentlemen in the foreground, on the right of the composition, we may assume to be Boyet and Mercade, gentlemen in the suite of the princess, one of whom, as the play reads, is trying to put Holofernes out of countenance. "Alas, poor Machabæus," says the royal lady, "how hath he been baited!"

Mr. Hillingford has made a lively and amusing picture. Each individual figure is good in itself, plays its own active part in the composition, while the female group is put on the canvas with considerable taste and appreciation of feminine beauty.

LE GYNÉCÉE.

FROM A PAINTING BY GUSTAVE BOULANGER.



OUR engraving, 'Le Gynécée,' or the Woman's Apartment, by Gustave Boulanger, represents the atrium of an ancient home. The mother, or mistress of the mansion, is seated under an awning, surrounded by her favourite maid-servants, some of whom are fanning her and otherwise attending to her comfort. At her feet three children are watching the sailing of a tiny boat in the marble basin, and doves are drinking from the fountain in its centre. In the doorway, in the background, the arras has been drawn aside by attendants, and the master of the house appears, and is met by a favourite dog at the threshold. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and is very carefully elaborated. The picture gives a good idea of one of the choice homes of antique times, together with the indolent luxury of its inhabitants. It was exhibited in the Paris *Salon* last year. M. Boulanger is in his fifty-second year, and one of the most distinguished painters of the

French school of Art. He was a pupil of M. Jollivet, and also of Paul Delaroche. He has painted a large number of Roman and Pompeian scenes, as well as Oriental and mythological subjects. He won the prize of Rome in 1849, medals in 1857, 1859, and 1863, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour in 1865.

"Without rivalling the wonderful variety of Gérôme," says a critic, "M. Boulanger has great affinities with him. He belongs to the group of refined artists who, after 1848, created the neo-Greek fashion, in which familiar scenes replaced the great tragic subjects of the academical school of David. His experiences in Africa have given another direction to his talent, but here again he may be classed with Gérôme in the series of travelled painters, whose aim is to reproduce the types and customs of a race. M. Boulanger's talent is more delicate than powerful, and not without its weak points; but this artist, like all who are gifted with taste and imagination, will always find favour with the public."



‘LE GYNÉCÉE.’

From the Painting by GUSTAVE BOULANGER, in the Paris Salon of 1875.

TRADITIONS OF CHRISTIAN ART.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

CHAPTER III.

BYZANTINE IVORIES.



HERE is a gap of two centuries—viz. from the sixth to the eighth—in our series of illustrations of the Adoration of the Magi, before we come to the next example. Hitherto all of them have been of the classical age of Art: now we pass, without transition examples, into the Byzantine style of Art. It will be seen at once, by a glance at the engravings in this paper, and a comparison of them with the illustrations of the previous papers, that the Byzantine style differs notably from the Classical. In some respects it is inferior, but in other, and very important, respects we recognise in it a superior spirit. It is inferior in naturalness and grace, for it is stiff and cramped. It is inferior in its anatomical knowledge, and its power of giving characteristic expression; it will be seen by the examples given here that its human forms are disproportionately long, and its faces have a haggard expression. All this is due to the decay of technical skill in the artist. But there is a new spirit making itself felt through all this artistic awkwardness; there is a dignity thrown into the expression of the figures, and a religious tone of feeling, which are new in Art. We recognise at once that the Classical Art, even while engaged on Christian subjects, was pagan, and that the Byzantine Art is Christian. Another characteristic of the latter is its love of magnificent accessories, in contrast with the simplicity of Classical Art. No doubt this is due to the influence of the gorgeous Eastern spirit upon the Western mind, when the two were brought into contact at Constantinople.

The example (Fig. 1) which stands next in chronological order in our series will very probably, at first sight, perplex our readers. Unlike as it is to an example of Byzantine Art, or of any school of Art whatsoever, it is nevertheless an example of a certain phase of Byzantine Art which ought to be illustrated in such a sketch of Art-traditions as this. Rude as it is, there are passages in the design which make it one of value in our series. And lastly, it is of special interest to all Englishmen, for it is of English workmanship, and the earliest English example of our subject.

Mr. Franks, of the British Museum, was fortunate enough to find in the hands of a dealer in curiosities in Paris, and to secure for the Museum, a casket of walrus-ivory of the eighth century, covered with carvings on its sides and lid, and with a Runic inscription running round it; he describes it as "made in Old Northumbria by English hands for English people."

The front of the casket is sculptured in two compartments; one represents the beheading of John the Baptist; the other represents the Adoration of the Magi, and is identified beyond question by an inscription in Runic characters in the upper left hand corner, MAGI. Our woodcut is a representation of this compartment. It is certainly very rude in design, and needs description. It intends to represent the Virgin seated under a canopy on the right, with the Holy Child in her lap. The first Magus kneels and offers a cup; the second and third stand waiting their turn to pay their worship; and their offerings are of different shapes.

This design offers an example of what has been said in the introduction of this series of the degradation of Art at certain periods. Early British coinage affords a very curious illustrative example of the result of successive copying by unintelligent workmen. British princes, after Caesar's conquest had brought them into contact with the civilisation of the Continent, began at once to adopt it, and among other things began to coin money. One of the later British coins would

offer to the spectator an obverse and reverse covered with marks apparently utterly unmeaning. By arranging a number of the coins in chronological order, it becomes apparent that the British moneyer had taken for his model a Gallic coin, which itself was copied from a Greek coin of Philip, with a laureated bust on the obverse, and a chariot on the reverse. The Briton made a bad copy of it, but one in which the head on the one side and the chariot on the other, though badly drawn, could be easily recognised. Another moneyer copied from this copy, and the design became barely intelligible; and a third copy looks as if the artist (?) had not understood what his model was intended to represent, and had made a certain number of lines almost at random. So in the Irish and Saxon MSS. of a certain period the illustrations, though doubtless originally derived from Byzantine designs, show the most childish inability to draw the human figure—at the same time that the mere ornamentation of the MSS. is a perfect marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill in the handling of the pen. We have no doubt that this rude carving, whose very intention is not deciphered without some knowledge of the subject, was originally derived from some Byzantine design of no inconsiderable merit.

For another point of special interest in this work of an unskilful Northumbrian artist is, that it gives us a new rendering



Fig. 1.—English Ivory: Eighth Century.

of the subject. We suppose that the English artist was not himself skilful enough to have introduced the new features which we see in his design, and we conclude that he had the design of some Byzantine artist before him, from which he unskilfully copied. But this rude copy is the first representative of a lost original which had introduced two new features into the traditional representation of the Adoration of the Magi. First, the artist has surrounded the Virgin and Child with an indication of architecture which shows that he intended either to place them under a canopy of honour, or to place them in front, or in the doorway, of a building. The second novelty is that he has made the first of the three Magi kneel to present his offering, whereas up to this time the tradition placed them all standing in line; and he has made their gifts different in shape.

The first of these innovations needs a little explanation. A glance through the remainder of the series of illustrations will show us that this architectural accessory frequently occurs in the subsequent treatment of the subject, and will help us to conclude what it is intended to represent. In the next picture (Fig. 2) it looks almost conclusively like a domed canopy. In another (Fig. 7), the Virgin is seated on a chair in front of a building. It is not until we come to the fifteenth century pictures that we make out quite certainly what was intended. There we constantly see the Virgin seated beneath, or in front

* Continued from page 144.

of, a building; generally the edifice is in ruins, and frequently there is a temporary shed erected against the walls of the building, and this is the shelter of the Virgin Mother and the Divine Child. A late version of the literary tradition, to be quoted hereafter in its proper place, will explain very precisely that the ruined building is the Inn of Bethlehem, and the shed is the stable. And so we are able to retrace our steps up the stream of the tradition, and to conclude that the architectural backgrounds of the illustrations in this paper, and the indications of a building given by the arch, or doorway, in this rude design before us, are intended to represent the Inn of Bethlehem, or the stable of the inn.

This inn is so important a feature of the tradition for the next seven centuries, that it is desirable to point out the interest which attaches to it. For the beginning of its history we must go so far back as to the return of David to Jerusalem after the defeat and death of Absalom. When the grateful king desired Barzillai, the wealthy Gileadite who had provisioned his camp, to return with him to Jerusalem, the aged chieftain declined, but sent his son in his place: "Behold thy servant Chimham, let him go over with my lord; and let my lord do to him whatsoever pleaseth him. And the king said, Chimham shall go with me, and whatsoever thou shalt say unto me, that will I do unto him." It appears that what David did was to give him land of his patrimonial possession at Bethlehem. Upon this land Chimham seems to have built a khan, or caravanserai, or inn; for by the time of the captivity "the inn of Chimham" near ("close by") Bethlehem had become the recognised point of departure for travellers to Egypt. There can be little doubt that this inn of Chimham was the one in which Joseph and Mary sought shelter when they, with many others, came to Bethlehem in obedience to the decree of Augustus for a census of the Jews,

according to their families. The place of the Nativity was, in the second century, believed to have been a cave. Justin Martyr, writing about the middle of the second century, says that our Lord's birth took place "in a certain cave very close to the village." What we know of the place subsequently is that Hadrian planted a grove of Adonis here; that Constantine, about 350 A.D., sought out, and believed that he had ascertained, the place of the Nativity, and built over it a church, which still remains. Jerome lived in the religious house attached

to Constantine's church of the nativity, and there elaborated the version of the Scriptures which is the great monument of his fame; and writing thence to the Lady Marcella at Rome, he describes the place: "With what words or what utterance," he says, "shall I describe the cave of the Saviour? Lo! in this small cleft of the earth the Founder of the heavens was born; here he was worshipped by the Magi." Chrysostom laments the obliteration of its natural features by Constantine, who had lined the cave with marbles, and covered the manger with silver. "Would that I could behold that manger in which the Lord lay. We Christians, in order to do honour to it, have taken away the clay and replaced it with silver; but to me that which was taken away was the more precious."

Another illustration (Fig. 7) is a good normal example of the Byzantine

school. It is an ivory *plaque* of the ninth century, and of German workmanship, now in the collection of the South Kensington Museum (No. 2,243). The ivory is probably one side of a bookcover; it contains two subjects, the Adoration of the Magi above, and the Presentation below, surrounded and divided by a handsome foliated border; and is executed with considerable skill. It will be seen that the Virgin is seated in a chair on the left, holding the Child in her lap, and Joseph stands



Fig. 2.—Rhenish Ivory Carving: Eleventh Century.



Fig. 3.—Ivory Carving: Ninth Century.

behind: all the sacred persons are nimbed. They are placed on an elevation above the general ground level of the design. Behind is an architectural background, probably representing the city of Bethlehem. The Magi wear the conventional costume of trousers, tunic, cloak, and Phrygian bonnet; but in place of a simple tunic, there appear to be three garments, one over the other; first the ordinary tunic, over that a garment cut to an oval in front, and over that a shorter vest, with a row of buttons or ornaments down the front.* The Magi follow one

another in the usual way, approaching in rapid motion, and with nearly the same attitude. They carry their gifts in circular salvers, their hands are covered with a fold of the cloak—the cloak being fastened by a circular *fibula* at the right shoulder. It seems to have been a fashion at this period, and for long after, to cover the hands when presenting anything to a superior. In another ivory at the South Kensington Museum (No. 2,336), of a secular subject of the eleventh century, is represented a personage in armour, seated, with a footstool—

* Compare it with the costume of the Magi in the mosaics in the previous paper (p. 142). It reminds us also of the way in which the armour and quilted garments

were worn at one period of the fourteenth century, as shown in the monumental brass of Sir John d'Abernoun the younger, at Stoke D'Abernoun, Surrey, and in others.

possibly a king; to him two soldiers are presenting gifts; they bend lowly before him, and present the gifts with hands covered, as above, by the sleeve of the tunic, or by a fold of the upper robe. In the middle ages monks* used to allow the long sleeves of their habit to fall over the hands as a gesture of reverence. Even yet a servant bringing a dish to table has his hands covered by a napkin.

What is more interesting in the design is, that this is the

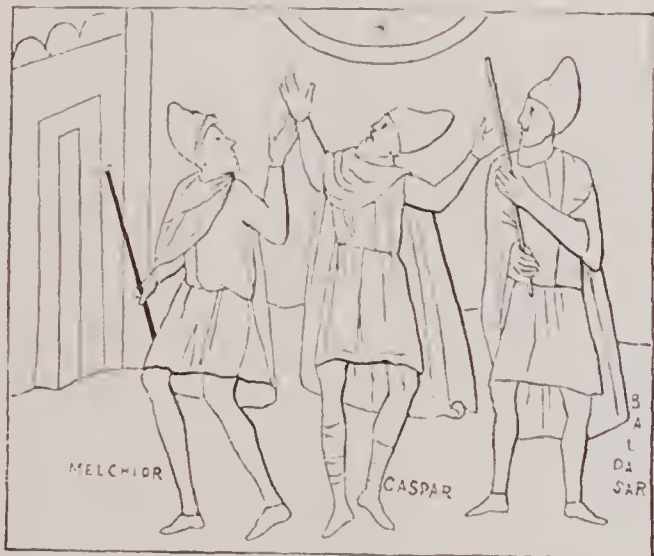


Fig. 4.

Frescoes from Caffarella: Eleventh Century.



Fig. 5.

of Carolingian style, of the ninth century, in the South Kensington Museum.

The same collection contains three long narrow slips of ivory, each surrounded by a moulded border of classical character, of one of which we give an accurate representation in the accompanying woodcut (Fig. 3). It is divided into two subjects, that on the right we recognise at once as our subject of the Adoration of the Magi; and the simplicity with which it is drawn, and its exact adherence to the earliest type, would incline us to place it early in the series; but it is said by the best judges to be of the ninth century; it is probably a reproduction of some very early type of our subject. The artist might have had before him the picture scratched on the wall of the catacomb (engraved on p. 89, Fig. 3), when he sketched out his design on the slip of ivory before us. The other subject on the slip is one which calls for some remark. The central group clearly enough represents a Nativity; there is the Holy Child in its cradle beneath the shed, and there are the ox and ass of the tradition. On one side sits the Virgin, apparently on a mass of rock, and Joseph on the other side. But who are the three men on the left? One conjecture which suggests itself is, that they may be the shepherds seeing the apparition of the angel Gabriel, or watching the departure of the great multitude of the heavenly host; and then we should have the very natural collocation of the Adoration of the Shep-

first time we find the Magi individualised. In the earlier representations they are all alike; they are simply "three wise men." Here it will be seen the first and the third are bearded, while the other is *imberbis*. About this time then, we assume, arose that development of the tradition which assigned a name and character to each of the three, making one an aged man with a grey beard, the second a middle-aged man, and the third a youth. There is another ivory carving of the same subject,

herds and of the Magi. But the attitudes of the three men are so exactly those which in other designs we find given to the wise men seeing the star, that we have no hesitation in saying that this Apparition of the Star is the subject intended to be represented.

We may note here a few other representations of the same portion of the history. The treasury of the cathedral at Milan possesses an ivory bookcover, probably of the sixth century, in

which one of the small subjects of the border represents the Magi seeing the star. Two of them are pointing up to it in spirited attitudes, very like those in the woodcut. The South Kensington Museum has a cast of this ivory, and it has been engraved by Mrs. Jameson in her "History of our Lord."

D'Agincourt ("Painting," pl. xcv.) gives engravings of a series of frescoes from the church of St. Urbano, at Caffarella, near Rome, which, he says, were the work of a Greek school of artists settled at Rome in the eleventh century. In one of these frescoes we have the scene of the apparition of the star to the Magi.* The three Magi stand in various atti-



Fig. 6.—Illumination from Saxon MS.: Tenth Century.

tudes of wonder and joy, gazing up at the star (Fig. 4). They wear the tunic, cloak, and Phrygian bonnet, and carry staves. Their traditional names also are inscribed beside each, in a vertical row of thin well-formed capitals, CASPAR, MELCHIOR, BALDASSAR.

* See engraving of a group of Cistercian monks, in "Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages," p. 17. London: Virtue & Co.

* In Bartholi's dissertation on a sarcophagus found near Ancona, already quoted, there is an engraving, without any reference to it in the text, of a sculpture of the Apparition of the star, which the author says is of still earlier date than the Ravenna sarcophagus, i.e. of at least early fourth-century date.

Another fresco of this series gives the Adoration (Fig. 5). The Virgin sits on the left, with the Child in her lap; Joseph stands behind her. These sacred persons have all the circular nimbus. The Magi are habited in tunic, cloak, and Phrygian bonnet, and each has his name inscribed beside him, as in the other fresco. Melchior, the first in order, kneels with bare head, and offers his gift, which is egg-shaped; Caspar and Baldassar stand, each holding the circular salver of the earliest pictures. The names are also inscribed beside the Magi in a rude sculpture over the door of St. Andrea at Pistoja, to which is assigned the date 1166. (D'Agincourt, "Sculpture," pl. xxvii.) Bede is said to have been the first to introduce them into the west.

This is the first time we have actually come upon the names ascribed to the Magi. If we may rely on the genuineness of an entry under the year 70 in the chronicle of Flavius Lucius Dexter, who wrote in the fourth century, and was a friend of St. Jerome's, the names were already known in the fourth century. It is not unlikely that the three bodies which Helena received from different countries as those of the Magi would have had names ascribed to them. What Dexter says A.C. 70 is: "In Arabia Felix civitate Sessanix Adrumentorum, martyrum sanctorum trium magorum, Gasparis Balthasaris et Melchioris, qui Christum adoraverunt." The names are not always applied consistently. Most commonly Melchior is the king who first



Fig. 7.—German Ivory Carving: Ninth Century.

offers, and is represented as an aged man, and offers the gold; Balthasar is the middle-aged man, and offers the myrrh; and Gaspar the beardless youth who brings frankincense.

To return to the Caffarella fresco. While everything else is so strictly according to the tradition, there is, however, one interesting novelty here which we shall find also, with modifications, in subsequent pictures. Instead of a star a half-length angel is introduced overhead (Fig. 5).^{*} It is intended to indicate that the star was in fact an angelic messenger who took that shape, or that the dazzling glory of the angel appeared to the Magi like a star.

From very early times the nature of the Epiphany star was a subject of discussion. Chrysostom, in his Homily on Matthew ii. 1, 2, gives his opinion that it was not an ordinary star, and offers reasons which readily occur to any one considering the subject: the course of the star was ultimately from north to south, from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, this is contrary to that of the heavenly bodies, which is from east to west; it shone at mid-day; it appeared and vanished again; it was able to indicate—contrary to the idea of a true star's remoteness—so small a spot as the stable of Bethlehem. He concludes that "this star was not of the ordinary kind, or rather it was not a star at all, at least as it seems to me, but

some invisible power transformed into the appearance of a star. The "History of the Three Kings," by Herman Crombach,^{*} in the first book of the second volume, discusses at length some of the various theories which had been suggested, e.g. whether the star were the Holy Spirit, or an angel in the form of a star; if an angel, whether Gabriel or Michael; or whether Christ himself appeared to the Magi as a star. These various ideas are represented in Art. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Legends of the Madonna," p. 211, gives an engraving from a fresco by Taddeo



Fig. 8.—Saxon Ivory Carving: Eleventh Century.

Gaddi, in which the star is figured as a radiant child bearing a sceptre (or a cross). Benozzo Gozzoli, in a fresco in the Campo Santo of Pisa, represents angels in the sky together with the cross. In a painting by Garofalo (mentioned in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna") the star is attended by angels bearing the symbols of the Passion. Rubens, in one of his pictures of this subject, similarly places some of the substantial boys

^{*} In a representation of the subject in a Greek MS. of the eleventh century, in the National Library at Munich (engraved in the Ch. Rohault de Fleury's "Evangile," pl. xxiv.) a half-length angel is introduced in the place of the star.

^{*} Primitiæ Gentium. "Sive Historia et Encomium SS. Trium. Regum Majorum Evangelicorum." Auctore R. P. Hermand Crombach, e Societate Jesu. Cologne, 1654.

who represent his ideal of angels about the Epiphany star. It will be observed that this is the first time the Magi have appeared as kings. Hitherto they have been treated as Eastern personages, and habited in Eastern costume, of which the Phrygian bonnet was in all ancient Art one of the characteristics. But now, for the first time, the Phrygian bonnet is replaced by the crown. We conclude that it was about this period that such a development of the tradition arose, or came into general acceptance. Their visit had from very early times been universally recognised as a fulfilment of the prophecy, "The kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts." Tertullian twice quotes the passage from the seventy-second Psalm, of which these words form part, as being fulfilled in the visit of the Magi; and Hilary, in the fourth century, actually styles them princes. But the evidence of the Art-representations enables us to say that it was not until about this period that the Magi of the East came to be looked upon as the Kings of Tarsis and the isles, of Arabia and Saba; and the same evidence proves that after this period the idea was generally adopted, and has continued to be accepted to the present day.

The next example of our series (Fig. 6) is from an illuminated English MS. of the Benedictional of St. Ethelwold. This precious MS. is a specimen of the highest style of Saxon Art of the tenth century. The ornamental borders which surround the pages are gorgeous with colours and gold, and the drawing is by the first English artist of the period, for it was executed by Godemann, in the "Scriptorium" of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, which was famous at that period for its school of artists.

All the characteristic features of the former pictures are here reproduced: the Virgin is seated on the right, with the Holy Child in her lap; his hand is extended with the gesture which was used in solemn benediction, his left hand holds a book. The Virgin is placed here on the summit of a flight of steps, and beneath an arch. At first sight it might be thought she was placed on a throne under a canopy, but there are other architectural indications which lead to the conclusion that it was the artist's intention to represent the Virgin-mother as seated at the door of a building. The infant Jesus has a cruciform nimbus. Joseph is not included in the picture. The Magi come in from the left with the conventional rapid motion. They are habited in a costume which is not very different from the traditional costume of the Magi, but it is in truth the ordinary Saxon costume of the time, the wrinkled hose, the tunic, and short cloak fastened at the shoulder with a large circular brooch. They are crowned, showing that the tradition of the "three kings" was by this time accepted. The round, undecipherable presents of the catacomb picture have here taken more definite shape; and that shape needs a word of explanation.

The foremost king is usually represented as offering gold, sometimes a casket, sometimes (as in Fig. 1) a cup full of coins. We conjecture that the objects here presented by the foremost king are gold bracelets, the common form which presents of value assumed in Saxon times. The other presents are no doubt vessels containing frankincense and myrrh. The exaggerated folds and the flutter of the draperies are characteristic of Saxon Art. The Epiphany star is seen over the arch which encloses the Virgin and Child.

The ivory carvings of the South Kensington collection again supply us with another of our series (Fig. 2), a *plaque* of walrus ivory of Rhenish Byzantine work of the eleventh century (No. 2,236). The ornamental border of the design resembles Carolingian work; the style of the figures is unusually classical. The Virgin is on the left of the design, seated under a dome; the Child is seated in her lap, stretching out his hand to accept the gift. The first king is in the half-kneeling position of which we have seen other examples; the others stand behind. The countenances are individualised; two are bearded, one is not. They wear the tunic and cloak fastened at the shoulder by a great ring-fibula; the star is seen above on the architectural canopy.

Again we find English Art supplying us with a valuable illustration, in the carving of a large bone *plaque* of the eleventh century, in the South Kensington collection (Fig. 8). The design presents some novelty of treatment, and is wrought out with most careful elaboration. The *plaque* is fourteen inches high by about five inches broad, and the design is adapted to these dimensions. The Virgin is seated under a canopy, with architectural enrichments and curtains, and holds a flower in her right hand. The Child is seated on her lap, in the attitude of blessing with his right hand, and holding a book in his left. The three kings are comparatively small figures, crowned, and bearing staves; they all stand in a group, holding covered cups; their habit is the Saxon habit of tunic and cloak, fastened at the shoulder by a ring-fibula; two are bearded, and the third is not. The first king presents his offering, not kneeling, but with an inclination of the body.

This is the first instance in our series of the mode of giving dignity to sacred figures by making them of superhuman size. With our realistic notions of Art it seems puerile; but it was a true æsthetic instinct which made Homer represent the gods of grander height than mortals, and the sculptors carve colossal statues of the kings and gods, like that of Pharaoh at Thebes and of Minerva in her temple at Athens. And there is undeniably a certain dignity given to this Anglo-Saxon artist's work by the colossal dimensions of his principal personages; while value is given to the human figures by their careful elaboration.

(To be continued.)

THE WRITING MASTER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN.

F. MIERIS, Painter.

R. WALLIS, Engraver.



HOW this picture could ever have acquired the name by which it is known, and which we have therefore retained, seems inexplicable: there is nothing in the intellectual, well-looking, and well-dressed figure to indicate a man who earns his living by teaching the art of penmanship to the youngsters of his time. The books on the table, which is covered with a rich tapestried cloth, and the globe on his right hand, testify to his being a student of some kind; and the open manuscript-book before him suggests that he is simply in the act of mending a pen to enable him to continue his writing. Assuming his occupation to be that of a copyist—and the composition might admit of such construction, though it is far from probable—the proper title would have been 'The Scribe.' But, whatever name the picture bears, the work itself is a remarkably fine specimen of one of those famous Dutch *genre*-painters of the seventeenth century whose productions enrich almost every gallery of repute in Europe where the works of the old masters have a home. Frans Van Mieris, born in 1635 at Leyden, studied under Ger-

hard Dow, and with such an instructor he made so great progress that his works soon gave him a high reputation. Finished with the utmost elaboration of pencilling, this quality never appears to be the result of great labour, but is free and masterly. He is known to have painted numerous portraits, and it is not unlikely that this "writing master" may be one of them, for not a few of his fancy pictures are miniature portraits treated as such. The treatment of this subject is striking and effective: the light, it will be seen, does not enter the apartment through the open archway, but through a window on the left, which is only made apparent by its illuminating the various objects on which it falls. This light is intensified by the introduction of a dark curtain, that helps to give brilliancy to the picture. The natural attitude of the man, the modelling of the head and hands, the easy flow of the lines in the arrangement of his costume, are points of excellence which must commend themselves to all who examine the work carefully. The grace of Frans Mieris's figures, and their entire freedom from vulgarity, constitute not the least of their attractive qualities. This painter died in 1681, at the age of forty-six.



MIERIS PINXT

R. WALLIS. SCULPT

THE WRITING MASTER.

STUDIES AND SKETCHES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER,* R.A.

THERE seems to have been a short period in Landseer's career when the works of Francis Snyders attracted his notice. This old Antwerp animal-painter, on whose pictures Rubens and Jordaens would sometimes work conjointly with him, was famous

for representing animals in violent action, either in hunting or in fighting; a few pictures which Landseer painted about 1820-'21, called by connoisseurs his "Snyders-time," are of this kind: as examples may be pointed out 'A Lion disturbed at his Repast,'



Bull attacked by Dogs (1821).—Lent by John Knight, Esq.

and 'Two Wolves' (1820); and 'Seizure of a Boar' (1821), in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne. 'The Bull,' though, so far as we can ascertain, never carried beyond the sketch here engraved, undoubtedly belongs to this period. The design is, of course, imaginary, for such a scene the artist could scarcely have

witnessed in England, and there are some peculiarities about it which are opposed to the presumption of a sketch from Nature: for instance, the cow standing quietly near by, and the unfortunate dog in the air, from whose neck streams a broad ribbon, or something of the kind. Notwithstanding these and other incongruities, the design is very spirited.

When quite a young man, Landseer was accustomed to make

* Continued from page 212.



Dogs setting a Hare (1824).

many drawings of animals for different illustrated publications, especially for sporting magazines: in 1824 he produced six draw-

ings of this kind for the *Annals of Sporting*, one of the six being that from which our engraving, 'Dogs setting a Hare,' is



Fallow Deer (1838).—Lent by Joseph Clark, Esq.

copied; under a clump of broad-leaved turnips the head of the hare is just visible; but her doom is fixed, for the pair of dogs, a pointer and a setter, have scented her whereabouts.

So far as our recollection serves, Landseer very rarely introduced fallow deer into his compositions; we find him more at home with the wild deer of the Highlands of Scotland, in all the habits pecu-



Hare and Foxes (1824).—The Drawing in the possession of H. Vaughan, Esq.

liar to their race and to the country they inhabit. But in 1838 he exhibited at the British Institution a picture entitled simply 'Fallow

Deer,' which subsequently became the property of the famous collector, Mr. William Wells, of Redleaf, and was sold, in 1852, at



Bob.—The Painting in the possession of Robert Rawlinson, Esq., C.B.

Messrs. Christie's, to Mr. Meyrick, for the sum of seven hundred guineas. Another picture of fallow deer, showing a buck, hind, and fawn, was exhibited at Leeds, in 1868, by its owner, Sir F.

Crossley, Bart. To neither of these works, however, does Mr. Clark's sketch, of which an engraving is here introduced, bear any marked resemblance: it must, therefore, only be accepted as a

study of the animals made for subsequent use: it is executed in pencil.

The engraving 'Hare and Foxes' is from the sketch of a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1824; one of the foxes has se-

cured a hare, on which it is preparing to feast, when another fox, scenting the savoury banquet from afar, makes its appearance to share the spoil: if it succeeds, it will most probably be after a struggle, for the animal in possession seems quite disposed to con-



The Mountain Stream (1829-30).—Lent by Messrs. Agnew, Waterloo Place.

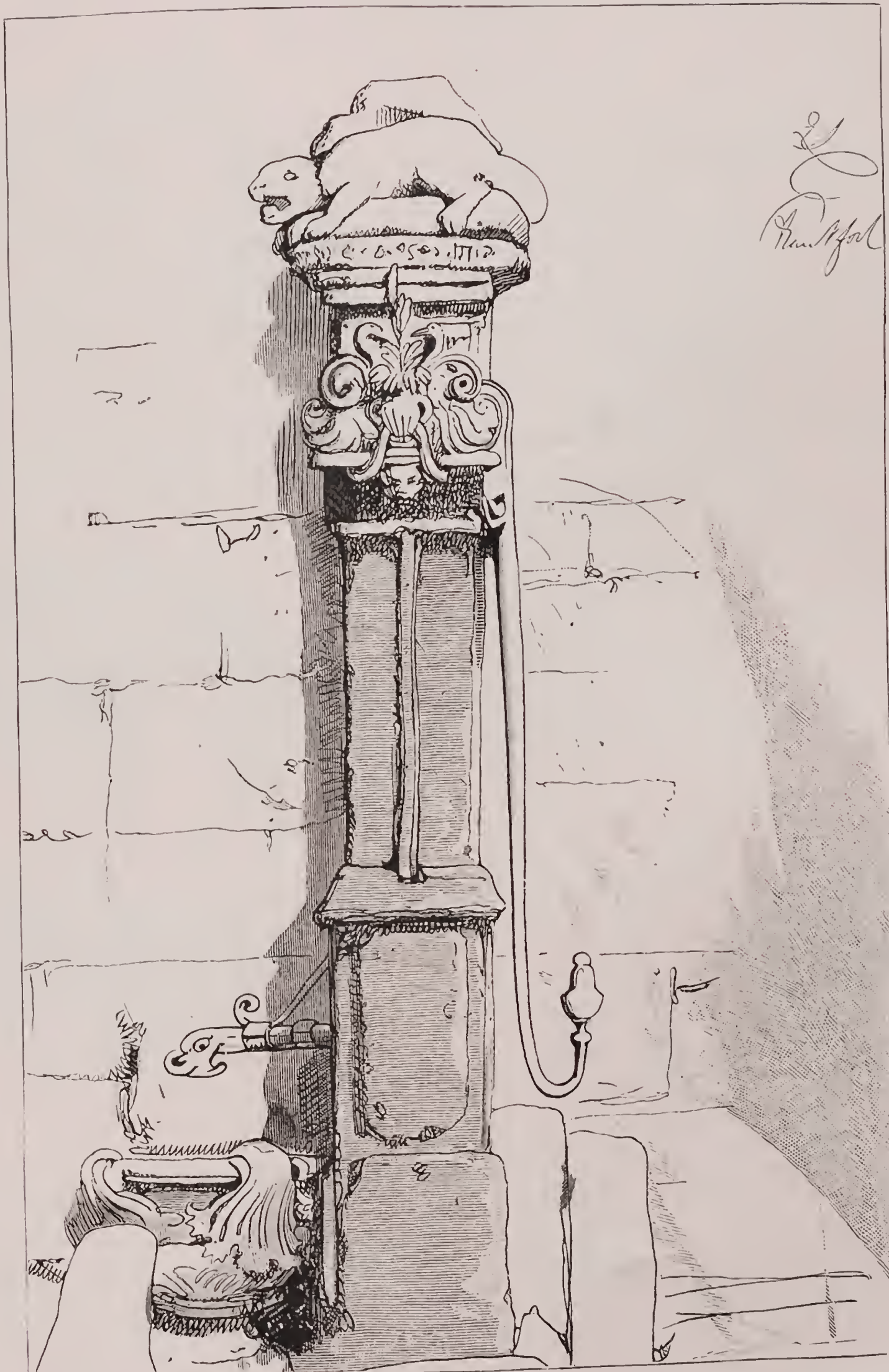
test its right, and able to maintain it. The composition shows considerable spirit.

'Bob,' as we learn from Mr. Algernon Graves's comprehensive and excellent catalogue of Landseer's works, was a favourite ter-

rier, the property of Mr. W. E. Gosling: it may be presumed he was a good dog for rats, one of which lies dead under his foot, while its destroyer looks up as if satisfied with his achievement: the head of the dog is remarkably expressive.

'The Mountain Stream' is from a beautiful and well-finished oil-sketch; but, like almost every other similar subject introduced into this series, we have no clue to the locality, though the view is re-

ported to suggest some portions of the mountains surrounding Glencoe. Yet, wherever the place, the scene represents vividly the mountainous landscape of the Scottish Highlands, while the origi-



A Pump at Frankfort (1840).—Lent by F. Piercy, Esq.

nal picture—a small one—is a rich bit of colour. Except that something is required in the foreground to make the background objects keep their places, one could well have dispensed with the formal bare tree-stumps reared up in the front: certainly more

graceful forms might have been given to them. The picturesque old 'Pump at Frankfort' is far less a reminder of Landseer's work in the sketch-book than it is of our worthy friend of long years ago, Samuel Prout.

J. D.

THE COSTUME OF ENGLISH WOMEN

FROM THE HEPTARCHY TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

CHAPTER IV.



THE female dress of the reign of James I. very much resembled that of Elizabeth, but if anything, the farthingale was more exuberant and extravagant. Bulwer, in his "Pedigree of the English Gallant," tells a story of a "vardingale," which shows what astonishment they produced in countries where they were seldom seen.

When James I. sent Sir Peter Wyat as his ambassador to the Grand Seignior at Constantinople, the sultaness expressed a great desire to see Lady Wyat. A state visit was accordingly paid, Lady Wyat and all her gentlewomen being dressed in their great and redundant vardingales. The sultaness received them most politely, but could not conceal her surprise at the deformity of English ladies, and Lady Wyat was at last obliged to explain the whole mystery of the absurd dress. And here it may be remarked, that with all their vices and follies, Eastern women have always preserved a simple and pure ideal of dress, and have never wandered into the follies and distortions of the European ladies who despise them.

The ruffs and bands of ladies in this corrupt reign were generally stiffened with yellow starch, which, however, went out of fashion when Mrs. Anne Turner, a milliner of Paternoster Row, was hung at Tyburn in a yellow ruff for her complicity with the wicked Countess of Somerset in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. In the old play called *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority*, c. 1607, the vanities of this age of Shakspeare's women is loudly rated. The author says that he set a dozen maids to attire a boy (boys acted all female parts at this time), and there was much to do with their looking-glasses, painting of blue veins and red cheeks, pinning and unpinning, setting and unsetting, forming and unforming. "Such a stir," says the indignant writer, "with combs, eascanets, dressing purls, fall squares, busks, bodices, scarfs, necklaees, earcanets, sabatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pushes, partlets, friglets, bandlets, corslets, pendulets, armlets, annulets, bracelets and now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtles, busk points, shoe ties, and the like, that seven pedlar's shops, nay, all Stourbridge Fair, will scarcely furnish her. A ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready."

The ladies' ruffs in James I.'s time, though generally yellow, were often coloured with white, red, blue, purple, and "goose green" (Ben Jonson) starch. A print of the time, representing those great leaders of society, the Earl and Countess of Somerset, is given by Fairholt and Wright, and shows the fullest dress of this period extremely minutely. The proud syren—so beautiful and so wicked—wears a Mary Stuart lace cap, low on the forehead and arched at the sides; she has two necklaces; her large-pattern ruff stands up stiffened round her neck. The countess's waist is very tight, and her farthingale very enormous. A jewel from her cap hangs over her forehead. Her dress has long pendant sleeves outside the tight inner ones, and she wears lace cuffs. Well might witty Heywood, in his interlude of the *Four P's*, say—

"Forsooth women have many lets,
And they be masked in many nets,
As frontlets, fillets, partlets, and bracelets,
And then their bonnets and their poynettes;
By these lets and nets the let (hindrance) is such,
That speed is small when haste is much."

A kneeling figure, from a tomb in Swarkestone Church, Derbyshire, is selected by Mr. Fairholt as an excellent specimen of the ordinary young English country lady in this reign—the bride

or the Rosalind of the period. The date is 1622. The lady wears a tight bodice with a long pointed waist, a small plain ruff, and wide sleeves, with pendant ones attached. Her hair is combed into a roll over her forehead, and she wears a small hood, or coif, turned over the head. These frontlets ceased to be worn soon after this date.

For the dress of the highest rank we must turn to Anne of Denmark. There is a portrait of her in one of the bedrooms of Hampton Court. She is a dark-eyed girl in a white dress, with strange head-dress, shoulder ruff, and immense French farthingale. In Le Pollet, near Dieppe, there is another picture of Anne. The dress is slashed in the Spanish style, and ornamented with knots of yellow ribbon. This picture, which came from the castle of Arques, was one sent to Henry IV. of France. At the coronation of this queen she wore a robe of purple velvet lined with white Spanish taffeta and covered with gold.

Several portraits of Anne of Denmark by Van Somers, her favourite artist, still exist at Hampton Court. In one of these



Elizabeth Woodville.

she is dressed for hunting (a sport to which her awkward husband was prone), in a monstrous farthingale of dark green velvet, made with a long, tight-waisted bodice, an odd shovel hat of grey beaver, banded with gold and adorned with crimson plumes. Her hair is piled up and elaborately curled and frizzed. She rides a quiet punchy sorrel steed, with a long cream-coloured mane. The corsage of the queen's gown is cut very low, but the bosom is covered with a transparent chemisette and a Brussels lace collar. On her hands are buff leather gloves, with gauntlet tops edged with deep lace. Her dogs, dwarf greyhounds, wear ornamented collars, with her initials embossed in gold. She holds two of them by a long crimson leash. Her negro groom leads her fat hunter, which is accoutred with a high-pommelled side-saddle covered with crimson velvet, and her rich red housings are fringed with gold. This queen usually wore a velvet mask when riding in public, and took it off occasionally when the people cheered. Mary de Medicis on one occasion sent Queen Anne a box of artificial flowers, and the

Queen of Spain on another a gown of murrey-coloured satin, ornamented with gilt cut leather.

With Henrietta Maria much of the old English fashion passed away, especially the abominable farthingale and slashed sleeves. This beautiful woman, at her nominal marriage in Nôtre Dame



Countess of Surrey, after Holbein.

with Charles's representative, wore a bridal robe of cloth of gold and silver, passementé with the lilies of France, and enriched with diamonds and other jewels. A portrait of her, in the Vandyke Room at Windsor Castle, represents her in a white satin dress, with high tight bodice, and a large falling collar trimmed with point-lace. The bodice is closed in the front with bows of cherry-coloured ribbons, and is finished from the waist with richly-embroidered tabs. The very full sleeves descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. On one arm is a narrow black bracelet; on the other are costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls round her neck, and a red ribbon twisted among her chestnut hair on the back of her head.

In another of Vandyke's court-pictures Queen Henrietta is introduced with her royal husband and her two eldest sons, Charles and James. The Queen wears a dress of rich brown brocade, with very full lace ruffles, and her small cape falls over the bodice, which is finished round the bosom and the waist with a purple band.

During the Civil War, when Henrietta, playing an Amazonian part, which recalled her descent from Henry IV., quitted Sir William Strickland's seat, Boynton Hall, near Burlington, where she had been staying, much to the vexation of that Parliamentary general, her Majesty took with her "as a loan" all the family plate, and left as a pledge of return a beautiful portrait of herself. The artist has painted her in a plain white gown, with open sleeves, drawn up with broad green ribbons. The bodice is laced across the stomacher with gold chains, and ornamented with rows of pendant pearls. Her hair behind is adorned with flowers, and is arranged in short, thick, frizzled curls, according to the fashion called at the French Court, *fête de mouton*.

Hollar, in his "Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus" (1645), gives a very graceful figure of the young English gentlewoman of Charles I.'s time. Her hair is combed over her forehead, and gathered in close rolls behind, while at the sides (as in Molière's character) it flows down in ringlets—a beautiful fashion, when the hair is abundant. Hollar's lady has a long pointed bodice laced tight in front. Her white satin petticoat flows to the ground, and her dark grey gown is gathered up to the waist. Her sleeves are wide and short, with deep white lawn cuffs turned back to the elbow, and she wears long white leather gloves, and carries a fan. Her collar is white and plain.

The violent Prynne, in his "Tyrants and Protectors set forth in their colours" (1654), refers bitterly to the vanity and display of

the ladies of the bygone Court: "Their painting and patching, their caps and feathers, the cocking of their beavers, their stilettoes, their man-like apparel, their slashed sleeves, their jetting, their strutting, their leg making (bowing), with the rest of their antique apparel and postures."

Mr. Fairholt, in the second edition of his admirable book on English costume, points out with excellent discrimination the great fluctuations in dress in this reign, between 1631 and 1641. The first figure (an old lady) he gives is from Westminster Abbey. The effigy has a round ruff, a gown open down the front, and ornamented the whole length with a row of buttons and clasps; "the ridged sleeve is of great size, and tied to the elbow. She has a close French hood, from which descends over her back a long coverchief, pinned up on each shoulder.

The second figure, the young wife of a knight, Dorothy Strutt, in Whalley Church, Essex, is dressed with extreme plainness, and was probably a Puritan. She also wears a long coverchief, but her hair falls loose on her shoulders; she has no ruff. Her bosom is covered with a kerchief. She wears an apron with a slight border. The sleeves of the gown are full at the shoulder and tight at the wrist, and finish with a lace cuff.

About 1630 the dress grew more French and extravagant. The men took to ribboned lovelocks, bunches of ribbons, and lace fringes to their boots; while the ladies studded their foolish faces with black patches of all shapes—lozenges, stars, circles, and crescents, to heighten their complexion, and in some cases, by very daring leaders of fashion, black coaches, with four black horses, were stuck on their foreheads, which drove a Puritan writer to say that the spots were plague spots, and the horses were harnessed ready to whirl the wearers to Acheron.

The countrywomen in the early part of the troublous reign of Charles I. still retained the high-crowned hat, the wheel ruff, and the plain French hood, the muffler and the clumsy vardingale of the previous reign, buff gowns and green aprons. The ladies had also taken to French ways of dressing the hair, and the graceful falling collar edged with lace.

During Cromwell's rule female dress became very plain, and saintly vanity abstained from all colour and ornament; shoes grew pointed, the broad-brimmed hat, the kerchief, and the



Anna Boleyn.

simple gown with plain cuffs were universally worn as a mark of party. The bosom strictly covered from the lover's eye by stiff kerchiefs and capes, plain aprons, and coverchiefs that tied under the chin, were the inexorable fashion of Grace and Ruth. An effigy from a Sacheverell tomb in Morley Church, Derbyshire.

given by Mr. Fairholt, shows us the severest austerity of dress in 1657: a plain cape tied with two bows, wide sleeves and cuffs, and a plain dress with one over it opening from the waist.

Catharine of Braganza, whom we respect because she introduced tea-drinking into England, adopted the graceful French



Servant of the time of Henry VIII., after Holbein.

fashions which ruled among the courtesans of that heartless and shameless profligate her husband. The portrait of this ill-used lady, by Lely, at Hampton Court, shows the dress so familiar to us on the French stage. In a portrait of this queen, formerly in the Strawberry Hill collection, she appears as a glowing brunette, with large dark eyes and profuse chestnut curls, her hair descends on each side of her face in a wavy pyramid, while one large topknot is combed slanting across her forehead. This was supposed to be the original picture sent to Charles II. when Spain had offended him by its arrogance. Catharine arrived in England dressed in the English costume, white cloth trimmed with silver lace. A bridal portrait of this unhappy queen is in the historical gallery at Versailles—her rich ringlets fall from a simple knot; she is dressed in black velvet and point-lace, the sleeves are full, and looped up with black ribbons, to show the delicate ruffled cambric sleeves of her chemise; she has black velvet bracelets clasped with pearls, and holds a bunch of orange blossoms in her hand.

Pepys, the all-observant gossip of court and city, describes seeing the queen riding with her husband hand-in-hand in the park. She looked "mighty pretty" in a white-laced waistcoat and a short crimson petticoat—hair *négligé*. Lady Castle-maine that day wore a yellow plume, and Mrs. Stuart (afterwards Duchess of Richmond) a hat cocked and a red plume.

Catharine, on her arrival, used the large green Portuguese fan, but she afterwards adopted the smaller and lighter fan of India. In the latter part of the reign English ladies began to wear periwigs. The queen having small feet tried, but in vain, to introduce short dresses.

The paintings of Lely show us the Charles the Second dress to perfection: the dress was as loose and careless as the morals of the ladies who wore it. A figure on the needleworked frame of a looking-glass, supposed to have once belonged to that pretty wanton, Nell Gwynne, shows a lady in blue petticoat and red gown, the sleeves turned up with white and fastened with a bow; she wears a plain collar, and has pink bows in her hair. About 1670, false curls, set on wires, were worn at the side of the head. In the most graceful of Lely's portraits the ladies wear only a rose, a string of pearls, or a bow of ribbon on the head; towards the end of the reign hoods became fashionable, and

Pepys crows on the Whitsunday upon which his handsome and buxom wife dons her new yellow birdseye hood at church.

A curious tailor's bill for a man's suit, made for the Duchess of Portsmouth (quoted by Mr. Fairholt) for a Whitehall masque in 1672, shows that she wore a dove-coloured silk and brocade coat with scarlet buttons, and a black beaver hat trimmed with scarlet and silver.

The reign of James II. was too short to modify English dress to any great extent, but William and Mary brought in Dutch fashions, and no more reserve and modesty than was wanted. The herb strewers at the coronation wore hoods, deep-pointed bodices, with open robes looped back to show rich petticoats. They had long gloves with very deep ruffles, that fell from the elbow nearly to the wrist.

William of Orange brought in larger periwigs, and now with his wife, Mary, came in the commode or high head-dress, which the French called the Fontanges, the name of the beauty who introduced it into Louis XIV.'s court. The commode was a pyramid of lace sometimes three storeys high. It was sometimes a mere fan of lace arching over the forehead, with the hair arranged in short close curls at the side; a hood was fastened to the top of the hair and thence spread over the shoulder. Stiff formal stays of a V-shape pinched in the body, the gowns streamed out behind, and in front opened to show the little apron deeply fringed with lace, and the rich petticoat. Bows of ribbon studded the sides of some of the commodes, as we see in the best portraits of Queen Mary, and lace falls from it passed over the shoulders. When she landed in England she wore an orange cloak, and dressed her hair with lofty cornettes of orange ribbon and aigraffes of pearls. Her robe was purple velvet, and her petticoat orange, and orange banners were borne before her.

A portrait of Queen Mary, 1688, represents her with an extraordinary head-dress. It is a cornette of three tiers made of guipure points piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up in a sort of haycock; below the lace are curls. Broad and full lace lappets, which surround her cheeks, and fall as low as her elbows, are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. These lappets were, it is supposed, used to shade the sun from her face. Her brocade robe is stiff-bodied, and very high; her sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; the sleeves widen as they descend, and turn up with cuffs from the elbows to show the sleeves of the chemise, which



Mary Stuart: from the Morton Portrait.

have rich ruffles of guipure points meeting stiff long gloves of leather. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, and the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A magnificent cluster of diamonds adorns her chest, and round her throat is a necklace of enormous pearls. This seems to have been her state dress.

It is said that Queen Mary wished to restrict the use of the cornette and the Fontanges to the higher class, and to introduce for the lower rank the high-crowned hat of the Dutch women of that day, but no such edict was ever passed, nor would it probably have been obeyed. The wax effigy of Queen Mary at Westminster Abbey, as described by Miss Strickland, is clothed in purple velvet. The bodice is formed with a triangular stomacher of white miniver, which is studded with three oval clusters of diamonds; the under dress is of shaded lutestring, the ground-work white, but enriched with shades and brocadings of every possible colour. The bosom is surrounded with guipure, and large double ruffles of parchment lace depend from the straight sleeves towards the hands. The purple velvet skirt is trimmed with bands of broad gold lace finely worked. The throat necklace is à la Sévigné, and the ear-rings are large pear pearls.

Ladies of rank in Queen Anne's time sometimes wore a gay male dress, and a portrait at Ham House, of a Countess of Dysart, represents her in a small, three-cornered cocked hat bound with gold lace, the point stuck full in front over a long white powdered flowing wig, a Mechlin cravat like a man, a long white coat, a flapped waistcoat, and a habit petticoat.

Queen Anne liked quiet dress, and the costume of her time was precise and formal. She was strict in enforcing a proper decorum in the dress of her household, and would complain of a slovenly periwig or too bright a lining for a coat. She was very indignant once when Lord Bolingbroke, sent for in haste, came in a Ramilies, or tie wig, instead of a full bottom.

"I suppose," she exclaimed petulantly, "his lordship will come to court the next time in his nightcap."

The ladies of Queen Anne's time wore low ribboned coiffures with falling lappets; the bodice was stiff, and laced down the front; small laced aprons were placed over flounced petticoats, to display which the gown was gathered in folds behind. Country girls wore low caps, with the frill turned up over the forehead to imitate a commode; the short and loose-sleeved gown was tucked up round the waist and fastened behind, and the apron reached to the ground. Long-quartered, high-heeled shoes completed the modest and dull dress.

The allusions to dress in the *Spectator* carry the reader, as Mr. Fairholt justly observes, completely through the reign of Anne. There are satirical allusions to little muffs and silver garters. Swift alludes to the Babel head-dress, which made the Duchess of Grafton resemble a madwoman. D'Urfey writes of water camlet gowns, gowns with golden flowers, spotted petticoats fringed with knotted thread, lace shoes and silk hose. Clothes were still often perfumed. Sir Roger de Coverley, in 1711, mentions the hoop petticoat as reviving; hoods of various colours were worn at the Opera; and in 1712 cherry colour was the prevailing fashion. Fashionable belles favoured scarlet stockings, and in many cases took snuff. Black silk mantuas were fashionable, and riding suits of blue camlet trimmed with silver. Malcolm, in his anecdotes, gives an advertisement of losses, which convey an odd notion of female dress in this reign. There are cherry-coloured stays trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-coloured damask gown; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian silk; a black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; a black silk furbelowed scarf, &c.

Dress grew simple in the reign of George I., and there being no queen few changes took place. The low coiffures with falling lappets, the stiff bodices, the small laced aprons, still continued, and people dressed pretty well as they liked. In 1732 the *London* describes the following ladies at a party. One wore a *robe de chambre*; the next a close habit resembling a *weed*. A widow in her first year had on a sarsnet hood and a loose round gown. On her left sat a widow in a riding-hood, and another in a short cloak and apron. Next her was a pretty young creature in a hat such as old women wear in the north, while this lady's companion had on a velvet cap, with a black flap let down to her shoulders like a Newcastle carrier. "Before we broke up," says the writer, "there arrived two ladies in a hack, who had just been airing; the first had her hair tucked up under a laced beaver and feather, and the second had an upright plume, with her hair dangling to her waist; and in

short, the several head-dresses, with the peaks, lappets, and roundings, and the several habits, with the sleeves, robings, lacings, embroideries, and other ornaments, were so various in the cut and shape, that my niece (a country girl) imagined that she was in an assembly of the wives and daughters of the foreign ministers then resident in town, and when their language undeceived her, as readily concluded her annt had appointed a solemn masquerade, with a general reception to all visitors."

In this reign, thanks to the growth of sentiment and absurd sham pastoral poetry, the ladies began to affect extreme simplicity of dress. They tried to look like milkmaids, and wore high-crowned hats and long aprons, or low straw hats lined with green, and with broad brims. In 1739 old ladies wore plain silk gowns with double borders, black hoods and scarfs, with tassels at the end. The younger had laced stomachers and fringed white aprons.

In 1744 (George II.) young and fashionable ladies dressed in the same airy milkmaid manner, with small round hats, plain gowns opened low in front, long white muslin aprons, and an improved sort of hoop. The satirists were outrageous against the hoop, and there are frequent drawings of its absurd exaggerations in Hogarth's works. About 1740 a pretty novelty was introduced from France, the *sacque*, a gown which hung free of the body from the shoulders to the train, and was most graceful and changeable in its folds. The wide loose gown was open in front. The hair was now trimmed in curls close round the face, one or two falling behind, and the cap worn was the Mary Stuart shape.

The train of the *sacque* in walking was thrown on the arm, or tossed negligently over the hoop. Those two clever artists of the present day, Messrs. Leslie and Storey, have shown the grace of the *sacque* in many of their charming pictures.

About 1752 (George II.) the capuchin, or black silk hood, was introduced from France, and was not ungraceful. A satire of the time shows us what a strange medley of dress prevailed during Hogarth's career. The writer rails at the small bugle caps adorned with a pompoon; the grey powder on the hair braided like the tail of a colt for sale; the stomacher bits ornamented with silver and ribbon; the naked neck and shoulders surrounded by lace; the *sacques* blue, yellow, and green, and the sixteen ruffles on the elbow, the flounced lawn aprons, hoops eight yards wide, high-heeled shoes ornamented with gold lace.

In drawings of this time the close upturned hair of the ladies gives an air of meanness to the heads when compared with the outrageous swelling hoops. The small black hoods were frequently worn with short fringed capes. Chip hats now became fashionable. The beautiful Miss Gunnings adopted them, and a rival of these ladies used to declare "that she wanted nothing but an elegant chip hat, with a large rose on the left side, and tied under the chin with cherry-coloured ribbons, to make her appear as charming as either of the lovely sisters." Ladies wore political colours, and white roses denoted an adherent of the Stuarts.

The dress of the early years of George III.'s reign was very simple. The Court with the young King and Queen set a good example. The most fashionable ladies thought it good taste to wear a small gipsy hat, a long-waisted gown laced over the stomacher, short sleeves, and the elbow with very full ruffles. This formed the costume. But for the rich tradeswomen, or vulgar persons, there were plenty of gaudy colours. We hear of brocaded lutestring *sacques*, with ruby-coloured ground and stripes; black satin *sacques*, with red and white flowers, trimmed with white floss, garnet-coloured lutestring, night-gowns with stripes of green and white, trimmed with floss of the same colour, and lined with straw-coloured lutestring.

In 1767 the hair was displayed in head-dresses of enormous size. Just before this it was fashionable to bind the hair tight and trim. "Now," says a satirist of the period, "our fine ladies remind me of an apple stuck on the point of a small skewer." Wool was used to create an appearance of abundant locks, great quantities of pomatum were employed to plaster them down, and grey was the fashionable colour for powder, as one can see by Reynolds's portraits.

THE SALON OF 1876.

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II.



THE preponderance of large and important works of art at the present *Salon* has been already noted. One of the most striking of the great canvases is due to the pencil of the still young but already celebrated artist, Tony Robert Fleury, who for some seasons past has sent nothing to the annual exhibition. His present contribution is entitled 'Pinel, Chief Physician of the Salpêtrière in 1795,' and represents that philanthropic and skilled physician in the act of releasing the maniacs under his care from the heavy fetters with which they had, till that period, been loaded. The scene occurs in the garden attached to the hospital. At one side may be seen a row of cells, with their hapless inmates either chained to posts before the doors or peering through the grated windows. In the centre of the picture, Pinel, a grave and gracious gentleman, stands observing the actions of two workmen, who are in the act of releasing a young girl from her chains and a massive iron girdle, while she struggles raving against their ministrations. In the background another female, just set free, is writhing in a sort of ecstatic convulsion prostrate on the ground. Beyond the figure of Pinel, a woman crouches in the act of kissing his hand; while another group of maniacs is visible beneath the shadow of a large tree at the left, one of whom, a sort of Madge Wildfire, all fluttering with fantastic bows and rihands, looks on with a smile of fatuous idiocy. The whole picture is well and carefully executed, and shows intelligence, research, and *savoir faire*, but it is less of a success than a grand effort, lacking the one supreme element of genius that can alone make such a work entirely great.

Another large and important work, entitled 'At Dawn,' is due to the pencil of M. Hermans. It represents the door of a Parisian *café* at daybreak. Within, the unextinguished lights burn redly, while outside the cold, pale light of morning floods the street. A group of revellers, their night-long orgie ended, is just issuing through the open portal. One, a young and dissipated-looking man, with dark mustache and dishevelled hair, his hat planted on the back of his head, and his careful evening toilet all disarranged and crumpled, stands on the door-step swaying tipsily to and fro. Clinging to his arm is a dashing *lorette*, well-nigh as drunk as he, wearing an elegant evening-dress of pale rose-colour, and an India shawl twisted carelessly around her shoulders, and carrying a fan in her outstretched hand. She is striving to drag her companion onward to the carriage which is visible at one side, but he turns to listen to the blandishments of a graceful, bewitching-looking blonde, who stands within the doorway, holding back the folds of her pale-blue ball-dress with one hand, while she curves her disengaged arm around the neck of the hesitating youth. The first woman, drunken, dashing, dishevelled, looks totally depraved, but around the fair-haired girl there still linger some gleam and grace of the lost glory of womanhood. From the street a group of working-people, on their way to their daily toil, contemplates the scene. One, a gentle-looking girl of sixteen, surveys the party with saddened eyes and averted head, and her little brother, a boy of twelve, looks on with amazement, while their grey-headed father glances down at his son as though to read the effect produced upon him by the sight. Certain resemblances between the features of the boy and those of the blond *lorette* would lead one to suspect that the painter intended them for brother and sister, but upon the countenance of the father there is no trace of the anguish or the pathos of such a meeting. The picture is a fine and impressive work of art, and may be cited as among the most striking in the exhibition. The fact that the artist is a German may perhaps account for the circumstance that it has received but scant notice from Parisian critics.

Jules Garnier's 'Supplice des Adultères' might be described as an *opéra-bouffe* partition reduced to painting. The wit, the vivacity, the mirthfulness, of the artist have fairly run riot in treating this peculiarly Frenchified subject, which, taken from the traditions of the punishments of the Middle Ages, represents the erring pair whipped naked by the public executioner through the

streets of their native city. The moment chosen is the very outset of their penitential career. The woman, a beautiful blonde, with long; dishevelled hair, is wholly absorbed in the shame of her position: she hides her face with one upraised arm, while with the other hand she clutches wildly and unavailingly at her garments, which the executioner's assistant is just in the act of tearing from her. A single fold of lilac drapery floats across her form. Her companion, a dark-haired, handsome youth, seems only alive to the physical anguish of the scourge, the first stroke of which has just fallen upon his uncovered shoulders. The faces of the spectators of the scene ranged on either side are full of expression. A stout burgher, in a long, furred gown, pats his hands together approvingly, while his young and handsome wife, leaning on his arm, glances askance at an exceedingly good-looking youth beside her, who, with one hand lost amid his coal-black curls, looks at once perplexed and dismayed by the spectacle before him. On the other side a long, lean, raw-boned fellow gazes with a smile of stern gratification at the doings of the executioner, and is seemingly the representative of the deceived husband of the comedy. A sweet-faced, aged woman, beside him, draws away her little granddaughter, from the sight; while, beyond her, a pretty, buxom, bright-eyed matron looks on with a most comical expression of affright. Evidently, there is some concealed peccadillo in that pretty creature's past, the knowledge of which pricks her sorely at the sight of a fellow-woman's punishment, to judge by the terror in her wide-distended eyes and the convulsive clutch wherewith her hand has closed upon the skirt of her gown. The bright-hued costumes of the Middle Ages, the blue sky and sunny atmosphere, make up a scene that is brilliant without being glaring in effect. There are a force and finish about the execution that argue well for the future of the artist, who has gained from the jury an honourable mention.

Toulmouche, who has too much neglected the *Salon* of late years, sends this season two dainty little pictures, replete with his peculiar qualities of careful and delicate workmanship. One, called 'Flirtation,' represents a warm-tressed blonde in a dress of pink-satin, seated on a sofa, and looking unutterable things from behind her large, painted fan, at a peculiarly refined-looking, pale, carefully-attired gentleman, who listens to her conversation with an air of high-bred *ennui*, while leaning over the back of the sofa. The lady is not particularly pretty, but her satin draperies are painted with exquisite skill. The other Toulmouche is called 'Summer,' and shows us a lovely young girl in a dress of pale-yellow, relieved by a scarf of vivid blue, who is in the act of gathering roses. A very noteworthy effect in the pictures of Toulmouche is to be found in the fact that he is one of the few artists that can reproduce the air and refinement of good society: when he paints a lady she *is* a lady, and not a *lorette* without her rouge.

Bonnat's contributions this year have disappointed even his warmest admirers, those who behold in everything that he does the revelations of an almost superhuman talent. His 'Portrait of Madame Pasca' last year, though fine, came scarcely up to the reputation which his 'Crucifixion,' exhibited in 1874, had won for him, and neither of his two pictures of this year is equal in merit to that portrait. His 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel' is simply a well-drawn representation of a wrestling-match; there is nothing celestial or superhuman about either the form or expression of the angel, who is evidently overweighted for the contest by his big, heavy wings. Some one should have imparted to Bonnat Macaulay's admirable criticism on the Faust and Mephistopheles of Retzsch, wherein he remarks that Faust rides the demon-steed with the grace and skill of a consummate horseman, while Mephistopheles sits his horse with the careless ease of a supernatural being. Some trace of that consciousness of superhuman power should have been visible in the action or expression of M. Bonnat's angel, but it is wholly lacking. The celestial wrestler is struggling as hard as the mortal one, and is, moreover, getting the worst of it decidedly. His other contribution, the 'Negro Barber,' might have been called 'The Twins,' for the two negroes, the one who

shaves and the one that is getting shaved, are the exact counterparts of each other. The blue shirt of the one who is undergoing the ministrations of his dusky *confrère* forms a not unpleasant relief of colour. The picture is a commonplace and uninteresting one to owe its creation to so celebrated a pencil.

One has to search carefully for the works of Chevillard, the celebrated painter of priests, whose bright little pictures, always of clerical personages and always very small, have made his fame and are winning him fortune. One of these little gems is entitled 'New Shoes,' and represents a stout old priest in the act of pulling on a particularly tight shoe, his face puckered into the drall grimace that is characteristic of the act. The other contribution of Chevillard shows us two priests engaged at a game of cards, while a third is looking on. One of the players has just laid down the winning-card, and his adversary throws down his hand and looks savagely over his defeat, while the solitary spectator laughs heartily at his discomfiture. The amount of expression that Chevillard contrives to infuse into these tiny works is really marvellous. Another good picture of priestly life is Leo Herrmann's 'Good Story.' Before a neatly-set breakfast-table sit two priests, one a dark-haired young fellow, who has just told his 'Good Story' to the elder *curé*, who sits opposite to him, and is still laughing at his own tale. The other, however, is in perfect convulsions of merriment; he holds his sides and throws himself back in an agony of laughter. The gesture and expression are so irresistibly sympathetic that most persons burst out laughing as soon as they catch sight of this picture. The execution is hard and metallic, but the colouring is good, the dark-robed figures of the characters being relieved against the pale-green of the walls of the room, which tint is further set off by the introduction of a pink screen. Lampron's 'Importun' is something in the same style. It is a picture of a cardinal, seated in solitary state at a collation set out on a superb terrace. The pet monkey of his eminence has leaped upon the table, and is making the fruit and the costly porcelain fly in all directions; while his master, half-angry and half-laughing, is threatening the intruder with his stick. The cardinal's scarlet robes light up the picture with a vivid dash of colour, the accessories, such as the porcelain, the cardinal's cushion of rich Japanese embroidery, glowing with gold and colour, &c., are painted with great care and finish; but, like the picture of Herrmann, the execution is too hard, and the atmosphere of the distant landscape lacks depth and softness.

Vollon, abandoning his usual subjects, such as pots and pans, old armour and bric-à-brac, has sent a single full-length, life-sized figure, a 'Fisher-woman of Dieppe.' No ideal or poetic fisher-woman is this, with a pretty face, trim garments, and well-filled basket, but a strong-limbed, half-naked creature, an "actual toiler of the sea," realistic, powerful, and forcibly represented. With her basket strapped on her back she goes forth, her face turned towards the darkening sky, yet fearless and unshrinking, to earn her own and it may be her children's bread. Her sinewy limbs and ample breast are bare to the scourges of the spray and the buffeting of the storm. There is an unconscious pathos about this image of rude and unfeminine toil that the artist himself probably did not realise as he created it. We hope that, after this unexpected display of artistic power, M. Vollon will leave copper kettles and antique helmets to some more feeble and less-daring pencil. Berne-Bellecour, reversing the process of his fellow-artist, has quitted the realms of military art for that of bric-à-brac. His 'Dessert,' a bewildering assemblage of fruits and flowers, porcelain and silverware, set out on a white table-cloth, is

very beautifully painted, the glistening lights and grey shadows of the silver flagons and cups against the dead white of the damask cloth being most skilfully represented.

There is a strange and weird charm about the 'Salome' of Gustave Moreau, melodramatic and unnatural though it be. Enthroned in a vast and shrine-like structure, towering high up amid the shadows, sits Herod, his pale, inanimate countenance showing stone-like through the gloom, while at the foot of this portentous throne waits the veiled executioner, with mighty drawn sword and brazen charger. In the foreground moves Salome, poised on tiptoe, and bearing a lily in her outstretched hand, as stiff and well-nigh as lifeless-looking as a figure on an Egyptian fresco. The dance which she is executing is evidently some slow and stately measure of Eastern ceremonial. Her robes are stiff with gems and heads and embroideries; the woman herself disappears under the glitter and massiveness of her head-dress and her garments. Nevertheless, over the whole picture there broods an atmosphere of terror and of gloom, the shadow of the coming crime. We must turn to the gallery of drawings to find the sequel of the scene! There amid the aquarelles we find the picture of the 'Apparition.' The same actors are present; Herod is still watching the dancer, and the executioner is still waiting, but Salome, her heavy robes slipping from her form, recoils before the ghastly image of a severed head, suspended in the air and surrounded with a blaze of intolerable lustre; she only sees this terrible vision. Herod is gazing at her, and the executioner waits her pleasure, but Salome cowers in terror before the flash of the supernatural radiance and before the supernatural rain of blood that drips amid the roses at her feet.

It is somewhat difficult to paint an interior so as to make of it an interesting picture, but M. Bachereau has solved the problem with his 'Bedchamber of Marie Antoinette, October 6, 1789.' There it is—the stately palace-chamber, with its frescoed ceiling, its gilded woodwork, its deep embrasured windows, its polished floor, its bed draped with azure velvet, and spotted with *fleurs-de-lis* in gold. The pillow is tossed aside, the coverings are in disorder, and a tiny shoe lies forgotten on the floor, but the mob have possession of the palace, and the queen, forewarned of their approach, has fled in time to save her life. Yonder they come, crowding in at the open door, ragged, fierce, and furious, a severed head borne aloft upon a pike dimly visible in the distance. But they pause upon the threshold, for the splendid room is vacant; its occupant has flown. The contrast between the magnificence and solitude of the deserted room and the grim aspect of the stormy and disappointed mob is very striking.

It is with pleasure that I record the highly-creditable display made by the American artists at this exhibition. I have already described most of their contributions in my previous articles, so will only mention the names of Knight, Bacon, Ramsey, Ward, and Bridgman, Eaton, Dubois, and Baird, as contributors of fine and noteworthy pictures, the latter two being quite young men, but artists of good and genuine performance, as well as of great promise. Lippincott, Blashfield, Tait, Weir, and Traey, also exhibit this year. Mr. May's 'Alsatian Girl' is a well-painted picture, particularly pleasing in colour. This artist is one of the very few Americans that ever carried off a medal from the *Salon*. The only other American artists that ever achieved this feat are Church (Exhibition of 1869), Bierstadt (who has the grand cross of the Legion of Honour), Robert Wylie, of Philadelphia, and George Healy. The latter has gained two medals; a third-class one in 1840, and a second-class one in 1855. LUCY H. HOOPER.

PAINTINGS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE English exhibit of works of Art at the Centennial, which we described in the *Art Journal* for July, is more completely representative than that of any other country. Next to it in interest is the American collection. The Austrian also holds an important place, and Germany, France, Sweden, Belgium, &c., make each displays of more or less consequence. As the American gal-

lery is the most complete of either of these, we shall describe it next in order to the English. The paintings occupy one large hall in the Memorial Building, besides a long corridor in connection with it, and upon the walls of both paintings are hung closely from the floor nearly to the ceiling. The pictures represent most of the American artists of note, from Copley to the latest student of

Munich, though the works of the elder men are unfortunately not the most noted productions of their easels. It would have seemed proper that on an occasion like the present patriotic motives should have entered very largely into the choice of pictures to be sent to this Exhibition; and that, as a history of one branch of the intellectual life of the United States during the last hundred years, the greatest possible care should have been used in the selection of the works by West, Allston, Copley, and others. But it has failed to be the case. The modern painters have done better, and, though the best specimens of the works of Durand, Church, and William M. Hunt, do not appear, Eastman Johnson, Sanford R. Gifford, Samuel Colman, and other of our leading painters, show that they, at any rate, have realised the importance of the occasion by the excellent contributions they have made.

The visitor to the United States collection enters the corridor first, and here he sees hung upon the walls some half-dozen Allstons, both portraits and landscapes, and also among them that most complete of his compositions, 'The Vision of the Bloody Hand.' The latter picture is quite small, but, unlike so many of Allston's elaborate compositions, it is entirely finished. Without the delicate beauty of some of the female faces and figures in 'Belshazzar's Feast,' or the delightful elaboration of his 'Beatrice,' the pose of the two figures, transfixed with horror at the apparition, is very fine; and the mellow colours, the arrangement of light and shadow, and the harmony of the lines in this picture, entitle it to rank as one of the best, if not the most showy, paintings of this master. Could such a painting as this one have been grouped with some half-dozen other *finished* works of his, instead of with the half-painted landscapes and merely blocked forms of the portraits at the Exhibition, our own countrymen, as well as foreigners, would have had a good opportunity to learn at Philadelphia how worthily Allston holds his place among the great painters of the world. But this picture of the 'Bloody Hand' is too small to fix the attention of many besides amateurs, and the pale sketches of the other pictures give little adequate idea of the beauty and artistic character of the works of this first of American artists.

Occupying a place in the corridor, equally insignificant with the paintings of Allston, are a few of Copley's old portraits, the loan of Harvard College. Here Madam Boylston, stately in grey satin and black lace, flourishes side by side with her son or husband, who is dressed in velvet and brocade, and the two make a couple worthy in dignity to rank with the historical personages of any country, and are rendered with an art at once knowing and refined. Few painters have known better than Copley how to drape stately personages in splendid attire; and, for the same reason that we deplore the lost opportunity of showing how good a painter Allston was, we miss the display of a sufficient number of Copley's portraits to enable us at the same time to see some of the likenesses of the most important Americans of his day, and to have an adequate display of Copley's elegant painting.

The main hall of the Gallery strikes one at first as being filled with poor pictures, since the largest canvases upon its walls are among the worst in the Exhibition, and these are so startling that it is not till the mind has accustomed itself to ignore them altogether, that such pictures as Rothermel's 'Battle of Gettysburg' and Mrs. Morell's 'Miles Standish' can have other than an injurious effect upon the small and good pictures that surround them. Our space forbids us to dwell much on the ill taste, to say nothing of the bad art, of such pictures as the 'Battle of Gettysburg,' which, even if it were a fine picture, which it is not, would be an unsuitable reminder, at this Centennial time, of discords that are past and troubles which will scarcely be renewed. Could a large group of good Allstons, or Benjamin West's pictures, or of many artists we might name, have occupied these big spaces on the walls, their beauty and dignity would have dominated the collection and given it a positive character that it now lacks.

The collection on the whole is, however, the best exhibition of American works that has ever to our knowledge been got together. For here are the best paintings that have been made by Page, E. Wood Perry, W. T. Richards, Winslow Homer, the two Giffords, and many others, for the last ten or fifteen years. It has been objected by some of our papers that the artists did not with one accord paint for this Centennial Exhibition, each of them, a very important picture in his best manner. Any one acquainted with artists will be aware that pictures painted to order are not

usually those their authors prize most highly; and such persons will readily believe that choice renderings of choice moods are likely to be more satisfactory, even though they be scattered through many years' work, than pictures fabricated for an occasion. It is for this reason that we welcome most cordially the picture of the 'Old Kentucky Home,' by Eastman Johnson, painted many years ago. Here is one of the first of the pictures which gave him reputation, and looking at it now as we looked at it formerly, we find it doubly charming, with its old mossy roof that shielded various Dinahs and Cuffys of all sizes and ages, from the curly-headed baby at the knee to white-headed old men and women, with their pleasant, good-humoured faces, their awkward forms, and their odd clothes. Hens and chickens, too, are here, and domestic pigeons coo in the shadows of the house, and irregular and mottled window-panes catch the light, or give back cool, blue reflections. The picture is as fresh now as when it was first painted, but it has gained the additional interest as marking at what stage the artist had then arrived in his work, and his later paintings show us how much he has outgrown his old methods. For the brilliancy and freedom of handling of this year's picture of the 'Husking Bee' can scarcely be compared at all with the painstaking but cramped *technique* that marks the 'Old Kentucky Home.' Like a series of lovely poems are Mr. Sanford Gifford's pictures of 'San Giorgio,' 'Fishing-Boats in the Adriatic,' 'Lago Maggiore,' 'Twilight in the Adirondacks,' and his other American and European paintings. Their mere names are suggestive of scenes so imaginative that, when, in the midst of crude or half-considered subjects, the eye rests upon their pure bright skies, their translucent waters, or searches in the intricacies of red and brown and yellow sails or rocks for the varying tints, that add a gleam of sunshine or mark a recessed shadow, their completeness and repose delight the fancy as well as satisfy the artistic sensibilities. Mr. Gifford has, indeed, made a very valuable collection of his works for this Exhibition, and, more than most American artists, he is able to be adequately judged, both by his own countrymen and by our foreign visitors.

Whitredge and McEntee have also filled their parts well, like men of the world as well as painters, and here may be seen their brown forest-places, and ponds and streams overhung with thickest maple or quivering aspen. It was supposed that Mr. Page would be represented at the Centennial by his admirable likeness of Farragut, but, instead of this painting, we see in close proximity to the 'Miles Standish,' whose vicinity vulgarises it, his portrait of Shakespeare, the same one of the poet reading which was much commented on at the Academy two or three years ago. Among the best of the American pictures are the water-colours. Here are Oriental scenes by Samuel Colman, of mosques and tombs, pictures of Rome or from Brittany, that formed so large a portion of the fine-arts exhibitions in New York last winter. Mr. Winslow Homer displays here several pictures which gained him great commendation last year and the winter before. Fresh in subject and treatment, many of them in addition are characteristically humorous. The little painting called 'A Flower for the Teacher' embodies a great part of all we know of the esteem in which the preceptor of youth is held in this country, and the curly-headed coloured boy, with his staring eyes, his small, spindling legs and arms, and with a big sunflower grasped in his hand, is at once a funny and a typical portrait of life among the coloured people. Charles H. Miller has a number of his best pictures, and among them are several that have been exhibited in New York during the last four years: 'High Bridge from Hudson River,' familiar to many of our readers, who will recall its billowy clouds and its hazy lights and shadows, as delicate and full of vapour as a Dutch landscape. 'The Old Mill at Springfield, L. I.' was another of his pictures that gained him reputation; and 'A Long Island Homestead' was one of the most sweet and beautiful bits of American scenery that we can remember. A complete list of the American painters whose works find place here would more than fill all the space we can give to this subject, and the question arises, after looking at these pictures, "What are the motive and tendency of our painters?" Comparing their works with the English school, and with our memory of foreign galleries, the fact presses closely upon us that the landscapes at any rate are too photographic, and fail as expressions of distinct intellectual facts. Many of the best of our landscapes appear like pictures seen in the camera, and en-



tirely lack the quality which Emerson so pertinently applies to good delineation, as "Nature passed through the alembic of man." All the great landscapes of the world have possessed this peculiarity, and from Claude and Ruysdael, to Poole's 'Lion in the Path,' in the English collection, or the strong Rousseaus and Duprés we occasionally see, it is the realistic facts of Nature dominated by some strong mood of man that give them their importance. Mr. Macy, of Munich, shows this appreciation of a double motive in the pictures he sends home to America, and one of these, at the Academy this spring, told with surprising force in the midst of the general photographic rendering of Nature. There is no education so important to single artists as the comparison of their works with those of others; and in no way can a country better find out where it stands in its artistic aims and accomplishment, than by looking at a full collection of its own works side by side with those of other nations.

Among the most brilliant paintings in Memorial Hall, and very different from any of the others, are some of the Austrian works of art. Foremost in the entire collection in size, in brilliancy of colour, and hold and rich grouping, is Hans Markart's picture of Catherine Cornaro receiving the homage of the Venetians, to whom, on the death of her husband, the King of Cyprus, she has presented her kingdom. The canvas on which this brilliant scene is depicted is at least twenty feet long, and is crowded with figures. Catherine, a blond-haired woman the size of life, is seated in gorgeous and flowing robes, while children magnificent as cherubs and fair as angels press around her laden with roses, whose crushed petals tremble with perfume. Great, gorgeous flowers, they hang upon their stalks only less magnificent than the human creatures who bear them. Hans Markart is one of the most gorgeous colourists living, and the reds, the purples, the gold colours, and the browns in this painting, are as rich as the dyes of sunset or an autumn forest penetrated by sunshine. The extraordinary effectiveness of this picture arises in large part from great touches and sweeps of colour, which in one place cover a deep-coloured velvet with old Venetian lace, and in another portion of the picture a few dashes of the palette-knife broider a satin garment with a rihand of gold, or stiffen it with jewels. The depth and purity of colours can scarcely be more thoroughly tested than by letting sunlight shine upon a canvas that has been painted in the shade; and this test Markart's painting bears perfectly; for at certain times of the day bands of sunlight fall athwart the forms of Catherine and her companions, and it is only by observing them move across the canvas that the spectator is brought to believe that they are not actually painted into the blond curls or the brocaded robes of this gorgeous crowd of people. Among the other excellent pictures in the Austrian collection is a portrait of a woman by Charles Probst, a picture worthy to rank among the best modern works in the delicacy and character of the face and figure, and the colours and gradations of the satin gown, and the fading lights of the distance. A subdued, quiet picture this one is, as different as possible from the blazing colours of the Catherine Cornaro; but, going through the Austrian department time after time, the eye dwells upon the composed and somewhat melancholy face, and turns from many more showy works, to study again and again the grey shadows upon the dress and figure. Of the landscapes, two or three by Robert Russ are very fine in their colour and

drawing. One of these, which represents a grove of oak-trees, through which a rough road is winding, reminds us of the treatment of Rousseau, with its strongly-growing trees, its deep shadows, and the light from a thousand tiny clouds sparkling in the crisp tree-tops. Some cattle struggle along the rough road, and in the dark shadows beneath the trees rough underbrush and clods of grey earth complete the composition of this strong and brilliant painting.

The French pictures are much less important than those we are accustomed to see in America. If we took them for a fair exhibition of what that nation was capable of doing, no adequate idea could be gained of her methods, her schools, her artists, or her aims. Not one painting of any particular reputation appears here, and although the canvas of 'Rizpah defending the Bodies of her Sons,' by Georges Becker, made some impression at the *Salon* last year, it is in reality as far removed from being a fine work of art as Rothermel's 'Gettysburg.' This canvas is the largest in the French gallery, and upon it is painted, in a theatrical attitude, a gigantic figure of the Hebrew woman, whose long black eyebrows and hooked nose, her virile form and coarse black hair, render her a fit antagonist to the big vultures that swoop down to feed upon the dead youths hanging on gibbets behind her. The landscape is lurid with pale lights that break through the black clouds, fitful beams of which struggle across a rocky and desolate landscape. Around this painting groups of visitors are continually assembled, attracted to it by its morbid subject and its violent detail. The generality of the French pictures are such as can be seen by the dozen in any of our large print-shops, and they look like the works of pupils whose masters we have long been accustomed to admire or to criticise. Dumaresq has a picture of the Geneva Congress of 1873, which contains portraits of the members of the convention which adjudged the Alabama claims; and here is a charming bit of colour by Duminais, called the 'Morvan King;' but not a painting by Meissonier, Gérôme, Rosa Bonheur, or the dozen French artists whom to us mean French art, appears at the Exhibition. With two or three exceptions, the German department is totally uninteresting, recalling in their stereotyped hardness the old pictures of Düsseldorf. Wagner's picture of a circus is familiar to us by photographs, but is totally uninteresting except as a piece of scene-painting.

The Spanish exhibition is a small one, but here may be found a number of paintings by the old masters, Murillo, Morales, Ribera, and some interesting Spanish architectural interiors. The Roman-Spanish school, of whom Fortuny and Villejos are examples, do not appear, but the old pictures give quite a good idea of the style and method of painting of the early masters. Saints and martyrs, faded or browned by age, appear here, and the violent anatomy and the contortions of Spagnolettos will conspicuously illustrate this second-rate master. The other schools, of Sweden, the Netherlands, Denmark, and the rest, merely repeat in an insignificant manner the productions we frequently have the opportunity to admire in New York, Chicago, or Boston, where such names as Koch Koch, Clays, and others of their rank, have familiarised us with their own fine pictures and at the same time have educated us to be content only with fine colours and strong forms managed by masterly hands.

S. N. C.

THE THREE DOGS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF H. W. F. BOLCKOW, ESQ., M.P.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R. A., Delt.

C. MOTTRAM, Engraver.

WE look at this group of dogs till we mentally ask, What would they tell us of their thoughts if they had but the gift of speech? That they are both thinking and observing is evident by the expression in the face of each, and, though the heads are in different positions, the eyes have almost a common focus of attraction. We

"Will not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If dogs confabulate or no;"

though we have a very strong impression that they possess the power of communicating ideas, and even wishes, to each other in some inexplicable manner, as the annals of the canine race testify over and over again. Among very many examples of this instinct or faculty may be mentioned more than one authenticated story, in which a small dog, having been maltreated by a larger one, fetches a companion, whose mettle and power he can safely trust, to punish his aggressor; and most effectually it is done.

Whether Landseer really saw three dogs grouped together as he has sketched them, which is not at all improbable, or whether he *composed* the group from three distinct studies, there is no evidence: in either case the animals form a most attractive trio, instinct with life, though perfectly quiescent and truthful in all the characteristics of the respective kinds of each. The drawing

from which the engraving is made is of large size, and was bought at the sale of the artist's sketches after his death. We should assign to it the date of 1842-'43, a period when Landseer made numerous sketches of dogs belonging to the Queen and the Prince Consort: it is just possible that these may have been among them, though we can find no record of any such fact.

THE REAL AND IDEAL IN ART.



It has been a question much discussed by Art-writers, as well as by literary authorities, whether the artist should attempt to paint Nature exactly as she is, or whether he should throw around her the halo of imagination and ideality. It is the opinion of the writer that utter realism in Art is almost impossible. For instance, set two, three, or four landscape-painters to sketch the same scene from the same spot, and at the same season of the year. Let the pictures then be compared, and see how very different they will be, though all may be good. The eye of each artist has seen through the medium of his own natural tastes, and each sees differently. One loves warm, rich colours; another is enamoured of cool greys and bluish greens, while the others have still different feelings for Nature. No matter how much they may believe themselves to be painting Nature as she is, each is reproducing his own inner feelings upon the canvas. And, if this were not so—if all could see exactly alike, and be possessed of equal powers—there *could* be no originality; there could be no character or feeling in any picture; and if one artist could do all the work, the world would need but that single artist.

One of our first Art-writers, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, says: "So long as the painter or sculptor is bound down to literal truth his artistic faculties are not allowed to operate. Art only begins with the liberty of the artist, as flight only begins with the liberty of the bird. . . . The whole creative and executive power of a great artist depends upon the skill with which he intentionally or unconsciously deviates from the literal truth of Nature." And, *per contra*, he says: "A picture might be painted, a statue might be carved, which should be patiently faithful to Nature, yet destitute of the qualities of Art, and wholly unworthy to occupy a place in any well-chosen collection."

John Hay, in his "Castilian Days," tells of one picture in the Gallery of Madrid which is exceedingly great through its very realism, though it is a singularly exceptional case. It is 'Las Meninas,' by Velasquez, and is a truthful picture of the artist in a room of the king's palace, while engaged in painting the portrait of the Infanta of Spain, who was very unprepossessing in appearance. The fancy had seized him to paint everything *just as it was*. When Luca Giordano came from Italy he inquired for this picture, and said upon seeing it, "This is the theology of painting." Mr. Hay writes: "If our theology were what it should be, absolute and unquestioned truth, Luca the Quick-worker would have been right." This was the plain, unvarnished truth.

After describing the picture in detail, Mr. Hay says: "The longer you look upon this marvellous painting the less possible does it seem that it is merely the placing of colour upon canvas which causes the perfect illusion. It does not seem possible that you are looking upon a plane surface. There is a stratum of air before, behind, and beside those figures. You could walk upon that floor and see how the artist is getting on with the portraits. There are space and light in this picture, as in any room. Every object is detached, as in the common miracle of the stereoscope. If Art consists in making a fleeting moment immortal; if the true is a higher ideal than the beautiful, then it will be hard to find a greater painting than this. . . . It is utterly without beauty; its tone is a cold, olive-green grey. There is not one redeeming grace or charm about it, except the noble figure of Velasquez himself. Yet in its austere fidelity to truth it stands incomparable in the world. It gained Velasquez his greatest triumph."

This picture is, doubtless, the greatest example of successful

realism in Art in the entire range of Art-history. Yet who knows of it? Who even hears of it? It is neither copied nor engraved, and, but for Mr. Hay's interesting book, its very existence would be known but to a few travellers. Now listen to Mr. Hay's description of a single ideal painting—altogether ideal, yet so well known and appreciated as to be reproduced in every possible way. Thousands of copies have been painted, while engravings, lithographs, and exquisite porcelains, have been multiplied in all Christian lands upon the earth. This proves the supremacy of the ideal over the real in Art and in the human soul. Ever soaring, reaching out, always and without ceasing, through the infinite universe of God for its Utopia, its Aïden, all that approaches nearest its imagined perfection is worshipped as a thing divine, a thought of heaven, an inspiration from the great Creator:

"In the great Gallery of Madrid hang the two glorious Marys of the Conception, that fill the room with light and majesty. They hang side by side, so like yet so distinct in character. One is a woman in knowledge and a goddess in purity; the other absolute innocence, startled by the stupendous revelation, and exalted by the vaguely comprehended glory of the future. It is before this picture that the visitor always lingers longest. The face is the purest expression of girlish loveliness possible to Art. The Virgin floats upborne by rosy clouds; flocks of pink cherubs flutter at her feet, waving palm-branches. The golden air is thick with suggestions of dim, celestial faces, but nothing mars the imposing solitude of the Queen of Heaven, shrined alone, throned in the harmonious azure. Surely no man ever understood or interpreted like this grand Andalusian the power that the worship of woman exerts on the religions of the world. All the passionate love that has been poured out in all ages at the feet of Ashtaroth, and Artemis, and Aphrodite, and Freya, found visible form and colour at last on that immortal canvas, where, with his fervour of religion and the full strength of his virile devotion to beauty, he created, for the adoration of those who should follow him, this type of the perfect feminine:

"Thee, standing loveliest queen in the open heaven,
Ave Maria! only heaven and thee!"

Every one will recognise the picture, and know that Murillo is the artist.

Webster defines ideality thus: "A lively imagination, united to a love of the beautiful, forming in its higher exercises one of the chief constituents of creative genius in poetry or the fine arts." And this is the quality most needed by a true artist. He not only loves the beautiful as all others see it, but, by the divine light of his own imagination, sees a halo invisible to coarser souls, until his cunning hand shall throw the colours from his own spirit upon the canvas. It is then that he is recognised as a genius. When he teaches more of beauty than other eyes have seen, when he paints a loveliness higher than we have dreamed of, it is then that we acknowledge his power. Why is it that the 'Immaculate Conception' of Murillo is held higher than all other pictures? Simply for the reason stated above. It reaches higher than the mind or imagination of man had hitherto gone. Its beauty is a perpetual surprise, an awful worship; the very incarnation of ideality.

The painter, like the poet—

" . . . is of imagination all compact."

He

"Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, . . .
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

This ideality is inborn—a gift of Nature and of God. *Pocit nascitur, non fit*, may he said with equal truth of the artist:

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. This is an art
Which does mend Nature; change it rather,
The art itself is Nature."

How subtly and beautifully has Shakespeare explained the beautiful truth that, but for that ideality which is itself the gift of Nature, no true artist could exist—that but for this there could, therefore, be no real art! The artist must first be possessed of this gift, together with a deep love of the beautiful, and then he must study all the masters of Art who have preceded him. Only to those who labour is success ever granted. And as each generation approaches nearer to perfection, so must each generation labour all the harder if they would make a name. The artist cannot, in his little life, make his natural gifts sufficient. He is but one step in advance, even by the "dust of labour." He can climb but one round in the ladder of progress. Sir Joshua Reynolds writes:

"Whoever has so formed his tastes as to be able to feel the beauties of the great masters, has gone a great way in his study; for, merely from a consciousness of this relish of the right, the mind swells with an inward pride, and is almost as powerfully affected as if it had itself produced what it admires. . . . It is in vain for poets or painters to endeavour to invent without materials on which the mind may work, and from which invention must originate. Nothing can come of nothing. Homer is supposed to be possessed of all the learning of his time; and we are certain that Michael Angelo and Raffaele were equally possessed of all the knowledge in the art which had been discovered in the works of their predecessors."

So, although ideality is alike necessary to the nature of the artist and the poet, the reality of labour and study is necessary to his success in his vocation. And yet I think it impossible for one who is not possessed of the first to ever study art with that devotion, and attention, and *love*, without which no study can ever be successfully mastered.

The standard for the scientific man is truth—truth in every thought and idea. The standard of the true artist is taste and feeling; his object, to give refined pleasure. He goes to Nature, but it is to select from her vast galleries of beauty whatever strikes him as grandest and loveliest. He can choose these, and leave all the rest as he pleases, his own innate feeling being his guide, his own taste his tutor.

Canova, it is said, finding no model sufficiently perfect for his Venus, modelled a limb from one, a bust from another, and so on to the perfect form. And yet, without the deep love of the beautiful in his own soul, he never could have reconciled and arranged these different portions of the human form divine to reach his ideal

of perfection. In the Venus de' Medici there is little doubt that the ancient sculptor anticipated Canova in this course: "So stands the statue that enchants the world." It is so with all the most perfect forms of sculpture. Few perfect models could be obtained, and the difficulty of getting these to sit is obvious.

In painting, the artist nearly always idealises, and in portrait-painting he *must* do this to be successful. To give the portrait so that it is recognised by the least art-loving relative, and yet so that it may reach the *feeling* of the most poetical lover of the subject, this is high Art. In short, to surround and imbue it with the idealism of the artist's own spirit—after a close study of the character of the sitter—is the very essence of success.

The writer knows a portrait of a poetess; a timid, shrinking woman, never beautiful except in her lovely spirit, her wonderful genius, and deep mother-love. She said to the artist:

" . . . Paint me as I am,
Whatever shape or colour you may see,
And do not fold the white fleece of the lamb
About the yellow lioness for me.

It shall be truth unless your soul is blind."

The artist followed her directions—as far as he could see her. It is painfully realistic. There is not one flattering touch. But ah! if he could have seen her hending above her yellow-haired boy—her tearful eyes full of the deep devotion of her wonderful mother-heart—if he could hear her crooning her own sweet songs to her "favourite child"—always that one who is sick or sorrowing—if he could know the deep, deep soul whose wonderful cadences are being echoed but now all over this land, then he would paint another picture, and fill that face with a tenderer and diviner beauty. His soul is probably not "blind," yet how *could* he know the woman's soul unless he had read her looks? For she is like the mimosa, ever folding the leaves of her heart to all tangible touches, and only letting the fragrance go out from her quiet home sanctum, from the midst of the children who are her inspiration.

Thousands of instances might be cited to strengthen my plea for the ideal in Art. The only refining influence of Art consists in this very ideality. If we saw nothing more in it than we see in Nature, how little would the soul be elevated above the earth! There would be no aspirations to higher, finer spheres, to nobler efforts, to a more beautiful perfection. The sentiments excited by the beautiful paintings of the old masters would never have been born. They would lie still in the Lethean sea, awaiting the birth of imagination in the human soul to call them into existence. Without this feeling the sunset clouds would never suggest an opening through the celestial gates, the words of the Psalmist would fall like clods of lead upon the spirit, and the great poets of the earth had never written. Without this we were like slugs in stagnant waters, like clams within the shell, like blind moles burrowing in the ground.

MARY E. NEALY.

NOTES.

ART IN WASHINGTON.—Massachusetts has sent her second contribution to the collection of national statuary in the Capitol at Washington—a statue in marble of Samuel Adams. In strong contrast with her aristocratic and stately Governor Winthrop, of quaint but stylish dress, commemorating the foundation of the colony, we have now the sturdy patriot and republican of a later age, in simple garb, but clad in the defiant spirit of a champion of popular rights that made the State. This last work is by Miss Annie Whitney, of Massachusetts, who, it is agreed, has done full honour to her subject and to her State, and shown her ability to execute a statue in a style of vigour generally supposed to be attainable only by the chisel of a man. The action of the statue is founded upon the following event: After the massacre of citizens of Boston by British soldiers, March 5, 1770, and fearing the people would attack the military at night, a town-meeting was held at the Old South Church, and a committee, of which Samuel Adams was chairman, was sent to Governor Hutchinson and his council to demand the removal of the soldiers from the city. After consultation the governor consented to remove the regiment (there were but two) that had fired upon the citizens. This reply being reported to the meeting, the committee was

ordered to declare to Hutchinson that it was not satisfactory. The same reply was made to another request that both regiments should be removed. John Adams has left us a vivid account of what followed: "Samuel Adams then rising to his full height, his frame quivering with emotion, and pointing at Hutchinson with a finger trembling with the intensity of passion, exclaimed: 'If you have the power to remove one regiment, you can remove both. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand persons. They are becoming impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighbourhood, and the whole country is in motion. *Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected. Both regiments or none!*'" The governor yielded, and the committee returned in triumph. Lord North afterward derisively called these troops "Sam Adams's regiments."

Miss Whitney has selected the moment when, at the close of his speech, Adams folded his arms, and fixed an unquailing, expectant look upon Hutchinson. The likeness is derived from an authentic portrait, and has been pronounced satisfactory. This is a fortunate circumstance, for surely no outward form and "countenance extern" better suit the hero of such an incident than what Miss Whitney has wrought from the

marble. Objection has been urged to the folded arms as an error of taste—as too studied and theatrical; but this cannot be justly said, in view of the intensely dramatic crisis of the event. It was something more than an ordinary personal effort of patriotism. The writer or planner of revolutionary deeds might, perhaps, be more appropriately honoured with a quieter style of memorial, but here was one who, in the very first struggle for freedom, in person confronted the royal authorities, and made his bold demand for the rights and protection of his countrymen in a way unprecedented, and in this same attitude of untrifled firmness. Miss Whitney has eloquently rendered this act of sublime audacity in the sturdy limbs, the erect body, resolute jaw, and uplifted brow—a fit image of the later "Hampden, who, with dauntless breast, withstood" the governor and his council. One side of the pedestal bears the name and age of the patriot; on the other is cut the italicised passage of his speech to the governor as given above. This statue is the first masterpiece from a woman's hand placed in the Capitol, and entitles the artist to honourable consideration in the award of future governmental commissions.

W. M.

MATTHEW NOBLE.—Matthew Noble, the English sculptor, who recently died, was born in 1818, at Hackness, near Scarborough. He studied his art in London under J. Francis, held in good repute as a sculptor, of busts especially. We first find him as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy in 1845, and from that year till 1849 all the works he contributed were busts; but in the last-mentioned year he sent, with two busts, a statuette of the then late Archbishop of York. In 1852 he exhibited a plaster model of a statuette of the late Sir Robert Peel, subsequently executed in marble for St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Two bas-reliefs in bronze, from Mr. Noble's designs, one illustrating a verse of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," the other a verse of the poet's "Dream of Eugene Aram," both forming portions of Hood's monument, were in the sculpture-gallery of the Academy in 1854. But the work which brought him prominently before the public was the Wellington monument erected at Manchester in 1856; the commission for its execution was competitive, and the decision in Mr. Noble's favour—for he was then but a comparatively young and unknown man—elicited much angry discussion, especially on the part of some of his brother artists; yet, so far as regards the sculpture itself, Manchester has good reason to be satisfied with her possession. Other important statues by him are Dr. Isaac Barrow, in Trinity College, Cambridge; Oliver Cromwell, at Manchester, engraved in the April number of the *Art Journal*; Sir James Outram, erected on the Victoria Embankment; the Queen, presented by Sir John Musgrove to St. Thomas's Hospital, of which he is president; the late Earl of Derby and Sir John Franklin, both erected near Westminster Abbey. Of Mr. Noble's ideal works may be named 'Purity,' 'The Angels—Life, Death, and the Resurrection,' a mural monument; 'Amy and her Fawn,' and the 'Spirit of Truth,' a mural monument. The number of busts of individuals, more or less distinguished, executed by him would make a long list. A man of exceedingly delicate constitution, it seemed strange, to those who knew him personally, that he should have lived even the comparatively short period of his life; and yet more, that he should be able to continue his labours. His death was in all probability hastened by that of a son in the terrible railway catastrophe at Abbot's Ripton early in the present year. In 1874 he lost another son, a youth of great promise as a sculptor. These sad trials weighed most heavily on a frail body and a highly-sensitive mind. Few men have been more esteemed and regarded, not alone for his great abilities, the manifestations of talent that very closely approximated to genius, but for rare kindly qualities of mind and heart. Generous in his acts and in his sympathies, amiable in his disposition, his nature was essentially kind and good. He was a gentleman of high rectitude, irreproachable in all the relations of life. In his studio there are, of course, many commissions, some finished (or nearly so), others in progress, and some barely commenced. At the strongly-expressed wish of Mr. Noble, these will be carried out by his valued friend, Joseph Edwards, who has been for more than twenty years closely associated with him, and greatly aiding him in the best of his undertakings.

ART IN ROME.—The large painting by Luigi Toro, of Sessa, exhibited recently in the Piazza del Popolo, and representing the philosopher Agostino Nifo before Charles V., has been purchased by Victor Emmanuel for the Capodimonte Gallery at Naples. The picture was originally ordered by the municipal government of Sessa, and commemorates the bold action of their republican-spirited Nifo, who continued to sit tranquilly, his hat still on his head, spite of the presence of King Charles and his astonished courtiers, on the occasion of a royal visit to Sessa. Since the king has acquired the original painting, the artist has made an exact copy of it for the city-hall of Sessa. One of the most recent paintings

by Toro is a landscape with figures, called 'Harvesting in Terra del Lavoro.' Whoever has visited the Capua or Caserta region, in the summer, could not fail to be delighted with this painting, which gives, with wonderful accuracy and care, the glowing, yellow hue of grain, ground, and almost of the air itself, filled with ardent sun, while the peasant men and women are at their work, as in reality, in the picturesque costumes seen rarely in Rome, except on the Spanish steps for the benefit of artists.

One of the best paintings in the recent exhibition was Prof. Bompiani's 'Parasite at the Roman Table.' In studying it, ages roll back, and we seem to be really present at an ancient feast. In a frescoed banqueting-room, behind a marble table supported by two carved lions, on a high divan, sits feasting, a rich Roman, with a fair woman at his right, upon whose arm a young girl is clasping a bracelet, while a lad of classic face and the fixed attention of the young to that which interests them, is leaning gracefully forward to catch the words of the parasite-gossip, who, attired in the festal costume prepared by the Romans for their guests and assumed by the latter on their arrival, is animatedly repeating to the host the news of the day. The wealthy host, with an amused expression of face, is seated in a nonchalant, free attitude, and, encircled with garlands of flowers, waves the lotus-fan, supposed to have a beneficial effect against the fumes of wine. The young wife on the right has a somewhat dignified and indifferent look, as if the stories were of no particular interest to her; but a guest, crowned also with a wreath, turns laughingly to listen, while to the right of the foreground a most graceful female figure stands close to an incense-burner, arranging the perfume in a bowl held by a page. Not far off a slave is pouring wine from a large amphora, and others at the table are filling with wine the silver cups or removing the vessels; close to the tiger-skin near the table is a wine-cooler, filled with ice and wine. A lute is on the floor, which is of shining marble, and tiled under the table. The wall-decorations are Pompeian as well as the bronze ornaments, for all these accessories are copied directly from antique specimens; even the dishes on the table, and the glasses, with plums and water, are from a fresco in the *triclinium* of Tiberias's house on the Roman Palatine, and the egg-dish from a Roman one found at the battle of Sadowa. The costumes are from Pompeian and other frescoes, and studied with much care.

The studio of Vanvitelli is large and artistic with tapestries. Venice seems his favourite subject, since, besides the fine painting purchased last year by Governor Morgan, we see here several other Venetian gems. One, unfinished as yet, is the 'Procession of the Redeemer.' Upon the occasion of this *fête*, a bridge of boats is made over the Guidecca Canal, and, as represented on the canvas before us, it becomes brilliant with life and colour, while priests, bearing the standard of the Redeemer, candles and poles surmounted with emblems, pass up and down the steps of a small bridge on the shore from which the procession starts; then, their banners and gowns flying in the wind, traverse the long bridge of boats, mount the church-steps on the other side, and enter the decorated door. On the green, shining water float canopied gondolas, and all the figures stand out with reality of colour. The sky is clouded as on days when the wind is strong. Another painting shows us the Piazza of St. Mark as it was at the epoch of Venetian supremacy, when the hue of the famous edifices had not become so browned with time, and when the people wore the picturesque costumes so much esteemed by artists and masqueraders. Some are promenading or taking coffee and ices, much as do the Venetians of to-day. The whole effect of the picture is something like the colour and detail obtained by looking through a camera-obscura—an effect which one vainly wishes, so far as concerns colour, could be caught and fixed upon the negative.

C. L. W.

HERBSTHOFFER.—This distinguished Austrian artist died at his home near Vienna in June last. He was born in 1821, at Presburg, Hungary; studied his profession in the Academy at Vienna; went to Paris in 1860, where he speedily achieved a high reputation. During the war he went back to Vienna, but when peace was restored returned to Paris. His health, however, then began to fail him, and he soon sought his old home at Vienna, where he died. He was first brought into notice by his painting 'The Antiquary,' exhibited in the Vienna *Salon* in 1841. He was then only twenty years of age. This painting is now in a picture-gallery in the city of Brooklyn. There is also a painting by him in Mr. Johnson's collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and among Mr. Sherwood's pictures in the Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design. In the last Paris *Salon* there were two works by him, 'Fanatics throwing Themselves upon the Tomb of a Saint,' and 'After the Pillage.' The style of this artist is very original; he was a brilliant colourist, and excelled in the delineation of street-scenes with many figures. He is described as a gentleman of "imposing presence and with a most generous and hearty nature, which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact socially."



THE WATER-BEARER.



THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

VI.—NEWPORT VILLAS.



Residences of the late Mr. G. Griswold Gray, and the late Miss Cushman ; with "Pratt's Villa."



HERE is no place in the world so beautiful in its way as Newport. Biarritz and Brighton, the watering-places of a past royalty, have never equalled it. The great, glittering Brighton, with that ridiculous growth of the bad taste of George IV., its Chinese pavilion, bears no approach to the elegance of Newport. The esplanade at Brighton is fine, but there are no such villas in endless succession, each with its finished lawn, beautiful flower-gardens, splendid graperies, and hot-houses, and each with its sweet bits of retired and individual beach, as at our famous watering-place. Along the coast of Wales, where there are charming watering-places, rejoicing in unpronounceable names, one finds occasionally lovely villas—such as at an exquisitely beautiful solitary place called "Rhynny" or "Blhngyn," or some such name—all consonants and no vowels—but the combination at Newport is unique.

Wealth, taste, and fashion, attracted by that mysterious something which has always made Newport preëminent, have concentrated their powers to finish the already lovely island and make it more gentle, more enjoyable, more perfect. The old town with its memories of the past, haunted by recollections of the gallant French,

officers, who of course fell in love with the ever-fascinating, fresh-cheeked Newport ladies—the stories of the beautiful *Hunters*, as famous almost as the *Gunnings*—the distinguished marriages made by these fair daughters of Newport with the titled and wealthy visitors—have spread the fame of Newport afar. Then the curious and honourable history of the Jewish community, their coming and their going—those learned and cultivated Portuguese Jews who have been so faithful to the memory of their people, and whose names remain indelibly imprinted on the highways and byways. Then the curious waves of prosperity and adversity, Fashion's caprices making it at one time almost as gay as it is now, then wholly deserting it; the occasional visits of Naval officers; all these things give one a never-ending budget of conversation for an afternoon drive around the splendid Ocean Avenue. Meantime the old town, in an enviable lethargy, has kept its sleepy hold on its dear, old quaint houses, and has maintained itself like a prim maiden aunt amid a family of gay, dashing, married nieces, untouched, unspoiled, and unterrified, by the march of improvement and the invasion of luxury! One admires the dignified lady.

The *dolce far niente* of Newport is most noticeable. It is in August a "land where it is always afternoon." Care, and self-

reproach, and nervousness, drop from one like a garment. This feeling is beautifully expressed in a few lines written by a gifted daughter of a gifted mother :*

"Thou opal of the ocean,
Fair daughter of the sea,
Soft pillow for sweet dying,
My heart returns to thee."

One lives so gaily, happily, and healthily at Newport, that the thought of dying seems farther off than usual, but if one must die what softer pillow to die on than that delicious air!

Life can offer few more attractions than are combined at Malbone, the charming home of Mr. Bedloe. Fragrant with historical memories, freighted with legends of past and present hospitality, the scene of many an antique revel, it is at once one of the most elegant, most comfortable, most agreeable, and perhaps the most historical house (except the Hunter house) in Newport. For old Mr. Malbone was one of the wealthiest merchants of the pre-Revolutionary era, when Newport was the richest commercial city in the country. He owned many slaves, for the gentle island was a great place for the infernal traffic; and persons of middle age re-

member now hearing old people tell of the sight, by no means uncommon, of rows and rows of Africans just landed, seated on the docks, swinging their poor feet in the water. The negroes were brought to Newport to improve their health before being sent to the Southern plantations.

Mr. Malbone, in his stately villa with its formal statues in box, cut in quaint shape, his *pleached alleys*, his marbles, his terraces, and his negroes, was a famous man. His dinners were good and frequent; on one occasion he gave one which was perhaps too good, for word was brought him at the third course that the house was on fire. "Remove the dinner to the lawn," said he, "we will finish it by the light of the fire;" and so this male Cleopatra drowned his burning house in Madeira.

Years after, the mass of ruins, and the alleys of box, and the farm, became the property of Hon. J. Prescott Hall, through his wife, who was a Miss De Wolfe.

Mr. Hall built the present Malbone (more than half of it) with the stone found in the ruins. The other half was easily matched from a neighbouring quarry, perhaps the same from which the original house was built, so the present mansion may safely be said



Malbone, Residence of Mr. Bedloe.

to be a phoenix which has arisen from the ashes of the old Malbone.

It is a handsome castellated house in the Elizabethan style, with long, latticed, narrow windows, which pierce the brown-stone walls. A tower, containing three rooms, completes one end of the structure; a large hall, spacious *salons*, beautiful bedrooms, and a fine dining-room, finished in hard woods, render the interior as beautiful as the exterior. Out of one of the windows of the dining-room young couples are encouraged to jump through a matrimonial-tree, one of those vegetable twins so common in our country, or rather just so uncommon as to be noticed and preserved.

Mr. Hall, with judicious taste, restored the terraces and the box as far as possible, and restocked the deserted grounds with marble fauns, naiads, hamadryads, and nymphs, after, perhaps, the questionable taste which prevailed in the Versailles period. Time has made these marble visitors grey, so that they compose beautifully with the dark green of the firs, the lawn, and the fine plantations of domestic and foreign trees.

The grand *salon*, fitted in pale-blue satin, and furnished with the tasteful accumulations of foreign travel, a bedroom furnished

as a tent, but not suggesting the hardships of Indian warfare, are among the attractions of this house.

The villa commands a view of the bay with its gay and varied scenery, its coming and going craft, wanting only the lateen-sail of the Mediterranean to make it perfect.

Near Malbone is the famous Miantonomoh Hill, where lived the great chief of the Narragansetts, "friend to the white man." Miantonomoh assisted the English, and enabled them to exterminate or drive away the hostile Mohegans. The name by the native Newporter was contracted to "Tammany Hill," by which it is now known.

On the death of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Malbone became the property of Mr. and Mrs. Bedloe, under whose tasteful management it has constantly been improved. Its brown-stone walls are hung with ivy; the exterior has that effect of maturity so seldom attained by an American house, while within modern taste has added those last and perfect touches which our luxurious age demands.

If houses have physiognomies, as has been often asserted, Malbone may be said to express aristocracy, pride of birth, comfort, solidity. It is a stronghold, a defence against winter's cold and summer's heat. Other houses are perhaps light and tasteful resting-places for a season; Malbone is a home.

* Mrs. Richards, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

If a house can be called pretty, why should it not also be called *witty*? One house in Newport suggests that rather unusual adjective. We will try to describe this witty house.

Nothing can be a greater contrast to the stately dignity of Malbone than is the pretty brick-and-wood cottage of Mr. T. G. Appleton, with its Swiss expanse of hanging roof, its broad veranda, its overhanging balconies, like the rows of old Chester. It seems to be a picture of the mind of its owner; the Sydney Smith of the modern dinner-table, the John Selden of the nineteenth century, the reproducer of much of that cultivated and elegant conversation unfortunately gone out of fashion. Mr. Appleton is a man whose mind, variously cultivated, has only wanted the necessary stimulus to make itself eminent in many ways. As an artist and an author

he could have commanded immortality if he had wished. Perhaps those who treasure up the good things he has said are the gainers by this diffuseness, this mental prodigality which has induced him to scatter his great gifts. Mr. Appleton should have had a "Milward" to reproduce his table-talk. This summer home of his was built for him by Mr. R. M. Hunt, another genius, eccentric and original, who is making his mark all over Newport.

Mr. Appleton's hall is a large room, with a wood-fire on cool days burning merrily in the chimney, and is finished in dark wood. The next room is a music-room, with cottage piano, all in light wood.

Now we come to the unpretending and pretty villa of the late Miss Cushman, which enjoys a view of the bathing-beach and



Residence of Mr. T. G. Appleton.

the great ocean. It is a pretty, Swiss-looking house, with the pointed towers of Chillon on a very small scale. Our illustration of it is the central villa of the initial engraving. "I desire my sea and my sunsets," said the great histrionic genius, talking of her summer home.

She did not choose to make it her "pillow for sweet dying," however, but dragged her great heart back to her birthplace when she came to die. Rome had proved too debilitating for her after a ten years' residence. She came to Newport, hoping to still a pain which would not be stilled.

Then a return to her beloved profession was recommended as a means of diverting her mind from her sufferings, and the world knows how bravely she went back to fill the eyes of all who saw her with an image which will not die. Her Newport villa was a

great consolation to her, no doubt, but it must ever be a sad reminder of those who saw her in it—of her sufferings and her brave struggles.

Its situation, on the corner of Rhode Island Avenue and Catherine Street, is not good—too public, as it seems to one who comes in from the ocean-drive—but its veranda and windows look out on the ocean, and it held once one of the strongest, most original, most delightful women of her age.

The cottage of Mr. Griswold Gray is a little compendium of loveliness, taste, comfort, and queerness. From his long residence in China Mr. Gray conceived many quaint and Oriental adaptations by which American comfort and Eastern luxury were made compatible. His house had much that was suggestive of his long residence in China about it, but also much that could only have its

origin in the American mind. It is apparently all veranda, a "sort of pagoda with wings," as a wit once described it (referring to the "Basilica with wings"). It was a temple of hospitality from the moment that Mr. Gray entered it until he was carried out of it last summer, mourned by all who had known him. The low, roomy, pretty cottage, with its exquisite front, next the club and nearly

opposite the Redwood Library, would attract any visitor as one of the quaint ornaments of Newport.

"Pratt's Villa" is a pretty little macaroon of a house, all open to the eye, rather Swiss in its architecture, and more appropriately called a cottage, one would think, than a villa. It is opposite the famous Redwood Library, and is as positive a contrast to that sober



Residence of General Potter.

building as possible. With its hanging baskets, finished dormer-window, parlour open to every passer-by, lighted gaily, with an air of enjoyment and life, it seems like a concentrated bit of modern fashionable Newport, smiling across at its sober old neighbour with something of the contempt with which youth ever regards age, as much as to say, "The world began with us." Possibly the Redwood returns the scorn, and says from its sombre atmosphere of Russia leather: "Do not turn up your pretty nose at me, Pratt's villa; I have seen many a beauty come and go, but *I* hold on forever!"

Far out on the avenue, near the Spouting Horn—favourite terminus for the Sunday-afternoon walk of the beaux and belles of Newport in the olden time—hangs the Eagle-Nest Cottage of General Potter. It is built of wood, and has again that mixture of Swiss and English architecture which seems to be the favourite style at Newport. One window overhangs the sea, as the rope of the hunter for the samphire-moss stretches out from the perilous rock.

This house was built by Mr. Boyt, of Boston, and is near the cottages of his brothers-in-law, the Messrs. Cushing. It was purchased about four years ago by General Potter, where, after memories of four years' perilous fighting in the late war, covered with honourable wounds, the retired soldier can look upon the interminable and unceasing war of the elements. This cottage—the term seems incomplete and absurd—is considered by many as the most elaborate and finely-finished house in Newport. The large hall, with the staircase in the middle, two large rooms at either side, all in light, hard wood, have a very fine effect, while the view from the extensive veranda is unsurpassed. The sea! the sea! One is tempted to indulge in the old Greek ecstasy as this view bursts upon one. Nowhere, except in the Isle of Wight, do flowers grow as they do in Newport. The beds of geraniums, colias, and roses, are always glorious. Nothing but a long drought can spoil those carefully-kept lawns, those delightful English gardens. There is a suggestion of royalty, too, in these republican homes. General Potter's china bears the imperial "N," bought, perhaps, during the days of the Commune, or possibly from the greater days of the first Napoleon. Mrs. Blodgett's beautiful villa has a sea-wall mounted with vases, which reminds one of Miramar, home of the ill-fated Maximilian. Mr. Morton's elegant establishment recalls one of the semi-royal residences on the Isle of Wight, the spot of earth most like Newport.

The pretty cottage of Colonel Waring is situated in a triangular

lot, and was wittily named the "Hypothénuse" by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Whether the square of the Hypothénuse is equal to the other two sides it is impossible to say. To the looker-on it gives the effect of delightful irregularity, and yet a harmony of effect, quaint, singular, and striking. The door opening by its upper middle half, the stile-door of English cottages, gives a picturesque effect to the person who sits looking out as from a frame. The large hall to which these doors give entrance is finished with hard wood and tiles, while the *salon* has the unusual furnishment of an immense chimney in the middle of the room, not resting against the wall, as is the habit and custom of chimneys generally.

Colonel Waring's cottage, with its clustering vines, looks as if it might have wandered out of some rural district of England, Kent or Devonshire. Like many Newport cottages, it looks small, but is very roomy, and is a winter as well as a summer residence. The *salon* is furnished with exquisite embroideries, the handiwork of the lady of the house, who is skilled in many of the graceful arts. Colonel Waring has made himself known by many contributions to periodical literature—one paper, on the horse which carried him through the war and finally had an attack of insanity, attracting much attention. But in Newport he is known as the best butter-maker, among his other accomplishments, for the model Ogden Farm turns out that delicate necessity of the breakfast-table in perfection. Ogden Farm, under Colonel Waring's superintendence, its pretty Alderney cows and its German work-people, is one of the sights of Newport.

This cottage is built of wood, and is one of many happy adaptations of Mr. R. M. Hunt, he having transformed a very commonplace framework into this model of a summer lodge, a place for musk-roses to clamber over, and for honeysuckle and ivy to adorn, and for that union of beauty without, and broad, substantial comfort within, accompanied, too, by the touches of refined taste, which should be the ideal of a home.

Of many of these luxurious Newport homes—Mr. Kernochan's, Mr. Peterson's, "Red Cross," Governor Morgan's, Mr. Travers's, Mr. Belmont's, and Mrs. Stevens's—the list is a much longer one, and may be almost indefinitely prolonged—it would be safe to say that few princes in the world live in greater summer luxury and comfort than these dwellers by the sea, these democratic sovereigns of our republican land.

Did one choose to go into legendary history, there would be no end to a talk about Newport. Mr. Higginson's novel of 'Malbone'

would give one an insight into much that was interesting, but the house therein described was the Hunter house, still preserved, a most interesting relic.

But what cares modern Newport for antiquity? A Newport day! What a gay and exciting thing it is! A breakfast not too late to admit of an ocean-bath, where human nature exhibits its defects or perfection in a bathing-costume by no means becoming; after that a drive in a basket-waggon, driven by a lady in a most bewitching summer toilet, perhaps a Gainsborough hat, with long, floating feather, such as one of the beautiful Hunters may have worn, for fashion repeats itself; then an hour's retirement, to emerge again, and in a Worth costume of surpassing elegance to make visits until dinner, which is almost universally at three, to admit of an ocean-drive; then the crowning event of the day, that ever-varying drive along the sea, where a sunset, such as no sky but that of Florence can equal, lights up the world for your benefit; then the return to a "high tea," for which you have a brave appetite, and possibly to a ball later, or, to vary this various day, by a garden or lawn party from five to seven, a sort of entertainment for which Newport is especially fitted; or, to embellish life still more, by going to a clam-bake, most aboriginal of entertainments, the only one at which Miantonomoh would feel at home (and which takes the whole day, and if you add on the headache which clams are apt to induce, we may say a part of the next); or to go out on a yacht-sailing, to see the porpoises jump in air, and note the iridescent hues of shore from sea; or a picnic, every one carrying or sending champagne and *pâté de foie gras*, and sitting, with feet in wet grass, to eat it; or dancing off the effect in a convenient plank structure erected for such occasions; or whether you stay at home and see the world go by, or whether you join the throng at the Ocean House, crowding through the hall on Saturday evenings, where the cottages for one evening condescend to stoop to the society of the travelling public—Newport is always delightful. The enviable cottagers have, no doubt, their troubles, for they are

human, but the trials are hidden from other eyes than their own; their "opal" has clouds and changeable hues to them, maybe, but *we* see only the sparkle and the fire.

What did the gay Herveys, Walpoles, Montagues, Bellendens, and Lessells of the days of George II. or Queen Anne care for the historical associations of their secluded gardens of Kensington and adjacent pleasure-grounds? What does the beauty of to-day care for them as she drives through these once sacred seclusions, now Hyde Park? What does the Newport belle of to-day care for the legendary beauty of the past? Happy she if the pencil of Malbone made her charms illustrious, and her beauty undying—

"For there thy smile for centuries
On painted lips shall live,
For art can give what love denies,
And fix the fugitive."

Else the vision of by-and-gone loveliness must rest in oblivion and ashes, for the pleasure-seeker of the present is living her own romance, and has no other care.

The beauty of the equipages in Newport would alone furnish material for an epic. What high-stepping, thoroughbred horses! What beautiful carriages! What spick-and-span liveries, fat coachmen, neat footmen! The scene on Bellevue Avenue of an afternoon can challenge comparison with Hyde Park and Regent's Park for the perfection of turn-out. Nowhere else in America has this business of driving been brought to such perfection, and yet Newport is a bad climate for horses. The sudden chills of that sea-air following the debilitating effect of the soft, Gulf-Stream atmosphere, have killed many a fine horse; but what care the opulent owners of four-in-hands? The horse is gone! Long live the horse! Bring another! Match my lady's greys, my gentleman's roans. Chestnut and Black Bess to the fore! Madam must not be balked of her afternoon drive, nor must mademoiselle be deprived of her promenade *à cheval* on the avenue, nor must yon



Residence of Colonel G. G. Waring.

pair of lovers lose that delicious solitary drive back into the country, for Newport has solitary groves, shaded lanes, remote and country roads, beloved of lovers, since the days when De Cardigan wooed Miss Hunter, and bore her off to France his beauteous bride; and speaking of marriages, an idyll of the Church might be written of Newport, for its churches bear record of its history in

the very stones and rafters of their being. Bishop Berkeley still speaks from the organ of one, and the noble Count d'Estaing is commemorated in the purest Latin, which those who can read may, as they come out of old Trinity, which to do old and new, Newport justice is always full on the seventh day.

M. E. W. S.

BRYANT'S "SELLA."

...



WINE has been a favourite theme with poets from the days of Anacreon down, and not a few water-drinkers have chanted its praises, notably so Rediti, who avoided the vintages of which he sings so hilariously in his "Bacchus in Tuscany." Water itself is as poetical as wine, one would think, but most poets refuse to think so; perhaps because there is a scarcity of good rhymes to it, and those who are not averse from celebrating it decline it in small quantities. The wary bardling, for whom the tiniest dew-drop is too large, thinks

nothing of grappling with the sea. Great poets shrink from it, however, as well they may, for of all their number only Byron and Bryant have not belittled it in verse. Everybody remembers Byron's "Address to the Ocean" (which was merely the Mediterranean, after all), but everybody does not remember the beautiful and stately water-poems of Bryant. He was a young man when he sang of "Green River" and "The Rivulet;" he was an old man when he sang of "Sella." Greater than these, no doubt, are "The Fountain," "A Hymn to the Sea," "A Night Journey of a River," and "The Flood of Years;" but neither approaches "Sella" in the curious



" Oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,
Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in
At caverns of the sea."

something which we instinctively feel to be poetry. It may exist in the invention of a lovely story, in the delineation of an exquisite character, in the grace of melodious language; it exists in all these qualities in "Sella," and in others which are so subtle as to evade definition. It is as difficult to classify as Shelley's "Witch of Atlas," or as Fouqué's unique prose-poem, "Undine." It is not so splendidly imaginative as the former, nor so weirdly imaginative as the latter, but it is more enjoyable than either, in that it lies within the range of human sympathies. We do not need to be told that it is a legend of the olden time: there is a flavour of antiquity in its simplicity and innocence which cannot be mistaken. We do not stop to ask where the scene is laid, for we do not care; the land, wherever it is, concerns us as little as the time. What does concern us is Sella, who is as truly a child of the water as Undine—the earth-born daughter of the brooks, the rivers, and the sea. The key-note is struck before she appears: the purpose of the

poem is set to the music of a brook that scuds along a narrow channel clear, colourless, cool, fresh from granite rocks. A maiden leans out of an open window, and listens to the eternal murmur of its waters—the same, yet not the same. She gathers violets from its banks in spring, and in summer sits within the shadow of a great rock, and hearkens dreamily to the song of the streamlet. Lovers woo her, but she laughs at love. Her delight is to wander by the river's brim, to climb the path of the woodland streamlet to its mountain-springs; and to sit by the brink of gleaming wells, and mark the images of the rushes on their edges, and, beyond, the trailing clouds sliding along the blue space. Not a fount that stole from under a hanging rock, or in the side of a hollow dell, or under roots of oak, but she was familiar with it. She knew the least rill that trickled down the bare hill, with a stripe of green; and the banks of the rivers and lakes knew the dip of the oars with which she rowed her shallop, whose

prow pushed a crowd of light ripples towards the shore. She was a creature of the element she loved.

Sella had two brothers, and communing with herself she wished that she were like them. "For then," she said, "I could go forth alone, and trace the great rivers down to the sea, and the little brooks up to the cool valleys. I would know what races drink their waters, how men worship, and how they build, especially their stately ships. I would know, further, what flowers are in their gardens, what fruit-trees are in their orchards, how their bowmen dress, and how their maidens bind their waists and braid their hair. This I would know," she said, "and how corn is sown and reaped, how temples are piled up, and how the shapes of men are carved in stone—all this I would have seen, but that I am a woman, long ago!"

One day Sella came home, and showed her mother two slippers

which she had found on the bank of their brook. They were as white as snow, she said, spangled with twinkling points, and on the edge was her name, wrought in silver. And they fitted her! But they were not hers, her mother answered, and they must be kept for those who left them there. Perhaps they were a snare. For her part, she could not see Sella's name on the border. At any rate, she was not to wear them. The slippers were in the porch, and admired, but no one knew who left them by the brook. One summer noon Sella was missed at dinner. They sought her in her favourite haunts, but found her not. Night came, and they hunted for her with torches, but found her not. Morning came, but not Sella; noon, but not Sella. When the sun was setting on the second day, her mourning mother saw her beside her. She begged her mother to forgive her, and proceeded to relate her adventures. She tried the slippers on, and, before she knew, her



"... Beheld the maid, ...
With three fresh water-lilies in her hand."

plashing feet were in the rivulet, rushing along with the current. And a beautiful one was with her. Over the crags, through the pools, on they went, the stream broadening into a river, which shot them by towns and ships, until they entered the great deep, and were below the billows, in boundless spaces, lighted by green sunshine. There were groves in the valleys about them—orange and crimson meadows—tall stems swaying with the tide, and mazy shrubberies haunted by the creatures of the sea. Sella's companion described the growths of the under-world—coralline, crimson-leaved dulse, and far-streaming sea-fronds and sea-lace. They trod wastes of pearly sands, and looked into caverns that lay in blue twilight. The dwellers of the deep passed by them—long trains of rolling dolphins, huge whales drawing torrent-streams, and hideous hammer-sharks chasing their prey. Sella shuddered, but they gently turned aside, and gave room to her and her guide. Sella's mother said she had been dreaming. Then she showed her a sea-green scarf, which no human hand could have woven, and which she was told to wear home as a token that her tale

was true. "You are to keep the slippers," her friend said, "and when you are shod with them you shall be like one of us." She told her mother, also, that she had partaken of a sea-banquet with these fair creatures, after which she had wandered in coral-groves taller than the tallest cedars on earth. She had looked into the hollows of the deep, where the never-resting waters sweep the skeletons of sharks, the long white spines of narwhals and dolphins, the bones of shipwrecked men, and the mighty ribs of foundered barks. Earth's children cling to earth, and Sella began to yearn for her mountain-home. So her elemental sister darted with her to where the stream by which they had come rushed into the main ocean. The journey upward was slow, and so long that they slept at night in the depth of a pool. When Sella saw the upper-world in the morning—the red clouds, the green fields, the waving trees, the herds on the river-bank—her heart was divided between it and the world she had left. She remembered her mother, however, and clambered up the path of the streamlet that wandered past her dwelling. Her gentle con-

ductor kissed her and vanished, and, taking off her slippers, she hastened home. Such were Sella's adventures in the great deep. Before three years were over, Sella's mother died. When they had strewed flowers upon the mountain-grave of the dear one, and had planted evergreens, she was often absent. Her slippers hung no more in the porch, and on summer mornings her bed was found unoccupied. "Leave not thus thy kindred, Sella," her brothers besought her, but she answered not. She looked at them and wept, but refrained not from her watery wanderings, which filled their hearts with perpetual pain.

Sella had a younger sister, with whom a young man of that country was in love, and who returned his love. The wedding-day was fixed, and the neighbours and friends of the family came trooping over hill and valley. Sella decked her sister for the bridal with chosen flowers, and moved among the guests strangely beautiful, but as colourless as a lily of the lakes. The morning before the bridal her elder brother, standing on the hillside, had seen her emerging from the brook with three fresh water-lilies in her hand. She wrung her drooping tresses, and, taking off her spangled slippers, put them in a cleft of rock, beside a screen of boughs. Then she smoothed her tresses in which she braided the lily-buds, and throwing over her shoulders a light robe returned to

the house. The marriage-rite was said, the harpers began to play, and the guests fell to dancing. While they were at their merriest, and the din was loudest, the brothers stole away to where the slippers were hidden, and taking them out ran along the brook till they reached a rapid, into which they dropped them. The brook snatched them with bright hands, and they disappeared. The day was near its close; the guests went sauntering homeward; and Sella, weary of the long merriment, withdrew unseen, and went to the cleft where she had laid her slippers. They were gone! Who had taken them? Then she remembered the disappearance of her brothers, and returning she taxed them with her loss. They confessed the deed, which, they said, was done in love.

Sella lost her slippers, but not her love of the water, for she haunted the springs and brooks as before; and she turned her knowledge of them to good account. She taught men to dig wells, and to bring the rivers into cities, and how to tame them, and make them turn the wheels of mills and forges, and how to store them up for seasons of drought. Beneficent, beloved, revered, she lived a hundred years, and at her death was mourned by a hundred cities. Such is the legend or parable of Sella, sister of Milton's Sabrina, the loveliest vision of womanhood that ever rose from the rivers of song.

THE WATER-BEARER.

(See Frontispiece.)

A. A. E. HÉBERT, Painter.



HIS picture is by a French artist whose works are very little known in this country. We believe this painter originally intended to follow sculpture as an art, for in the catalogue of the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 he is spoken of as a pupil of David d'Angers, the distinguished sculptor. However, he subsequently entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, afterwards attended the French school in Rome, gaining the "grand prize of Rome" in 1839. In 1851 he received a first-class medal for "historic *genre*;" another similar award in 1855; and a second-class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1867: to these distinctions may be added that of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, conferred in 1853, and of Officer in 1867.

In the London International Exhibition of 1862 were exhibited Mr. Hébert's 'Rosa Nera at the Fountain,' belonging to the Empress of the French, and 'Les Cervaralles,' from the Luxembourg Museum; Mr. Wallis's gallery in Pall Mall, London, had, in 1872, a *replica* of the artist's famous picture called 'Malaria,'

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

in the Luxembourg; in 1874, another work of great beauty, 'The Madonna;' and in the same room hung, at the exhibition recently closed, a *replica* of the picture here engraved, only slightly varied in the foreground, the thistles on the right of the composition being carried up to a height reaching not very much below the left arm of the figure: the artist's monogram is seen in the right-hand corner of the canvas; in the engraved work it is transferred to the other side, and near the centre.

The subject is not one which demands lengthened notice: it is simply a beautiful rendering of a young Italian girl who has been to fetch water from a stream or fountain below the steep she now ascends, bearing steadily on her head a large double-handed vase, and holding a smaller in her left hand. There is very great elegance in the design of the figure, with its classic ceramic accompaniments; and, if one may judge of this picture, which we have not chanced to see, by its counterpart in Mr. Wallis's gallery, which we did see and examine very carefully, there can be no hesitation in speaking of it as possessing the highest qualities of painting.

ULYSSES PLOUGHING THE SEA-SHORE.

H. HARDY, Painter.



IT is quite a relief to the general monotony of subject-matter which usually prevails in the pictures of the day, excellent as they may be regarding them only as works of Art, when one meets with a canvas that shows the painter has moved out of the beaten track; has set his mind, as well as his hands, to work, and gives to the world something that is not only novel in subject, but of manifest pictorial interest: such was the impression Mr. Hardy's 'Ulysses Ploughing the Seashore' made on us when it hung in the Academy in 1874. The story related of him is that very soon after his marriage with Penelope he was summoned with the rest of the Grecian princes to take part in the Trojan war: unwilling to leave his young wife, he pretended to be insane, and yoking a bull and a horse together he ploughed the seashore, sowing therein salt instead of corn. The dissimulation, however, was soon detected by

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

Palamedes, a Greek chieftain sent to bring Ulysses to the camp, who contrived to get possession of Telemachus, the infant son of the latter, and placed him in the track of the ploughshare. The sanity of the father was proved to the satisfaction of the Greek leaders by his turning the plough aside to avoid injuring the child. This is the point of Mr. Hardy's capital picture: by the exercise of considerable strength, apparently, he has managed to turn the animals from the course they were taking, as evidenced by the ridges of turned-up sand, on the edge of which the boy lies asleep on a leopard's skin. Near the waterside stands Palamedes with a companion watching the effect of their stratagem. The composition is very spirited, and the drawing both of the figures—Ulysses and his child—and the animals is excellent. The picture, when exhibited, received, as it deserved, marked attention as well from the critics as from the public, and this was due no less to the novelty of the subject than to the truly artistic manner in which it is carried out.



H. T. B. 1851

C. ROBERTSON 1851

WILFRED FLOODING THE SEA SHORE

WILFRED FLOODING THE SEA SHORE

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

RABY CASTLE, DURHAM.*



THE family of Vane, of which the Duke of Cleveland is the head, is of very high antiquity, and, unlike many of our noted families, has been continued in unbroken succession from at least the time of the Norman Conquest down to the present hour. The first of whom we have any authentic record—although doubtless the family might be traced much further back still—is Howell ap Vane, who was living in Monmouthshire antecedently to the Conquest. Passing on through the next three generations, we come to Sir Henry Vane, knighted at the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, where he claimed to have assisted in taking prisoner John, King of France, who, in token of his captivity, took off his dexter gauntlet

and gave it to Vane; from that moment he adopted it as his cognisance, and it has been continued both as a crest and as a charge on the shield of arms.

In 1611 Sir Henry Vane was constituted one of the regents of the kingdom for the safe keeping of the Queen, Prince Charles, and the rest of the royal children. In 1616, on the disgrace of Robert Carr of Farnhurst, Earl of Somerset, he received a lease from the trustees for support of the household of Charles, Prince of Wales, for the remainder of the term granted to Carr. He was principal Secretary of State to James I., and Cofferer of the Household to Charles I. In 1626 he purchased the castle and manor of Raby, and in 1632 was sent as ambassador to Sweden to expostulate with Gustavus Adolphus in favour of the Elector Palatine. In

*Raby Castle, West Side.*

the following year he nobly entertained the King at Raby, on his journey to and from Scotland, on the occasion of his coronation.

His third son, also named Henry, succeeded his father in the estates of Raby, Fairlawn, Shipborne, &c., in 1654. He had a very chequered but historic life. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford, proceeded to Geneva, and afterwards to America, where he was elected Governor of Massachusetts. He was also M.P. for Hull and other places, and was knighted in 1640. He is characterised as "one of the most turbulent enthusiasts produced by the rebellion, and an inflexible republican" by some; but by Milton as—

"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old."

In 1659 he was, in Pepys's own words, "this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby." And again, a month later, "This day, by an order of the House, Sir H. Vane was sent out of town to his house in Lincolnshire." In 1661 he, with Lambert and others, was sent prisoner to Scilly. A series of charges having been drawn up against Vane—principally arising out of his just

indignation having been aroused at the title of Raby having been given to the Earl of Strafford—he was, on the 6th of June, 1662, found guilty of high-treason, and, on the 14th of the same month, beheaded on Tower Hill.

This unfortunate but gifted member of the family of Vane had married, in 1639, Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, Bart., of Ashby and Glentworth, in Lincolnshire, by whom he had issue seven sons, five of whom died young. The fifth son was Sir Christopher Vane, who was knighted 1688, made a Privy Councillor, and in July, 1699, created Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle, county of Durham. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, third Earl of Clare. By her Baron Barnard had issue, with others, a son, Gilbert Vane, who succeeded him.

Gilbert Vane, second Baron Barnard, who succeeded his father, the first Baron, in 1723, and died in 1753, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Morgan Randyll, of Chilworth, by whom he had six sons and three daughters. His eldest son and successor was Henry, third Baron Barnard, a Lord of the Treasury, who, in 1754, was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Barnard and Earl of Darlington. This nobleman, of whom Lord Orford wrote, "He never said a false thing nor did a bad one," married, in 1725, the Lady Grace, daughter of Charles Fitzroy, first Duke

* Continued from page 235.

of Cleveland, by whom he had issue three sons and three daughters. The eldest son was Lord Henry Vane, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Darlington and fourth Baron Barnard; he married Margaret, sister of the first Earl of Lonsdale, and, dying in 1792, was succeeded by their eldest son, William Henry, as fifth Baron and third Earl.

This nobleman, who held many important appointments, was

born in 1766; in 1827 he was advanced to the dignity of Marquess of Cleveland, and in 1833 was again advanced to the title of Duke of Cleveland, and had the Barony of Raby conferred upon him. He died in 1842, having been married twice: first, in 1787, to the Lady Katharine Margaretta Powlett, daughter and co-heiress of the sixth and last Duke of Bolton; and secondly, in 1813, to Elizabeth Russell, of Newton House, Yorkshire. By



Raby Castle, South and East Sides.

his first marriage the Duke had issue three sons (each of whom has in succession become Duke of Cleveland). The Duke was succeeded at his death, in 1842, by his eldest son, Henry Vane.

Henry Vane, second Duke and Marquess, third Earl and Viscount, and sixth Baron, was born in 1788 and died, without issue, in 1864, having married, in 1809, Lady Sophia, daughter of the fourth Earl Powlett. He was succeeded by his brother, William John Frederick Vane, as third Duke and Marquess, fourth Earl and Viscount, and seventh Baron, who assumed the surname of Powlett in lieu of that of Vane, but in 1864 reassumed his original patronymic of Vane. His grace married, in 1815, Caroline, fourth daughter of the first Earl of Lonsdale, but died without issue in 1864, when he was in turn succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother, the present Duke of Cleveland.

The present noble head of this grand old family is Harry George Powlett (late Vane), Duke of Cleveland, Marquess of Cleveland, Earl of Darlington, Viscount Barnard of Barnard Castle, Baron Barnard, and Baron Raby, a Knight of the Garter, &c. His grace is a son of the first Duke of Cleveland, and brother of the second and third Dukes. He was born in 1803, and succeeded to the titles and estates in 1864, when, by royal licence, he assumed the surname and arms of Powlett in lieu of those of Vane. His grace, who was educated at Eton and at Oriel College, Oxford, was attached to the embassy at Paris in 1829, and was appointed Secretary of Legation at Stockholm in 1839. In 1854 he married Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope, daughter of the late Earl Stanhope (President of the Society of Antiquaries), and widow of Lord Dalmeny, son of the Earl of Rosebery, by whom, however, he has no issue, so that at his decease—his brothers, the second and third Dukes, having also died without issue—the titles, with the exception of that of Baron Barnard, will become extinct.

The present castle of Raby, it would appear, was built by John, Lord Nevil, who died in 1388. In 1379 he had licence from Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, to crenellate. Whether the

old castle was mainly pulled down and rebuilt by John Nevil, or whether he simply added to it fresh towers and fortifications, is a matter we have not space, nor is it necessary to our purpose, to inquire into. That it could not all have been taken down is, however, pretty evident, as the lozenge-shaped tower in the centre is said to have been built by Bertram de Bulmer, or Bolemes, in 1162. The Nevils, who were at the same time Lords of Raby, Brancepath, Sheriff-Hutton, and Middleham, were all described as "Dominus de Raby;" and thus it is evident that Raby was their chief residence and stronghold.

Raby, says the Rev. Mr. Hodgson (who has done more than any other antiquary in searching into and elucidating the history of this grand old pile, and to whom we express our deep obligation for much of the critical description of the building we are about to give), in its present state (although some parts of the older edifice were left and incorporated in it), "presents essentially the work and ideas of one period," the fourteenth century. Leland speaks of it as "the largest eastell of logginges in al the north cuntrey, and is of a strong building, but not set other on the hill or very strong ground;" but he does not mention the moat, which was probably filled up and the water drawn off before his time.

The general arrangement of the castle is as follows: First, the central nucleus, or castle proper, consisting of a compact mass of towers connected by short curtains, and of which the block shape may be described as something between a right-angled triangle and a square having the right angle to the southwest. Next, a spacious platform entirely surrounding this central mass; then a low embattled wall of enceinte, strengthened by a moat-house and perhaps a barbican, as well as by numerous small square bastions rising from its exterior base; and then the moat. The south front of the castle being so amply defended by water, its structural defences were naturally less important. Quite unlike the others, it was, with the exception of the flanking towers at either end, nearly flat. The first,

or western of these, called the Duke's Tower, is very large and square, and of different heights, being, in fact, two towers laid together. Considerably in recess a rather low curtain connected it with the end of the Great Hall, which, till lately, rose up tower-like, but without projection. Beyond, and nearly in a line, came another curtain, short but lofty; and then the wedgelike projection of Bulmer's Tower, which flanked the whole towards the east. This tower, which commemorates Bertram Bulmer, one of the Saxon ancestors of the Nevils, by two raised B's in its upper story, being of somewhat unusual shape, viz., a pentagon, formed by the application of an equilateral triangle to a square, has given rise to comment and conjectures of the wildest sort. An underground passage, there is little or no doubt, extends from the substructure of this tower to a small blocked-up doorway in one of the bastions of the wall of enceinte above the lake, from which again, there is reason to think, another traverses its whole length westward. Passing onward, we come to the east or northeast front. This is a very fine work, extremely bold and vigorous, set thick with towers, and broken by deep reëntering angles into immense masses. Thoroughly fortress-like and utilitarian in its character, without the least pretence of ornament, it is a masterpiece no less of artistic than constructive skill. Beginning at the southeast angle we have, in the first place, the great pentagon of Bulmer's Tower, and the short curtain spoken of as connecting it with the hall standing out transeptwise from the latter and defending it to the east. A little further on, and about midway in its length, the Chapel, with its substructure terminating in a lofty tower, performs the same service. Projecting from the lower part of this tower, until destroyed in modern times, was an advanced portal, the exact nature of which cannot be particularised. Again, at about an equal distance, a third transeptal mass, terminating in a tower called Mount Raskelf, stands out from and protects the Hall. A short, high curtain, extending between the Chapel Tower and this last, forms

at the same time the limit of a small courtyard and a screen to that portion of the hall which lies behind it. Mount Raskelf is the angle tower between what are, strictly speaking, the east and north fronts. Its northern face and curtain fall back deeply till they join the great square of the Kitchen Tower, which projects at right angles, and is connected by a strong machicolated curtain to the east fabric of Clifford's Tower, by far the largest in the castle, and of immense strength. This tower is planted with consummate skill. In shape an oblong square, standing almost detached, and set diagonally to the north and west fronts, it not only completely flanks them both, but also, from its close proximity to the Moat-house, could either lend it effectual aid in case of an assault, or render it, if captured, utterly untenable. Turning the angle of Clifford's Tower we gain the west front. A strong machicolated curtain, bending slightly westward, connects it with a lofty tower of slight projection, and separated by a short wall space from the well-advanced and diagonally-set turrets of the great Gatehouse. A deep recess in the elevation intervenes between the latter and our starting-point, the Duke's Tower, which stands well out again, and terminates the whole. Passing under the long vault of the great Gatehouse, we reach the courtyard. Lofty walls close it in on all sides with very picturesque and fine effect, the Great Hall lying to the east. A central tower of beautiful proportion, which stands out at right angles to it, shuts off a smaller courtyard to the north. There are many points about the exterior which require careful examination. First, as to detail. What may be considered the typical form of window is very characteristic and peculiar: a single square-topped light, with a rounded trefoil in the head, the eye of which is either sunk or pierced. It is very domestic, and has an excellent effect. In Clifford's Tower they are superimposed. The windows of the Chapel, which, though good in themselves, are of an ordinary form, square-headed, with net tracery, raise an important and interesting question, viz.: What is their probable date, and can we possibly assign them to what may



Raby Castle, South Side.

fairly be called the time of the builder of the great Gatehouse? Now, the Chapel, which is unquestionably the earliest part of the castle, and thoroughly fortress-like in character, determines by its date the period when the general work of reconstruction and fortifying began. In the Moat Tower, above segmental, circular, and depressed four-centred arches, we have on the summit concave, shoulder-arched doorways of wonderfully pure and early-looking

character. The side windows of the Great Hall, again—pairs of long lancets set close together, and without hood-moulds—though Transition or Early Perpendicular in date, are almost Early English in composition. We need feel no very great surprise, therefore, if in the Chapel we find a type adopted which was generally expiring. An examination of the masonry on either hand of the great Gate Tower will show that an extensive alteration was made

in that part of the castle. It would seem that the face of the original Gatehouse, which probably stood midway between the back and front of the present one, just about where the inner doorway spans the passage, was taken down, and the whole structure brought forward as we see it. The roof proves this almost to demonstration. Within the central archway, towards the courtyard, it is a simple barrel-vault, strengthened with plain chamfered ribs. Without it, where the passage-way widens, it is a well-moulded, beautiful roof, the ribs producing, perhaps intentionally, the Nevil saltire four times repeated. At the same time the short curtain which connected the old Gatehouse with the tower to the north was advanced level with the face of the latter, and the western half of the Duke's Tower, already described as a double one, added, so as to flank the front, which now, instead of having a salient angle in the centre, as at first, was, so to say, made square. The outer entrance of the Gatehouse is very fine. Its boldly-moulded four-centred arch is surmounted by a second of the same contour, but richly cusped and trefoiled.

Modern alterations have so obscured and destroyed John Nevil's work in the interior that there is little of it left to see. Still there is something. Leland, who mentions it, says: "The Haul and all the Houses of Offices be large and stately. The Great Chaumber was exceeding large, but now it is fals rofid and divided into two or three partes." Now, if by the Haul and Great Chaumber he refers to the same thing, which internal evidence seems to show he must, then the worthy itinerant was entirely mistaken. "A recent investigation, accompanied by a vigorous use of the pick, has shown me," says Mr. Hodgson, "that the hall, as its external appearance indicates, was always, from the very first, a double one, consisting, that is, of two halls of nearly equal height, one above the other. About ten feet below the present floor I came upon the line of the old one, which had been of wood carried on pillars (whence, perhaps, the mistake of being fals rofid), the mutilated remains of the great fireplace, and three doorways, all of which I partially opened out. The upper, or Baron's Hall, called so, perhaps, to distinguish it from the lower, was a noble room. Ranges of long narrow transomed windows lighted it on each side, as well as two large traceried ones of three lights to the south, and another to the north. The roof, a very fine one of oak, was carried on cambered beams, each displaying the saltire on its centre. These were the ordinary arrangements. Extending the full width of the north end was a lofty stone music-gallery, with arch cornice. In advance of it the screens, behind which, and leading to the kitchen, pantry, and buttery, were once most likely the usual three doorways, but of these, owing to mutilations, I could only find one. At either end of the passage was a large arched doorway. One of these opened upon a staircase close to the Chapel door, the other upon the roof of a sort of cloister in the great Court, which must have formed a promenade, and of which also I have found the traces.

The kitchen, though it has a certain air of rudeness, and has lost its ancient fireplace, is still a very interesting relic, and one of the most perfect things in the castle. It occupies the whole interior of a large, strong square tower. The windows, which have stepped sills, are set high up in the walls, and are connected by a perforated passage of defence provided with garderobes, which runs all round. Two pairs of very strong vaulting ribs, intersecting in the centre, carry the louvre, which is of stone and of immense size. The lower part, twelve feet square, rises to upward of the same height above the leads, and is surmounted by an octagon fifteen feet higher still. Externally it forms a very striking and effective feature. Below the kitchen a cellar of the same shape and size has a well-groined vaulted roof carried on a central pillar. Another to the east, which has a large double fireplace at one end, has a strongly-ribbed circular segmental vault. All the first-floor chambers of the west front, including Clifford's Tower, have plain barrel-vaults. The lower chamber of Bulmer's Tower had till lately a richly-groined vault of great strength and beauty. The Hall Tower has both its lower stories vaulted; the first ribbed, the second plain. The whole of this tower, inside and out, has been wonderfully preserved. Vaults, windows, grilles, doorways, stairs, garderobes, all are nearly intact, and will bear careful examination. It is really the most perfect thing in the place. The Chapel, all mutilated as it is, still deserves notice. The Sanctuary, which forms the central portion of a tower, has a boldly-

ribbed quadripartite vault. Above it is a guard-chamber. Its exterior window, above the eastern one of the Chapel, is marked by a very remarkable little hanging machicoulis.

The entrance to Raby is by the Porter's Lodge in the northwest portion of the embattled outer wall. In this lodge are found some family relics; among others, the sword worn by Lord Barnard, son of the first Earl of Darlington, at the battle of Fontenoy, where a hullet, striking his sword, broke it, and, then glancing off, disabled its wearer. The gateway is flanked by two towers, each of which is surmounted by a figure of a mail-clad warrior.

The main entrance to the castle itself is on the west side, between two towers. It is a long passage, with ground roof and traces of portcullis, and carriages drive through this passage into the Quadrangle, or courtyard. Crossing this, and facing the main entrance just alluded to, is the enormous doorway opening into the Great or Entrance Hall. Through this doorway the carriages literally drive into the mansion, and there set down the guests in the hall itself, which is of great size, with an arched roof, supported by eight octagonal pillars in its centre. In this hall is hung Turner's picture of 'Raby Castle.'

Above this Great Hall is the famous "Baron's Hall," immortalised by Wordsworth, where—

"Seven hundred knights, retainers all
Of Neville, at the master's call,
Had sate together in Raby's Hall."

This hall is a hundred and twenty-six feet long by thirty-six feet broad, is ceiled with oak, and contains a large number of family portraits; also 'Interior of an Artist's Studio,' by Teniers, and portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, James II., and Frederick Prince of Wales. The south end of the room is modern, being built over the octagon drawing-room. A staircase leads from the Baron's Hall to the Chapel, renovated by the second Duke. Some of the windows are filled with stained glass, by Wailes; others with old German glass.

In most of the apartments of the castle are many fine pictures, portraits, and others, among which are the Duke of Cleveland, son of Charles II.; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; Lady Barnard, wife of Christopher Lord Barnard; Henry, second Duke of Cleveland, in his garter robes; and the first Duke of Cleveland, in his uniform as colonel of the Durham militia. The Octagon Drawing-Room, built by the second Duke, is, in all its details, a most elaborate and highly-finished apartment. In this room is Hiram Powers's statue of the 'Greek Slave.'

It is not necessary for us to enter further into the details of the interior arrangements of the castle. All we need say is, that the rooms are fitted and furnished with all the appliances of art which may be expected in the home of so enlightened and so liberal-minded a nobleman as his grace the Duke of Cleveland.

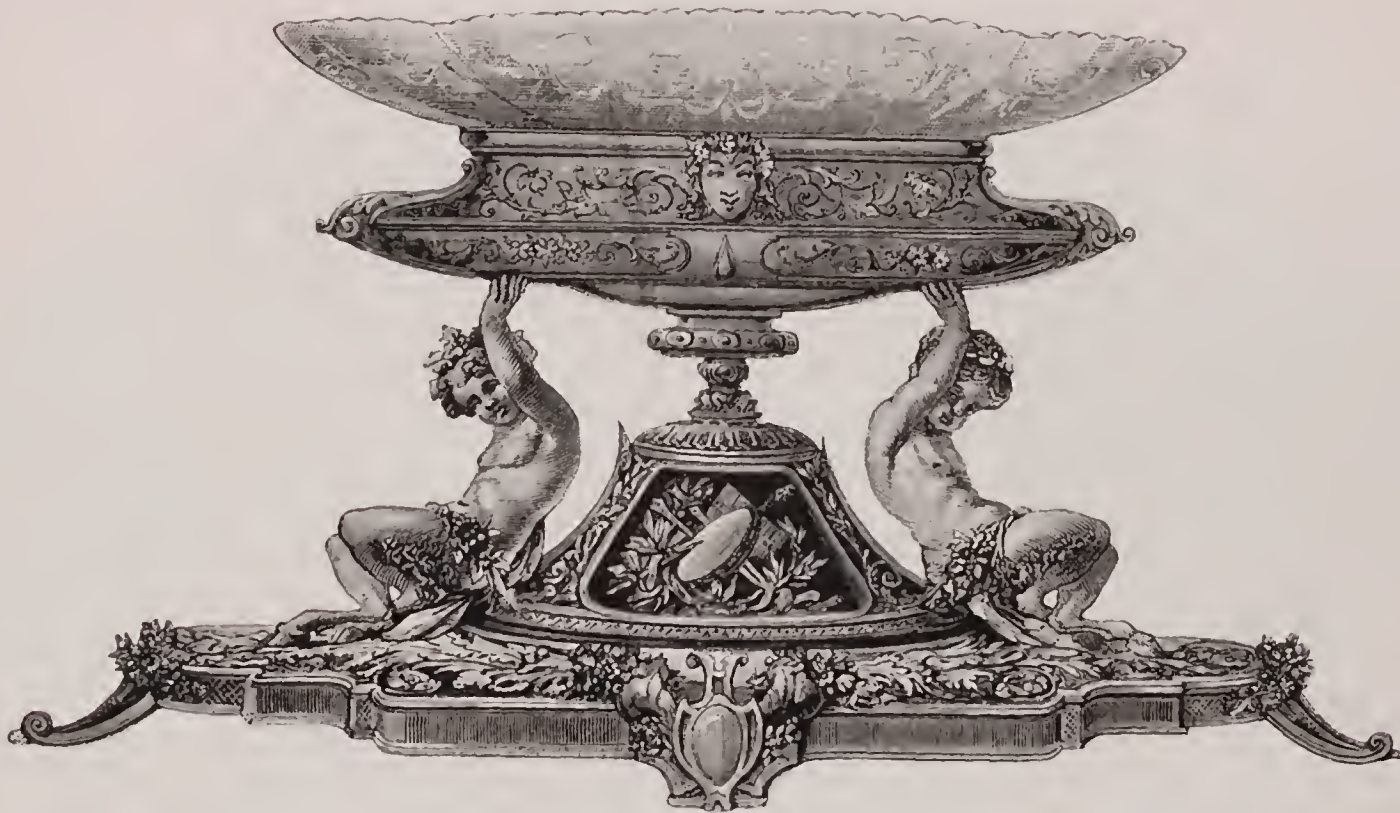
Staindrop, closely adjoining Raby Park, is an interesting town, whose church contains many monuments to members of the noble families of Neville and Vane. The church was restored in 1849. Among the monuments, perhaps the most interesting are an altar-tomb, with recumbent effigies, to Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, and his two wives, Margaret, daughter to Hugh, Earl of Stafford, and Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; and a monument, in wood, with effigies of Henry, fifth Earl of Westmoreland (1564), and his two wives. There is also a magnificent white marble altar-tomb to the first Duke of Cleveland, by Westmacott, the recumbent figure on which is beautifully executed. In the chancel there is a monument, of exquisite design, in the purest white marble, in memory of Sophia, Duchess of Cleveland (wife of the second Duke), who died in 1859. Within the altar-rails are other monuments, including those of Henry, second Earl of Darlington, who died in 1792; Margaret, Countess of Darlington, who died in 1800; and Katharine Margaret, Countess of Darlington, who died in 1807. There are also stained-glass windows in memory of Henry, second Duke of Cleveland; one erected by the friends and tenants of the Duke, and the other by Lady Augusta Powlett, his sister-in-law. A monumental brass, of chaste design, on the north side of the church, preserves the memory of William, third Duke of Cleveland. North of the church is a mausoleum, erected by the second Duke of Cleveland, in which the remains of the Duke and other members of the family repose.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

V.

THE Messrs. Elkington, of London, are the only English gold and silver smiths who contribute to the Exhibition, but their works are many of them of great beauty. Their collection is of

large extent, consisting almost wholly of objects of an Art-character, consisting of dessert services, vases, shields, plaques, mirror-frames, tazze, &c. The decorated dinner and dessert services are



Dessert Pieces in Silver, by Messrs. Elkington, of London.

of various styles—Egyptian, Grecian, Pompeian, Romano-Greek, and Renaissance. They are made either in massive silver or in copper electro-plated, in either case relieved by gilding; and two complete services, consisting of centre-pieces, plateaux, candelabra, and fruit-stands, are richly decorated with *champlevée* enamelling and pencilling in gold.

The collection may be generally described as illustrating the three principal classes of *repoussé* work in silver, enriched by gild-

ing and enamelling; *repoussé* work in iron, decorated by inlaid and damascened patterns in gold and silver; and *champlevée* and *cloisonnée* enamels. In all of these departments considerable progress has of late years been made; but in none of them is it more noticeable than in the *cloisonnée* enamels, which surpass the Chinese or the modern Japanese examples of the art, and even approach very nearly to the exquisite beauty of the old Japanese, in the present day much sought for.

It is well known that the art of enamelling on metal is of great antiquity, and though, until lately, it has never obtained any great development with Western nations, it has always been cultivated in the East. The Chinese and Japanese still practise the art, though these nations seem to have partly lost the secret of the delicate beauty for which their enamels of two or three hundred years back are famous.

Messrs. Elkington have for some time past devoted their attention to this subject, which offered an immense field for productions in a medium almost imperishable, and of great artistic beauty.

As early as 1862, in the London Exhibition, their *champlevé* enamels excited considerable attention and admiration; but, not satisfied with their success in a class of work which when compared to the *cloisonnée* enamel is easy, they determined, if possible, to rival the old Japanese artists; thus, by a careful analysis of their colours and mode of working, they have arrived at a result highly satisfactory to themselves and entirely so to the connoisseur and the collector. They are, without exception, productions of refined and delicate beauty. The examples of Messrs. Elkington's works that we give are, first, two pieces of a dessert-service, a silver *repoussé*



Silver Repoussé Plaque, by Messrs. Elkington, of London.

plaque of the same service, a Venetian mirror-frame, and a *repoussé* dish entitled 'Bathsheba at her Bath.'

The dessert pieces are from designs by Mr. Ladeuil, made expressly for the Exhibition, and intended to illustrate the process of casting in silver by hand-chasing. They are in iron *repoussé*, inlaid with gold and silver, relieved by exquisitely-chased panels of oxidised silver, and supported on crystal pillars, delicately engraved with incised and gilt ornamentation. The tazza is in *repoussé* silver, with a border of iron damascened and encrusted with gold. The satyr-figures supporting the centre baskets and bowls are

beautifully modelled, every muscular detail being developed with great delicacy of finish. The silver *repoussé* plaque is about twenty inches in diameter; it represents a Pompeian lady at her toilette with her attendant slaves. The work is said to have occupied the artist two years in execution. It is wrought out of silver—that is to say, the whole of the work is hammered out of flat silver entirely by hand; it is enriched with damascened tracery in gold and silver, on steel; and is the unaided work of the artist. As opposed to chromatic, and derived from elegance of form rather than from surface decoration, the modelling of the figures is perfect, combining

the rare proportions and matchless symmetry of classical form with "French *esprit* and grace." As we now often see in pictorial art, so also in manufactured art, ideas are borrowed from a world long dead. This dessert-service is valued at two thousand guineas, or ten thousand dollars, gold.

The Venetian mirror-frame was designed by Mr. A. Willms. It is of silver inlaid with gold; the general design is that of a highly-enriched arch, about two feet and a half in height, by about a foot and a half in breadth. On the sides are pilasters supporting the entablature, and continued downward to the panels of the base.



Venetian Mirror, by Messrs. Elkington, of London.

The actual mirror-frame is oval, and is enclosed in two oval bands; the outer one of silver, enriched with arabesques in *repoussé*; the inner one of steel, bronzed of a dark tone, and most elaborately damascened in silver and gold. Looked at as a whole, it conveys a remarkable impression of solidity, strength, lightness, and delicacy united, while in colour it is exquisite in harmony—the deep-toned warm bronze of the copper serving to throw out, with sin-

gular brilliancy, the silver framework, and the inner band of steel and damascened *repoussé* attracting the eye to the centre by its richness of ornament, which serves as an admirable setting for the highly-polished Venetian glass. The figures, again, are perfectly charming in their grace, the boldness and softness of their modelling, and the fitness of their disposition. Every part of the design is filled without being in the least degree overloaded; and, in all

respects, the details, while sufficiently prominent to produce effect, are kept carefully subordinate to the constructive lines; and these are so arranged in their projection and recessing as to ensure a picturesque variety of light and shade. The mirror is valued at five thousand dollars, gold.

The *repoussé* dish, 'Bathsheba at her Bath,' is also of silver. In the centre are two female figures, Bathsheba and an attendant at her bath, skilfully and gracefully modelled. An Egyp-

tian character is imparted to the work by the architecture, slightly indicated in the background, and by an ornament impressed with the scarabæus, or sacred beetle. The border is formed of plaques of steel let into the silver, and most beautifully damascened in gold, the damascening being effected by working the designs in repeated threads of the brightest and purest gold.

The collection of the Messrs. Elkington, which is of large extent, consists exclusively of Art-works. None of the ordinary pro-



Repoussé Dish in Silver, by Messrs. Elkington, of London.

ductions of trade are shown. It will be taken for granted that common things are made of excellent forms and ornamentation by this firm.

Notwithstanding the exceeding beauty of the works exhibited by Messrs. Elkington, it is not to be inferred that they are so expensive as to be out of the reach of ordinary purchasers. Some of them are indeed very costly; but many of the most beautiful of their productions may be acquired on moderate terms—the process so long identified with the name of the firm makes the most

perfect of the works of Art accessible to Art-lovers of limited means. For all the purposes of Art—to give pleasure, to refine taste, to convey instruction—the electrotype is quite as good as the original in costly metals of gold or silver; indeed, it may be a question which would be preferred; there is no sort of difference except in the intrinsic value of the material, and that, as compared with the art lavished upon it, is very little.

The Meriden Silver-plate Company of West Meriden, Connecticut, exhibit a very large and elaborate épergne, or centre-piece in

silver, which does signal credit to American design and workmanship. It is one of the most striking objects in this branch of Art-manufacture at the Exhibition. From the centre of the base, which is twenty-seven inches square and four inches in height, rises a dome-shaped pedestal surmounted by a draped figure, supporting a large centre dish of glass, elaborately cut. Surround-

ing the pedestal are four female figures, symbolising Music, Art, Science, and Commerce. Surrounding the central pedestal are four columns (but three of which could be shown in the engraving) supporting richly-cut glass dishes, similar to the centre glass in design and style. The height of the *épergne* is thirty-eight inches. The effect of this artistic piece of work is heightened by the beauti-



Silver Épergne, from the Meriden Silver-Plate Company.

ful and elaborate ornamentation of the base, pedestal, and column, with fine engraved work, lightened and varied by sharp yet delicate contrasts of gold and silver.

The draped figure in the centre-piece and the four symbolic figures, like the rest of the metal, are heavily plated, but have their surfaces finished in ivory tint instead of being brightened by the burnisher's tool. The pure white figures stand out in pleasing and effective relief from the brightly-polished surface.

The glass dishes deserve special mention, not only for the clear, rich quality of the glass, but also for the admirable finish of the

cutting, which evinces skilled workmanship. This *épergne* was designed by Mr. John Hill.

Messrs. Allen and Brother, of Philadelphia, contribute a fine collection of cabinet furniture, of which we engrave two examples that in beauty of design and workmanship are fair specimens of the character of their work. The first has an ebony body, and is called the ebony cabinet. The ornamentation of the body is of gold inlaid, and the rings under the cornice are also of burnished gold. The columns in relief at the corners are, like the body of the cabinet, of ebony, with carved and gold-inlaid bases and capi-



Cabinet, by Messrs. Allen and Brother, of Philadelphia.

tals. The drawer and lower part of the cabinet are inlaid, and correspond in style with the top. Its height is four feet.

The second example is a cabinet designed to hold a clock and



Cabinet, by Messrs. Allen and Brother, of Philadelphia.

statuary. The body is of black-walnut, with mouldings of ebony, and trimmed with French walnut and Amboina-wood veneers. The centre panel is inlaid with a design in coloured woods, and the fine engraved work is gold-lined. The griffins, which support the bracket-like attachments, are finely carved in walnut, and the top is formed of slabs of the Saracolin marble.

We engrave a grand six-and-a-half octave Gothic harp, a double-action instrument, contributed to the Exhibition by Messrs. Browne and Buckwell, of New York. This is one of the largest and most superb harps ever manufactured. As may be seen in the engraving, it is richly ornamented with inlaid work and medallions, and is constructed on the most improved principles. The



Harp, by Messrs. Browne and Buckwell, of New York.

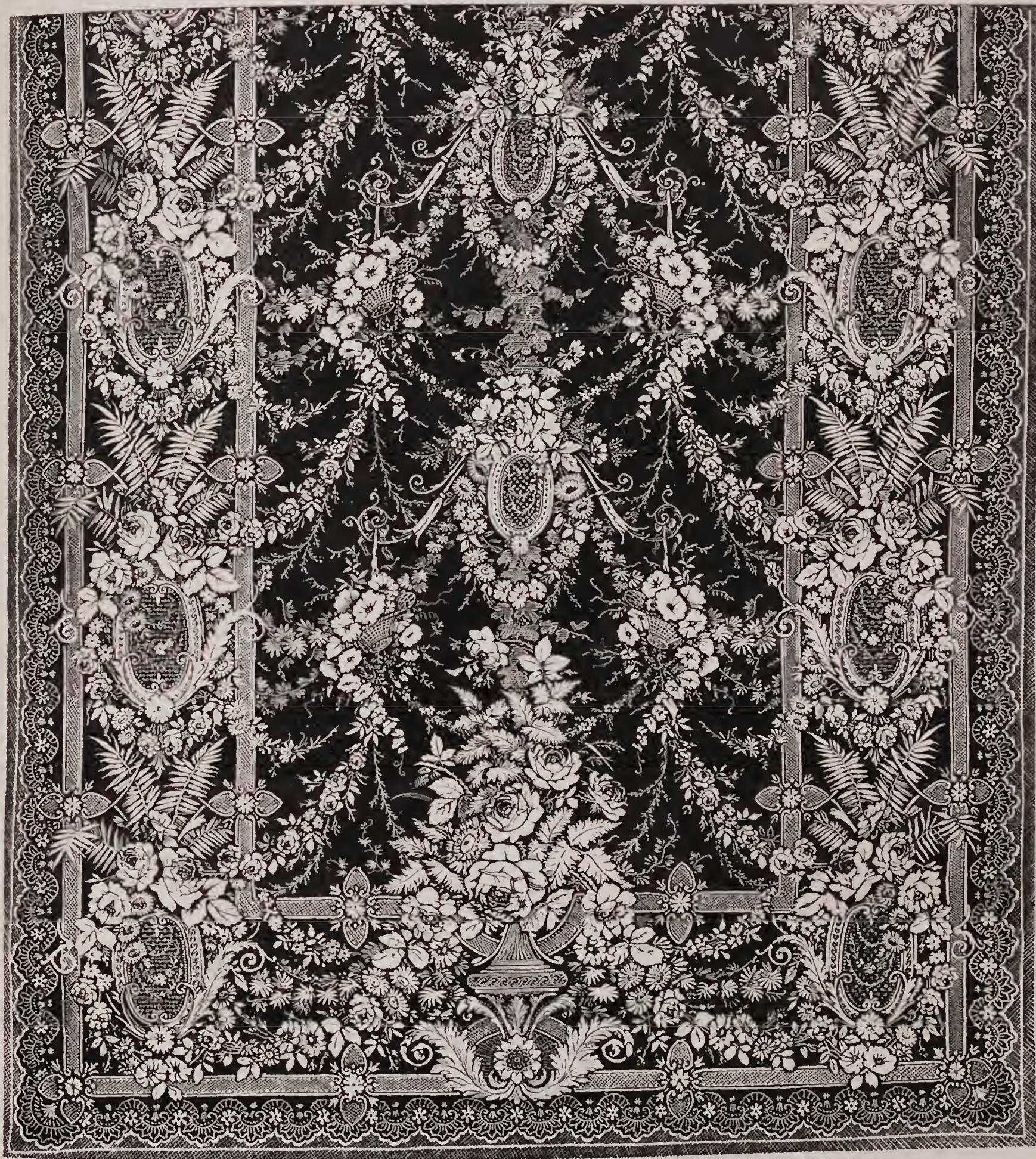
double-action harp is furnished with fifteen complete major scales and twelve minor, or twenty-seven in all, and each note is invested with the power of representing three distinct sounds. It is tuned in the key of C-flat. By adjusting the pedals in the first groove, the harp is at once transposed into C-natural; and, by placing them in the second groove, it is raised a semitone higher into the key of C-sharp. The compass of the harp is from double E below the base to E in altissimo.

Notwithstanding the fact that we are living in an enlightened age, and that the harp as a musical instrument is supposed to be familiar to all persons, its fine qualities for instrumental music, or as an accompaniment to the human voice, are but little known.

There is a prejudice against the harp, owing to the false idea that it is a troublesome instrument to keep in order. One of the most accomplished harpists in this country says that this prejudice grows out of ignorance; and that for five years he kept two harps in perfect tune, under the same conditions that an amateur would. They were played on daily for two hours or more, and required but one set of new strings a year for each. The harps of Messrs. Browne

and Buckwell's manufacture, while they do not differ essentially in shape from those imported, are constructed with particular care to fit them to withstand the varying climate of the United States.

From the rich display of the famous Nottingham-lace weavers, we present a design selected from the cases of Messrs. Jacoby and Co., who have been long established and celebrated as manufacturers of these goods. Our engraving represents a curtain of ex-



Lace Curtain, by Messrs. Jacoby and Company, England.

traordinary beauty, as a composition of flowers, leaves, and sprays of the fern. It will be noticed that the design springs from the centre medallion, falling in graceful festoons of flowers towards the border, and binding the whole harmoniously together. The design combines elegance with grace of effect, and, as an example of the perfection to which the manufacture of these goods has been brought, is worthy of consideration. The manufacturers also exhibit some rare patterns of narrow and wide edgings in white, black, and colours; plain laces, and draperies. They have received

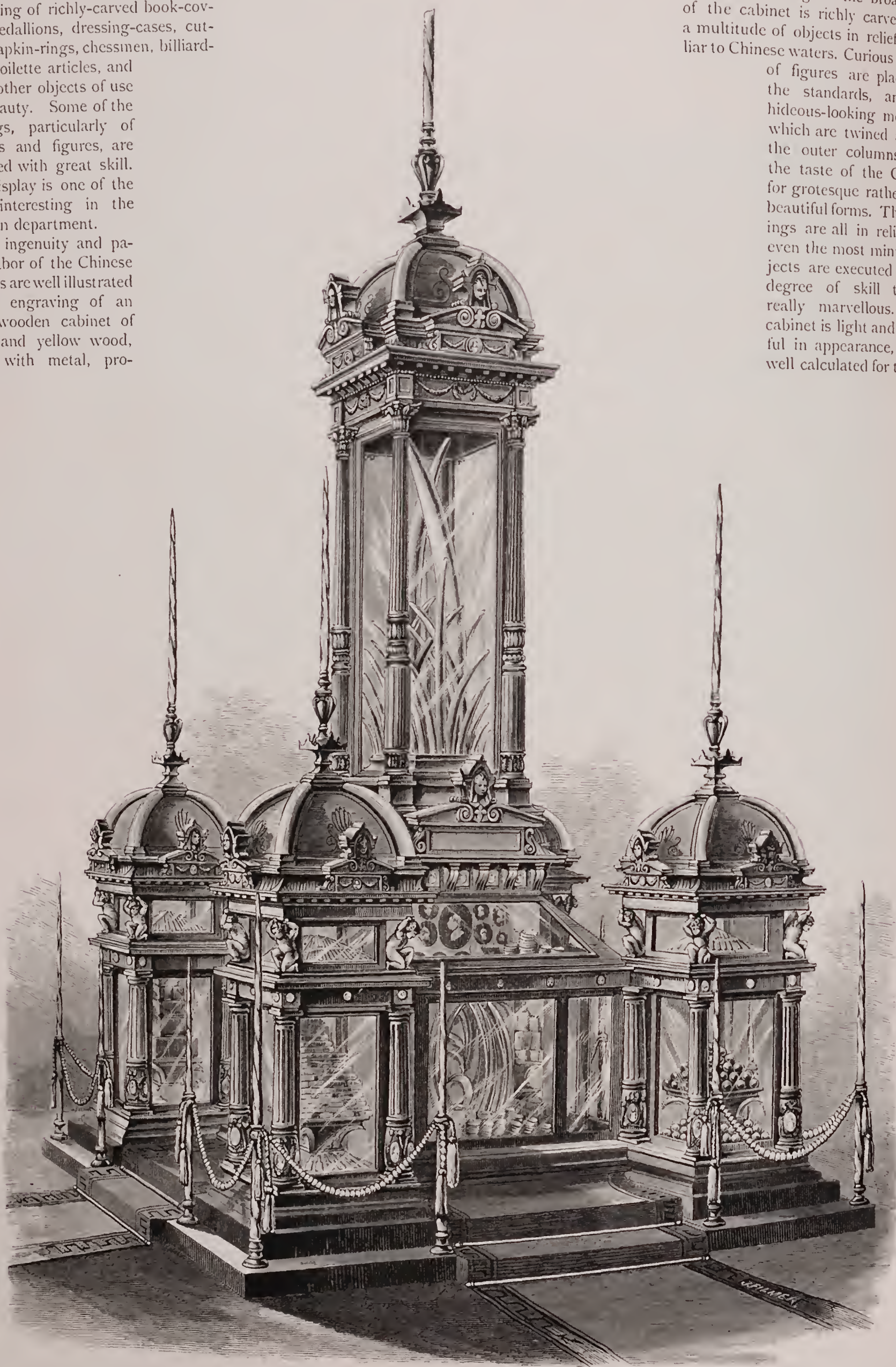
three medals, viz., from the International Exhibitions of England, France, and Austria.

One of the most elaborately-constructed cases in the Main Exhibition Building for the display of goods is in the form of a temple, constructed of wood, finished in imitation of ebony, and with plate-glass. It has a central shaft about twenty feet in height, and at the corners there are four supporting cases in corresponding style, and all are filled with the ivory-manufactures of Meyer, of Hamburg. The top of the central shaft is filled with elephants' tusks, some

of which are of immense size. In other parts of the structure there are blocks of ivory sawed from the tusks, and manufactured articles, consisting of richly-carved book-covers, medallions, dressing-cases, cutlery, napkin-rings, chessmen, billiard-balls, toilette articles, and many other objects of use and beauty. Some of the carvings, particularly of animals and figures, are executed with great skill. The display is one of the most interesting in the German department.

The ingenuity and patient labor of the Chinese artisans are well illustrated in our engraving of an open wooden cabinet of black and yellow wood, inlaid with metal, pro-

fusely ornamented with carvings and nondescript animals in ivory. The screen-like top to the alcove above the railing of the broad part of the cabinet is richly carved with a multitude of objects in relief peculiar to Chinese waters. Curious groups of figures are placed on the standards, and the hideous-looking monsters which are twined around the outer columns show the taste of the Chinese for grotesque rather than beautiful forms. The carvings are all in relief, and even the most minute objects are executed with a degree of skill that is really marvellous. The cabinet is light and graceful in appearance, and is well calculated for the dis-



Ivory from Hamburg.

play of Chinese porcelain, several specimens of which are shown upon its shelves. Its height is seven feet.

Three very interesting objects in the engraving are the antique bronzes in the foreground. They are supposed to be several thou-

sand years old. The middle bronze, with flaring handles and surmounted by a nondescript animal, is a censer. It is of massive appearance, and, although it shows the marks of great age, it is well preserved. It rests upon a teakwood base. The two sup-



Selections from the Chinese Exhibit.

porting vases are noteworthy for the richness of their engraving. The one on the right of the censer shows the most elaborate ornamentation. The work is done in low-relief, and is exceedingly quaint in its design.

Our illustration affords examples only of some of the more striking objects in this exhibit, which is one of the most interesting and instructive in the great fair—second only to that of Japan in curious characteristics.

NOTES ON BOOK-PLATES.

BY M. A. TOOKE.



IN the fifteenth century, when a book had been printed, bound, and had passed into the library of an institution, or into that of a private individual, some mark was needed to indicate its possessor. The simplest sign was that of writing the name of the library or owner on the blank sheet preceding the title-page, on the inside of the cover, or on the title-page itself. This plan was generally followed; but the exceptions, which form the subject of this paper, are in many cases very interesting, for, from the earliest period of printed books, book-collectors have been "curious" with respect to their book-plates. Men of artistic tastes required something more than the simple ordinary plan—something which should set a personal mark, or that of their family, on their books, and gratify their eyes with the uniformity of an appropriate design throughout the volumes of their libraries. The device adopted for this purpose was a shield-of-arms, a crest, or monogram, or all three together engraved upon a plate, printed on slips of paper, and pasted inside the covers of the volumes which were to be marked. This style of book-plate is very generally used in the present day.

Many people attach a wrong meaning to the term "book-plate," and naturally, perhaps, understand it to mean an illustration to a book. The name is not sufficiently distinctive. In France book-plates are always spoken of as "*Ex-Libris*," which is translated, "*Des livres—faisant partie des livres.*" This is more appropriate than "book-plate," but neither word conveys the idea of what a book-plate really is—namely, a sign of possession.

There was nothing particularly ingenious or attractive in this fashion of heraldic book-plates, although a certain historical interest is attached to it, such as can never fail to belong to the heraldic bearings of noble and ancient families, and the engravings are often very beautifully executed. Of far higher interest are the book-plates which are remarkable for their originality, and for the fanciful genius that was exercised in their composition. Such, for instance, as a clever little French etching which forms the book-plate of the authors and brothers,



Fig. 1.

Jules and Edmond de Goncourt. It illustrates the popular phrase, "*Les deux doigts de la main.*" The design is by Gavarni—a hand rests two fingers on a scrap of paper with E and J engraved thereon. The hand is holding an engraving-tool in its palm. It is no "fancy" hand, but a beautiful study of a rather small and strong one, that has done work, but has the

taper fingers that are said to indicate refinement and cultivation of mind. The original plate is etched by one of the brothers. Some idea of it may be formed by the illustration (Fig. 1).

Victor Hugo's book-plate is an etching representing Notre Dame, dimly seen in the surrounding gloom; in front is a white monogram, and a flash of lightning darts across the scene.



Fig. 2.

This plate (Fig. 2) is designed and engraved by M. Aglaüs Bouvenne. The author of a work entitled "*Ex Libris Français*" says, that this drawing may possibly have inspired the memorable verse by M. Auguste Vacquerie—

"*Les tours de Notre-Dame étaient l'H de son nom.*"

With a little imagination, a large H can be seen in the noble front of the Cathedral, but the idea is not thoroughly poetical.

There are many collections of book-plates in England, and it may be seen from the above examples that they are not to be classed with the collections of crests from the flaps of envelopes, and addresses from the tops of letter paper, which fill so many albums upon drawing-room tables. A good collection of interesting book-plates will possess much artistic beauty, and a collector will be led to study history and heraldry to aid him in his pursuit.

The only objection which can possibly be preferred against such a collection is, that it is detrimental to the appearance of a book to have its book-plate steamed and peeled from within it; but this difficulty does not always occur. Contemporary plates can be obtained from their owners before they have been made use of, and bundles of old ones are to be had at the bookstalls and second-hand bookshops "where each one has been saved, like a single spar, from the wreck of an old book."

French book-plates have been brought into public notice in "*Les Ex-Libris Français, depuis leur origine jusqu'à nos jours*," Paris, 1874, by A. Poulet Malassis. This book has already passed through two editions, and contains a short account of French book-plates from the sixteenth century, with facsimiles of several of the plates described.

There does not appear to be any English work or treatise on this subject. Some of our best modern plates, such as the Eton book-plate, resemble in general form the beautiful printers' devices, which in earlier times were placed in the first pages of printed books. The printers' devices are described by Thomas Frognal Dibdin, and others.

The earliest-known book-plates seem to be German and Italian of the sixteenth century. French plates begin to appear between 1600 and 1650.

The eighteenth century is the era of book-plates, and the period which yields a rich harvest to the collector. "Poulet Malassis," who writes in a light and somewhat playful style, speaks of the eighteenth century examples as so witty, so varied, so full of genius; he enlarges on the exciting hunt which a collector used to follow before collections were the fashion, and how he at last came down upon his small game in the hedgerows of the second-hand bookstall. Harmless pursuit! Happy chase! now past for ever.

"In our day," continues this author, "book-plates have a known value," and he relates how they are torn from the old books by the bookseller, and by him exposed for sale; every day they increase in value. "Who can tell but some day our daughters may receive dowries of book-plates, and she who possesses the finest collection will be sought after as the best match." "Tout arrive sous le ciel."

English book-plates are generally heraldic; those belonging to the Royal family are so in most cases, but there is a very pretty one, not heraldic, belonging to the Princess Louis of Hesse. The plate is diamond-shaped, the background red, with "Alice" on a white scroll, a crown above, branches of wild rose and shamrock below and round the scroll. The introduction of red into book-



Fig. 3.

plates is effective; it is used in the plate of the Royal library of Windsor, which is of very good design, surrounded with a square border. Buckingham Palace has a good book-plate. The Prince of Wales's plate is very commonplace. Francis, seventh Duke of Bedford, had a particularly good and well-engraved plate; his crest (a goat) surrounded with the garter, and this again encircled with the collar of St. George, a coronet above all; it is designed in very good proportions, and is a fair example of this style of plate. The book-plates of bishops are usually arms surmounted by a mitre.

Colleges have heraldic book-plates; those of Oxford and Cambridge are well known; and many of them are early engravings, but very few have dates assigned. Some are far from beautiful, with shields of debased shape, hideous mantlings, or the garlands which distinguished a dark era of heraldry. Queen's College, Oxford, has a true shield encircled by the Garter, and a motto beneath. The Eton plate (Fig. 3), already mentioned, is very good in design and execution.

There are book-plates belonging to societies, but none of a very interesting character. An old plate of "The Sober Society" is rather curious. It was found in a copy of "Hobbe's Levia-

than," beneath two other book-plates. A figure representing Virtue points to the moon and six stars, while the cartouche shield on which she leans proclaims "Virtus tandem vigebit." What has become of this society?



Fig. 4.

The Royal Society at Kew lost an opportunity when it adopted a book-plate. It represents the royal arms in the most debased style of that well-known coat, looking as if it came from off a

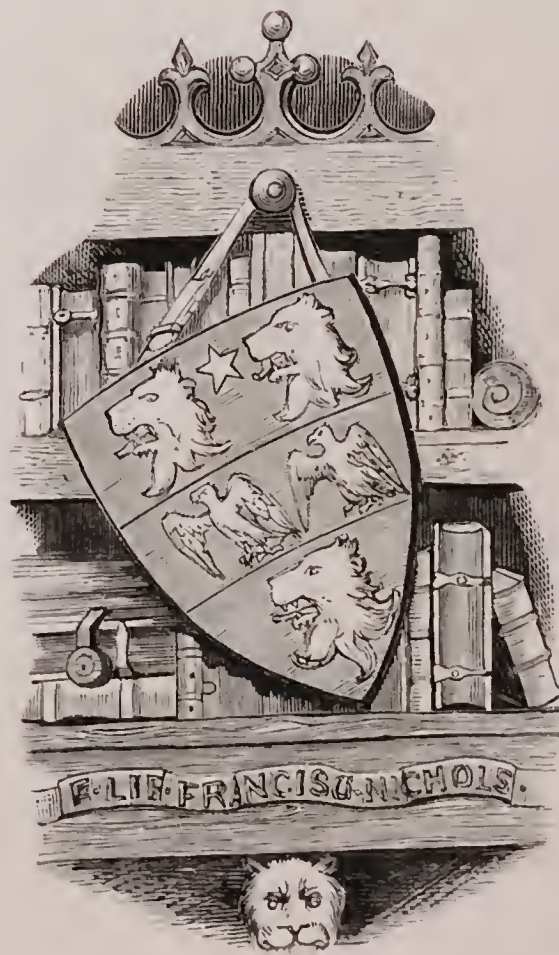


Fig. 5.

milliner's shop front. Nature should have inspired an artistic and appropriate design. The book-plate of Mr. George Grote consisted of his shield and crest within an oval, the name on a

ribbon below, and a palm-branch. Baron Bunsen's plate is designed to represent a smooth oval seal, with his shield in the centre. Beneath is inscribed "Ex Libris Christiani Caroli Bunsen."

A fashion has lately arisen of having book-plates engraved to look like beautiful circular seals; the edge is left slightly irregular and broken to assist this idea. These plates, when well engraved, are very beautiful. The name of the owner generally surrounds the seal, and the crest, or coat-of-arms, is in the centre. Somewhat similar to these, but even more pleasing in appearance, are book-plates which look as if they had been sketched from exquisite carvings in stone. Some of the best examples of this style have been engraved by O. Jewitt. They are often printed in neutral tint, the shield and motto in high relief upon a carved *cinquefoil*, with a diapered background, the whole set in a square tablet. The plate of Mr. J. R. Planché (Fig. 4), as Rouge-eroix Pursuivant of arms, is a good example of the seal-like book-plate; the design is graceful and spirited, with its wonderful lion holding the red cross, and the shield *couché*. The name and title of the owner surround the seal. The idea of a seal is carried out so far as to represent the silken cord with its twisted ends. The original plate was engraved by Sherbourne. Several of the book-plates belonging to members of the Heralds' College are, as we should expect, very interesting.

Most of the English book-plates with which we meet would be equally appropriate if placed anywhere else where a sign of possession is required, but there are some with more definite intention. "Ex libris" is occasionally placed before the name, as in Baron Bunsen's plate, and some lovers of books were not unmindful of the dangers which beset the borrowed book. Garrick had an ugly book-plate with foliage and masks and



Fig. 6.

lyres, and a bust of Shakspeare at the top. Beneath the design is engraved "La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plus tôt." (*Menagiana*, vol. iv.) A French plate, that of Hugo de Bassville, has almost the same inscription, with "Rendés le livre s'il vous plait" placed before it.

Another Bibliophile lent his books on the condition that they should be returned in fourteen days; and in order that no one should plead ignorance, had the rule clearly written beneath his shelves. A third went further still, and would not lend his books at all, giving his reasons in a couplet as follows:—

"Tel est le triste sort de tout livre prêté
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté."

In pictorial book-plates it is not uncommon to find books represented. There are several designs of a sort of trium-

MANET



ET MANEBIT

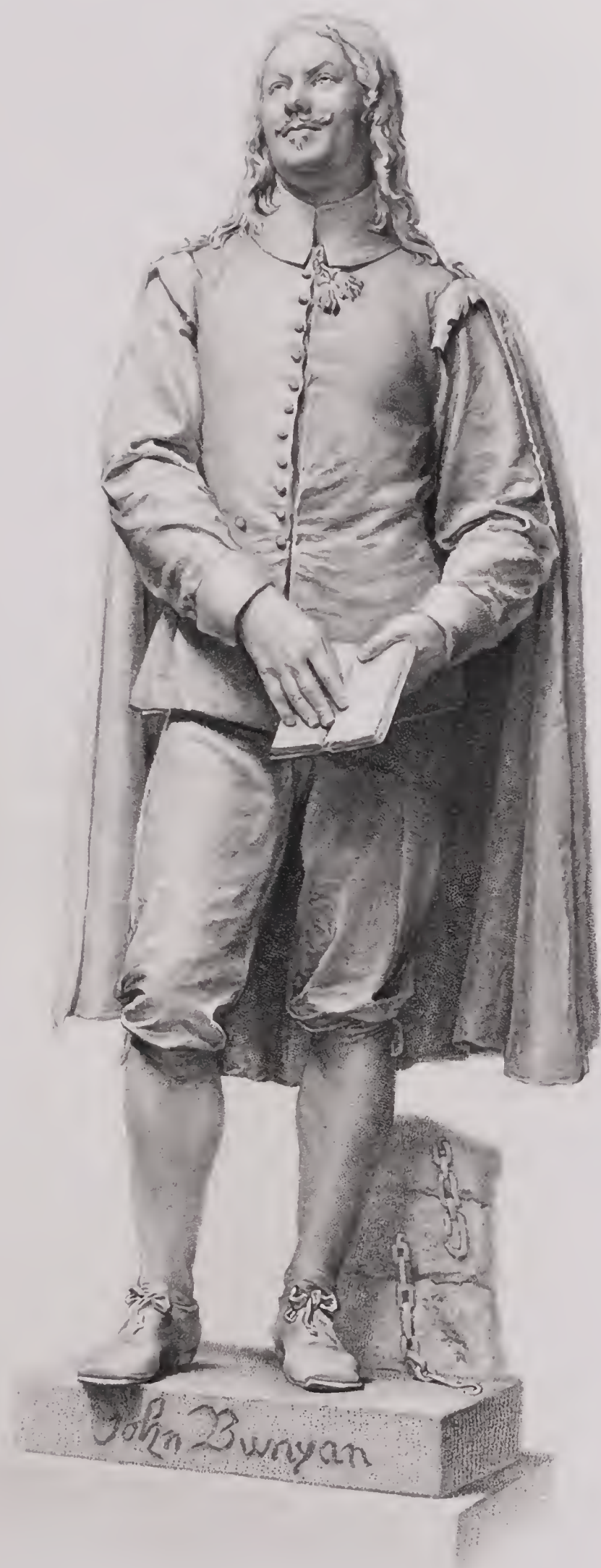
Fig. 7.

phal arch built of books, having much the effect of an erection of children's bricks, while MSS. curl over the top. In far better taste, though with the same idea, is the book-plate of Francis Nichols (Fig. 5). The design is slightly sketched, showing a shield *couché* on a carved bookcase; the drawing appears as if taken from a real old shield. Old books with clasps, and MSS. lie upon the shelves. Below the second shelf the owner's name, with "E Libris," is carved. This is a sensible and artistic book-plate.

Among "Ex-Libris Français" is one with a somewhat similar intention, but of far more elaborate design. A library is visible within a dim stone arch; a large, heavy curtain is draped across the lower part and festooned with roses. Below it a cartouche shield, and a crest supported by griffins, are sinking into the clouds. This book-plate belonged to M. Joubert, trésorier des Etats de Languedoc, in the reign of Louis XV.

Guelette, writer of fairy tales and farces, is said to have been the first to whom the idea occurred of making his book-plate a sort of allegory which should include all his literary labours. On a shield is represented the antirrhinum which is called in France "Gueules de lion." A mermaid swims below the shield in a shallow fountain. In the group of supporters is a mandarin, which signifies Guelette's book of Chinese adventure. A Tartar stands for "Tales of Tartary." A cyclops and a harlequin (the latter representing the theatrical element) complete the design.

There are several book-plates of the eighteenth century, designed by Boucher—one belonged to the President Henault; it is not in Boucher's best style: an affected figure of Minerva



ENGRAVED BY E. GALTHER FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. F. BOEHM

sits on a roll of massive clouds, and holds the President's shield instead of her *Egis*. A better example by this artist is one in which a heavy modern shield is carried by graceful Cupids with butterfly wings (Fig. 6); the faces and figures of the two children are charming. Some of the French book-plates are caricatures or "charges," with punning mottoes. Book-plates engraved with portraits are very rare. The author of "*Ex-libris Français*" has only known of two examples, one of which was the plate belonging to the Abbé Desfontaines, who took pleasure in admiring the representation of his own person in the covers of his books. The book-plate of Edouard Manet, painter, may also in the original engraving claim to be a portrait (Fig. 7). The design is by Bracquemond, and consists of an outline of Manet's head, on shoulders which gradually assume the form of the god *Terminus*. Behind this pedestal rise graceful stems and grasses. "*Manet et Manebit*" is the motto inscribed on this plate. The great Bibliophile and librarian, Magliabecchi, possessed a book-plate which represented his own head in profile on a medal surrounded by oak-boughs, amongst which a few books are interspersed; "*Antonius Magliabecchius Florentinus*" is inscribed around it.

During the French revolution a curious change was made in some of the book-plates used by Bibliophiles of noble birth. The coronet was carefully obliterated, and the cap of liberty set in its place. The book-plate of J. B. Michaud, *Pontissaliensis Legati in Nat^l Conventu*, 1791, bears a Phrygian cap above a shield, with a commonplace monogram, and the motto, "*La Liberté où la Mort.*"

Some of the English book-plates bear witness to the special tastes of their owners, as, for instance, a group of nets and rods in a river scene. A very graceful picture formed the book plate of Anna Damer, "*Agnes Berry inv. and del. 1793.*" A girl with a sweet smiling face, and wearing classic drapery, kneels on one knee beside a monument, or altar, on which "*Anna Damer*" is inscribed. Upon it are two pet dogs supporting a shield; trees and a distant landscape form the background. A very pretty and simple book-plate is Mr. John Murray's—a kneeling cherub, in brown outline, the owner's name in gold. The cherub is copied from one of the adjuncts of a Madonna by Raphael.

Books are very often legacies, and the idea occurred to some one that when such was the case the fact should be perpetuated in a book-plate. The idea was good, but was carried out in the horrible design, once so common amongst us, the heathen urn. The urn and its ugly shadow stand in the centre of an oval, and the urn has an inscription beginning "*Gift by will,*" and the date 1791.

The Russian book-plates that have come under our notice have all been heraldic, engraved rather roughly. The Spanish are also heraldic.

The fashion for pictorial book-plates is increasing. A pleasing and appropriate etching, which will be placed in many books, and last for generations, is not an unworthy object on which to exercise artistic taste, and it is a satisfaction to the owner, who feels that his plate is original and well designed, to see it in the volumes which he loves.

JOHN BUNYAN.

ENGRAVED BY H. BALDING, FROM THE STATUE BY J. E. BOEHM.



HERE we asked to describe the present age by one of its prominent characteristics, we should be disposed to speak of it as an age of memorials and testimonials: the fine arts and the manufacturing arts are constantly employed in doing honour to the living and the dead with more or less show of justification; private friendship is in some instances the moving power to this end, but public estimation in many others. The statue of John Bunyan, which is here engraved, is a memorial erected at the sole cost of a single individual; it is the gift of the Duke of Bedford to the corporation of the town which gives to the duke his title, and was placed in a conspicuous part of the town in July, 1874. The names of Bunyan and Bedford can never be disassociated: the "glorious dreamer" was born at Elstow, but a short distance from the town; was incarcerated

in its prison for a considerable term, where he wrote his immortal "*Pilgrim's Progress*;" and after his release became the minister of the Baptist congregation there.

Mr. Boehm's statue shows Bunyan as in the act of preaching to or addressing an audience in the open air, which, his biographers relate, he was at one time accustomed to do in the villages round about the town. The figure is well modelled, and stands firmly yet easily, but the expression of the face—at least as it appears in the engraving—is not agreeable; it has an affected smile, or rather smirk; still the likeness to the best-authenticated portraits is recognisable. Near the feet is a representation of stonework, to which chains are attached, typifying Bunyan's imprisonment. Three sides of the pedestal have respectively a bas-relief of a subject from the "*Pilgrim's Progress*;" the fourth side bears an appropriate inscription. The engraved name is a facsimile of one of Bunyan's varied autographs.

THE EXHIBITION OF TAPESTRY AT THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.



HERE are but few relics of the luxurious existence of the wealth and rank of past centuries that appeal to the imagination so strongly as do tapestry-hangings. The garments of beauty and of royalty, the armour that once clothed heroic limbs, reft of the forms that once filled them, are like the discarded plumage of a bird, the hollow chrysalis of the escaped butterfly. Furniture in a museum has a displaced and exiled look; but suspend the tapestry-hangings against the walls, even of a void and echoing gallery, and it returns at once to its pristine functions. Thus it looked when knight and lady feasted beneath its shadow, when royal owners came to smile approval on the goodly work, when it adorned the bower of princesses, or the banquet-halls of kings. In the

stiff and formal imagery of the earlier pieces, what priceless information respecting costume, customs, &c., may we not find! And in the later works, what visions and images of beauty! The decorative Art of the present day may study with advantage the deft blending of hues, the exquisite grouping of fruit and flowers, and mythological devices, which some of the finer pieces display.

The Central Union of Fine Arts applied to Industry, in this its fifth annual exhibition, has continued to present a display of unusual interest. In addition to the modern clocks and furniture, the silverware of Christofle, the bronzes of Barbedienne, the porcelains of Deck, that decorate the nave of the Palais de l'Industrie, the upper galleries, so lately emptied of the pictures of the *Salon*, now show forth a chronologically-arranged exhibition of tapestry from the earliest specimens, from Flemish and German looms,

down to the latest achievements of the great national manufactories of Les Gobelins, Beauvais, and La Savonnerie. And, before proceeding to a description of this exhibition, it may be as well to say a few words about the society that originated it.

The Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliques à l'Industrie has been in existence now for twelve years. It was founded in 1864 by a few of the leading manufacturers of Paris, who, struck by the progress made in industrial Art by the various nations that figured at the Universal Exhibition of London in 1862, feared that France, with all her Art-advantages, might be left behind in the race. Hence they conceived the idea of founding an institution destined to propagate the culture of Art in application to manufactures. Without asking or obtaining any aid from the Imperial Government beyond the necessary legalisation for the project, they founded the association now so well known in the cause of industrial Art. The first exhibition held under its auspices was opened at the Palais de l'Industrie in August, 1865; the present exhibition is the fifth. Two years ago to the displays of the achievements of French industry, as aided by Art, was joined the curious and interesting exhibition of costumes. To-day the not less curious and far more interesting exhibition of tapestry claims our attention.

The earliest specimens of tapestry exhibited are by no means remarkable for artistic grace or beauty. Without perspective and with but little shading, the faces filled in with masses of stitches, the colours dull and presenting but little variety, the few pieces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are more curious than attractive. Such is the case with one of the oldest pieces in the exhibition, which is the property of M. Escosura, the well-known Spanish artist. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is in tolerable preservation. It represents the Presentation at the Temple. There is no attempt at depth or perspective, or at the introduction of any background, of scenery, or of accessories. The figures are few in number, and are relieved against a flat groundwork of a dull purple hue, spotted with bluish-green leaves in regular order. These personages are five in number—the Virgin, the Child, the attendant priest, and a knight and a lady, each bearing a torch, which last are probably intended for St. Joseph and St. Anne. The figures are all ranged in a row. The priest and the Virgin wear the conventional draperies, but the torch-bearers are arrayed in the garb of the fourteenth century. The faces are filled in with masses of stitches, and are expressionless and unmeaning. The colours of the whole are a good deal faded, the hue of the Virgin's robe having departed so utterly as to render it impossible even to guess at what it may have been. Part of the border, which is still remaining, is of a floreated design in the Byzantine style, and its red and blue tints are well preserved.

Of the tapestry of the succeeding century there are several examples differing widely in merits, according to the locality whence they come. Thus the Manufacture des Gobelins has sent one of the few remaining treasures of its once famous museum, the greater part of which was destroyed by the Communists in 1870. This large and curious piece dates from 1501, and represents Louis XI. raising the siege of Acre. It was executed at Bruges, and bears out the high reputation enjoyed by the Flemish tapestry of the period. The spirit of the design, the care wherewith the details of dress, of armour, and of architecture, are rendered, the expressiveness of the faces, and the Chinese-like disregard of perspective, recall the best of the illuminations illustrating Froissart's "Chronicles." Though the hues are faded by time, there is no lack of choice and variety in colours evidently. On the other hand, a specimen from Ferrara, bearing date some forty years later, displays no colours save greens, blues, and yellows, in varied gradations. A specimen of arras from the South Kensington Museum is equally flat, and devoid of shading or perspective, with the curious piece from the collection of Escosura. But the most primitive and unartistic of these earlier tapestries are some German specimens, dating from the fifteenth century, and displaying devotional subjects treated in the most primitive manner. In one our Saviour, a gaunt and ghastly image, speckled all over with red streaks, intended to represent blood, and with a great sunflower-shaped patch of red on either hand, is held up by main force in the arms of two stalwart hurghers. This piece is a long, narrow strip, like the far-famed Bayeux tapestry, which, by-the-way, we are sorry not to see exhibited in the collection.

To return to the tapestries of the sixteenth century, we find ourselves face to face with a very curious piece representing Christ and the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' Oddly enough, Christ and his disciples are attired in the conventional Jewish garb, while the culprit, her accusers, and her would-be executioners, are all goodly Flemish burgher-folk, and dressed accordingly. The woman herself, who is crying bitterly with her muslin apron up to her eyes, is a stout *Flamande*, rigged out in a yellow petticoat and a puffed blue gown, with farthingale and pinnars in due style. And yet a little farther on we find a very lovely and artistic specimen from the same country and of the epoch, representing the 'Flight into Egypt,' and probably copied from some fine Italian design. The head of St. Joseph is noble and expressive; and the Virgin, arrayed in a robe of an exquisite shade of blue, so delicate in tint that it is a marvel that the colouring still remains, is singularly lovely, with long golden hair and delicately-outlined features. The perspective is fairly good, and but for the introduction of a band of very peculiar-looking angels, who are literally roosting on a tree that shades the Virgin and Child, the design would be strikingly artistic. The colours of this beautiful piece are almost perfectly preserved. The border, composed of red roses, grapes, and foliage, is very fine and artistic.

From the South Kensington Museum comes a large and valuable piece, representing 'Susannah and the Elders.' Madame Susannah, in the full dress of a fashionable dame of the fifteenth century, with her brocade robe turned over her knees, is washing her feet and ankles in a basin of carved marble fed by an elegant fountain. She is quite unconscious of the presence of the elders, who stand about three feet from her, and who wear the long, furred robes of well-to-do citizens of the period at which the tapestry was executed. The chief artistic value of this finely-preserved and curious specimen lies in the border, which is very broad in proportion to the size of the central picture, and displays on a dark-blue background an arabesque design of brown foliage intermixed with white birds of the crane or heron species, with grey-shaded plumage and red-flecked bills and legs. At each corner is a painted shield, two of which bear on a pale-blue background the head of a man; the other two display coats of arms. This piece has been carefully studied, and the border copied by Parisian artists since the exhibition was opened.

Among the greatest curiosities in the exhibition may be cited the fine set of hangings of English tapestry, manufactured at the celebrated but short-lived Mortlake factory, founded by Charles I. These hangings reproduce the well-known cartoons of Raphael, formerly on exhibition at Hampton Court, and may compare favourably with the finest productions of Les Gobelins, the earliest of which they antedate by several years. The Mortlake factory perished with its founder, and has never since been revived. The colours of the backgrounds, draperies, &c., lack the extreme richness of the hues employed by Les Gobelins, but the finish and delicacy of execution of the pictures leave nothing to be desired.

One of the earliest pieces of French tapestry exhibited dates from the sixteenth century, and represents a snake-charmer displaying his art before a king and queen, who, by the costumes and those of the attendant *mignons* and ladies, seem to be Henri III. and Louise de Lorraine, though the bearded visage of the king more resembles that of Henri II. This piece, which is quite small, is extremely fine in workmanship, and has been extensively enriched with gold-thread, and also with needlework embroidery in floss-silk in relief, representing the jewelled decorations of the costumes. The gold has all turned black, however, and every vestige of colour has long since departed from the silk, so that pale, colourless projections alone remain to show the enrichments that must once have glowed with colour and lustre.

But, from all these curious relics of the art of a bygone age, it is a relief to turn to the positive and splendid beauty of the productions of the still flourishing factories of Les Gobelins and Beauvais. Room after room is filled with these splendid tapestries. It is calculated that these now on exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie are worth \$10,000,000. Louis XIV., as founder of Les Gobelins, figures largely, as is his right. Here is the complete series of his reign, after paintings by Van der Meulen and Lebrun, their tints just softened by time. Here are the lovely tapestries of the Louis XV. period, after Boucher's sentimental and artificial but wholly charming designs. The most magnificent series of this

epoch in the exhibition is undoubtedly the Don Quixote set, after designs ascribed by some to Coypel, by others to Vanloo. Some of the designs of this series are in small oval medallions on a white ground, set in a groundwork of the glorious rose-pink which shares with the far-famed scarlet the honour of being one of the richest and most durable of the colours of Les Gobelins. Over this resplendent background meander festoons of flowers and fruits, berries of Cupids, blocks of birds, &c., while at the summit of each of the principal pieces a superb peacock displays his gorgeous and scarcely-faded plumage. These tapestries are all in the very finest preservation. Many of the rich and glowing hues are scarcely injured at all by the hand of Time, and the rest are merely softened and mellowed, not really changed or faded. In the next room we come upon some of the productions of the First Empire—a copy of David's portrait of Napoleon, and various scenes from the life of the great emperor. But uniforms, battles, and, above all, the straight severe features and classic head of the principal hero do not look so well in tapestry as do the wigs, and ruffles, and laces of the Louis XIV. period, the loose draperies of the goddesses of Mignard, the affected graces of the shepherdesses and nymphs of Boucher. To the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe we are indebted for the Marie de' Medicis series, a reproduction of the pictured life of that queen by Rubens, painted for the Palace of the Luxembourg, and now in the Louvre. This fine set of tapestry was preserved from the conflagration of St.-Cloud. Some parts of it are remarkably fine, and especially the representation of the satin draperies of the queen, in the picture representing the wedding, and also in that of the birth of the Dauphin.

The Beauvais tapestry on exhibition hardly rivals that of Les Gobelins. There is a stiffness—a lack of artistic beauty—in the designs, which may be accounted for by the fact that the productions of this factory were originally intended for furniture-coverings merely. There is, however, one design, a group of hollyhocks, crimson, white, and yellow, that is remarkably beautiful. Some very interesting sets of furniture are exhibited, especially one with a brown ground spotted with *fleurs de lis* and adorned with medallions of fruit and flowers in wreaths and baskets on a white ground.

The last rooms in the exhibition are devoted to a display of the most recent productions of Les Gobelins, Beauvais, and La Savonnerie. As regards the recently-completed pieces from the first-named establishment, it is to be regretted that copies from the old

masters, such as the 'Charity' of Andrea del Sarto, the 'Visitation' by Ghirlandajo, and the 'Comitas' of Raphael, should be among the most important, the experience of the past having shown that tapestry best reproduces designs which were made expressly for such reproduction. An exception, however, must be made respecting the panels executed for the refreshment-room of the new Opera-House, after designs by Mezerolles. These panels, eight in number, and representing respectively, by means of female figures with appropriate attributes, the various refreshments of coffee, tea, wine, ices, pastry, game, fish, and fruit, are too high in colour as to the figures themselves, and too conspicuous in tone as regards the background. This last is a harsh, deep shade of peacock-blue. The drawing of the figures is very deficient in parts, and notably the arm of the stalwart young woman who personates Ice. A century or two of toning down will be necessary before these panels can be anything but disagreeably showy and crude.

Very lovely is the recent carpet-work from La Savonnerie—a great square carpet intended for the Palace of Fontainebleau, a gorgeous arabesque design in deep yet rich colours, on a dark-brown ground, and several sofa-covers intended for the same palace. From the Beauvais looms three splendid panels are shown, two representing the emblems of Science and of Art respectively, on a background of delicate cream-yellow, the third the arms of France on a dark ground.

It is rather to be regretted that a taste for antique tapestry has not yet crossed the Atlantic. Our citizens have been seized with the prevalent mania for ancient furniture, china, and bric-a-brac, to say nothing of the more serious forms of Art. But we doubt if, outside of the studios of some few artists, there exist a dozen pieces of fine antique tapestry in the country. Yet it is impossible to exaggerate the artistic value of a set of such hangings as a background for armour, mediæval furniture, or paintings. Every artist prizes the richness of tone and the appropriate air shed by such drapery over Moyen Age surroundings. Pieces of tapestry in comparatively good preservation are often to be met with at the shops of second-hand dealers in Paris, or at the auction-sales of the Hôtel Drouot. They are always eagerly bought up, but seldom or never by Americans. Perhaps the peculiarly practical and unadaptable nature of our homes may have something to do with this neglect. But the wide hall of a double mansion, or the walls of a library or of a large dining-room, would afford ample and appropriate space for the use of this most artistic and historical of wall-decorations.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "INTELLECTUAL LIFE."



ALL the English writers on Art there are, at least, two whose words are doing a considerable amount of good. I have in mind Mr. F. T. Palgrave and Mr. P. G. Hamerton. They both possess unusual qualifications for the work, and both hold sound views as to the real nature and function of Art, viz., that it is to give the highest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number.

Whatever Mr. Hamerton chooses to write is read with profit and pleasure, even though, to begin with, he has nothing of the poetical power or the brilliancy of style of John Ruskin. Hamerton leans rather to philosophy and scientific analysis. The reader may not accept everything he advances, but will admit, I think, that on the whole his writings are doing fully as much good in the direct service of Art as any book ever penned and published. He is not constantly dropping whatever topic he discusses, and zigzagging off into the realms of space, dilating on all things upon the earth, in the heavens, or the waters beneath. One does not find him, like Ruskin, for instance, making any such prophecy as that we can never have any noble architecture with the material of iron, for the reason that no mention of such a thing is made in the Bible. He probably would see the logical difficulties one would fall into if this style of reasoning were extended to other subjects, say to the mechanic arts.

Aside from the utility of what he has written on the subject of Art, it is also true that few English authors of the present day have risen so rapidly into popularity as has Mr. Hamerton. It is very easy to detect the starting-point of his successful career, but not so easy to explain its secret. That he speaks always to the heart no one would deny; and that he possesses qualifications to deal with themes of special importance there can be no question. It may be that the following data, relative to the man and his writings, will prove serviceable to many of his admirers:

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON was born at Hellifield Peel, Craven, England, on September 10, 1834. His family is one of the oldest in Yorkshire, and is allied, by intermarriage, to many other distinguished families, some of which are of historical importance, such as the Cliffords. Sir Richard Hamerton's second wife was a sister of John, the bloody Lord Clifford, who perished at Towton Field.

Mr. Hamerton's grandfather bore the baptismal name of Gilbert, and, through the most of his life, he lived on a beautiful estate, which was formerly the property of his mother, the Hollins, near Burnley. He died there at an advanced age, leaving behind him a large family of boys and girls. All of the sons were brought up to the law; and one of them, the eldest, practised as a solicitor in a small town called Shaw, not far from Oldham, where he fell in love with, and afterwards married, the daughter of a de-

ceased cotton-manufacturer. From this union sprang the subject of the present article.

Philip Gilbert never knew his mother, who died a fortnight after he was born. Those who did know her, however, have frequently described her as an interesting young lady, of gentle manners, but with a decided will of her own, which she exhibited by her determination to marry against the wishes of her family. Her health was never robust; yet she rode well on horseback. Her husband, also, was an expert equestrian, and indeed excelled in most physical exercises. During the earlier part of his life he achieved a considerable reputation in his profession, to which he gave not only the larger portion of his time, but also the most of his thought. His entire being, as it were, was bound up in the law, and nothing outside of it possessed the smallest attraction to his mind.

The elder Hamerton died in 1844. After the death of his mother, Philip Gilbert was entrusted to the care of his two aunts, the sisters of his father, who failed not in their promise of well-doing, but were ever planning and prescribing for his comfort with maternal tenderness. It was the genial and benignant influence of these ladies that so perfectly developed the boy, and rescued him from ways which might easily have forestalled the glory of his manhood.

As soon as he was able to talk he was taught to read. At five and a half years of age he began Latin under a severe master, and also amused himself with both drawing and literary composition. Indeed, at the age of eleven years he had a definite literary ambition.

His father thought it a good thing for a child to be with ladies, but not a good thing for a boy; therefore, as soon as he was nine years of age, he was summoned to his father's house, passing from the tenderest care to the utmost severity. The father was a terrible disciplinarian in everything. He taught his son to ride, and made him read to him at certain hours through the day; and his whole manner towards young Hamerton was so utterly severe as to fill him with continual terror and awe.

After the death of his father the son went to live with his aunt, the elder of the sisters before mentioned. She sent him to school at Burnley, and afterwards at Doncaster, where he made moderate progress. When the time arrived for him to pass his examinations for admission into Oxford, he was adjudged to be deficient in his knowledge of the Latin and Greek. He had never had any fancy for either of these languages; but was deeply interested in the literature and history of his own country, and to Scotland he looked as a sort of romantic paradise.

Being backward, as I have said, he was at once put under the care of the Rev. T. Hinde, a somewhat noted Oxford "coach," and a relative of his father. Mr. Hinde tutored the boy for more than a twelvemonth, and then pronounced him fitted for college. But hereupon another difficulty occurred. Philip Gilbert's guardian was very desirous that he should go to Oxford, and he would, beyond probability, have done so but for his refusal to sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. He could not conscientiously do this, and was therefore deprived of whatever advantages may accrue from a university education.

What to do next was a question which had speedily to be solved. Some of his friends advised him to go into the law, while he himself was inclined to become an artist. The matter was laid before his guardian, and she consented that he might become a landscape-painter. His first master was a Mr. Pettill, with whom he went to London in the winter of 1853. Under Mr. Pettill's instructions he made rapid progress, which would have proved even more creditable to himself, had he not sickened of London life. When the summer months came round he sighed for the green fields and the country air; London smoke and London housetops were for him no sources of inspiration; and so, after a brief sojourn, he quitted his master and went back to the Hollins, there to paint from Nature. He remained in the metropolis, however, long enough to become acquainted with Leslie the Royal Academician, Robinson the engraver, Rogers the poet, and other literary and artistic lights.

In the years 1853-'55 Mr. Hamerton travelled in Scotland, and pursued his artistic studies in the vicinity of Loch Awe. Notwithstanding the severity of its climate, Loch Awe fairly charmed him, and he was induced to make it the subject of a poem, which, on the attainment of his majority, he published in a volume of about

four hundred pages, embellished with a number of woodcut illustrations. This poem was entitled "The Tales of Loch Awe," and consisted of all the old legends which have for ages lurked around the vicinity.

Mr. Hamerton left Scotland in 1855, and went to Paris. There he came under the influence of William Wyld, a distinguished English painter. It so happened, however, that they could not agree on matters relating to Nature and Art. Wyld thought that nothing was comparable with the gorgeous scenery of Italy; while Hamerton saw but little that was attractive there, and preferred Loch Awe and the moors of Lancashire and Scotland.

The volume of poems which he had published had only a very small sale, and this non-success rather discouraged him in literature. He tried repeatedly to contribute articles for the more important reviews, but these were invariably declined. Furthermore, his work in Art was, at this time, far below the level of the exhibitions, and more than once, in the years 1856-'57, he was tempted to throw down the brush, and to turn his hand to some other occupation. Fortunately, his courage did not give way, his natural ambition supported him, and he went on with his studies pretty vigorously, though not so vigorously as he would have done with more encouragement from without.

In 1856, in the month of September, Mr. Hamerton began his camp-life on the moors that divide Lancashire from Yorkshire. In the following year he transported his hut into Scotland, and tarried five months about Loch Awe. It was here that he began the writing of those chapters which to-day are comprised in "A Painter's Camp."

In 1858 Mr. Hamerton made a flying visit to Paris, and married Eugénie, the daughter of M. Frédéric Gindriez, some time Prefect of the Doubs. He had also been a member of the National Assembly, and had there been the representative of the department of Saône-et-Loire. Mrs. Hamerton, though a Frenchwoman, is thoroughly conversant in the literature and language of England. Besides being an efficient housekeeper, a faithful wife, and a thoughtful mother, she not unfrequently turns her hand to literary composition. A few years ago she published a novel, entitled "Jeanne Laraguay," and the "Mirror of Truth and Other Marvellous Histories." She writes with something of the grace which we are wont to find in her husband's more serious books.

After his marriage, Mr. Hamerton lived with his wife in a house on an island in Loch Awe until the year 1861, when he removed to Sens, in France. Of his camping-out life he has given us a pleasing picture in "A Painter's Camp," which was published in 1862 along with the "Thoughts about Art." In this work he says:

"I can scarcely understand how a painter can ever be a tourist. Nothing torments me like a tour. To pass so much admirable material and not have time to make good studies of it, is to me the torture of Tantalus. My first impulse when I come to a noble subject is to pitch my tent straight in front of it, and stay there twelve months; but, since that cannot always be, let me, at least, stay long enough to draw it carefully, and watch it with the light of seven or eight sunsets and sunrises upon it; and, if possible, also under the tender mystery of moonlight. To look at Loch Awe day by day under all its aspects for four years exactly suited me, and I could have staid twenty years longer in great contentment, with no other variety than the changes of the forms as my boat moved, and the changes of effects as the weather and the seasons altered. I was once dragged past Loch Awe in a coach at ten miles an hour, in perfect misery; and, when I had lately to go down the valley of the Rhone in a railway-train, I did nothing but wish that I could give several years to the journey. But life is not long enough for such travelling as would quite suit me, and so I made a compromise with necessity; and yet I know that, after all, at this rate, death will certainly catch me before I have seen the tenth part of what I want to see, and so put a stop to my wanderings, in this world at least, forever. But, let the tourist be in ever such a hurry, he will see no more, probably even less, wasting his time in travel. And, if he saw a new scene every day of his life, how near would he have come at the end of it to exhausting the glories of one planet? I think my appetite for natural beauty is, to say the least of it, as vigorous as his—probably even keener, since it needs far less the stimulus of change. And I think that I do not enjoy a less quantity of beauty in the long-run than the most indefatigable of tourists."

Few passages in Mr. Hamerton's writings convey to the reader's mind a more perfect and characteristic picture of the man. A truer and more enthusiastic lover of Nature has never existed.

The "Painter's Camp" and "Thoughts about Art" had a large sale, and at once placed the author in the front rank of popularity. He was at the same time acknowledged as a leader in Art-matters, and a most excellent guide for the field and forest. The newspapers of the day spoke of him only in terms of praise, and the editors of the various magazines asked him to send them literary contributions. In 1866 and the two years following he was the regular Art-critic on the London *Saturday Review*. He found it to be a tedious and a most harassing occupation, and that the travelling between Autun and London, together with the work, was diminishing his health. In good season, therefore, he resigned his position.

He was never very much contented with his life at Sens. The scenery was not so attractive as in many other places, and he had an ardent desire to be domiciled farther south. In 1864, after a long search, he found a lodge at Pré Charmoy, Autun, on the banks of the river Arroux, in the eastern highlands of France. Here he still lives with his family. Of the place and its surroundings the reader will find a pleasing description in the "Unknown River" and "Round my House." Mr. Hamerton is thoroughly a home-body, and there is nothing associated with his home or its neighbourhood that can ever escape his searching knowledge. So great is his love in this respect that he seeks to make the whole world a sharer of his joys and sorrows, his profits and his pastimes. He knows every root and branch of the forest around him; he can tell you where the fishes are most plentiful at any hour of the day; and if you should happen to be in search of game he could readily direct you to the right spot. And yet he is neither a naturalist, nor a Walton, nor even a game-loafer. I should term him simply an observer—always an observer.

Mr. Hamerton has always felt a deep interest in the subject of etching. When he was twelve years of age he etched his first plate, and in 1863 he etched his second. Since then he has etched more or less every year, as well as made the theme one of special study. In 1868 he published a large work entitled "Etching and Etchers," illustrated with choice impressions from original plates. This work was widely sought after, mostly by connoisseurs and collectors, and exerted a considerable influence on the estimate of the art in England, where it is to-day more generally understood and appreciated than it was ever before. In the present year a new and revised edition of this work has appeared, which is, on the whole, a vast improvement over the earlier edition. It is altogether a more practical treatise, and better suited to the needs of amateurs and students.

In the same year he also published his "Contemporary French Painters," embellished with many fine plates; and "Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism" appeared in the following year. These two volumes are but little known in this country, and, owing to their cost, have not had a very large sale in England. They fill a place in literature which was long left vacant, and, furthermore, seem to fill it well.

A new edition of the "Painter's Camp," in an abridged form, was published in 1866, by Messrs. Macmillan, of London; and in 1867 Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, introduced Mr. Hamerton to the American public by printing an American edition of the same work. The book at once found favour among our countrymen, and is still sought after by artists and summer tourists.

Writing and etching have taken up a great deal of Mr. Hamerton's time, and greatly interfered with his work as a painter. Nevertheless, he has not been idle in the last-mentioned occupation. While he was living at Sens he painted 'Crossing the Loch,' 'Kilchurn Castle,' 'Ben Cruachan,' 'The Keeper's Cottage,' 'The River Yonne,' 'The Black Isles, Loch Awe,' and 'Sens from the Vineyard,' all of these large pictures, and all exhibited at the Academy in London.

In the Highlands of Scotland he painted a few pictures of moderate dimensions. But they were executed in a hard and dry manner, and were not at all popular. To tell the plain truth, they were rather studies than pictures, and that one or two of them should have won the warm praise of Mr. Millais is quite remarkable. It is only fair to state that the artist's present manner is as far removed as possible from his early efforts.

The public have always admired Mr. Hamerton's work, more as an author than as an artist. With his first book he struck the popular heart, and with every successive production his audience has grown larger and more appreciative.

In the year 1869 he wrote and published a novel called "Wendholme," a story of Lancashire and Yorkshire. It was a work in three volumes, and the English papers reviewed it favourably and at length. Mr. Hamerton, however, has never been satisfied with the work, and pronounced it altogether too long in the beginning. He is now revising and abridging the story, and will republish it some time in the course of the present year.

In 1870 was founded the *Portfolio*. This periodical, although confessedly an Art-magazine, was intended more especially to foster and popularise the subject of etching. Commissions were given to several of the best French and English artists, and contributions were solicited from the ablest writers of the day. Mr. Hamerton was the originator of the whole idea, and was assisted financially by the head of a Fleet Street firm in London. The periodical has now reached a point where it can be said to be fairly and firmly established. It is published monthly, and is illustrated chiefly with etchings.

Several of Mr. Hamerton's best works first appeared in the pages of the *Portfolio*, namely, the "Unknown River," the "Chapters on Animals," and the "Sylvan Year." He has also written small biographies of the painters Etty and Constable, and is now preparing a "Life of Turner," which will appear in a volume by itself.

The most successful of all of Mr. Hamerton's writings, the "Intellectual Life," was published in 1873. The first American edition was cleared off in a week, and the second in about the same space of time. The book has been reprinted in England and America more than a dozen times, and is now ranked as a "standard" production. Not every day do we take hold of a book that we would fain have always near us, a book that we read only to want to read again and again, that is so vitalised with truth, so helpful in its relation to humanity, that we would almost sooner buy it for our friend than spare him our copy to read.

The "Intellectual Life" is one of the rarest and noblest fruits of that life of which it treats. Just how much this book would be worth to each individual reader it would be quite impossible to say, but we can hardly conceive of any human mind, born with the irresistible instincts towards that intellectual life, that would not find in it not only ample food for deep reflection, but also living waters of the sweetest consolation and encouragement.

In the present year Mr. Hamerton has published his last book, entitled "Round my House." It is unjust to compare it with the "Intellectual Life," but, leaving the latter achievement out of the question, I am disposed to think that Mr. Hamerton's last book is also his best.

During the French and German War Mr. Hamerton's situation was anything but delightful. He was in the very midst of conflict, and night after night he could behold the blinding red flash of the German rifles. "Let anybody suppose himself," he says, "comfortably settled in an English country-house, unpretending, if he will, but provided with everything necessary to the regular and peaceful course of his life and occupations, let him suppose that he has spent, on this house and what it contains, a good deal of money, relatively to his means, and that among its contents are many things which he values greatly, and which, once destroyed, can never possibly be replaced. Then let him imagine that he awakes every morning, for months together, with the possibility before him that in a few days, or even hours, his house may be occupied by the rough soldiers of a hostile army, who will probably carry off half his things and spoil the rest, while it is the merest chance whether they will behave to his wife and family like gentlemen or like brigands. To leave your home in such a time is to expose it to certain pillage; to remain in it is to run the risk, though only a risk, of yet more serious evils."

As the enemy approached nearer, Mr. Hamerton gathered his family closer around him, and resolved to remain at his home in case of simple occupation, or to leave if his house seemed likely to be included in a battle-field. "There was still great risk of this," he writes; "the Germans actually tried to get their artillery over the river which flowed behind my house, and could not manage it. Had they known the country-roads and the fords they would certainly have come straight to the house, while it is likely that some

troops on the French side would have met them there. In that case our intention was to drive off to a little village high among the hills, not likely, from its situation, to be permanently occupied by the enemy, though he might visit it to make occasional requisitions. I had a roomy sort of four-wheeled dog-cart, with a very capacious coffer stuffed to the utmost with what we were most anxious to carry away. A more difficult task was to get a certain strong iron box away into the depths of a neighbouring wood without being observed by the *franc tireurs*, or by rustics on the lookout. First I smuggled a spade into the wood, then a pickaxe, and lastly the box, then dug the hole myself, and buried my treasure within range of the artillery, but not precisely under fire, as it was not shelling the wood where I dug the hole. I made no mark in the wood, but only this memorandum in my pocket-book: 'First great oak, after that first hirsch due north, then eleven yards due west of latter.' By the help of this memorandum I recovered my box quite easily after the peace; but many country-people, from trusting to their memories, and not knowing the art of making an accurate memorandum, have never been able to find what they had hidden."

In the year 1872 Mr. Hamerton was elected an honorary member of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in London. He is also a member of the *Société Eduenne*, in Paris, and of the Belgian Etching Club. In the last ten or a dozen years he has received every encouragement to continue on with his labours, and whatever merits his work possesses have been widely and generously acknowledged. He himself feels that he is largely indebted to the American people for the cordial sympathy which they have bestowed upon him.

Mr. Hamerton's habits of life are very regular and quiet. He is moderate in his desires, and is by no means what one would term a *bon vivant*. He rises with the sun, spends a few hours in literary composition, breakfasts, and then gives the best part of the day to practical work in Art. Late in the afternoon he again takes up his

pen, then dines with his family, and passes the evening socially. During the course of the day he takes a good deal of physical exercise, as well as finds time for reading. Being a born lover of Nature, he of course much prefers country-life to the city: this preference, however, does not prevent him from making frequent excursions to London, or Paris, or even into Switzerland. He is not fond of travelling, and never travels with any set purpose. He finds it altogether much more to his advantage to work at home, and in his own studio.

The view from Mr. Hamerton's "workshop" is very attractive, and, to quote his own words, "It seems as if mankind were nearer, and the legends of the ages written out for me on the surface of the world. Under the shadow of Jove's hill rises before me one of the most ancient of European cities, *soror et amula Romæ*. She bears on her walls and edifices the record of sixty generations. Temple, and arch, and pyramid, all these bear witness still, and so do her ancient bulwarks, and many a stately tower. High above all, the cathedral-spire is drawn dark in the morning mist, and often in the clear summer evenings it comes brightly in slanting sunshine against the steep woods behind. Then the old city arrays herself in the warmest and mellowest tones, and glows as the shadows fall. She reigns over the whole width of her valley to the folds of the far blue hills. Even so ought our life to be surrounded by the loveliness of Nature—surrounded, but not subdued."

In early life, as is generally known, Mr. Hamerton was much influenced by the teachings of Holman Hunt and John Ruskin. In 1862, or thereabouts, their influence ceased to affect his work, and to-day, though on very good terms with both of them, he stands completely aloof. He belongs to no school of painting, he acknowledges no leader: in writing, he aims to be clear and readable, and is always very careful not to go beyond the limits of what he has really learned or observed. In this, probably, lies the secret of his very considerable degree of literary and artistic success.

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME.



It is hard to witness the destruction of any building to which associations of family or historical interests are connected, and the moment when the old stones finally receive the detaching impulsion, and, rolling down, scatter with them cement, mortar, or the powdered crumblingness of time, sends a thrill even to the heart of an indifferent spectator.

So was it when, a few weeks ago, the destruction was decreed of a small Roman chapel that had been discovered amid the brickwork of the imperial epoch, brought to light in the levelling of the Hill of Justice, opposite the railway-station. Here, after several walls were thrown down, this small, circular brick construction was found, showing that the ruins were those of a private dwelling, changed later to Christian use, for upon the ceiling was a fresco of the apostles seated around the Master, at whose feet was the *scrinium*. Upon the walls were various symbols, with genii guiding boats and fishes in the water. The little building had, perhaps, been originally a *nymphæum*, or a niche for some worshipped statue, and changed to a family chapel for Christian worship, by the addition of those saintly figures, in the awkward, primitive style which marked the first Christian period.

Although it was old and crumbling, yet with the modern means for strengthening decrepit remnants of the past—far more lucid exponents of the distant age which created them than many histories over which we pore as if all they contain were truth—it would not have been very difficult to have transported this interesting memorial, preserving it intact, a treasure to appreciative eyes.

It stood in the path, however, of the progress of the Rome of 1876, so enriched with recently-found antiquities, as well as with the accumulations of past times, that its museums, spite of their enlargements, are overflowing: therefore it must be destroyed!

Could a history-loving heart see it totter, fall, and send up its cloud of ancient dust, without deeply regretting that what had

withstood so sturdily all the attacks of centuries, should receive its final prostration from the intelligent men of our own period? Or could an American, witnessing its fall, prevent the thought that, instead of perishing so ignominiously, it might have been carefully strengthened, boxed, and transported to one of our own galleries, where everything ancient is so deeply esteemed?

But this city, so overflowing with antiquities, is yet unwilling to share with others what she has not room for herself. The exchange made with Naples, of a bust of Titus in return for the completion of the Arvale tables, already possessed in part by Rome, became a subject of parliamentary recrimination, and, almost daily, objects are destroyed that would be of great value to other nations, especially to those not possessing monuments of a similar character.

In the immediate vicinity of the destroyed chapel was brought to light a piece of a very rare cup of white glass, with the representation of the baptism in the river Jordan.

There was also excavated the wall of a room, painted with festoons and squared lines, enclosing a figure of a faun, with crook and thyrsus, and two birds at his side. Various water-pipes of lead were found, upon one of which was the name of the proprietor, *Peregrina*, and several small objects, utensils of bronze and iron, and a lucerno of terra-cotta, with the monogram of Christ. The bricks used in the construction of the wall bore the stamps of the manufactories of C. Appius Natale, C. Appius Priscus, and T. Januarius.

Among the most interesting of the smaller objects discovered here was an iron key, in the form of a small box, upon the fourth side of which was the name, in relief—

A Π Ο Λ Λ Ο
Δ ω Ρ Ο Υ

written in isolated letters, each intended to fit in the corresponding hole of the lock.

On the other side of the Hill of Justice, overlooking the Via Porta San Lorenzo, another portion of the Servian *agger* has been excavated, with evidences of superposed buildings, among which was seen a cell with a pavement of black-and-white mosaic, containing a few vases of ordinary pottery, lucernas of terra-cotta, a marble fragment of a sitting statue, a bell, and various bronze coins.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in this vicinity has been that of an archaic altar in *peperino*, upon which was cut, in excellent characters, an inscription, to the purport that Aulus Postumius Albinus, son and grandson of Aulus, a decemvir by the Prætorian law, had erected the monument to Verminus.

The style of the letters is that of the latter half of the seventh century, although the altar was placed inside a rectangular tower, belonging to a fortification which there is every reason to consider as anterior to the establishment of the Servian *agger*.

The deity, Verminus, is unknown, but as the name evidently has its root in *Vermis*, the inscription was probably an invocation to the agrarian divinity supposed to have the power of preventing the injuries to cultivation occasioned by insects and worms. The family of the Postumii Albini had an important part in the administration of Roman affairs, and obtained much honour, through many centuries. But it is impossible to determine which of them was the author of the altar, from the frequent repetition of their names.

The square in front of the railway-station will soon become quite free from the buildings which have so long disfigured it, as they are now being rapidly demolished. This brings into more prominence the Piazza di Termini, with its fountained park and ancient ruins of the Diocletian Baths, the grand central hall of which was changed by Michael Angelo into the church Sta. Maria degli Angeli.

These unfortunate masses, constructed with such grandeur by the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, that they might now, in the very entrance of the city, be outrivalling the Baths of Caracalla, still so imposing, have suffered almost as much from the vicinity of the railway as from the ancient barbarians. They have been used for the convent of the Certosa Brothers, for various manufactories, for granaries, magazines, wood-houses, barns, and other ignoble uses, tending to their injury.

The adjoining once beautiful "Cloister of Michael Angelo," as it was called, an admirable readaptation of a portion of the ruins by the great architect, consisted, in his time, of a square, surrounded with a portico that was supported by more than a hundred Doric columns. From the delicacy of their proportions, and the grace of the arches rising above them, this cloister was one of the finest architectural ornaments of Rome. In 1862, in order to change it into an exhibition-place for works of Art connected with the Catholic religion, the arches of the portico were closed and the travertine columns plastered over with colours. The injurious changes extended also to the garden in the centre, which was covered with boards, glass, and hangings. Thus the picturesqueness of the cloister was lost for the time being. It could easily have been restored, however, had not the new government closed the spaces between the columns more permanently with walls, encumbering the four vast corridors and the large garden with boxes, carts, horses, and the other accessories of soldiers' quarters.

It is now suggested that these ruins should be completely disencumbered, all the new constructions removed, except such as are necessary for the support of the old walls, the whole surrounded with an iron fencing, and guarded as are the other monuments of Rome. Such a reparation, including the Cloisters of Michael Angelo, would cause the Baths of Diocletian to give a majestic effect to Rome in the eyes of those arriving at the neighbouring railway-station.

This effect would be greatly enhanced if the further project made by the architect, Cavaliere Montiroli, and proposed to the city government, should be executed. His plan is to surround the Piazza di Termini, which retains the semicircular form of the original ancient construction, with ample porticoes, with steps leading up to them from the piazza, and terminating with large circular niches, similar to those of the Roman thermæ, and of the Corinthian order. Above these would be placed, according to the plan, groups of statues representing the Fine Arts, Commerce, Science, Industry, and Agriculture. The upper story could serve, on one side, as a museum for objects found in the new excavations, and on the other as a mediæval or Renaissance museum for

the industrial arts. Or, since the failure of all the plans recently exhibited for the building to be devoted to a permanent exhibition of the Fine Arts in Rome, it may perhaps be considered as more feasible to accept the project of Montiroli, devoting the edifice to Art in all its branches.

Upon the Piazza di Termini walls and arches in the style of the best imperial times have recently been discovered, with a small brick stairway, covered with a roof of tiles, upon some of which was the stamp "Q OPPI PRISCVS" around a head diademed, or around a sun. One bore the impress of a human foot, another that of a hen's claw. But ruins of greater importance were brought to light in the works upon Via Nazionale, both near the Aldobrandini Garden and in the foundations of the Antonelli Palace, opposite the church of Sta. Caterina, of Siena. Here appeared the great semicircle that overlooked the *stadium* of the Baths of Constantine, with a part of the walls of the *stadium* itself, with niches, as well as various rooms, fragments of columns, and a wide stairway, despoiled of its marbles, that led to the upper story of the same building.

Belonging to the same baths, near the Via della Consulta, was discovered later a gallery (*ambiente*), with the remains of its marble pavement, as well as a wall of brick, which, with a corresponding one on the eastern side, made the other boundary of the *stadium*. Inside of this semicircle and propped against it was found a series of marble steps and paving-stones, arranged as stairs. Outside of the brick wall, the boundary of the baths themselves, as well as of the *stadium*, appeared the remains of a road, paved with large polygons, going in the direction of the Palazzina Antonelli.

Upon the other side of the road appeared a series of solid brick shops, of the Antonine period, with upper stories, corresponding to the *Tabernæ* of the Regionaries, placed upon the limit of the great semicircle or *exedra* of the *stadium*.

In the Via Mazzarino, below the Rospigliosi Palace, not only were other portions of the walls of the same baths discovered, but also fragments of sculpture, pieces of a marble cup, a porphyry vase, the torso of a Jupiter, with traces of colouring on the hair and beard, marble heads, amphoræ, bronze coins, and numerous lucernæ, some of them of the finest clay, with Christian monograms.

A continuation of the excavations here revealed still more important masses in this immediate vicinity. For the brick walls were unearthed that formed the principal halls of the baths of Constantine, adjoining the *exedra*, adorned with porticoes, as well as a room, with pieces of its pavement, several fragments of cornices of coloured marble, the principal part of a statue of Mars, and other interesting sculptures.

Then followed the discovery of three walls of a previous period, since their stamps bore the names of consuls in the years 150-164 A.D., as well as the walls bounding the Baths of Constantine on the eastern side, and those of still more ancient rooms, in which, on the level of the baths, were found a Corinthian capital, a statuette of Mercury without the head, &c. After destroying these walls, in the foundations were found pieces of water-pipe: one was inscribed with "T. FL. CLAVDI. CLAVDIANI." Nor were there lacking fragments of sculpture, as an arm of a statue of Hercules, a torso of a statuette of Silvanus, with various fruits in his hand; and a portion of the great inscription of the baths. A fountain was also found, consisting of a wall, with a niche in the midst, decorated with pilasters and squares, festoons, pictures representing genii in chariots or mounting marine monsters, ornaments of mosaics and shells, with four marble steps, over which the water fell into a basin.

The result of these excavations corresponds generally with the opinions held previously by archaeologists, in reference to the site of the Baths of Constantine, which were supposed to have extended nearly across the Quirinal Hill, occupying the site of the present Rospigliosi Palace, part of the Colonne Gardens, and the Quirinal Palace. The statue of Constantine, now adorning the portico of the Lateran basilica, was found long since in these ruins, as well as the famous "Horse-Tamers," now on the piazza of Monte Cavallo, near the royal palace. The statue of Constantine, with those of his two sons placed by Paul III. on the balustrade of the Capitoline Square, are supposed to have adorned the chief entrance of the baths in the grand hall.

C. L. WELLS.

NOTES.

STATUE OF MERCADANTE.—On the 2nd of August Naples witnessed the fitting honour, made to her celebrated musician and composer, Mercadante, of the inauguration of his statue upon Piazza Medina, in front of the church *della Pietà dei Turchini*, near which rose once the ancient Conservatory of Music. The church was crowded; the seats of honour were filled by prominent Neapolitans, as well as by the prefect, the syndic, the director of the conservatory, and the presiding officers of the Royal Academy of Archæology and Fine Arts. Around the chief altar were the orchestra and the choirs, composed of the alumni of the Royal College and of professors who offered gladly and gratuitously their services upon this Art-occasion. The festival services began with the symphony of "Elena di Feltre;" followed by another, also by Mercadante, the "Lamento del Bardo." Then choirs and orchestra united in the hymn, the music of which was composed for the occasion by Commendatore Rossi and the words by Commendatore Marco d'Arienzo, the now venerable poet, who was chosen by Mercadante to write the text for his musical works. The *Omaggio a Rossini* followed; and last came a very beautiful symphony by Serrao, entitled "Homage to Mercadante." The orator of the occasion, than whom no choice could have been more appropriate, on account of his intimate association with Mercadante, was Marco d'Arienzo. The statue is of marble, and about twice the size of life. It represents the musician as standing, the left limb slightly inclined forward, while the right arm rests upon an octagonal pedestal, upon which are the three most renowned of his works, 'Eliza and Claudius,' 'The Vestal,' and 'The Oath.' In the right hand is a roll, upon which is inscribed 'Virginia,' the title of his last *chef-d'œuvre*. The left arm falls naturally, and in the hand are gloves, as was the habit of Mercadante. The pose of the head is that of one absorbed in musical inspirations, and the face is full of expression. The dress is of modern style, in accordance with his costume, relieved by the various decorations and badges of honour bestowed upon him by different governments and societies. As a whole, the sculpture is broad and impressive. It is by the sculptor Angelini.

STATUES TO SEWARD AND LAFAYETTE.—Two statues have been erected within a few weeks in New York—one of William H. Seward, the other of Lafayette. The statue of Seward is placed in Madison Park, near the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, facing the open square; the Lafayette statue stands in Union Park, looking down Broadway, and nearly midway between the statues of Washington and Lincoln. The Seward statue is in a sitting posture; that of Lafayette is standing. The former, at this writing, has not been unveiled, the ceremony being appointed for the latter part of September; the Lafayette statue was formally unveiled and presented to the city with appropriate ceremonies on September 6th. It is a gift from the French Government, and the presentation to our city was made by M. Breuil, the Consul-General of France. The statue was originally designed for the Central Park, but a wise after-thought has placed it in the most appropriate spot in the city, not merely because it is a conspicuous one, but it stands facing the statue of Washington, and the attitude would seem to have been purposely selected for the situation, the intention being to represent Lafayette offering his services to the young Republic of the United States. The figure stands with the left hand, which is partially covered by an ample cloak falling over the shoulder, slightly extended in proffer of his services; while his sword, which is unsheathed, is tightly grasped in his right hand, just below the hilt, and is held point downward against the left breast. As in this action the face looks directly toward the statue of Washington, it can be readily seen that the two figures form a distinct dramatic action: Lafayette is made to appear to be offering his services to the august figure of Washington on horseback, whose arm extended toward him appears to signify welcome and hospitality. The Lafayette statue was executed by A. Bartholdi, the distinguished sculptor, in pursuance of a commission received from President Thiers, in behalf of the Republic of France. The material used is bronze, the size being heroic. The pedestal is the gift of the French residents of the city of New York. It is handsomely carved, and bears four inscriptions. On the front or southern tablet is the simple word "Lafayette." The west side is inscribed, "To the city of New York, France, in remembrance of sympathy in time of trial—1870-'71." The east side has the following: "As soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted—1776;" and on the rear or northern side is the inscription, "Erected 1876."

JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS.—This famous and venerable English artist died in London on the 15th of August. Mr. Lewis was born in 1805,

the son of F. C. Lewis, a noted engraver. He began his Art-career by a series of animal studies, which he engraved himself; in 1828 he was elected member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; shortly after this a desire for travel took him to the Continent. He spent a long time in Spain, studying the manners, customs, and costumes of the people, and pictures painted there gave him considerable reputation in England. He also studied laboriously in Italy, and a Tyrolean subject, entitled 'A Chamois,' attracted much attention at the Academy Exhibition in 1828. In 1851 he returned to England after thirteen years' absence, during which time he visited and made studies in Greece, Turkey, and the East. In 1851 appeared his 'Harem' and other Oriental and Italian pictures. In 1855 he was elected President of the Water-Colour Society. In 1856 he exhibited one of the best known of his water-colour subjects, entitled 'Frank Encampment—Desert of Sinai,' which Ruskin pronounced the climax of water-colour drawing. In 1855 he contributed to the Royal Academy an oil-painting, 'The Greeting in the Desert.' Resigning the presidency of the Water-Colour Society in 1858, he was elected the following year an Associate of the Academy, and in 1865 Academician. His style combined all attainable brilliancy and the utmost finish. Ruskin declared of him that, "no matter what prices were paid for his work, they could not be considered exaggerated, in view of the labour and finish he gave to it;" and the *Athenæum* closes its notice of his death by the statement that "there cannot be the slightest doubt that in losing Lewis we have lost one of the most powerful, vitally-endowed, and original of English artists."

ART IN CALIFORNIA.—Mention is made in the San Francisco papers of some notable pictures on exhibition there. One, by Mr. James Burbank, is described as probably "the largest and boldest design in water-colour ever executed." The subject is religious—'The Angel delivering Daniel from the Lions.' The figures are life-size. Daniel kneels in the centre of the picture on a rock, at the base of which and grouped around it in threatening proximity are the lions. The angel is poised on air in the background, intangible and effulgent, as spiritual bodies are conventionally represented. Under the soporific influences of the celestial guardian, some of the lions have composed themselves to sleep. The picture is nineteen feet by twelve. There would appear to be some question as to the success of the experiment. The critic of the *Daily Post* says: "The difficulty he has apparently encountered, and which is inevitable when an attempt is made to portray large subjects in water-colours, is that the work bears the closest inspection, but loses in effect when viewed at a distance. Any portion of the figure of Daniel, inspected at the distance of a foot from the canvas, is an admirable piece of water-colour painting; viewed at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet, at which the same picture in oil would show to greatest advantage, those excellences are not observed, while the flatness of the colour is distastefully conspicuous. The painting of the lions is remarkable, and in this direction the artist evinces wonderful knowledge of colour and skill in handling it."

ART PUBLICATION.—Students of Art, whether studying collections of paintings in the famous galleries of the world, or consulting written authorities upon the masters and the various schools of painting, have long felt the need of a comprehensive and compendious guide. This is now supplied in a work by A. G. Radcliffe, entitled "Schools and Masters of Painting," just issued from the press of D. Appleton and Co. Beginning with "the alphabet of the art" in the curious mummy-cloths and tomb-pictures found in the ruins along the Nile, the author summarises briefly what is known of Pagan painting, traces the rise of Christian Art, describes the gaudy splendours of the Byzantine mosaics, and then reviews in succession the schools and progress of painting in Italy, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Spain, France, England, and the United States. Biographical sketches of the more prominent artists of each school and country are given, together with analyses of their principal works; and there is scarcely an important name in the long annals of painting, from the time of Zeuxis and Apelles to our own day, of which there is not some mention. In addition to the treatise proper there is an appendix containing a highly-serviceable critical and descriptive guide to the galleries of Florence, Rome, Venice, Madrid, the Louvre, London, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin. The work is written in an entertaining style; it is easy, simple, and yet picturesque: the information it contains has been derived from personal observation as well as thorough research. As an outline of the history of Art, it embodies the whole field of fundamental knowledge. It is, in fact, a comprehensive survey of the world's achievements in this branch of effort.



PASTORAL LOVE



THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

VII.—ARMSMEAR.

BEAUTIFUL and romantic Armsmear! How impossible does it seem for one who has enjoyed often its splendid and yet untrammelling hospitality, who has seen it in winter and summer, who has paced its halls with gay wedding crowds, or lounged in its retired boudoirs of a summer morning, inspecting its endless treasures of illuminated and illustrated books, its jewels, pictures, marbles,

and *objets de vertu*, who has wandered through its greenhouses, tasted its incomparable fruits, watched the cloud-shadows float over meadow, lawn, forest, and river, to describe it in cold blood!

The London *Punch*, after Colonel Colt's success in his experiment, called the revolver "the great American hit." Could it have seen Armsmear as it sleeps to-day in the summer sun, it would say that the revolver had not only *hit*, but brought down the halcyon—the bird of peace, success, and beauty; and



Armsmear, Residence of Mrs. Samuel Colt.

could it see, as many people not yet old have seen, from what Colonel Colt reclaimed his three hundred acres, and made a swamp to blossom as the rose, it would employ its most ingenious wit to invent a term sufficiently expressive with which to praise the originator and builder of Armsmear.

A long, grand, impressive, contradicting, beautiful, strange thing—such is the first feeling on beholding Armsmear. An Italian villa in stone, massive, noble, refined, yet not carrying out any decided principles of architecture, it is like the mind of its originator, bold and unusual in its combinations.

The Uffizi dogs which guard the noble doorway perfect the Italian impression; for, to those who have seen these good old fellows at home, the sight of them brings back elegant and lovely Flo-

rence, which to many of us has been the first taste of Italian delights.

Ferocious as look these marble guardians, they do not need the old Roman caution, "*Cave canem*." Those who ring at that hospitable door need beware of nothing dangerous, unless it is that little snarling cur called Envy, which sometimes barks in our own hearts. Here is a spot which seems to have been saved out of paradise when it was lost to man, an Eden in which grows no poisonous plant, a garden in Damascus which winter never touches.

Armsmear is situated on Wethersfield Avenue, about half a mile from the city of Hartford. The view from the street is perhaps the least impressive view—the covered archway into the grounds, though beautiful in itself, somewhat masking the majesty of the

house, but seen from the south and across the lawn the house assumes all its beautiful and unusual claims upon the eye. It is regal almost, with its delicate, Oriental, capricious dome in the rear contrasting with the lofty solid tower at the front, as if the owner had begun by being an English lord, and had ended by being a Turkish magnate, looking out on the Bosphorus. Indeed, Armsmear was built at different epochs, and with different aims, and has been well called a "characteristic type of the unique." There is no doubt that it *is* a little Turkish, among other things, on this side, for it has domes, pinnacles, and light, lavish ornamentation, such as Oriental taste delights in—a compliment paid, perhaps, by the great inventor to his distinguished friend the Viceroy of Egypt, to whom he sold, in 1854, five thousand revolvers!

Yet, although, as we have said, the villa is Italian and cosmopolitan, the feeling is English. It is an English home in its substantiality, its home-like and comfortable aspect; everywhere

splendour has been made subservient to this delightful feeling of comfort and repose. Plate-glass of the finest, largest, and heaviest, defends the conservatory, but it seems to the loungers on the veranda that it is simply the "circumambient air" at once protecting and framing those beautiful flowers, those chandeliers (themselves hanging-baskets of flowers in Venetian glass), those tessellated marbles in red and white, and the bronze Triton who throws aloft a fountain into the sun.

These glass panels, six feet high, are set in foliated arches of iron, which are painted red, yellow, and royal purple; the central dome of this pretty glass house is capped by a golden apple, such a one as was gathered in the garden of the fabled Hesperides, where Hercules slew the dragon.

Both parlour and library open into this conservatory, and the wanderer in the upper story of this lavish house looks down into its flowery depths. No matter if January howls without, one can



Armsmear.—South-west Corner of the Mansion.

quote Emerson's "Honey-Bee" with composure in this tropical luxuriance. No department of modern luxury is so exquisite, so sensible, and so enviable, as this of the winter garden: to have all one's rooms open into a conservatory is to cheat Fate of its revenges, life of its hardness, love of its disappointments; it is to recapture the paradise we have lost, to be able to say to our winter cold and summer heat, "Man has conquered."

As we have gotten inside of Armsmear by the roseate door of the conservatory, it is perhaps as well to continue our researches within. We wander through long and somewhat obscure pathways, piled high with velvet, until we come to a stately picture-gallery.

This noble room, used as a reception and ball room, has several good pictures and many family portraits, including an admirable portrait of Colonel Colt, a singularly handsome man. This remarkable genius, this self-made prince and potentate of our American mechanical world, had also the power of endearing himself wonderfully to his near family and friends: so that, at the wed-

ding of his sister-in-law, she caused a species of altar to be constructed before this portrait, that, while taking the solemn oaths of marriage, he might still seem to assist—to "give her away," as he would have done, fondly and proudly; for he loved her with a father's and a brother's love.

Here also are the cases containing the superb presents given Colonel Colt by foreign potentates; one is a snuff-box of gold from the Sultan, sent in 1850, which bears as many diamonds on its top as there are days in the year. These diamonds are set in silver on a pale-blue ground, and beautiful bits of enamel enrich the sides; a ring in dark-blue enamel bears the imperial cypher in diamonds of the Grand-duke Alexander, the present Czar; and another, more gorgeous, was the gift of "that handsomest of all male animals," the Czar Nicholas. Another, now often seen on the whitest and most aristocratic of hands, is the magnificent "stone of fire," given to Colt by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. A jewelled snuff-box, bearing the imperial "A," comes from the

present Emperor of all the Russias, "Alexander to Colonel Samuel Colt;" a set of jewelled star-buttons from a Texan ranger, mingling the democratic with the regal; Turkish orders of nobility, twenty-four medals of honour from kings, queens, royal institutes, societies for the encouragement of Art and industry, and one from the city of London which he never saw; presents in gold and silver from the two kings of Siam, curiosities collected from every part of the world; and that which led to all this wealth, fame, and success, the earliest forms of the revolver.

Then some curious and amorphous-looking things, the result of a fire which, in 1864, consumed his elaborate armoury; here are the component parts of a revolver welded by fierce heat into a shape impossible to describe. Colt was an Antæus, perpetually thrown to the ground, and as perpetually rising from it, the stronger for the contact.

Here, too, is the beautiful cradle made for his first-born son, out of the famous wood of the Charter-Oak. It was a present from the Hon. Mr. Stuart, the last proprietor of the famous tree, whose gnarled trunk and old roots Hartford (which should have known better) most unpatriotically cut down and grubbed up. This cradle is shaped like a canoe, which form was chosen as a compliment to Colonel Colt, who had said before a committee of the British Parliament that he had "paddled his own canoe," a remark which was so singularly true, as well as idiomatically American, that it created a great sensation in that lofty body.

Wandering over this great house, rich in all the appliances that wealth and taste can bring to bear, one comes back willingly to the octagonal boudoir, where the lady of the house spends her mornings; from these windows spreads the most lovely, serene, and English of views. It reminds one of the view from Richmond Hill, so celebrated by Walpole and Pope. The lawn, the beautiful marbles, the artificial water—all bounded by an apparently endless wood, through whose green branches a fairy-sail is often seen, as the river, masked here by the trees, betrays itself as an angel might by its wings.

Surrounding this room is a veranda (how often is the word "piazza" misapplied! A "piazza" is a square in an Italian city; a veranda is the outer porch or gallery of a house), and finishes appropriately the Oriental end of the house. From this veranda or these windows one sees Colonel Colt's great work before him. On this green and perfect lawn thirty men daily roll, cut, and trim Nature to perfection; to the left lie those enormous greenhouses, pineries, graperies, which produce strawberries and cucumbers at Christmas, peaches and apricots at Easter, and figs and grapes all the year round. There is no winter at Armsmear: the pistol has brought down the calendar, and shot frost and cold out of the year. With its hot lips it has kissed this favoured spot of earth, till it blossoms, as the tropics blossom, in bud, and flower, and fruit.

Colonel Colt's glass houses were once said to cover a mile. They really are twenty-six hundred and thirty-four feet in length; thirteen graperies produce the choicest varieties of Chasselas, Barbarossa, black Hamburg, and other grapes. At least a ton of grapes are raised yearly; four hundred quarts of strawberries come out of these prolific sun-garners. Figs, pines, peaches, nectarines, yearly give up eight thousand fruits. Many a parched palate, many a fever-dry mouth, daily blesses these unseasonable, unexpected benefactions. They are, indeed, in the hands of the present owner—

"As the gentle rain from heaven,
... It is twice bless'd—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Not only do they crown the most elegant and the most sybarite dinner-table, but they penetrate to the poorest, saddest rooms; wherever there is a rough path to be smoothed, a sad life to be consoled, a dark corner to be illuminated, thither travel the luxuries of Armsmear. Beyond all this luxury one sees dimly the towers of the great Armoury and the outlines of the Swiss village.

And here, to properly appreciate the great work of Colonel Colt, we must step into a carriage and take the drive, all on his own rescued land—rescued from the floods of the Connecticut—surrounded by the great dyke which he built, and by which he reclaimed a portion of low land (hence the word *mead*), two miles in length by half a mile in width, from devastating flood, built

thereon a gigantic armoury and Swiss village, achieved a fortune of \$5,000,000, perfected a home which would not disgrace the inherited acres of an English peer, and added thousands of dollars of wealth to his native town, besides gifts and useful public benefactions too numerous to mention.

Colonel Colt died at the early age of forty-eight, with such enormous works accomplished even then, that the mind pauses and reflects, "What would he have done had he lived longer?"

The "Swiss village" grew out of the planting of willows by the dyke, that their interlaced roots might defend the earth. This wattling process has bound the mud-banks of Holland in defiance of the German Ocean. The village, which is now filled with imported Swiss, was called "Potsdam" after a pretty anecdote of a Prussian queen, who, travelling through Switzerland, had wished for a Swiss cottage, and on arriving at Sans-Souci was greeted by an imported Swiss village, which had arisen like Aladdin's palace in the night. These Swiss houses of Colonel Colt's are pretty, fantastic, and curious, built of brick and wood, with the staircases outside, and swarm with inhabitants. The furniture they make from the osiers, so light and tasteful, goes all over the United States and to Cuba, warm climates especially appreciating the cool wicker-work for chairs and couches.

The Armoury is an impressive building, not beautiful. Giants seldom are, and this is a hard-working, smoky Vulcan of a giant, but it is still picturesque and interesting; it was once destroyed by fire. The only instance of self-gratulation which Colonel Colt allowed to appear in his own work was that he caused to be painted on the front of this factory a map of the "South Meadow," so often swamped, so almost amphibious a place, which he had thus reclaimed for his enormous work. Some one well said of him: "Archimedes asked for a resting-place before he moved the world; Colt made one." As one looks at or remembers what this meadow was before the embankment, costing \$150,000, was built, and at what it is now, the "Arabian Nights" cease to be a story; they become merely a prophecy.

But, alas for the dreams of man! The visitor at Armsmear sees, through the beauties of lawn and grove, one shadowy place, whose monuments are not those of antique Art, not the Apollo, or Canova's beautiful 'Dancing-Girl,' nor the choice accumulation of European travel, but more recent and sadder acquisitions—a butterfly on a child's grave, a beautiful boy in marble guarding his own ashes; another slab, which bids adieu to "kindest husband, father, and friend," who here, in the midst of his vast possessions, asks but of earth a pillow, and of the unfading evergreens which watch over him a shelter:

"... Pallida mors,
Æquo pede pulsat—"

The grounds at Armsmear, among their many other beauties, rejoice in a "pleached alley," such as that down which

"Beatrice like a lapwing ran,"

and one wanders in undisturbed quiet through a shaded, impervious walk, or labyrinth of firs. The perfume, the solitude, the remoteness of this walk are perfect. From many a point one meets with a splendid surprise, as, on emerging from the alley, a few steps bring one to the fairy lake, and a glimpse of Kiss's 'Amazon,' and the marbles which add to that gleam of white, so necessary to this charming combination of colour and high lights.

Armsmear is the perfection of landscape-gardening, for more than three times the extent is indicated by the judicious laying out of the walks, carriage-drives, and plantations, which are really only one-third of a mile in breadth and two-thirds long. It seems—as one sweeps through the drive, catching glimpses of deer-park, flowers, shrubs, trees, lofty house, extensive greenhouses, beautiful lake, then only woods, blue mountains, and river, then again a glimpse of armoury, and Swiss village, and church, to return to the hospitable door without having retraced one's steps—to be miles and miles in length and breadth. There is not one disagreeable object to be seen in this beautiful domain.

And Colonel Colt did it all in the marvellously short time of seven years. From May, 1855, to January, 1862, did this wonderfully energetic genius plan, build, execute, and finish this great work. Nature has perpetually seconded him; his trees have grown, his work has flourished, and the hand which he so fondly loved has

faithfully carried out his wishes. Few men have so conquered fortune, few have been so happy in leaving behind them a custodian so wise, so faithful, and so competent.

One can scarcely leave Armsmear without a mention of the memorial church erected by Mrs. Colt to her husband and children.

It is the work of Edward Tuckerman Potter, one of the most tasteful, thoughtful, and original of our architects. No more worthy and exquisite work than this church rises in our land. From turret to foundation-stone, within and without, it is without

a blemish. Even the stained glass, so often in our country garish and poor, is toned down to the delicate, beautiful tints of an India shawl, lighted up here and there with the flashing, vivid scarlet which is so noted in mediæval glass. The ornaments of the doorway, even the sacred mottoes in stone, are, with a bold fancy (which reminds one of Nuremburg and Melrose, of that middle age when men were not ashamed of their craft, of Peter Fischer, and of Albert Dürer), fashioned out of the various parts of the revolver, and of the engines which go to its manufacture. Thus, sermons



Armsmear,—In the Grounds.

in stone repeat the lesson that there are dignity and worship in labour. This church is supported by Mrs. Colt for the use of the armourers and labourers on her estate; it is, however, open to all.

One of the windows, of course the largest and most important, is to the memory of SAMUEL COLT. It is a picture of Joseph standing amid his sheaves, in the height of his prosperity: the man who had been sold into slavery, who had been betrayed by his brethren, who had conquered evil fortune, and who had risen to power and wealth, and had then turned with lavish generosity towards his old father and brothers, was no unfitting prototype of the boy and man

who went through the hard rebuffs, the tremendous disappointments, and the subsequent successes of Colonel Colt.

The name *Armsmear* was an artificial combination, fitted to the genius of the place. Its gardens and grounds have been compared to those fabled gardens of Armida, of which the author of the "Jerusalem Delivered" gives us such a fascinating description. They are, indeed, in their beauty, affluence, and defiance of the seasons, like the work of enchantment. Perhaps no lovelier spot than that view of the lake which the artist has chosen exists here—the rustic bridge, the fountain, the lake itself, and the weeping-

willows, the distant view of the "Grove of Graves," of which we have spoken; the swan, ever the most poetic and beautiful adjunct of water, sails loftily, while that bird of luxury, the peacock, struts gaily on the bank. This lake is three hundred and eighty-eight paces in circumference, about thirty feet in depth, in part artificial, in part supplied with springs. It is so clear that one can see its finny inhabitants, black-bass and gold-fish, swim and fraternise in its clear depths. It is large enough for a row-boat to traverse its calm waters, with pleasure to the rower and the rowed. Two water-nymphs and a bronze colt stand in the midst of the waters, conduits both of fountains. This heraldic pun on his name was repeated everywhere by Colonel Colt—his silver, his house, his armoury, all bear the young horse, proud as Bucephalus, and, like him whom young Alexander tamed, fit emblem of the fortune he conquered. Near the lake is a vine-clad summer-house, called "Elizabeth's Bower," from which the most perfect view is obtained. South, one sees the orchard and ornamental trees beyond the dyke, that wealth of greenery, and the spire of a church, that view which so much recalls Richmond Hill; to the north, the city reveals itself captivatingly through the trees, just near enough to be reached in an easy drive or walk, just near enough to make us feel all the charm of our own remoteness in this delicious quiet, just sufficiently far way to relieve us from its atmosphere of excitement, struggle, and activity. Here, by these serene waters, in presence of yon marble kid, so sportive with its marble mother, here, where beauty steals on every sense, and music adds its charms, we would linger, for it is the acme of this cultivated elegance, the point where Art marries Nature.

Eastward, as if to remind us more of Nature and less of Art, rise high blue mountains, and again we turn and see the house to its greatest perfection. Nowhere is the decidedly Oriental character of its mixed architecture so perceptible as here. This lake is, then, the Bosphorus. A further confusion of images, and we are in the gardens of the enchantress Armida: this is *not* the "Land of Steady Habits," the wooden-nutmeg State (where shall we find a *greater*?). That is not the sober and broad Connecticut River which flows at its calmest here, but "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus." We are in the realm of dreams; these are fabled visions of the poet. No! That smoke which arises is from the armoury—great altar to labour—those broad-brimmed roofs are of the Swiss village, and Armsmear is the proud and beautiful flower of the sturdy plant Industry. Great, indeed, is the genius which can cover land and sea, and then retire into the recesses of a casket! Such was his who first, as a boy, sailed away before the mast for farthest Ind, and there, in the enforced solitude of ship-board, cut out, with his penknife, the model of a revolver; who came home to work, to think, to be baffled, disappointed, and abused; who went about with his "laughing-gas" as a lecturer; who still kept at work at this one central idea of his brain; who wrote to the President and cabinet; invented torpedoes; became at last the pet of Fortune; the recipient of flowers from a lady as she saw one of his brilliant experiments; then the guest of an emperor, assisting at a royal marriage; then the great millionaire, coming back to the very meadow where, as a down-hearted, motherless hoy, he had shot his pistol into the stream; and then, as a man, there reared a structure in which have been constructed guns, muskets, rifles, and pistols, that have been fired round the world!

Colonel Colt's devotion to his city was very beautiful. He loved Hartford first and always. He gave it a square mile of territory, rescued by his dykes from the floods, and brought five thousand working, useful inhabitants to her borders. He was attached to her old traditions, loved her Charter-Oak, and tried to save it. A chair, carved for the "city fathers" out of those historical fibres, became by purchase his property, and one of the most flourishing of young Charter-Oaks, raised from an acorn of the old tree, grows on the lawn at Armsmear. He named an avenue through his property "Charter-Oak Avenue," and gave a splendid hall to the city, called by the same honourable name. His schemes for the benefit of the town which had given him a birthplace, but scarcely anything else, were liberal and wise, far-seeing and noble, beneficent and just. And now the fine, old, aristocratic city has no prouder sign and seal of her energy and thrift, aye, and of her taste and elegance, than this home of her whilom errant son—this man of extraordinary genius, and of an executive force and will equal to a thousand men.

And Colonel Colt had taste as well as force; not only was he pursuing the useful with greatest energy, but he was noticing and encouraging the beautiful. Finding among his many German armourers some good musicians, he organised a band, and gave it a set of instruments and a uniform, so that to-day the lady of Armsmear has hut to indicate her wishes, and the musicians of the armoury come to add the charms of good music to the other attractions of her lawn-parties, or of a moonlight evening to serenade her guests.

His taste in laying out Armsmear was as conspicuous and real as was his gigantic labour in building his dyke. This delicate Oriental fancy, which crops out in his domes, pinnacles, minaret effects, balconies, draperies, and profusion of beautiful objects, seems a fitting but unusual fringe to those Titanic labours which took the great Connecticut at its highest flood, and bade it retire and be still. His dyke is seventy feet broad at the base; as broad at top as the streets of Hartford. It extends two miles along the threatened land, and is bound by a green ribbon of willows. It is higher than the highest flood that the melting snows or the abundant rains can send, and within its protecting arm lie all these great interests, and Armsmear sleeps quietly in its beauty within—the blossom on the mighty tree.

Courage is said to be but another form of mind. Courage built Armsmear. The particular invention which led to all this wealth is not one which we are apt to class as one of the useful arts. The digging of canals, by which the Earl of Bridgewater and De Witt Clinton "wrote their names in intaglio" over the surface of the country; the building of great bridges, such as Telford and Stephenson have done, hanging their names in air; the construction of churches and houses on new and improved plans, are, to our idea, greater and more useful things than the invention of a pistol. Yet civilisation tells a different story. The fire-arm must go first, and the possession of a good pistol often saves a man the necessity of using it. Christian philosophers have concluded that the improvement of fire-arms opens barbarism to civilisation. "Qui porte épée porte paix;" therefore we may assume that Colt's great invention has been of infinite service to the world. The money which it has made has certainly been turned into most beneficent channels.

We have spoken of the "Arabian Nights." The figures (which cannot lie) of the work done in the armoury almost surpass those deeds of the genii which our early imagination fed upon. In one year (1863), after the great inventor had retired forever from his labours, the factory furnished our Government 136,576 pistols, 1,213 rifles, 49,844 muskets; and during the Crimean War 200,000 pistols to the British Government.

One hundred and fifty men work on one little revolver, and, to see the great machinery as it silently and powerfully assists them, one would say that it, too, was human, except that the machinery never makes a mistake.

And, since we have spoken of the "Arabian Nights," we may follow up the idea and copy a letter from the successor of Haroun-al-Raschid to Colonel Colt:

Sultan Abdul-Medjid, son of Sultan Mahmoud Khan, may his victories be perpetuated!

The object of this present noble and royal sign, of this illustrious and brilliant world-subduing imperial monogram, is as follows:

The possessor of the present imperial sign, Colonel Samuel Colt, being an American citizen of talent and great attainment in arts, and, moreover, entertaining sentiments of a friendly nature for my sublime Government, I have conferred on him my imperial decoration of the fifth class, and in testimony of the same I have issued this illustrious *Berat* (diploma) in his favour, in the latter decade of the blessed moon of Ramazan, and in the year of the Hegira 1277, in this well-guarded city of Constantine.

April 10, 1861.

Thus picturesque and unusual are the souvenirs which cluster around Armsmear. This is but one of many letters from many foreign potentates. "The well-guarded city of Constantine" is now torn with faction, and the successor of Abdul-Medjid has just died a violent death. The "imperial monogram" has ceased to be a sign of power, but the "bronze horse" still lifts his head proudly over the armoury. The star of the Yankee boy outshines the crescent of the Sultan, and energy and enterprise are greater genii than tradition, rank, and birth.

M. E. W. S.

THE WORKS OF FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.

IN November, 1859, "a nervous, timid, boyish aspirant for employment as a draughtsman on wood called on the editor of *Once a Week* with specimens of his work. They were examined, approved, and a commission was given him to illustrate a story called 'Peasant Proprietorship,' which appeared, with the nervous young artist's illustration, in the number for February 18, 1860."

Thus wrote Mr. Tom Taylor as an introductory passage to a brief biographical sketch of the late Frederick Walker, which prefaces the catalogue of the works of the artist exhibited in New Bond Street, London, in the beginning of the year: that visit to the editorial *sanctum* was the first public step in a career of short-lived brilliancy, for his "sun went down while it was yet day." Born in Marylebone, in 1840, Walker's earliest years had some association with Art, his father—whom, however, he lost in boyhood—being a designer for jewelry. When at school he displayed considerable skill with the pencil, and he was accustomed to spend much of his spare time drawing from

the antiques in the British Museum. At the suggestion of an uncle he entered, when about sixteen years of age, the office of an architect, Mr. Baker, who was also district surveyor of St. Pancras, with whom he remained rather more than a year; but his earnest desire to become a painter, sustained as it was by that of his mother, who was not slow in detecting and appreciating the latent genius of her son, induced him to leave Mr. Baker's office, and enter at once upon a course of close study of Art. In the daytime he resumed his work in the British Museum, and in the evening attended the classes at Mr. Leigh's studio in Newman Street; soon afterwards young Walker was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, but, according to Mr. Taylor, "did not draw there very closely, never even reaching the Life Classes." His great ambition at this period of his life seems to have been the earning of his own livelihood; and, feeling that the quickest and surest way of gaining this point was to qualify himself for such work, he passed three days a week for about two years in the *atelier* of Mr. Whymper, the wood engraver. It may not be generally known that a drawing



The Fireside.

on wood demands peculiar manipulation to suit the requirements of the engraver; we have frequently seen drawings on wood which, to an unprofessional eye, look everything that could be desired, rejected by the engraver because, to use a technicality, "they would not cut." Under Mr. Whymper's guidance and directions his pupil, if we may so term the youthful artist, soon surmounted whatever difficulties lay in his path as a wood draughtsman, and found ample employment for his talent.

Walker's introduction to the editor of *Once a Week* led to his being engaged by Thackeray, who about that time conducted the *Cornhill Magazine*, and was writing for it the well-known tale "Philip and his Adventures on his Way through the World," illustrating it with his own designs. Finding the combined labours of pen and pencil too heavy a tax upon him, Thackeray arranged with Walker to undertake the work of the latter: this he commenced in May, 1861, and concluded in August

of the following year, when the story was concluded. Subsequently he supplied designs for some stories by Miss Thackeray, while he was all this time busy at work for *Once a Week*, in which, as Mr. Taylor observes, he "was exposed to no common competition, for the artists employed on that periodical included Millais, Holman Hunt, J. Leech, Tenniel, Sandys, Poynter, Lawless, Du Maurier, C. Keene, and others of high and various reputation. But here, as in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the nervous, timid, sensitive young fellow, frail and small of body, feverish of temperament, but ever prompt and bright of wit, and close and keen of observation, not only made his mark, but gradually established a decided pre-eminence among his associates." The predominating qualities of his designs for book illustrations are facility of invention combined with great tenderness and grace in drawing, and an innate perception of individual character: by skilful and subtle arrangement of light and shade he produced striking and brilliant effects, yet all in perfect harmony; while his designs, generally, are their own interpreter.

Walker's long training in black-and-white work, and the care he bestowed on these drawings, served him to good purpose when he had recourse to colours. While still busy "on the wood," he was preparing himself for another kind of labour, and in 1863 he sent to the Royal Academy 'The Lost Path,' the first work in colours he ever exhibited. Referring to our catalogue of that year, we find a mark of approval set against the picture, and a second examination of it when in the gallery in New Bond Street, in January last, confirms the opinion we formed of it at the first: no stronger appeal could be made to the heart of sympathy than is made by that poor woman struggling through the snowstorm with an infant closely clasped to her bosom: there is no doubt the picture made an impression on the mind of every thoughtful visitor to the Academy. Early in 1864 Walker was elected an Associate of the Water Colour Society, and contributed to its exhibition of that year four drawings, of which two were especially the themes of general attraction: 'Spring,' symbolised by a boy and girl gathering



The Right of Way.

primroses; while thus engaged the dress of the latter has become entangled in a low hazel-tree, from which she tries to disengage herself, the boughs enclosing the figure like network. For artistic qualities the drawing is admirable, the colour true and delicate, while all the details are put in with most careful manipulation. The other picture referred to was suggested by a scene in Thackeray's "Philip:" Philip forms one of a family seated in church. This, as we wrote at the time in this Journal, "tells much and suggests more; every face has its history and its lesson, thought and devotion are impressed on each feature." By way of contrast to this the artist contributed to the gallery in the following year—and it was the only work he sent—'Autumn,' a girl leaning against an apple-tree, apparently in saddened mood, as if the dry fading leaves and the ripened fruit, and the waning days, found an echo in the maiden's heart, reminding her of the joyous summertime passed away. Walker rarely or never painted anything which had not some special sentiment or meaning underlying the surface.

'The Wayfarers,' exhibited at Mr. Wallis's gallery in 1866, gave rise to some diversity of opinion among the critics. The subject shows a blind man led by a boy along a country road saturated with rain: the execution is peculiar, and the general effect is certainly not pleasing; but artistic power and forcible expression must not be denied to the work. In the winter exhibition of the Water Colour Society that same year was, among several other drawings, a small one, a perfect transcript of nature, 'The Street, Cookham,' the pretty Berkshire village on the banks of the Thames, which the gentle artist so loved when on earth, and in whose quiet churchyard he "rests from his labours:" the leading feature of this little gem is a flock of white geese driven by a young country girl along the street.

In 1867 Walker was elected a Member of the Water Colour Society, but he contributed nothing to the exhibition of the season: to the Royal Academy he sent a rather large oil painting, 'The Bathers,' a composition containing twenty figures, boys. When looking at this picture again in Bond Street at

the beginning of the year, we could see no reason for changing the opinion we had of it when in the Academy, that it showed no ordinary talent, but that the subject was not agreeable, neither were the figures generally good in drawing and colour: the nude was certainly never the artist's *forte*.

"Among the wonders of the gallery," said a London writer, referring to the exhibition of the Water Colour Society in 1868, "are the five drawings contributed by F. Walker." These were 'Well Sinkers,' 'The Fates,' designed to illustrate Miss Thackeray's "Jack the Giant Killer;" 'The Chaplain's Daughter,' for the same work; 'Stream in Inverness-shire,' and 'The Bedroom Window.' "Few artists can fit together the component parts of a picture more neatly, or express to the purpose so many thoughts within small compass. Brevity, even in a picture, is the soul of wit; concentration and compactness the secret of power. How well Mr. Walker can put together a pictorial narrative may be once more seen in the two 'designs for book illustrations'—'Jack the Giant Killer' and 'The Chap-

lain's Daughter;' 'Well Sinkers' is also a skilled composition, which tells its story at a glance. The artist has an original way of looking at a subject." The composition shows a lady and girl looking down a well where three men are at work. The 'Stream in Inverness-shire' represents the waterfall Corriechoille; the view is enlivened by the introduction of a girl preparing to wash linen in the stream.

And while writing of Walker's pictures in water colours, it is perhaps better to continue our remarks on these before referring again to his oil paintings. In the winter exhibition of the Society in 1872-3 was his 'Fishmonger's Shop,' a small drawing, but of exquisite manipulation, and absolutely glittering with beautiful tints, as a diamond when it catches the rays of the sun. Mr. Ruskin objects to this drawing, but only because the labour spent on it "would have painted twenty instructive studies of fish of their real size."—"Nobody," he says, "wants to carry about the miniature of a cod:" certainly not; yet, on the other hand, who would care to hang up a picture of a fullgrown lusty



The Village.

cod, "real size?" One can scarcely understand the consistency of the objection from a critic usually so *exigent* after "delicate completion."

'THE FIRESIDE,' the first of the three examples we have engraved to illustrate the works of this artist, is a small drawing which was never exhibited till seen in the gallery in New Bond Street in January last. It appears to tell no special story, neither do the two figures, particularly the one leaning against the fireplace, seem to harmonise with the room in which they are: the seated girl has a somewhat ladylike look about her; not so the other, whose dress, in style, might have been made half a century ago, and is now an unmistakable misfit. It is equally evident that the drawing is painted with extreme care, and that the old-fashioned room, with its open fireplace of ancient Dutch tiles, is very suggestive of home comforts.

The engraving on this page is also from a small drawing called 'THE VILLAGE,' exhibited at the Water Colour Society's gallery in 1873: no clue whatever is given as to the locality, but that the picture is a real transcript of nature appears beyond

doubt. No artist who had not sufficient confidence in himself to feel that he could convert a subject simple almost to barrenness, would have handled so unpromising a theme. For what are the materials of which it is composed? A formal bridge of red brick crossing a somewhat rapid stream; beyond this is a dwelling-house of some pretensions, the garden and offices of which are enclosed within a high wall of brick; and then there are sundry groups of trees, which one may be sure the artist never planted there for the sake of giving effect to his drawing. We should scarcely question the fact of the villagers gossiping on the bridge, the boys fishing, the old man driving his donkey-cart homewards, and the geese by the waterside—being exactly as they now appear when Walker sketched this unpretentious, quiet, rural scene.

As most of his principal water-colour drawings, beyond those already mentioned, were first exhibited as oil-pictures, they are now referred to as such, with other paintings of a similar kind.

In 1868 he sent to the Royal Academy "a master-work," as it was designated at the time in our pages, 'Vagrants in the



J. F. CROPSY, N.A. PINXT

W. HINSHELWOOD SCULPT

ECHO LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Glen,' a group of gipsies, five in number, encamped in a hollow near a pool: it is daytime, and the painter has given great brilliancy to the scene by "a fierce conflict of colour," yet free from crudity. The composition is remarkable for depth of expression: there is a pathos, a melancholy about these poor outcasts which awakens our compassion. Hearts of a brave humanity have those wanderers, though rude in person and ragged of attire. Specially noble is the bearing of the woman with folded arms, and of countenance moodily meditative. In the same gallery, in the year following, was 'The Old Gate,' a large picture, of which it may be said that while every figure is a study, and plays a part more or less conspicuous in the pictorial drama, the grouping of the characters is ineffective by want of concentration, while the prevalence of red in the colouring is far from agreeable. Still, with these defects, there are passages in the work of rare truth and beauty, and its pervading sentiment is suggestive of great refinement both of mind and manner in all the individuals introduced.

Under the title of 'The Plough,' and adopting as the motto of his work the Psalmist's oft-quoted text, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening," Walker contributed to the Academy, in 1870, another picture of considerable dimensions, and possibly the best balanced of all his compositions. Here, as was the artist's wont, he has made the landscape, glowing and beautiful as it is under the ruddy sunset tempered by the cool shade of twilight, subordinate to the figures: two men are with the plough, which is worked by a pair of white horses; a figure is seen on horseback to the left, in the foreground is a stream; the background is a high bank of earth, looking like a quarry, and running along nearly the entire width of the canvas; against this bank, which reflects brightly the setting sun, the white horses stand out in clear relief. There is a sentiment closely allied with pathos in the attitude of the man who guides the plough, leaning wearily, as it seems, on the handles for support: throughout one sees and acknowledges the combination of moral purpose with genuine artistic feeling. The exhibition of this really fine work was soon after followed by the painter being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His contribution to the gallery in 1871, the year of his election, was a disappointment to all admirers of his works: 'At the Bar' is assumed to represent a woman on her trial, but the meaning is not very intelligible, and the colouring not satisfactory; it seems, as we remarked at the time, that the artist found himself going so far wrong that he was unable to set himself right, at least without beginning all over again.

Whatever was lacking in 'At the Bar,' was amply supplied in Walker's next contribution to the Academy, 'The Harbour of Refuge,' which appeared in 1872, certainly the most poetic composition he ever produced, and full of sweet tenderness,

bordering very closely on sadness; yet why sad one scarcely knows, for the aged inmates of the almshouses, which constitute 'The Harbour of Refuge,' and who are dispersed about the garden-walks of the quadrangular building, seem only to be quietly waiting for their dismissal from earth. It is summer over their heads, and a flood of sunshine is poured upon the pleasant and fragrant flower borders and the breadth of grass-plot studded with daisies; but there is late autumn on the faces of the majority of those old people, and the snows of wintry time on the brows of others; yet peace and contentment seem to have possession of the hearts of all. The feebleness of age is contrasted with the vigour of strong manhood in the person of a mower, whose scythe is at work on the daisied lawn. There is a deep poetic sentiment in this figure, for the painter evidently purposed it to typify death, who is usually represented as armed with a scythe. The intensity of feeling thrown into this picture drew forth the sympathies of all who saw it, and were able to realise its meaning.

One other painting only was exhibited at the Academy after that just mentioned: 'THE RIGHT OF WAY' appeared three years later, namely, in 1875: it is engraved on a previous page. The subject does not, certainly, make that strong appeal to the imagination or the sensibility which some others of his works make, but it is nevertheless a most attractive picture, with a touch of humour in it. A woman passing through a meadow with a young boy have their "right of way" challenged by a ewe; at least the boy assumes it by the bold front of the animal, and, alarmed at its formidable appearance, he clings to the woman for protection. The charm of the picture lies mainly in the beauty of the landscape; perfectly simple it is in composition, and perfectly true to nature. While it was still hanging on the walls of the Academy, drawing to it the notice of every visitor, the hand of the gifted artist was arrested by death: this event occurred in the month of June of last year: consumption, that fell disease which so often lays hold of genius, took from us, at the comparatively early age of thirty-five, one whom English Art would but ill have cared to lose.

Of what may be termed idyllic painting Frederick Walker was unquestionably one of the ablest representatives, and in it he appealed to a deeper feeling than is generally to be found among the artists of this school. Defects of style were occasionally to be noticed, but they were in a great measure redeemed by grace of composition and the expression of a deep and earnest sympathy, kind and true, with every phase and condition of human life: it has been well said of his works, that "they tell us over and over again of the manifold beauties, in form and colour, which beset our everyday life, if we have eyes to see and sensitiveness to appreciate."

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ECHO LAKE

JASPER F. CROPSEY, N. A., Painter.

R. HINSELWOOD, Engraver.



OUR steel engraving of 'Echo Lake' is after a painting by Jasper F. Cropsey, N.A., of New York. Echo Lake is situated in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, and is well known to many American tourists. The lake is entirely surrounded by rugged mountains, and takes its name from a remarkable echo

which answers the slightest sound, and is repeated from crag to crag until lost in the distance. The artist has chosen the sunset hour for his picture, and has clothed it with much of the poetry and repose of the scene as they exist in Nature. The sun is just sinking behind the distant mountains, and its strong rays are diffused over every visible object, and blend all in one general glow of golden-toned light.

Mr. Cropsey was born in Westfield, Staten Island, in 1823. At the age of fourteen he began the study of architecture, which, at

the end of five years, he relinquished on account of ill health. He then devoted himself to the study of landscape painting, his third picture, a view of Greenwood lake, in New Jersey, procuring his election as an associate of the Academy of Design, of which, in 1850, he became a full member. In 1847 he went to Europe, spending three years in Italy. In 1857 he went to London, and painted a number of years in that city. His 'Backwoods of America' and 'Paestum' were exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1857. He also exhibited, a few years later, 'Autumn on the Hudson River,' and, as a companion, to show summer in England, 'Richmond Hill in Midsummer.' Among his pictures of English landscape scenes which are widely known, are views of 'Warwick Castle;' 'Stoke Poges—the Scene of Gray's Elegy;' 'Anne Hathaway's Cottage;' 'Return from Hawking;' and 'The Olden Time.' He returned to New York in 1863, and now gives special attention to the painting of autumn scenes.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."—MRS. HEMANS.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

WARNHAM COURT.



WE have chosen Warnham Court to close our present series, not because it is, strictly speaking, a *Stately Home*, nor because its history is a stirring one, or the family to whom it belongs can boast of high antiquity in descent or of nobility in extraction; but simply because it is a good and pleasing and fine example of a modern "Elizabethan" home, the characteristic features of which have been made suitable for the tastes and requirements of the present day. Its beauties are manifold, but they are purely of that quiet domestic character that is utterly opposed to ostentation and show, and that gives it an air of comfort possessed by but few of its more pretentious neighbours.

Sussex is a county of "many mansions," and they are as varied in their style and their architectural character as they are in the periods in which they have been erected; but few can, out of the whole, compare with Warnham Court in pleasantness of situation, in beauty of external surroundings, or in comfort of internal arrangements. It is a house fitted for

hospitality, and for the enjoyment of those guests whom its owner delights to have around him.

Warnham Court lies near the village of Warnham, which is about three miles from Horsham, and has a station on the Horsham line of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. The village—and a pretty Sussex village it is—consists mainly of one long street, running north and south, and it has many pleasant residences in its neighbourhood. The church, dedicated to St. Margaret, is of Norman foundation, but was enlarged and altered in 1848. It consists of "a nave, with north and south aisles, with three chancels, the north of these latter portions being divided from the south aisle by a fine Gothic oak screen. It has a square embattled tower, with clock and six bells. The interior contains several monuments," to the Carills and others. The "Court" was built in the Elizabethan style, in place of an older house, in the beginning of this century, by Henry Tredcroft, Esq., of Horsham—a fine old Sussex squire—and, at his death, was sold to Sir Thomas Pelley, Bart., who made it his residence. The whole estate passed, by

*Warnham Court, Distant View.*

purchase, from the executors of Sir Henry Pelley, in 1866, to its present owner, Charles T. Lucas, Esq., the head of the well-known firm of "Lucas Brothers," the eminent builders and contractors. By Mr. Lucas the house has been remodelled and considerably enlarged; its Elizabethan character being, however, carefully preserved in every detail. He has also built new stabling, lodges, gardener's house, terraces, garden appliances, &c., at an enormous outlay, which, however, has been most judiciously expended.

Mr. Lucas, who is the eldest son of the late James Lucas, Esq., was born in 1820, and, in 1840, was married to Miss Tiffin, by whom he has, with other issue, a son, Charles James Lucas, born in 1853, and educated at Harrow. Mr. Lucas is Lord of the Manor of Warnham, a governor of Christ's Hospital, and a magistrate for the county of Surrey. He is brother to his partner, Thomas Lucas, Esq., of Eastwicke Park, Surrey, who was born in 1822, and, in 1852, married Mary Amelia, daughter of Robert Chamberlain, Esq., of Cotton Hall, Norfolk,

by whom, with other issue, he has a son, Arthur Charles Lucas, born in 1853, and educated at Harrow; he is a J.P. and D.L. for Suffolk, and a magistrate for Middlesex and Westminster.

The arms of this branch of the family of Lucas are:—per bend, dovetailed, *argent* and *gules*, a bend between six annulets counterchanged. Crest, a dragon's head, wings endorsed, vert, semée of annulets. Motto, "Spes et Fides."

The mansion is approached from the principal lodge entrance by a drive through the park, which is ornamented with forest trees of large growth. These are chiefly oaks, of which there are some remarkably fine and gigantic examples; under these roam innumerable herds of red and fallow deer, which add much to the beauty of the park scenery. The Lodge, with its overhanging roofs, its mullioned windows, its geometrical chimney-shafts, and its advanced porch, is one of the most picturesque and pleasant in the county.

The mansion itself is situated on an eminence, and commands extensive views of the surrounding country. On the east side is the Carriage Entrance, which is a spacious gravelled courtyard, enclosed next the park by a stone balustrade. On the

south side is the South, or Grand Terrace, a fine promenade-walk some six hundred feet in length by twenty feet in width, adorned with statuary, and overhung and shaded by magnificent trees. This terrace is supported, at an elevation from the park of about ten feet, by a massive stone wall and elegantly-designed balustrade. In the recesses are fine examples of sculpture, and the balustrade itself supports a number of elegant vases, terminals, and other ornaments, placed at regular distances. The park from this point slopes gently away till it ends in a fine ornamental lake. Looking to the eastward, down a lovely glade in the park, another and more magnificent piece of water, covering an area of over thirty acres, is seen in the distance.

On the right, while passing along to the west end of this terrace, stands the Conservatory. It is filled with the choicest exotic palms, green ferns, and flowering plants; and in the centre, on a massive marble base, stands a magnificent sculptured group of figures in white marble. The floor is geometrical in pattern, and the appointments, the vases, the flower-stands, &c., are all characterised by good taste in their arrangement.



The Mansion and Conservatory.

The surrounding grounds are beautifully undulating and diversified, and comprise the Flower Garden, Croquet Lawn, and American Garden. Arrived at the end of this terrace, the visitor descends, by means of a broad flight of steps, to another terrace-walk nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and flanked for most of that distance on each side with masses of rhododendrons alternated with some fine specimens of *Cedrus deodara*, and the Chinese juniper. Again descending, by another flight of steps to the left, access is gained to the Rose Garden. This "garden of roses," which is of perfect Eastern loveliness, takes the form of a half-circle, the whole of which is filled with the choicest roses, the outer line being backed by a broad belt of flowering rhododendrons. Some idea may be formed of the size and importance of this rose garden from the fact that it contains upwards of a thousand standard roses, and nearly as many dwarf roses, and these comprise examples of every colour, shade and variety that are worth cultivating. The effect, when these are fully in flower, is enchanting in the extreme.

In close proximity to this, but shut out by a high wall covered with *Magnolia grandiflora*, are the Forcing and Plant Houses; these occupy three sides of a square. Passing through the

upper side, which is a range of span-roofed houses, we find it embraces a Show House (kept gay with flowers the year round), Fernery, Plant, Stove, and Camelia House, in which latter is a plant of the old double white camelia twenty feet across, and rather more than that in height, besides many other fine specimens of those choicest and most beautiful of flowers. Leaving this house, the visitor passes through about two hundred feet in length of Vineries and Peach Houses, filled with their luscious treasures in different stages of growth. Thus the third side of the house is gained. This is another range of span Plant Houses, the centre division being a Rose House, planted chiefly with tea-scented roses. In the centre of this square, and running parallel with the two end ranges, is a large late Peach House, sixty-five feet long by twenty-four feet wide; it spans the walk which connects this square with the lower terrace.

At the back of these houses are the Kitchen Gardens, which comprise about four acres; these are well walled, and have a good fall to the south. The soil being a retentive clay, fruit trees, as well as most vegetables, thrive well. Here also are extensive ranges of pits used for forcing early vegetables, pot vines, melons, cucumbers, and bedding plants, of which latter

about thirty thousand are grown and planted annually. Here also is the orchid-house, containing many valuable plants, *Gardenia* house, and range of fig-houses. Covering the back-wall

of the range of vineries before alluded to, and facing the kitchen-gardens, are the fruit-rooms, mushroom-house, potting-sheds—also the young men's rooms; these are spacious, and contain



From the North-west.

every convenience for their comfort. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Lucas for the manner in which he thus studies the comfort of his employés, both in this and in other particulars.

The most striking feature in the kitchen-gardens is the head-gardener's cottage. This is a picture of architectural beauty, and from its elevated position commands a view of every part of



The Garden-Front.

the gardens, as well as most extensive prospects of the surrounding country. Not only has the external appearance of this model cottage been made matter of study, but the interior also is

replete with every domestic convenience. It is one of the most charming of residences, and its occupant, Mr. Morley, who is Mr. Lucas's head-gardener, is one of the most accomplished in his

profession. To his good taste and skill much of the beauty and attractiveness of the place is due.

The north side of these gardens is bounded by a newly-planted orchard, containing above a hundred fine standard trees of all the best varieties of apples, pears, plums, &c. : it is followed by about two acres planted as a *pinetum*, in which are many valuable and promising young specimen *coniferæ* : this is continued down to the north carriage-drive, where it is bounded by a belt of evergreen

shrubs, &c. It may not be out of place here to add that the whole of these gardens owe their existence, as well as their state of high keeping, to their present worthy owner, who has spared no expense in their formation or subsequent management, and whose love of the beautiful, whether in Nature or in Art, is unbounded.

The internal arrangements of the house—which, besides all the usual reception and “state” apartments and the domestic offices,



The Grand Terrace.

contains an unusual number of bedrooms—are all that can be desired, both for elegance and for home comforts ; and the furnishing and appointments are such as eminently to entitle Warnham Court to be ranked as a “home of taste.” Mr. Lucas is a liberal patron of Art, and both here and at his town mansion the walls are hung with pictures of matchless excellence and of “great price.”

The park is some three hundred and fifty acres in extent, the farm occupies about six hundred acres more, and the pleasure-grounds add another fifty acres to the total, so that Warnham

Court is a fine and noble property, and one unmatched in its district.

Around Warnham the neighbourhood is one unbroken succession of pleasant scenery and of delightful “nooks and corners ;” and the district is studded with many pleasant residences. Within a few miles, too, are Horsham, with its fine old church and other objects of interest ; St. Leonards Forest, Longhurst, Graylands, Rusper, and a score or two other places that are full of beauty and interest, and show well what charms are furnished by the scenery of Sussex.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

(See Frontispiece.)

G. BERTINOT, Engraver.

W. A. BOUGUEREAU, Painter.



WERE it not for the title which the artist has given to this picture, we might be disposed to think he had intended it for one of those sacred subjects that came from the pencils of some of the old Italian masters : for example, it might be accepted, so far as refers to the composition, as a representation of the Virgin, the infant Christ, and St. John ; such as Raffaele, Titian, Del Sarto, and others, loved to paint, and which have become so familiar to us. Clearly M. Bouguereau had these subjects in his “mind’s eye” when meditating how to construct his picture ; for the treatment has many prototypes in the

works of those artists who flourished in Italy three or four centuries ago and earlier. Seated on a mound of earth, in a partially-open landscape, is the mother of the two boys, with her face bent down towards the child on her lap, as we see her in, for example, Oggione’s ‘Madonna del Lago,’ in the Brera Gallery, Milan, and in many others which it is needless to point out. Standing before his mother and younger brother is the elder ; both children are lovingly embracing, just as we see the infant Christ and the young St. John in the old pictures alluded to. The group offers no originality of treatment, but the figures are well drawn, and the mother is graceful in form and has a very agreeable expression of countenance.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VI.

WE have, in previous numbers of this series of articles on the Exhibition, given illustrations of objects in silver exhibited by the well-known Gorham Company, of Providence and New York, but the piece here engraved is the most important of the

contributions to the silver exhibit made by this company. It is an elaborate and well-conceived work of Art, bearing the title of 'The Century Vase.' It is executed in *solid silver* of sterling quality, and stands four feet two inches in height, with a base of five



The Gorham 'Century Vase.'

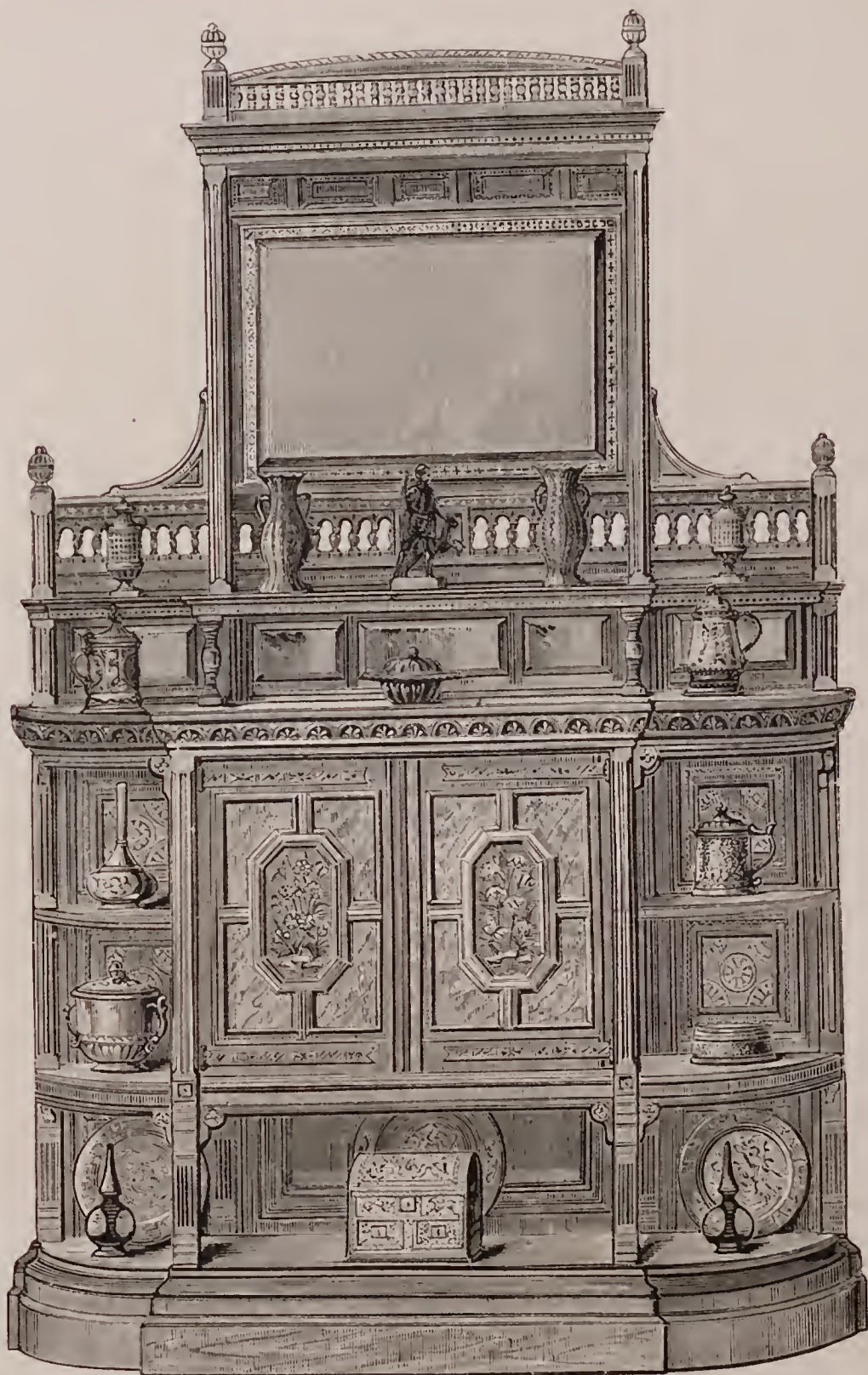
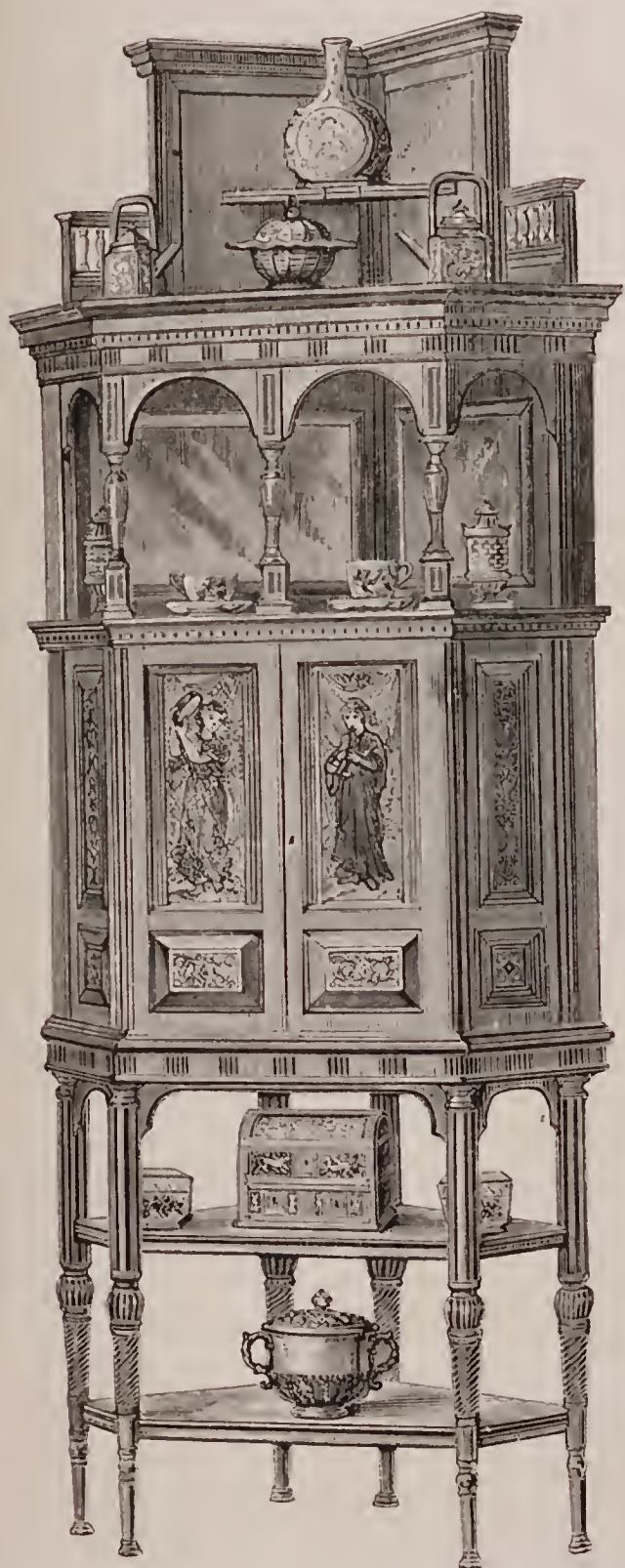
feet four inches in extent. The design is by Mr. George Wilkinson and Mr. Thomas J. Pairpoint, artists of the company. As the vase tells an elaborate story in its unique and effective design, we will copy the artists' own description of its different parts, and the meaning they are intended to convey. The figures of the Pioneer and Indian on the base represent the first phase of Civilisation, with groups of fruit, flowers, and cereals, the natural products of the soil; the slab of polished granite upon which the pedestal rests signifies the union and solidity of the Government on which rest the thirty-eight States; the band of stars around the pedestal above the base, thirty-eight encircling the piece, thir-

teen in front, represents the present and original number of States in the Union; the group of figures on the left of the vase represents the Genius of War, with the torch in her right hand, while the left grasps the chain holding the "dogs of war" in check. A shell has shattered the tree, and a broken caisson-wheel is half buried in the *débris* on the battle-ground. The group on the right is a Lion led by little children, musical instruments and flowers strewn on the ground, all denoting perfect peace and security; the medallion in front represents the Angel of Fame, holding in one hand the palm-branch and laurel-wreath, and in the other a wreath of immortelles and a portrait of Washington; the medal-

lion on the opposite side, not shown in the engraving, is the Genius of Philosophy and Diplomacy, with one hand resting on the Printing-Press and with the other holding a portrait of Franklin; on each side of the plinth is a head of the Bison, the King of the Prairie. Having now passed the Revolution and witnessed the restoration of peace, the nation commences its growth, and, hence, from the plinth the vase rises. The front panel of the vase represents Genius, ready to inscribe on the tablet the progress made in Literature, Science, Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; on the reverse panel Genius is ready to record the advancement in Commerce, Mining, and Manufactures; the figures crowning the

vase denote Europe, Asia, and Africa, bringing their contributions to the Exhibition, while the central figure, America, is inviting and welcoming all nations to unite with her in celebrating the triumph of her Centennial. The work, as a whole, is ingenious, well conceived, and does no little credit to American Art, while, being executed in solid silver, the great cost bears additional witness to the zeal of the Gorham Company in their branch of artistic labour.

Messrs. Collinson and Lock have long held foremost rank among the best upholsterers and cabinet-makers of London. They have sent several articles to the Exhibition, two of which we



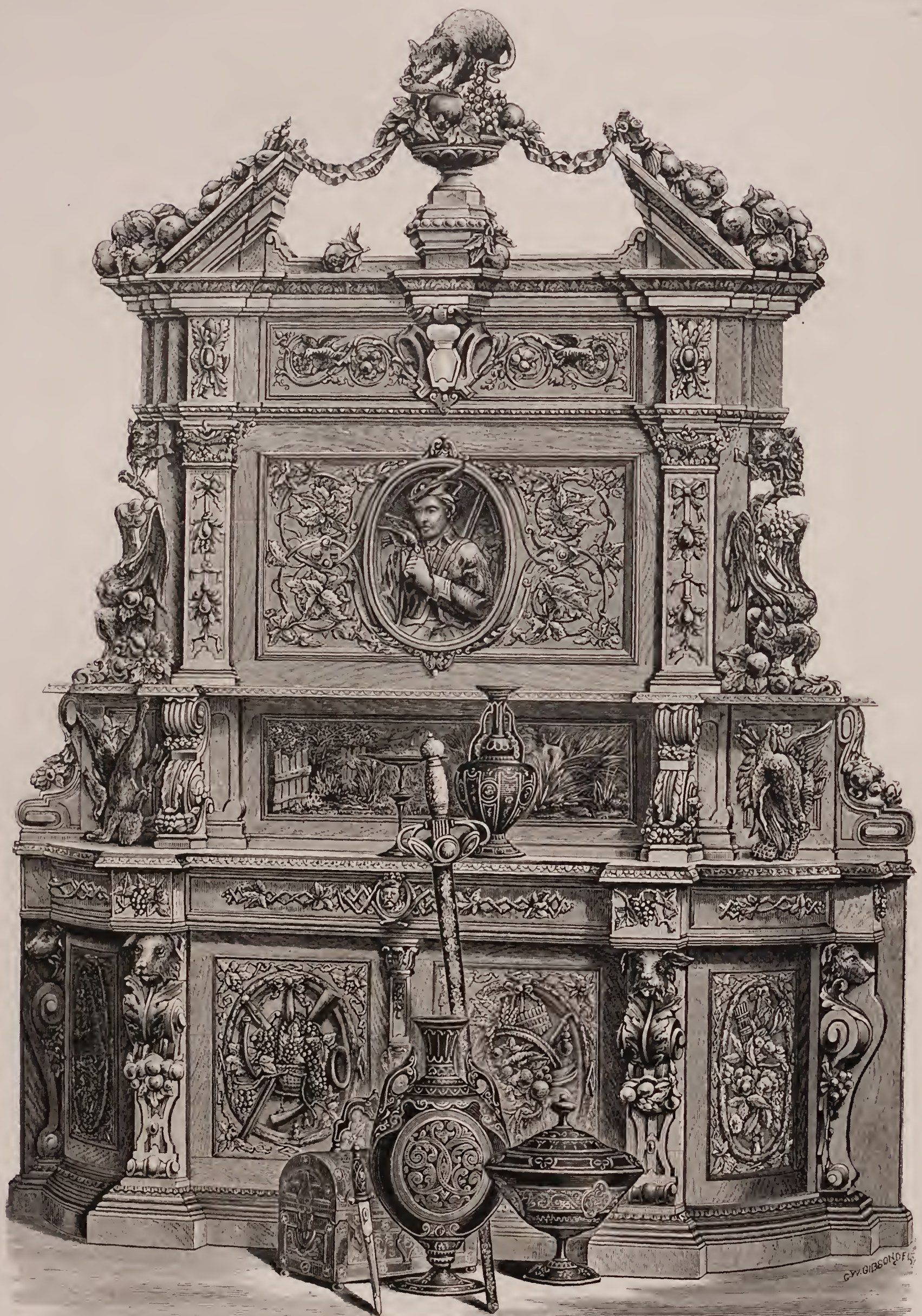
Cabinet-ware, by Messrs. Collinson and Lock, of London.

engrave. They are of high merit in design, and certainly in manufacture, for it is the especial study of this firm to combine durability with elegance. The larger cabinet is of satin-wood, inlaid with ivory and various woods; the other is an angle cabinet, of plain red walnut-wood, the panels of the doors being painted in decorative figures. Both of these productions are original in composition, arrangement, and finish; they cannot be said to belong to any "style," and are in no way borrowed from a past, although thoroughly of the old English in manner. It is a style that Messrs. Collinson and Lock have in a great measure made their own, and which, more or less, characterises all the issues of the establishment.

We engrave a buffet in the Spanish department, which is remarkable for the richness of its carved work, and general elegance

of design. It is of light oak, and massive in appearance. The doors are ornamented with medallions of fruits, grouped with musical instruments, and emblems of the harvest-field. The top has sporting-scenes, groups of dead game, and an oval medallion of the bust of a hunter; and the whole is surmounted with a cat, a vase of fruit, and pomegranates scattered promiscuously over the sloping cornice. The carvings are all in high-relief, and in every instance are appropriately and artistically executed. It is an elaborate and striking object. The height is about ten feet, and every part is wrought from the solid wood.

The sword and vases before the buffet are of the famous Damascus-ware, and are rare specimens of the art; they are elaborately etched, and richly inlaid with gold and silver. The blade of the sword is of Damask-steel, and is inlaid with the



Spanish Buffet, and Damascene-ware.

precious metals in corresponding style with the scabbard. The largest vase is the finest example of the art in the Exhibition, and is valued at eighteen hundred dollars, gold. The sword is offered for five hundred and sixty dollars.



Selections from the Japanese Exhibit.

The striking features of Japanese Art are shown at the Philadelphia Exposition in a great variety of forms of beautiful and careful workmanship. But, various as they are, they can be referred to a few representative examples, that give a sufficient general idea of

the scope of Japanese mind in this direction. Our artist has grouped some characteristic forms that illustrate this very happily. The bronze vase in the centre, though not one of the largest, is one of the most unique and noticeable in the Exposition, the body

of the colour being warmed with gold and silver relief. The upper and lower borders of the pediment are chased with flowers, leaves, and sheaves of grain, executed with laborious delicacy; and the centre represents a balcony-scene, with male and female figures. It is in the body of the vase, however, that we find the most suggestive work, as typical of the ethical as well as æsthetic element.

The story of the vase seems to be an old Japanese romance, as related in the scroll that describes it: Morgaka, a soldier, is doing penance under a water-fall in winter, suffering remorse for the murder of his paramour, who vindicated her honour and that of her husband, by taking his place and dressing in his clothes on the night of the murder. After sufficient suffering, messengers of Fudo, a Buddhist divinity, bring him pardon, and the repentant murderer retires to a monastery, where he becomes a holy and learned bonze.

The vase belongs to the 12th century, which seems to have been the culminating age in Japanese bronze-work. The sentiment of the story is brought out with much delicacy and truth of expression. It is, however, in the imitation of natural forms that the vase, as is common in the Art of Japan, is most admirable. This is particularly evident in the handles, which are curious and graceful tangles of birds, vines, and flowers.

The cabinet-piece, though elaborately and carefully finished, and a very beautiful specimen of its



American Cut-glass.

kind, is but one of many similar exhibits. It may be briefly described as being elaborately inlaid with polished woods and *papier-maché* work. The ornamentation is in heavy gold-relief, representing trees in full foliage, flying cranes, and flower-groups. The objects in the foreground of the illustration show us a piece of porcelain, of straw-coloured diaper-work on an azure ground; and two more bronzes, an oblong basin and an exquisitely graceful basket. Both of these are artistically chased. As is general in all the bronze and cabinet-work of Japan, methods of expression by which we principally know the Art of Eastern Asia, the supreme excellence is found in workmanship, rather than in conception—in representing the lower and inanimate forms of Nature, rather than the passions and aspirations of man. This is forcibly illustrated in the vase. In the feeling for graceful form and curve, so striking in Japanese Art, the objects represented in the engraving are remarkable, even among the great variety of similar objects at the Exposition.

As specimens of American crystal glass we engrave two tastefully-ornamented groups intended for the dining-table or sideboard, exhibited by Reed and Barton, of New York.

No. 1 is a wine-set in an electroplated stand judiciously gilded at the base. The bottles are of crystal glass, and the etching, of birds, water-plants, and flowers, is delicately wrought. No. 2 is a lemonade or claret set. The

glass is very clear and thin, and the design of humming-birds and flowers, with which the several pieces are decorated, is superbly executed. The pitcher has an electro-plated hinged cover, and the waiter upon which the group rests is also silver-plated.

Both sets are on exhibition in the show-cases of Messrs. Reed and Barton, of New York, and Taunton, Massachusetts.

Messrs. Steel and Garland, of Sheffield, are British contributors of stoves and grates. We engrave two of their many excellent

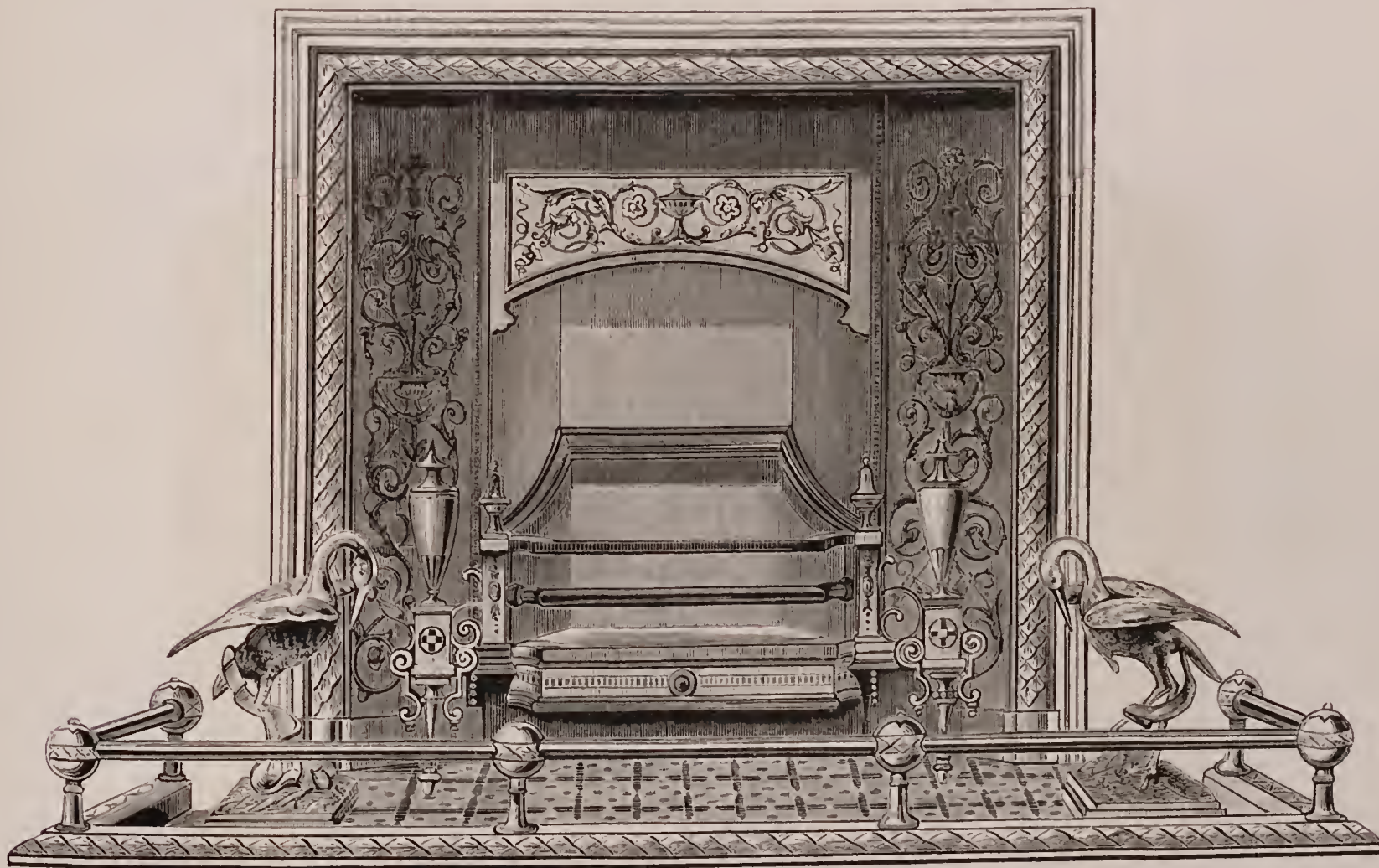


Grate and Fireplace, by Messrs. Steel and Garland, of England.

grates and fire-pieces. They are composed of judiciously mingled bright and burnished steel with ormolu enrichments.

In few things has Art-taste made such marked advance as in our

grates, fire and mantel pieces. It is recognized that the grate, with its glowing blaze, is, in winter-season, the centre of attraction in the sitting-room, while, at all seasons, the mantel is an im-



Grate and Fireplace, by Messrs. Steel and Garland, of England.

portant feature of the apartment, one that admits of the display of ingenious fancy, and is susceptible of great variety in form and ornamentation. In the fireplace tiles are now used extensively,

and we know of no objects so well calculated to give a brilliancy, and even fascination; but next to these is burnished steel, with suitable enrichments.

We print on this page some excellent examples of tiles manufactured and exhibited by Messrs. Brown-Westhead and Co., of Staffordshire, England. They are chiefly those that are rare and

valuable specimens of Art, used chiefly for flower-boxes, chimney-pieces, &c. As will be seen, they are admirably drawn, very beautiful as compositions—efforts, indeed, of true Art by accom-



Tiles, exhibited by Messrs. Brown-Westhead and Co., of Staffordshire.

plished artists. They cannot fail to be appreciated by all lovers of the pure and beautiful in Art. Tiles are much more freely used in England than with us, and often, we think, to great advantage.

Of the church furniture contributed to the Exhibition we engrave a bronze basin intended as a receiver for the alms after the gatherers have taken up the collection during church services,

selected from the cases of Messrs. J. and R. Lamb, of New York. The centre medallion represents our Lord seated, and surrounded by a halo, containing the legend "Gloria in excelsis Deo" in rays of light forming the background. On the quarterings of the outside rim are four medallions containing figures of the Evangelists, after the famous designs by Wilhelm von Kaulbach, and the inter-

mediate spaces are filled with the sentence "Which love ye have showed for his name's sake." The basin is finished in a rich style

of judicious polishing and chasing, and forms a very elegant object for the chancel-table.



Alms-basin, by Messrs. J. and R. Lamb, New York.

This series of illustrations is now drawing towards a close. The display at the Exhibition is so vast, that, even in the comparatively limited sphere of Art, we have been enabled to do no more than represent nationalities and branches of Art; but within this limit

we believe that the visitor to the Exhibition will be enabled to study, more carefully than at the time of his visit, many Art-forms, while all will find, in the various delineations, an instructive record of the greatest exhibit of Art-industry the world has ever seen.

WITH FRÈRE AND HIS CONFRÈRES.



IN the department of Seine-et-Oise, not more than a score of miles from Paris, nestling close under a hill that is crowned by the old Château de Montmorency, lies the quiet little town of Ecouen, the centre of the school of Art led by Edouard Frère. It is a very unpretending sort of a town, with narrow, quiet streets, that seem to have been laid out without any definite idea, with green lanes leading into wide meadows, and on the hill behind the town is a forest of venerable trees, many of which were badly used by the Prussians during the late war, who lopped off branches for firewood, and thought much more of present needs than of picturesque effect. The château, now a school for the daughters of the Legion of Honour, is a grey old building, with high extinguisher capped towers, lofty windows, and with no end of carving in wood and stone. The church is a sixteenth-century structure, disfigured by nineteenth-century whitewash on its interior walls, but having some good old glass in its windows, and a combined aroma of incense and antiquity about its nave and aisles. Forest, lanes, château, and church, have all had their influence on the

Ecouen school, and one who has studied the works of Frère and his pupils sees them as familiar objects.

It was on a bright March morning, the air full of the year's new life, full of sunshine and the perfume of violets, that Henry Bacon and I trudged across the country from the railway-station, through the aristocratic purlieus of Villers le Bel, and up the hill that must be passed over to reach Ecouen. At the top of the hill we met "Champney," who had come out to greet us. I mention both these names, because no two American artists have made Ecouen more familiar to Americans than they, who have lived in and loved the town, and who have been most successful pupils at the feet of the master, Frère. Down the hill we went, through a lane where violets and primroses nodded to each other from side to side, to the little villa Millefleurs, the home of our own "Champ," whose name is so well known in America, not alone for his illustrations of the "Great South," but for scores of charming pictures of French domestic life. Here were a warm welcome and a warm breakfast, and a chat on Art. But so enthusiastic is "Champ" about his old master, Edouard Frère, that he hurries us away to the great man's house and studio.

EDOUARD FRÈRE, whose influence has been very great on a

certain phase of French Art, is a small man of about fifty years of age, with a kindly, smiling, gentle face under his grey hair, a simple, earnest manner, a warm grasp of the hand as he bids one welcome, and a quiet enthusiasm in his art that is magnetic in its influence. His house is large enough to be called a château, its surroundings beautiful enough and large enough to be called "grounds," and his studio all one expects a studio to be. Frère is the great man of Ecoen. The people love him and reverence him. He came among them so poor that the peasants shared their soup with him to keep him from starving; he was the child of the people, and they have watched him and loved him as a favourite son. Nor has he forgotten their kindness: the *potage* he received when a hungry boy he returns by a liberal distribution of soup to the poor of the town, from his own kitchen, and they say thereabouts that when Edouard Frère enters the door of a peasant's hut want flies out of the window.

Frère's specialty, as everybody knows, is in catching the tenderest phases of domestic life, and especially of child-life, and of treating them with such simplicity and truth, such sweetness of colour and perfection of detail, that they become very poems in pictures, little stories that touch the heart. No man is more faithful and conscientious; he never lets his brush touch canvas without a model before him; he works to-day as if his name were yet to be made famous, though his pictures are in the greatest demand, and sell at astonishingly large prices. His studio is an immense room, its walls covered with studies, and scattered everywhere the necessary *bric-à-brac* of an artist's workshop. He was at work, when I visited him, on a large picture, a little French peasant-girl teaching her tiny sister to say her *Ave Maria*. The rosy-checked models were before him, chatting together in childish fashion, as if they thought their occupation very good fun indeed.

In his house Frère has an exquisite collection of pictures by contemporary artists, not one of which interested me more than the one by his own brush which first brought him fame. It is a picture of his own son when a mere baby, who, perched up in his table-chair, is dividing his time between munching his roll of bread-and-butter, and deranging the articles that are scattered about the table. It is a composition as simple and graceful and sweet as childhood itself.

Ecoen, like all the towns round about Paris, suffered greatly during the late war. Houses were destroyed, gardens were pillaged of their trees, cellars of their wine, and summer-houses turned into barracks: but Frère's home was spared. The German soldier, whatever other qualities he may possess, has a sublime reverence for Art, and the general in command wrote some magical words on the door of Edouard Frère's dwelling—words which were invariably respected by the soldiery, who not only spared but protected the house. It is always pitiful to see a home destroyed, but it would have been doubly pitiful in the case of Frère's house, for it is the centre of social life in Ecoen. Always on Sunday evenings there is a little reception in his drawing-room, and all of Ecoen society is there, for there is no division of the Ecoen social forces; all hail Frère as leader and Madame Frère as queen.

As we left Frère's grounds, and passed through a vine-covered picturesque gate into a shady lane, we saw approaching us a fine flock of sheep. They were such specimens as would make a stock-fancier mad with envy: it was a collection of sheep, not simply a flock, for there were many breeds and all fine specimens. They came down the road, driven by a shepherd who looked as if he might just have walked out of a French pastoral picture, and who was assisted in the care of his flock by two intelligent-looking shepherd's dogs. If the sheep had been soldiers, and we boys, we could not have followed them more closely, and the reason we did so was because "Champ" told us they were Schenck's sheep, and we wanted to go to Schenck's studio.

Who is there in America, that cares a rush-light for Art, who doesn't know Schenck and his superb pictures of animals? Schenck, too, is an Ecoenite by residence. So we followed the sheep-tracks till they led us into a great, rambling building, half sheepfold and half studio, and there we found the painter at his work. Palette in hand he came forward to greet us, and we saw a man of over six feet in height, a figure of superb proportions, a face more German than French, a blond-haired, blue-eyed, Teutonic face, that was full of *bonhomie*, and glad with the fulness of perfect health. A bluff, hearty voice welcomed us in excellent

English, and in five minutes we were smoking Schenck's pipes like animated chimneys, and talking as if we had known him all our lives through.

We talked in English, but we might, if we had known them all, have talked in French, or Italian, or Spanish, or German, or Russian, or any other language, and a score of other dialects, for Schenck is a walking polyglot dictionary. He speaks all the European languages, they say, and speaks them fluently. I can vouch for the fact that he speaks French, German, and English, with equal ease. I am not certain as to his nationality. I think he is of mixed German and French blood.

Schenck's studio is an immense room, and in every corner one sees pictures and studies. We saw him at work on his *Salon* picture—a flock of sheep frightened into a panic by an artist's umbrella, which had blown from its moorings, and swept by a mountain-wind into their midst. The faces of the sheep were almost human in expression. Never have I seen fright and consternation better depicted. The venerable leader of the flock tries to look calm and as if he were not frightened, but it is a very sheepish sort of bravery at best that one sees in his face. The picture is full of vigour. The sky, darkened with wind-clouds, the careful bits of foreground, and the fuzzy distance, are all worthy of Schenck's great reputation, though in composition this picture is hardly as well managed as some other of his works. It is unfair even to make this criticism, for the picture when we saw it was unfinished, many of the figures only drawn in, and the chances are that it will appear in the *Salon* somewhat changed.

We saw in Schenck's studio a curious and interesting study, which was painted just after the breaking out of the late war, and supposed by the French critics, who see a political significance in everything, to have some reference to the position of the nation at the time. A young and very obstinate-looking ass had broken through a hedge into a thicket, in which he could not go forward, and from which he could not extricate himself. If he tried to back out, the thorns pricked him from behind; if he went forward, he was blinded by them. Could it have been meant for a reflection on the late emperor, in a fix from which he could not get out, pricked by the people's will from behind and by Prussian bayonets from before?

M. Schenck has been painting of late a class of subjects that have attained great popularity, and several of them have gone to American collections. They represent sheep huddling together in a snow-storm, and are painted with such a degree of faithfulness that one pities the poor animals, and almost feels the chilly wind that whirls the snow about them. It is a delight to hear Schenck talk about his pictures. He is an enthusiast in Art, and feels that he is a very high-priest in its temple. He is a man who not only has genius, but the consciousness of it, and speaks of himself with the same freedom with which he would speak of another, praising or censuring his own work according to a very severe standard which he has established in his mind.

From Schenck's studio we went to see Seignac, Vernier, Haag, Dargelas, and Duverger—all those men who make the Art-atmosphere of Ecoen so sweet, and its school so famous. To enumerate all the fine things we saw in their studios would carry me beyond the allotted bounds of this paper. At Duverger's we saw a bit of household Art of which I wish to speak, as showing how even the common rooms of a house may be made beautiful by a little thoughtful arrangement. We saw Duverger's kitchen, and it was a room, once seen, to be remembered for a lifetime. Every article in it, from the massive stone chimney-piece, carved and coloured and set in tiles, to the wrought-steel hinges of the doors, was an *objet d'Art*. There were wooden dressers fantastically carved into Gothic forms, upon which were long rows of curious porcelain, and there were *repoussé* copper cooking-pans that shone like gold in the sun. The windows were set with diamond-paned glass, here and there a coloured one, but mostly white; the kitchen-chairs were of brown old oak and embossed leather of the fifteenth century; and the ceiling, with conspicuous beams, was painted in dead colours and Gothic devices. It was the kitchen of an artist—it made a room as interesting as any in the house, as habitable for family or guests as the beautiful Louis Quinze *salon* we saw under the same roof. It proved what some Art-apostles are trying to prove to the world, that the commonest utensils of household need may be made beautiful with no loss to utility.

W. M. F. ROUND.

SHERWOOD FOREST.

SHERWOOD FOREST, sacred to the memory of "bold Robin Hood," has received a valuable and charming addition to its literature in a volume recently issued by Mr. Robert White, of Worksop. It is entitled "Worksop, the Dukery, and Sherwood Forest," and treats of the objects of interest and places of beauty in each of these three main divisions. With regard to Worksop, we have an interesting chapter on the ancient lords of that place, the Lovetots, the Furnivals, the Talbots, the Howards, and the Pelhams, whose names are renowned in the history of this kingdom, and of one of whom—the first Earl of Shrewsbury—Shakspeare thus wrote:—

"Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created for his rare success in arms
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Gooding and Uchinfeld,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the Noble Order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Mareshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?"

Here is a silly stately style indeed,
The Turk that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath
Writes not so tedious a style as this," &c. &c.

The history of the Priory, and of the town itself, as well as of places in its immediate neighbourhood, are carefully given,



The Parliament Oak.

and a vast amount of useful information is imparted in a pleasant and chatty kind of narrative. The "Dukeries," as the district comprising Clumber, Welbeck, Thorsby, and other seats is called, are next described; and herein Mr. Foljambe gives a carefully-arranged pedigree, showing the common descent from the famous "Bess of Hardwick" of the Dukes of Devonshire, Newcastle, Portland, Kingston, St. Albans, and Norfolk, and of many other ennobled families. Of Clumber and Welbeck extended notices are given, and we learn that at the first-named of these are preserved, besides a magnificent assemblage of paintings and other works of Art, some good examples of Roman sarcophagi, of two of which we introduce engravings.

One of the most charming parts of the volume is that devoted to the remains of "Merrie Sherwood," both in and out of the parks to which we have alluded. Of the grand "lords of the

forest" many exquisite engravings are given. One of these, the Greendale oak—a veritable "Methuselah of trees"—is the most venerable and remarkable of existing trees. In 1724, as will be remembered by those who have read Rooke's excellent account, an opening was made in its trunk capable of allowing a carriage and six to be driven, or three horsemen to ride abreast, through it. The circumference of the trunk above the arch is 35 feet 3 inches; height of the arch, 10 feet 3 inches; width about the middle, 6 feet 3 inches; height of the top



The Greendale Oak.

branch, 54 feet. The age of this tree must, of course, be speculation. Major Rooke said, in 1790, it is "thought to be above seven hundred years old;" and Throsby, in 1797, says it "is supposed to be upwards of fifteen hundred years old;" it is now planked diagonally and otherwise supported, yet, notwithstanding its decrepitude, its green boughs spread over a diameter of about 45 feet. In 1727 the Countess of Oxford had a cabinet



The Major Oak.

formed of the oak taken from the heart of this tree in making the cavity named above. The cabinet is now at Welbeck, and contains inlaid representations of the tree, and a former Duke of Portland driving an old-fashioned carriage and six horses

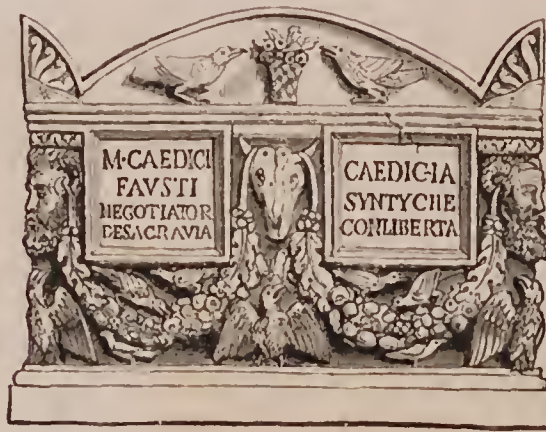
through the opening, with the following quotation from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :—

"Sæpe sub hac Dryades festas duxere choreas
Sæpe etiam manibus nexis ex ordine trunci,
Circuere modum mensuraque roboris ulnas,
Quinque ter implebat. Nec non et cætera tentum
Silva sub hac omnis, quantum fuit herba sub omni."



Of this tree we are enabled to give the representation on the preceding page; as also of the "Parliament Oak" in Sher-

wood Forest, and the "Major Oak," in a hollow in whose trunk seven persons have easily sat together at dinner. The engravings are all charmingly executed from original drawings,



and the typography of the volume is faultlessly beautiful. It is a worthy book on a worthy subject, and does great credit to its author and publisher, Mr. Robert White.

THE WOOING OF HENRY V.

W. F. YEAMES, A.R.A., Painter.



SHAKSPERE gives a humorous account of the courtship of Henry V. After the battle of Agincourt, as we learn from the history of the period, one of the conditions of peace with the French king, Charles VI., was, that Henry should have in marriage the Princess Katharine, daughter of the latter: he requests the French monarch, who with his queen and daughter are about to leave the apartment in the palace where state affairs have been discussed, to allow the princess to remain :—

"Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore rank of our articles."

King Henry V., Act v., Sc. 2.

The two are accordingly left to themselves, with the exception of Alice, one of the princess's ladies-in-waiting. Henry has but little knowledge of the French language, and neither Katharine nor her attendant can speak much English: the royal wooer, therefore, finds it not an easy task to enter upon the delicate matter upon which he desires to speak with her. He begins, however, very properly, with a compliment to the lady :—

" . . . Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?"

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me. I cannot speak your England.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

K. Hen. O, fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princeess."

And thus the conversation goes on till it comes to a satisfactory termination by the princess accepting the offer of his hand and crown, if "it shall please *de roy, mon père*."

The conqueror at Agincourt certainly appears in a far less attractive character, pictorially, as a lover than he would as a soldier armed for the battle: the situation is a novelty to him, and he scarcely seems to know or care how to plead his suit gracefully, as becometh royalty. Shakspeare makes him say, "Give me your answer: i' faith do, and so clap hands and a bargain;" this seems to be the point Mr. Yeames has chosen for his picture. The princess, a pretty girl, of course understands the object of the interview; and, equally of course, appears not to comprehend, and casts her eyes down with due maiden modesty. We should have preferred Alice without her extinguisher-cap; it is not a picturesque object by any means. In the background is a glimpse of the members of the French court, the King and Queen of France, the king's brother the Duke of Burgundy, and others, who have left the room where the lovers are seated.

BRONZE AS AN ART-MATERIAL.



AFTER the precious metals, there is, perhaps, no material to which high Art has given so considerable a value as the alloy known as bronze. Many of the ancient, and some even of the modern works in this metal, are held in very high estimation.

Since the Medici family carried Italian artists to France in the sixteenth century, to decorate their palaces with bronzes and Art metal-work, an industry has sprung up in Paris which has rendered the rich in all parts of the world eager to ob-

tain French bronzes for ornamenting their choicest apartments. Paris having taken the manufacture of bronzes away from Italy, holds the trade without any special natural advantages, simply by the skill and taste of its manufacturers and workmen, and attracts purchasers from every part of the world.

Mr. Tylor, in his report "On Metal-working," in the London Exhibition of 1862, well remarks: "The sculptors of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries did not disdain the use of bronze in the creation of small objects in that material, feeling rightly that no other substance gives the artist greater facili-



W. F. YEAMBS A. R. A. PINXT

W. DEPATRICH SCULPT

THE WEDDING OF HENRY V.

ties for the expression of both grace and vigour of form; in fact, except for a portrait, there is no material better adapted for the purposes of embodying the artist's thought. In consequence of this constant practice of using bronze, there has always been kept alive in France, not only a school of artists, but also of workmen, to design and execute works of Art in that material; and the magnificent objects now produced in Paris are the noble results of widespread and long-continued preparations." In Paris are to be met with many artists whose time has been especially devoted to modelling figures to be rendered in bronze, and not in marble; foundries which can produce in metal the most delicate lines of the model; and chases combining the manual dexterity of the most skillful artisan with the feeling and spirit of the artist.

It is generally admitted that there is no class of ornamental Art in which the French enjoy such unquestioned preëminence as in the production of bronzes, and especially such as are suitable for interior decoration. In the choice of subjects, models well selected in an artistic point of view—good execution, with moulding, casting, and mounting, &c.—these are the elements which recommend French bronzes to the attention of all, and have made France so incontestably superior in the fabrication of ornamental and artistic castings in bronze.

For forty or fifty years Belgium has struggled to compete in the manufacture of bronzes, but has made but little headway, notwithstanding considerable outlay and pains, and official patronage and support.

Paris has still the monopoly, and is almost without a rival of any importance, in this branch of Art. No industry requires greater variety, and hence it demands a multiplicity of models as a condition of its vitality and success; it therefore necessitates a great number of artists, and an immense sale in order to remunerate these. So far back as 1840 the production of bronze articles in Paris was valued at over a million sterling; at the time of the Paris Exhibition it was stated at \$15,000,000, but there has since been a diminution in the export trade, owing to the efforts made in England, Belgium, Germany, and even in Russia, to establish works for the production of bronze castings.

The bronze industry divides itself into three categories or divisions: 1. Art bronzes properly so called; 2. Furniture or ornamental bronzes; and 3. Zinc, tin, or lead, bronzed or gilded. It is only on the first two that we propose here to comment:

1. Art bronzes supply imitations obtained by direct castings of reduced or amplified copies of known and renowned figures and monuments. This class also embraces new models, chased, damascened, reliefs, and incrustations, which will even rival the *chefs-d'œuvre* transmitted to us from past ages when good taste originated the types.

2. Furniture or decorative bronzes. These would frequently come under the first category if the makers did not too often sacrifice Art in their products to cheapness and extension of sale. In many of these ornamental works, it has been well stated, the utility is but incidental, their main object being that of decoration—an end that is obtained by the very high excellence shown both in their conception and execution. The production of a host of articles for various uses testifies, however, to the increasing alliance of Art with industry.

The nations of antiquity, properly so called, and the Renaissance, have left us bronzes which have stood the test of ages, and in their workmanship leave nothing to desire. Bronze casting seems to have reached its perfection in Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. Among the artists who are celebrated for their skill in casting, Benvenuto Cellini holds a distinguished rank.

It is easy to trace the general and marked progress which has resulted from the introduction into trade of a notable proportion of models of all the eminent epochs, obtained not only by copying, but also by mechanical reduction, which, well directed, approaches very closely the style of the originals.

The tools and the arms of the Egyptians and the early Greeks were of bronze; and swords, axes, and razors, have been found of bronze. Treaties of peace, judgments, and laws, were graven on plates of bronze. The gates of the Pantheon were of bronze, and Pope Urban VIII. melted them down to construct the baldachins of St. Peter. The group of the 'Laocoon' and the 'Apollo Belvedere' were cast in bronze for Fontainebleau. This was at the renaissance of the art, more than 1,000 years after the invasion of Italy by the Cossacks of Attila. About 1624 working in bronze became naturalised in France by the care of Louvois, who established the foundries of the Arsenal, under the direction of the Brothers Keller, of Zurich, to whom is due the large number of bronzes which adorn the French royal residences. Favoured by Madame du Barry, Goutherie invented gilding *au mat*, or in dead gold, which opened up a new style for articles of decoration. Ornaments and small objects in bronze have always been among the marks of civilisation.

The industry of Art bronzes includes the sculpture, the casting, the chasing, and the gilding. The sculptor brings his model or design, and the founder prepares it for casting; the bronze mounter collects the separate pieces and hands them over to the chaser; the gilding and colouring complete this series of operations, the price of which is necessarily considerable. The bronze founder, fitter, and chaser, are those of the highest class of workmen in Paris, and the bronzists take great pains to encourage and improve their art. Indeed, there is an annual competition among the workmen for various prizes offered.

The Royal Foundry at Munich may be incidentally alluded to, whence have been turned out the statues of the emperors, of Maximilian and Frederick the Victorious, Henry IV., &c.

Sir Stamford Raffles found, in exploring the ancient temples of Java, numberless objects in ornamental bronze, such as tripods, bells, and vases, with the twelve signs of the zodiac on them.

It is not necessary here to go into the purely technical question of the precise relative proportions in which the four metals, copper, zinc, tin, and lead, are, or should be, combined, to form the best alloy. The last two are usually only used in the proportion of one and a half or two per cent.

A curious bronze is made in Japan, which, when shaped into thin plates, resembles slate, and is covered with designs in silver. The alloy, from an analysis made, appears to contain, in addition to copper, four to five per cent. of tin, and about ten per cent. of lead. It is easily moulded into thin plates; these are varnished, and through the covering the designs are scratched with a *burin*. The plate is then plunged in a silver-bath, where the silver is deposited on the unprotected portions. Lastly—and to complete the process—the plate is placed in a muffle-furnace, when the copper blackens and the silver remains bright.

Careful analyses of some of the old Japanese bronzes show that, like the antique Greek and Roman and old French alloys, they were not made with pure metals, but with entire minerals, copper pyrites and antimonial galena mixed with blende being employed. The proportion of copper ranged from eighty-one to ninety-two per cent., of tin from one to as much as seven and a half per cent., and of lead from four to five and a half per cent. A few years ago there were large shipments of old Japanese bronzes made to England in consequence of the government appropriating to imperial purposes the revenues of many of the Buddhist temples. This induced the priests to realise as much of their movable property as possible, and hence many massive bells, braziers, and other bronze articles, were shipped off; those which did not readily sell as curiosities being melted down for the copper.

In the bronze manufacture the metal represents about two-ninths of the value of the production, the rest being divided between the moulder, the chaser, the mounter, the turner, &c.

ARTISTIC GLASS IN PARIS.



ART has crept into all divisions of the surroundings of our daily life. The chair on which we sit, the paper wherewith our walls are covered, the carpets that hide our floors, may all minister to the taste for æsthetic surroundings that has become so general. But it is in our cups and platters, above all, that Art may revel at will. The skill of a painter is called into play to decorate our saucers and dishes. A sculptor may mould the graceful handles or supports of our vases and drinking-vessels. And the delicate pencilling of the graver is as apparent on a crystal goblet as on a cameo of *pictra dura* or an agate *intaglio*.

To visit the celebrated glass-warehouse of Baccarat, in Paris, is to realise one's dreams of the garden of jewels wherein Aladdin was imprisoned by the wiles of his pretended uncle the magician. On ascending the staircase to the show-rooms, which are situated on the second floor, a dazzling vista lies spread out before the gazer. Vases, lamps, goblets, wineglasses, of every conceivable shape and form, on long lines of white shelving, stretch away into the distance, a very feast of colour for the eye. Overhead a myriad chandeliers form a ceiling of shimmering diamonds that glitters and waves with every breath. The art of the painter as well as that of the graver has been called into requisition to lend beauty and value to the delicate crystal. In point of mere colour, perhaps, Paris must yield the palm to the manufacturers of Bohemia. The rich tints, ruby, emerald, and deep sapphire, that make gorgeous the show-rooms of Prague or of Munich, are scarcely equalled, though approached, by similar hues in the Parisian factory. But in decoration the Parisians excel. On many special occasions the artists of Sèvres are called into requisition. And even in the cheaper and simpler articles, manufactured for every-day use, the taste and sense of colour of the French come into play and make a piece of comparatively ordinary ware at once elegant and beautiful.

On entering the vast show-rooms of Baccarat, the beholder's gaze is first arrested by a pair of vases full six feet high, of slender, antique shape, with mountings and handles of gilded bronze. The body of each vase is painted of a pale pearl-grey, relieved against which rise long stalks and flowers of the many-hued iris, or fleur-de-lis-shaped flag, the prevailing tints being blue, white, yellow, and rose-pink. With these flowers are grouped their long, spear-like leaves. The base and lip of each vase are of a dark-crimson hue, with arabesque designs in deep rose-pink. Another pair, equal in size, but very different in design, was decorated by one of the Sèvres artists. The style is of the Louis XV. period, the groundwork of dark, rich blue, with overlaid pattern in opaque white, enriched with gold. Round the body of each vase runs a narrow band, exquisitely painted with mythological personages, one showing Amphitrite and her attendant nymphs, the other Neptune in his chariot surrounded by his Tritons, in the delicate, artificial, yet charming style, wherewith the works of Boucher and of Watteau have rendered us familiar.

Very beautiful in design and in subdued coolness of colouring is a mantel-piece set in different shades of palest grey with silver mountings. The set consists of two vases and a clock. The former are tall and slender, and decorated in a design representing interlacing tendrils and branches, on which are perched small birds, the handles and mountings being of silver. The clock is formed by a glass base painted to match the vases, on which stands a goddess on glistening silver. Nothing can be imagined more delicate or tasteful than this lovely set, all in soft, pale grey and silver. From the artistic finish of the decoration this quiet-looking set is extremely expensive.

The favourite colour for groundwork appears to be a brilliant and rather deep shade of azure, a summer noontide-sky colour, if one may make use of one of the compound epithets so dear to the heart of the Germans. Against this vivid blue are relieved sprays of a single variety of flowers, or sometimes a group of different species, the hues of which all harmonise perfectly with the background. One pair of vases was painted with branches of moss-

roses, the deep glowing pink of bud and blossom relieved against the azure ground with beautiful effect. Another pair displayed clusters of pale-yellow asters, intermingled with garlands of morning-glories and with sprays of the single pale-pink wild-rose. Still another shows groups of canary-birds, disporting themselves amid brown and well-nigh leafless branches. Then here are long, slender blue vases, painted with pink and white double hyacinths, and others with long stalks of calla lilies, and still others with great masses of pale-tinted tea-roses or golden-yellow roses—every combination that can be thought of that will show well against the favourite blue. Another groundwork that is much affected is a deep, rich pink, but there are so few blossoms that look well against it that the articles so decorated are few in number. A pair of *cache-pots* in pink are painted with hawthorn-blossoms, and a pair of vases with the same groundwork are adorned with clusters of daisies, foxglove, and dark-blue larkspur. None of these floral designs have any set or stiff look like a made-up bouquet, but have all the grace and characteristic "set" and grouping of the plants in actual life.

As a novelty in style, two large vases were pointed out with a groundwork of palest cream-yellow. On one side of each was painted a peacock, seated on a branch, his long, drooping tail-feathers and shining breast touched with slender lines of gold. A larger pair showed on each a white ibis on the bank of a stream beneath a misty, pale-grey sky, its snowy plumage just dashed with black, and the vivid scarlet of legs and beak relieved against the soft, neutral tints of the background. A single stalk of yellow iris, its solitary flower showing among its long, slender leaves, rises at one side. The colouring of this design was singularly tasteful and effective. Another pair of vases with a deep, smoke-grey background, was painted with groups of wild-flowers, over each of which hovered a pair of bright-plumaged birds, their feathers hued with gorgeous tints of blue and yellow.

The lamps, which form so important a feature still in Parisian homes, even of the highest class (though why the inhabitants of a city that possesses gas-works should continue to burn smoky, ill-smelling oil is to me a mystery), are present in large numbers, and very costly and tasteful some of them are. Most of them are so arranged as to permit of the removal of the whole of the lamp apparatus in the daytime, thus leaving behind only a graceful and elegant vase. There was one pair that had been painted by Sèvres artists for the Exhibition of 1869, which showed copies from Boucher very finely executed. The mountings were in gilded bronze. One of the most popular styles of the day is a square Japanese shape, painted with stiff yet not ungraceful branches of hawthorn, set with flowers and berries, with butterflies hovering above the blossoms. This design, which is thoroughly in the spirit of Japanese decoration, is very effective on a pearl-grey ground, and also on black, the last being perhaps the most striking as well as the most popular. Another design shows arabesques of black and gold upon a deep-orange ground. The slender rose-shapes are decorated with landscapes and groups of deer, with Watteau scenes and with other artistic devices.

It is very difficult, in looking at this mass of beautiful colouring and artistic painting, to realise that the material used is glass and not the finest kind of porcelain. The white grounds in particular have all the fine semi-transparency of Sèvres porcelain. The transparent glass itself, in its undisguised and native purity, cut, engraved, and moulded into an endless series of graceful shapes and dainty devices, forms a branch by itself, of which more anon, for we have not yet exhausted the painted porcelain-like surfaces, especially those that owe their decoration to pencils of true artistic excellence. View, if you please, these vases, painted by Schildt, of Sèvres: the body is almost globular, and the top and base are painted a dark crimson. Around the body of each one curves a spirited group of nude Cupids, disporting themselves on the bank of a stream, amid aquatic plants and masses of pale-tinted foliage. Richaud has decorated two *cache-pots* in the Watteau style, with groups of nymphs and Cupids: the body of the pot is white, covered with interlaced arabesques of pale-green, rose-colour, blue,

and gold, interspersed with wreaths of roses. Two others, which are probably the finest, in an Art point of view, in the establishment, were painted by Fragonard, a grand-nephew of the great painter of that name, who had devoted his pencil to the decoration of porcelain, and who died only a few weeks ago. Very graceful in grouping and delicate in colouring are the Boucher-like scenes that cover the whole surface of each *cache-pot*: one a daintily-tinted water-scene, a lover and damsel floating in a bark on a tranquil stream, while the solitary boatman looks enviously at their happiness; the other a courtship of the last century, a proud-eyed and beruffled pair, meeting beneath the wide branches of a forest-tree. Roussel, of Sèvres, has painted a pair of large, antique-shaped vases, of a vivid-blue ground, with two nude children before a bust of Juno; on one vase they clasp hands in a pretty babyish courtship, while on the other they have quarrelled, and sit turning their dimpled backs upon each other, a singularly charming and original design. Two tall, slender vases, of antique shape, were painted by Richaud. On a white ground are the figures of Euterpe and Melpomene on one vase, Terpsichore and Thalia on the other, the drapery of the Muses being in pale tints of red and yellow. The base and lip of each vase are edged with an Etruscan-patterned border in pale brown upon dark brown; while immediately below this border, on the upper part of the vase, are depicted butterflies in harmonising hues. These vases are peculiarly graceful and artistic both in form and design.

A striking commentary on the sacrifices that must be made by Parisian manufacturers who contribute to the great national exhibitions, in order to worthily uphold the industrial supremacy of their native land, is the fact that so many articles, specially prepared for such exhibitions, fail to strike the popular taste, and by reason of their extreme costliness remain unsold. Such, for instance, was the fate of the gorgeous Louis XV. dinner-table set, designed for the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and comprising épergne, plateau, candelabra, compots, fruit-dishes, &c., in diamond-faceted cut glass, mounted in gilded bronze, which forms one of the most dazzling points of display in the Baccarat show-rooms. There, too, is to be seen a marvellous table-set, comprising two vases and a centre-piece for fruit, in white and ruby glass, engraved by hand in designs of infinite grace and spirit, as finely cut as though the material worked had been onyx or carnelian instead of perishable glass. The groups on the medallions might have vied in execution with any modern cameo or *intaglio*, while the leafy borders and arabesques had all the spider-web tracery and aerial loveliness of the most delicate lace. Equally dainty in execution, though less artistic in design, were sundry goblets, also dating from the Great Exhibition, which showed groups and festoons of roses engraved on their transparent surface. To give some idea of the costliness of this artistic work, each of these goblets was valued at eight dollars, a price which would be doubled were the article transferred to the United States.

The crystal chandelier maintains its place in popular favour. The shapes are very graceful, the branches being curved and the gas-jets dissimulated in flower-like shapes of crystal. Some of the

more ornate look like veritable bouquets of crystal flowers. Colour is but sparingly introduced, and needs to be done so very delicately, else the effect is gaudy, and, at all events, the pure ice-like look of the untinted glass is wholly destroyed. Opaque, pale blue is the least damaging in effect. One enormous and gorgeous lustre, destined for a public hall, was set with sockets and pendants of emerald and ruby relieved with gold; but the effect, though rich, was theatrical, and the great chandelier looked amid its colourless surroundings like a piece of stage jewellery in a case of real diamonds. Gilt bronze is again being sparingly introduced in combination with crystal; one very superb lustre showing flying Cupids in gilded bronze, springing from the centre of the base, and linking hands beneath the circling border of lights, amid a shower of diamond-like pendants.

The smaller articles manufactured by the firm are very elegant and tasteful. An inkstand, of novel design, showed a silver Cupid dragging after him a pile of volumes by a cord, the whole placed on a cut-glass base. The ink-receiver, in cut glass, stood upon the top of the books, while on one side was placed a cut-glass cup for sand, and at the other one for wafers. This pretty toy was valued at sixty dollars. The heavy diamond-faceted cut glass, so dear to the hearts of our ancestors, is now the prevailing style, having almost entirely superseded the paper-thin glass that was the rage for many years. Of this solid, sparkling material are manufactured, not only decanters, cups, and vases, but jewel-boxes, and even tables, these last being the most recent novelty in glassware. They are of the shape and size of a small centre-table or card-table, and the cutting of the top is executed on the underside, so as to leave a smooth upper surface. Very costly pieces of furniture are these transparent, glittering tables, that look fit for the Ice-King's palace, the price of each being four hundred dollars.

A very attractive feature of this vast establishment is the number of beautiful objects that may be purchased at a trifling cost. Of course, artistic engraving and painting and elaborate designs are always costly, but there is a number of pretty and tasteful articles, such as vases, smelling-bottles, &c., that are very cheap, wherein grace of form and fine combination of colour are united with true French taste. From two to four dollars will enable the purchaser to bear away in triumph a graceful vase, delicate in colouring and enriched with some simple but charming design. Baccarat, however, has not secured one of the most tasteful of the designs of this season, which consists merely of the leaf of the common morning-glory in ground glass. This device is employed in a variety of ways by the rival house of St.-Louis. Thus a lovely little candlestick is formed by a solitary leaf in a tendril of gilt bronze, a second tendril forming the handle, and the candle-socket representing the flower. A series of these leaves arranged around a stalk form a liqueur-stand, the stems of the glasses being set in the cup-like hollows of the leaves. A prettier adaptation of a simple and graceful production of Nature to decorative Art has not been seen since the lily-of-the-valley vases that were so popular some years ago.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ART IN ITALY.



AMONG the works carried on to a successful termination during this summer just past, is a colossal group by the young American sculptor, of Cincinnati, Mr. M. Ezekiel. The subject is Religious Liberty, symbolised by an armed woman; upon her head a Phrygian cap, surrounded with stars, her left hand resting upon the *fascia* and laws of the republic, and her right extended, protectingly, towards a beautiful youth, who is striving to keep alive the coals of Faith. At the left is an eagle, holding in its talons the serpent of religious intolerance, which turns its fierce head as if seeking other enemies to conquer. It is now sixteen months since Mr. Ezekiel undertook the commission, for the accomplishment of which only a year was assigned. But this was found to be im-

possible, and the Italian public has expressed much surprise at the finishing of so immense a work in so comparatively short a period. The group is carved from a block of marble weighing seventeen tons, and the chief figure is over ten feet in height.

Another statue of Liberty has recently been completed and exhibited in Rome, designed for the Republic of San Marino. The figure is an armed Liberty, sustaining the standard of the tiny but proud republic, symbolised also by the three highest of the towers with which the head is diademed. The statue is a present from the Baroness Wagener to San Marino, which, in return, has declared her a "benemerita" citizen, and will give the work an honoured place upon the principal piazza of the city.

Cavalier A. Belloli, whose 'Before' and 'After the Bath' adorn the palace of the Emperor of Russia, has finished 'Judith,' his

chef-d'œuvre. Leaving the hackneyed type of an Eastern beauty clad with Oriental richness, and raising her eyes to heaven while she clasps in one hand a bloody weapon and in the other displays the ghastly head of Holofernes, Belloli has shown, in this vivid painting, the Jewess as she descends slowly from the couch of the sleeping enemy of her country, already slain in a determination that is rendered blood-hardy by patriotism, although the dread deed has not yet been consummated. She supports herself, cautiously, with one hand, while the other is extended, to unsheath noiselessly the sword hanging on the wall; her eye, meantime, is fixed steadfastly upon her victim. The entire figure, young and beautiful, is nude, except for the fold of a mantle of white satin lightly enveloping the right limb. One foot rests upon the raised approach to the bed, the other presses lightly the carpeting upon the floor, dragging behind her by the movement a magnificent tiger's skin. Her hair has fallen unbound upon her shoulders, and a loosened string of pearls hangs still among the black locks. Her figure is illuminated, while that of Holofernes is lost in the shadow that disappears under the heavy silk curtains. The few accessories are correct, the table and Assyrian arms being copied from Nineveh bas-reliefs.

The great work achieved by Prince Torlonia, the draining of Lake Fucino, by which Italy is enriched by a large portion of fertile land hitherto cursed by malaria, is to be commemorated by a monument, soon to be erected upon the site of the lake. The bronze gates that are to open the approach to the memorial are now on exhibition in Rome. They are three in number, and are nearly twelve feet in height, each weighing about 6,000 pounds (Italian). The monument is to be surmounted by a statue illustrating the Immaculate Conception, upon the pedestal of which are to be inscribed the following words: "Mary, sinlessly conceived, behold, with favour, a work attempted in vain by kings and emperors, but which Alexander Torlonia, V. P., with lofty thought and brazen will, undertook in the year 1854, and completed in 1876." *

In Carrara a statue by Tenerani has recently been erected to Pellegrino Rossi, the eminent politician, advocate, and patriotic exile, who was born in Carrara. An oration was delivered, and a hymn, composed for the occasion, was rendered with great applause.

At Viterbo, during the *fête* on the 6th of September, a proces-

sion of citizens repaired to the house where the sculptor Pio Fedi was born, author of the famous group of the 'Rape of Polixena,' which obtained so honourable a place among the antiquities upon the *Loggia* of Florence. Amid the applause of the populace a tablet in honour of Fedi was inserted in the dwelling, and addresses were made in his praise.

A monument to Grossi, the poet and romance-writer, was erected on the 10th of September at Bellano. The town was decorated with banners, and the city governments of Milan and Como were also represented. The sculptor, Tantardini, who presented his work, was made citizen of Bellano. The statue is a little larger than life, and represents Grossi as

" . . . from afar,
With beating heart, he sees again
His loved Bellano."

The commission for the monument of Mazzini, to be erected in Genoa, has been given to the Roman sculptor Monteverde.

Not only does Italy thus honour her prominent men, but the very animals that have been identified with her history have not been forgotten. Besides the adoption by Rome of the wolf, foster-mother to Romulus and Remus, as the escutcheon-symbol of the city, the Capitol-grounds have long been adorned with a living representative of the species to which the Romans owe so much; and it is said that there will soon be placed in the same honoured locality an eagle, the war-symbol of the Roman legions, and a goose, commemorative of the heroic cackler that saved the Capitol from the Gauls.

The artists of Florence have reciprocated the attentions received from Germany last year on the occasion of the Michael Angelo *fêtes*, by sending gifts in honour of the birthday of Goethe, the 28th of August, to the Free German Institute, which holds its sessions in the house of Goethe in Frankfort-on-the-Main. This society, it will be remembered, sent to Florence a crown of silver oak-leaves, with a poetical address. Now, Florence has responded with a bust of Michael Angelo, the work and gift of Professor Santerelli, president of the Florentine committee, and with an album containing an appropriate address, signed by the members of the committee, and the representatives of the numerous Italian institutes that desired to concur in the presentation. The album is adorned with a fine miniature frontispiece and decorative figures, the work of the best artists. C. L. WELLS.

BRASS AND BRONZE WORK AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.



SCARCELY second in importance to the glass or ceramic displays at the Philadelphia Exhibition is the bronze-work, though the various countries represented have been very unequal in the interest they have taken in forwarding to us their best productions, which range from the elaborate and extensive bronze and copper work of Japan and China to the commonplace forms of the French bronzes.

Americans are accustomed to the beautiful bronze animals and birds by the French artists, as they are frequently seen at Tiffany's and other importers, who also display every new style of imitation of Japanese inlaid bronze, and the elaborate vases with raised figures upon them by Barbadienne; and fine hammered and chased works are also familiar to us. But nowhere in this country has such a variety of fine bronzes been displayed as may be seen in the Japanese and Chinese collections.

Many people aver that the impressions derived from the first sight of the sea or Niagara, and other of the great features of Nature, are exactly what they had anticipated; and Shakespeare says:

"No, Time! thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy monuments, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight."

* Maria, sine labe concepta, auspice opus ab imperatoribus regibusque frustra tentatum, Alexander Torlonia, V. P., ingenti animi et æris vi cepit A. D. MDCCCLIV., perfecit A. D. MDCCCLXXVI.

This fact may frequently be true, but it is scarcely credible that the results of human ingenuity and invention can be justly conceived till they have been visibly manifested. After looking year after year at the various productions of Japan as they are seen in our shops and houses, we supposed that our observation had covered pretty much all the results which embodied their ideas, and in their Philadelphia exhibit we had only anticipated a renewal of old impressions. We had seen bronzes inlaid with gold and silver, and had examined the boldly-relieved forms of plants and of animals grouped upon their vases, which were so elaborate and so splendid in the hard metal, that we fancied skill and patience could go no further in the fashioning of this material. It seemed almost, therefore, like the fantasy of a dream when we visited the bronze department of the Japanese collection, and saw spread out the wonderful designs of plants and animals, in which the habits of men and beasts, and the peculiarities of growth of vegetables and fruits, were combined and arranged to decorate household utensils or articles of bric-à-brac. Time seemed of no account as we looked at the works of this half-understood nation, who, hidden from us as much by the mists of our own ignorance as by their remoteness and seclusion, had hundreds of years ago arrived at intellectual results in their Arts that we to-day are but dimly groping after. Swedenborg declares that different nations represent various spiritual conditions, and it is a universally-acknowledged philosophical axiom that each people has a peculiar genius, one which differs from every other. The sight of the Japanese display at Philadelphia filled us with amazed excitement, and we de-

manded of ourselves how these people had attained their Art, and what processes of mind and conditions of society must be passed through by us and by the nations of Western Europe, if indeed they were ever passed through, even in a remote future, before we can design or make what they had accomplished perfectly when America was unheard of, and Queen Elizabeth had rushes instead of carpets on her floors.

The Japanese bronze department occupies many cases, tables, and open enclosures upon a raised platform on the right side of the Main Exhibition Building near the front entrance, and ranged in front of this Art-collection are vases of different shapes, each wrought in various ways. Among the most perfect designs that cover these articles, whose structural form seems to have been made to allow the designer an opportunity to develop his thought perfectly in its embellishment, are branches and twigs of trees and vines. One great vase, in the shape of a huge ball, rests upon the gnarled roots of a tree with rough and twisted ramifications. Upon the side of this vase is cut, with the sharpest and cleanest drawing, a sugar-cane, with its long leaves and jointed stalk; and woven among the tufts of the sugar-cane is an inlaid silver cobweb, in the midst of which a huge spider is disporting himself. The handles of the vase are formed by strings of birds, and the feathers and the scales on their claws are exactly and beautifully finished in the bronze-work.

Another pair of large vases is profusely covered with the branches of pine-trees, entirely relieved, and they differ from Nature only in an admirable conventionalisation, that leaves the careless observer hardly conscious that the decoration is not a veritable facsimile. In these branches, with their rough bark, are clustered the whorls and needles of the pine-tree, wrought almost as delicately as Chinese ivory-carving, with the little leaves turned over or dropping sideways like tiny fans, and out of which peep the small buds at the ends of the pine-twigs. There are some kinds of objects so beautiful that the sight of them brings tears to the eyes, and the tender appreciation of the peculiarity of these tree-forms, patiently fashioned in this obstinate and difficult material, brings their fabricators very vividly to our sympathy. Rows of chrysanthemums, with their tiny petals and green leaves beneath the flowers, form parts of the base or sections of the stems of the vases; while acacias, with their drooping flowers, resembling the wisteria, are inlaid with gold or silver in high-relief upon the bronze surface of other urns or jugs.

Combinations of plant-forms of novel use to us are the flowers, leaves and stems of lilies fashioned into elegant and graceful candlesticks; and here the curves of the leaves are reticulated by inlaid veins and markings of silver. The bronze material of which these graceful articles are formed is remarkably pure and handsome; and, whether it shines with almost the whiteness of silver or is of a deep, dull-green colour, it affords an admirable relief to the gold and silver ornaments with which it is inlaid or incrustated.

Next in importance to the Japanese bronze-work, the splendid group of Chinese copper enamel, both antique and modern, is one of the chief ornaments of the Exhibition. On entering the Main Building the eye of the visitor is at once caught by the sight of some hundred great jugs, screens, and other objects, of a pale-blue colour, covered with strange shapes of plants and animals. A near inspection discloses the fine markings of copper lines between which the coloured figures are filled in upon the surface of copper which forms the object. A description of any particular article would but inadequately convey an impression of the magnificent peacocks with their bright-eyed tails, or give the reader an idea of the processions of high mandarins in their Chinese dress, or the domestic scenes, wrought at a very high cost upon the copper basis—a cost so great that one antique screen only, that formed part of a collection recently at Cottier's, was valued at \$4,000.

Among the European bronzes those of Italy are the most artistic and the most beautiful. The gem of this collection, from its rarity, that most attracted us, was a large silver-bronze bell about three feet high, that was made in Venice. The impression of most of our readers, as well as in our own mind, is doubtless that bells are usually formed of smooth surfaces of bell-metal, unrelieved by any figures or chasing whatever, unless they may bear the date of their manufacture, or the name of their donors. But this beautiful Venetian church-bell, against which hangs a small

hammer to give visitors a chance to test the quality of its silvery tone, is most delicately chased on its outer surface with many figures of saints, and with Scripture scenes in markings as fine as lace-work. This ornamentation covers the entire upper half of the bell, and a group of people continually hover around it to examine its charming workmanship. Besides this bell, the Italian bronzes consist of magnificent specimens of Corinthian bronze, with its pale-golden hue, which appears in a fine statue of Caesar in one case, and the marriage of the god Pan and a charming Faun in another, whose fine shapes make us recollect that the Italian bronze-workers have the stimulus before them of the 'Dancing Faun' of the Naples Museum and the superb Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini to give them inspiration. Tripods, with Etruscan lamps, and graceful storks, also bearing these lamps in their beaks, as well as fine-hammered shields covered with arabesques, or men, or animals, also make up a portion of this charming collection.

The Spanish brass and bronze, like their pottery, are quite unique though small in numbers: for here we see brass bracers of many forms of fluted and curved jars, and the tiny coal-forks and the small pokers transport us in memory to the magicians' incense-pots, and the little furnaces out of which the genii of the "Arabian Nights" were wont to appear. The Spanish platters of metal, too, are very fine, covered with exquisite hammered work in Moorish arabesque, and they and the green-and-gold bronze vases, wrought all over with Saracenic devices, stamp the work of Spain as much more Oriental than European in its intent.

The German bronzes are quite numerous, and the imitation of antique metal-work is interesting. Here are oxidised silver scenes from German history, imitating modern events with ancient methods of cutting and hammering the material which is used, in the same way that we see it in foreign museums, in images of Charlemagne or scenes from the "Nibelungen-Lied." But the most conspicuous objects in the German collection are a great many bronzes of a copper-colour, of heads, full-lengths, or busts of Prince Bismarck or the Emperor, the Crown Prince or Humboldt; and we fancy the German manufacturers have employed this opportunity to afford their brethren in America the chance to decorate their houses with images of the Kaiser on horseback, or to recall, by little busts of Schiller and of Goethe, their favourite authors in the *Vaterland*.

The French brass and bronze are quite numerous, and many of the brass articles of household use are very handsome, and such as we see at the great jewellers' in all our large American cities. Here are candlesticks and sconces, inkstands and fire-dogs, clocks and *plaques*, in fine bright brass, hammered or moulded; and here, too, in the most beautiful colours, very dark and rich, or of a pale green with gold trimmings, are imitations of antique vases, and statuettes of brigands and of flower-girls. But among all these articles there are very few of the fine birds or animals whose spirited shapes and exquisite truth to Nature make the glory of modern French bronze-work, and which, fortunately for us, have been brought quite largely to America. The manufactures of Moegne and of Jacques are among the best bronzes and brass-work in the French collection, but we look in vain for anything comparable to a magnificent bronze vase, covered with mythological scenes and filled in with exquisite arabesques, of Barbadienne, that we lately saw at Tiffany's in New York.

In comparison with their other displays of household artistic goods, or with the elaborateness of the French manufactures, the English brass-work is small in number and poor in quality. A little incised brass, in the shape of screens or church ornaments, and some platters of hammered brass, are nearly all that England adds to her otherwise splendid collection. But the incised brass is of excellent design, and its coarse open-work on the ends of hinges or the edges of gas-fixtures justifies Eastlake's recommendation of this manner of using brass, instead of moulding this metal or bronze into coarse and cheap forms for such purposes. The Elkington bronzes and silver bronzes are the most conspicuous manufacture in this collection. While no countries can compete in splendour with the decorative bronze-work of Japan, or the elaborateness of the Chinese enamels, and while the home of the Pompeian bronzes and the great bronzes of Allini still furnishes a kindred grace and artistic charm, we in America have nearly everything to learn from the less imaginative and dexterous nations of Western Europe.

S. N. C.

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.



SO many changes have taken place in the Trafalgar Square building that it may well be looked upon as a new gallery; and, without taking into account the additions which have been made to the number of the national pictures, the re-arrangement and combination of South Kensington with Charing Cross throw quite an air of novelty over the whole collection.

It is surprising how dingy the old rooms that we have trod so often look beside their brilliant, and, as many are inclined to think, somewhat gaudy companions. Noble proportions, a wealth of fine marble and wood, rich mouldings and heavy gilding, render the new galleries magnificent examples of architecture; and, although the Art-treasures of the nation can never assuredly have too great care or honour bestowed upon them, it is doubtful whether the splendour of the new buildings does not somewhat detract from that repose in which the eye should be enabled to rejoice in the works of the immortal masters. The present dinginess of those old rooms is far more distracting than the brilliancy in the new eastern wing of the building; and seems, by contrast with South Kensington, where so many of the pictures exhibited here have hung, to absorb all the colour of the Ettys, and Leslies, and Mulready's. Such pictures, at any rate, require more light and bright surroundings than those they at present have.

The largest of the old rooms, that at the extreme west of the gallery, has been, for some time back, occupied by a miscellaneous collection of examples of British Art. By the re-arrangement, it has, to a considerable extent, lost its patchwork character; and, besides possessing four fine central pictures in Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' Frith's 'Derby Day,' Maclise's 'Play Scene in Hamlet,' and Landseer's 'Duke of Wellington revisiting the Field of Waterloo,' it has a fine group of Landseer's works—sufficient to show the main characteristics of that distinguished master of our school. Some of the works exhibited in this gallery are sad monuments to the departed gifts of artists whom we yet have with us, or who have but recently left us; but the whole collection is a more pleasing monument to the munificence of worthy British citizens, for Mr. Jacob Bell and Mr. Vernon are the donors of almost all the pictures in this great west room.

The next gallery is distinguished by James Ward's famous 'Bull'—a strange contrast to Etty's lovely 'Youth at the Prow,' which hangs opposite; and by three groups of Etty's, Leslie's, and Mulready's works, which are very successful in displaying the individuality of the various styles of those painters.

A collection of Wilkie's pictures, including 'The Blind Fiddler,' 'John Knox,' 'The Village Festival,' 'Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin,' and 'The Parish Beadle,' forms the most prominent feature in an adjoining gallery, where are also the charming examples of Constable, Callcott, Crome, and Collins, as well as some Turner gems fortunately not set in the Turner Gallery.

The Turner Gallery is most disappointing. It is too narrow, its contents are too crowded, and the light is decidedly bad. Strangely enough, the want of light and space was not so striking when it was occupied some months ago by the great decorative work of Italian masters. This shows, undoubtedly, that the painter of Nature, like Turner, does not think mainly, perhaps thinks too little, of the effect his pictures will have upon the ornamentation of a room, but mostly on the relationship of the facts upon his canvas to the phenomena of the earth and air and sea. So Crivelli, Botticelli, and Paul Veronese, were quite at home in this narrow wagon-roofed gallery, while poor Turner is wretchedly ineffective. Some of his pictures, too, are hung so high that the neck has to be bent back almost to breaking-point before they can be seen. The small room adjoining the Turner Gallery, with its collection of exquisite drawings by the master, is a very pleasant addition to the attractions of the collection, and it is to be hoped that there may gradually be added to the gallery a series of drawings by masters of every school, such black-and-white reminiscences being often quite as worthy of note as the richer bequests of colour they have left behind them.

The Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney pictures must not be forgotten, nor the Hogarth series. And at last poor Haydon is admitted to the National Asylum, where, sad irony of fate, his 'Raising of Lazarus' hangs on a staircase wall by the side of that puerile performance of a man of great genius, George Cruikshank's 'Triumph of Bacchus.' The British School of painters in oil (excepting, however, our contemporaries) is now sufficiently well represented in Trafalgar Square; but the greatest triumphs in British Art have been achieved in water-colour painting thus far, and until such masters as David Cox, De Wint, Copley Fielding, William Blake, and a multitude of others, are illustrated in the collection, the proper place of England in the history of Art will not be demonstrated at Trafalgar Square.

How different with the schools of Holland, Spain, France, Italy, as exhibited in the new gallery! There is one great room for Italian Art at its height, three others for other stages of Italian Art, one great gallery for Dutch Art at its best, a vestibule for Spain, a room for Claude. Not that the classification is so complete as it ought to be to satisfy a purely historical mind. But who can quarrel with the authorities for having chosen to store in one small vestibule, without regard to school or period, the choicest of the national Art-possession? Here are Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' and 'Ariosto'; Raphael's 'St. Catherine,' 'Holy Family' (the Garvagh Raphael), and 'Vision of a Knight'; Giorgione's 'Knight in Armour'; Michael Angelo's 'Entombment' and 'St. John and Angels'; Bellini's little 'St. Jerome' and 'Doge Lore-dano'; Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself; Van Eyck's 'Arnolfini and his Wife'; Martin Schoen's 'Death of the Virgin'; Bassano's 'Good Samaritan'; and Masaccio's portrait of himself.

One might, perhaps, wish that Rubens's 'Chapeau de Paille' had been included in this select little gallery, but that leads us to the other exceptions to the chronological arrangement of the pictures. The Peel collection, has, as room to itself, and as a separate gallery arranged that Reynolds's 'Dr. Johnson' actually hangs opposite the lovely face crowned by the 'Chapeau de Paille'; and the Wynn Ellis collection is also to have a room to itself for ten years to come. The Peel collection mainly consists of Dutch pictures, but the Wynn Ellis room has examples of almost every school. It contains two lovely Greuzes, three very fine works of the elder Teniers, one large and most masterly Cuyp, a Carlo Dolci (the only work of that painter in the National Gallery); a small but very perfect Karl Dujardin; a delicate pair of angels' heads ascribed to Fra Lippo Lippi, or Filippo Lippi, as he is sometimes called, a striking work of Hans Memling, a version of Quintin Matsys's 'Money-Changers,' a beautifully-preserved bouquet by Van Huysum, a highly-finished Mabuse, &c., &c.

In the great Italian Gallery there are Titian's 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Rape of Ganymede'; Paris Bordone's 'Daphnis and Chloe'; Tintoretto's 'St. George and the Dragon'; Moroni's and Il Moretto's magnificent portraits; Paul Veronese's 'Family of Darius' and 'Consecration of St. Nicholas'; Correggio's 'Venus and Mercury' and 'Ecce Homo'; Angelo Bronzino's quaint 'Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time'; Leonardo's 'Christ disputing with the Doctors'; Raphael's 'Julius II.'; Del Sarto's 'Holy Family'; Giulio Romano's 'Infancy of Jupiter'; and glorious works by Francia, Filippo Lippi, Mantegna and Perugino. Adjoining this splendid cinque-cento gallery is a smaller room, exhibiting the works of such men as Crivelli, Bellini, Botticelli, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Fra Angelico. Here are Piero de Cosimo's 'Cephalus and Procris'; Luca Signorelli's 'Triumph of Chastity'; Della Francesca's 'Nativity with Angels Adoring.' In yet another Italian gallery there are works of Guido, Salvator Rosa, the Caracci, Sassoferrato, Canaletto, and some examples of Paul Veronese and Giulio Romano. But the earliest examples of Italian Art—the works of Cimabue, Giotto, Uccello, and Orcagna—are exhibited in one of the four vestibules leading out of the grand central octagonal hall in which the decoration of the new gallery reaches its apogee. This great hall itself contains four works on a grand scale by the earlier Italians, viz., Garofalo's 'Madonna Enthroned,'

Parmegiano's 'Vision of St. Jerome,' Pellegrino da San Damiano's 'Virgin and Child Enthroned,' and Bramantino's 'Adoration of the Kings.' Beneath three of these are placed the quaint series of pictures by Pinturricchio, illustrating the history of Griselda.

The central positions in the great Dutch Gallery are taken by Rubens. On the one side are 'Peace and War,' and 'The Brazen Serpent;' on the other, 'The Château de Stein,' 'The Abduction of the Sabine Women,' and 'The Judgment of Paris.' Then there are the glorious portraits by Rembrandt and Vandyck, the Ruysdaels, the Cuyps, the Hobbemas, and the works of the earlier

Dutchmen, the Van der Weydens, Quintin Matsys, Memling, the Van Eycks, Albert Dürer, &c.

A vestibule contains a small selection of Spanish pictures—the three Murillos, the four Velasquez, the one Zurbaran, and indeed the space has to be filled up by the work of such a nondescript as the Neapolitan Spagnoletto.

The Claude room finds space for Nicolas and Gaspar Poussin, Greuze, Lancret, and Watteau, besides the two Turners which were painted to be hung side by side with the works of that master against whom our greatest and strangest painter was ever anxious to pit himself.

B. D. N.

THE NEW MOSAIC REREDOS IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL.



THE new reredos in Chester Cathedral, while it may happily be regarded as a companion-work to the similar architectural accessory that has found an honoured resting-place in Westminster Abbey, shows with admirable effectiveness the resources of the artists who have produced both these pictures of the Institution of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Almost as a matter of course, in both pictures the group of figures seated at a table is suggestive at once of the famous and well-known fresco of Leonardo da Vinci: at the same time, this very suggestion serves to lead directly to the better appreciation as well of the originality as of the excellence of each one of the two compositions, designed expressly for production in mosaic by a living artist. Irrespective of its intrinsic merits, the Chester reredos is of great value at the present time as an irresistible witness to the infinite superiority of mosaic—such mosaic as proceeds from the studios of the Salviati Murano Company—to fresco for the highest class of pictorial wall adornment. Whether the atmospheric conditions of the climate of England may ever be so far brought under the control of chemical authority as to enable

artists to execute in this manner, in important edifices, frescoes which may have a fair prospect of endurance, coupled with an unimpaired condition, it appears hopeless at present to speculate. But, on the other hand, in the case of the mosaics, there exists neither doubt nor disquietude. Once executed, they remain as they are at the period of the completion of their execution. The only possible question concerning them applies to the faculty of producing pictures in mosaic which, *as pictures*, may aspire to an equality with works in fresco when regarded in their pictorial capacity. Given its permanence, what as to the Art of the mosaic? The reply of the Chester reredos is conclusive in establishing, with the indestructibility of mosaic itself, the claims of its own style of production to be recognised as having attained to a degree of artistic excellence that in the most strict truthfulness leaves nothing to be desired. It is scarcely necessary to add the earnest expression of our desire to see this beautiful art introduced into general adoption, as it also can need no words of ours to show how admirably it is suitable for every variety of wall-decoration, as well in private residences as in public buildings, whether ecclesiastical or secular. There is, however, one class of works which we must particularise as specially qualified for the most successful treatment with the happiest results in mosaic—these works are shields-of-arms, and all other armorial insignia and accessories. Colour, so often regarded as comparatively of such slight importance as to be omitted altogether from the heraldic decorations of buildings, but which, in fact, is of primary concern in all, is an essential condition of the brilliant and imperishable blazonry that is executed in mosaic.

The cartoon for the Chester reredos is from the pencil of Mr. Clayton, the gentleman whose name is so well and honourably known in connection with that of his able and accomplished partner, Mr. Bell, as an artist in painted glass; and Mr. Clayton never has produced a more excellent work, or one with which he may be better satisfied that his name should be associated. The composition, always attended with the especial difficulties inseparable

from the necessity for placing thirteen figures at a table in a manner to admit of every one being distinctly seen, is thoroughly successful. Dignified, calm, the countenance beaming with solemn emotions, the central figure is supported on either side by six apostles, their figures disposed in two groups, skilfully varied in attitude and expression, while preserving that balance of adjustment which in such a composition would be an essential of success. The heads exhibit the results of thoughtful care and study, and the draperies are rich and harmonious. Considering the universally-accepted usage of representing this transcendent scene in a manner as unlike as possible to the verities of the occasion itself, Chester Cathedral may be congratulated on possessing in its new reredos a picture in which the conventional rendering of the Institution of the Holy Communion is endowed with qualities of the rarest excellence. It must be kept carefully in mind, however, that the very excellence of Mr. Clayton's cartoon would have been the most decided reason for its own failure in mosaic, had it been placed in the hands of mosaicists of inferior ability. The cartoon, to become a picture in mosaic, required technical treatment of its own high order. And, to the technical treatment which from the artists of the Salviati company this fine work has experienced, it is

indebted for being what it is. Nothing can be more admirable than the gradations of the tints, and the manipulative dexterity with which the *smalti* have been made to assimilate their combinations to the most effective brush-work. Thus this mosaic picture is a work of Art throughout, the hand, and also the feeling, of a true artist being everywhere palpably present. Where the merit of the work in mosaic is so uniform, it may appear almost inconsistent to particularise any parts of this picture for especial commendation; but we are unable to refrain from remarking upon the extreme beauty of the golden background to the figures, at once so brilliant, and yet having its brilliancy so finely chastened; while the general effectiveness of the entire work is enhanced by the bold introduction into the costumes of draperies that are grave in colour and subdued in tone. This reredos ought, indeed, to become the means for attracting to the company, which bears the name of Dr. Salviati, a very great and widely-extended accession to the demands upon their beautiful art and their inexhaustible resources.

We cannot better conclude our own notice of the mosaic reredos in Chester Cathedral than in the concluding words of an elaborate paper "On Mosaic Decoration" read at a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects by the Right Hon. A. H. Layard, M.P. "As regards simple decoration," says the discoverer of long-lost Nineveh, "when the durability of the material, the facility with which it is cleaned and restored, and the admirable effect that it is calculated to produce, are taken into consideration, the cost of mosaic is certainly not an obstacle in the way of its use on a large scale in our great public and even private buildings. I would venture to express a hope that the subject which I have brought before you is one not unworthy of the attention of English architects, and that by the aid of mosaic we shall see erected public buildings which, in their internal decoration as well as in their exterior architectural features, may be worthy of the wealth and greatness of the country."

NOTES.

MEMORIAL TO THE PRINCE CONSORT AT EDINBURGH.—Soon after the lamented death of the Prince Consort, a subscription was commenced in Scotland for the purpose of erecting in Edinburgh a national memorial of His Royal Highness, and a public advertisement invited competitive designs for the monument. In answer to this, a considerable number of sketches, to which several of the foremost artists of the day contributed, were sent in to the committee, and were publicly exhibited at the Royal Institution. Out of the number six designs were chosen, and submitted to Her Majesty for selection, who, after consulting with the late Sir Charles Eastlake, chose one of three which Mr. John Steell had supplied; it was one, it is said, that the Queen herself had decided on before consulting Sir C. Eastlake; and the sculptor was commissioned to commence the work forthwith. On the 17th of August the monument was unveiled with much regal ceremony and splendour by Her Majesty in person, who was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold, and the Princess Beatrice. The work stands in a conspicuous position in the city, one side of the pedestal facing George Street; it shows a colossal bronze equestrian figure, 15 feet high, of the deceased Prince in the uniform of a field-marshal, placed on a pedestal of polished red granite 17 feet in height. The horse is standing still, but the neck of the animal is gracefully arched as it bends its head in obedience to the action of its rider's bridle-hand. On each side of the square pedestal is a bronze bas-relief, designed and executed by Mr. Steell: one represents the 'Marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert'; opposite to it is a 'Representation of the Opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851,' in which His Royal Highness took such active interest; one of the smaller bas-reliefs, at the end of the great pedestal, shows 'The Prince Consort distributing Rewards of Merit'; and its opposite, a scene typifying the happy domestic life of the Royal pair with their young children. All these panels are filled with numerous figures, comprising the several sculptural scenes. Then there are four subsidiary groups, which occupy as many square pedestals projecting from the angles of the basement: these, at the suggestion of Mr. Steell, were modelled one executed by other sculptors of the Scottish school: one, the work of Mr. J. Brodie, R.S.A., represents a peer of the realm in his robes, his lady, and a child, in the act of doing homage to the Prince Consort; another, designed by the late Mr. G. Maccullam, but finished by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, represents a working-man and his family somewhat similarly engaged. By Mr. Stevenson is also another group emblematical of learning and the arts; and, lastly, is one by Mr. Clark Stanton, R.S.A., typifying the army and the navy. The general idea of these four groups is to present various classes of the community paying homage to the virtues of the "Good Prince Albert."

ADOLF TIDEMAND.—The Düsseldorf school of painters has lost one of its most prominent masters. Adolf Tidemand was one of the greatest among the Scandinavian colony of artists who settled in Düsseldorf. He was born in Mandel, Norway, August 14, 1815, and entered the Academy of Art in Copenhagen in 1832, and after several years' study proceeded to Düsseldorf, where he became a pupil first of Theodor Hildebrandt, and afterwards of Schadow. In 1841 he exhibited his first picture of 'Gustave Vasa among the Dalekerles,' which at once gained for him the public favour. In 1842 he went to Munich, where he made a short stay, and then proceeded to Italy. Here he remained a year, and then returned to Norway, where he executed several commissions for the King of Sweden and for the University of Christiania. In 1849 he returned to Düsseldorf with an order from the King of Sweden to paint a large decorative picture for the Castle of Oscar's Hall. Tidemand had forsaken historical painting after his first effort, and devoted himself to *genre* works, making a specialty of the country of his birth and its people.

He has had many imitators in this field, and especially among his own countrymen. Since 1849 Tidemand lived the greater part of the time in Düsseldorf, and was one of the most prominent members of its Art fraternity, although in all of the international exhibitions he has figured as a Norwegian. Many of the religious pictures in the churches of his country are from his hand, and he was a good if not a brilliant colourist and draughtsman. Among his most famous paintings are the following: 'Divine Service among the Haugians' (a Norwegian sect), in the City Gallery of Düsseldorf; 'A Norwegian Duel,' in the Leipsic Museum; 'A Funeral Ceremony,' in the Ravene Collection in Berlin. Many well-known pictures are the joint production of Tidemand and the equally famous Hans Gude; among these are 'A Bridal Voyage on the Hardanger Fjord,' 'A Nocturnal Catch of Fish,' and a picture in the Berlin

Gallery. Tidemand's ten wall-pictures, painted for Oscar's Hall, as also some of his other paintings, have been reproduced in steel and lithograph. He belonged to the Academies of Stockholm, Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, and Amsterdam, and was awarded a medal of the first class and the decoration of the Legion of Honour at the Paris *Salon* in 1855. His death occurred at Christiania, on the 25th of August.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.—The death of this distinguished French artist took place at La Rochelle, on the 27th day of August. He was born at La Rochelle, in December, 1820, and became a pupil of M. Cabat's. His first successful work, 'Les Gorges de la Chiffa,' was exhibited in the *Salon* in 1847. This was followed by 'La Place de la Brèche à Constantine' (1849); 'Enterrement Maure' (1853); 'Des Smala,' 'Des Mosquées,' 'Des Douars,' 'Chasse à la Gazelle,' 'Bateleurs Nègres,' 'Oasis pendant le Sirocco,' 'Audience chez un Khalifat' (1859); 'Cavaliers revenant d'une Fantasia,' 'Courriers, Pays des Ouled Naylor' (1861); 'Bivouac Arahe au Lever du Jour,' 'Fauconnier Arahe, Chasse au Faucon en Algérie' (1863); 'Coup de Vent dans les Plaines d'Alfa' (1864); 'Chasse au Héron' (1865); 'Tribu en Marche dans les Pâturages du Tell,' 'Étang dans les Oasis' (1866); 'Centaurès' (1868); 'Halte de Muletiers' (1869); 'Venise, le Grand Canal,' and 'Venise, le Môle' (1872); 'Souvenir d'Algérie,' and 'Un Ravin' (1874). He was represented this year by the 'Nil' and 'Souvenir de Gesneh,' two Egyptian pictures. Fromentin came forward also as a candidate for the Academy, but he was beaten by M. Charles Blanc. He was a gentleman of literary ability also, and his works on the "Old Masters," and "A Summer in Sahara," have more than a mere ephemeral reputation. Fromentin won all of the honours of the *Salon*, namely, medals in 1849, 1857, 1859, and 1867 (E. U.), the Legion of Honour in 1859, and was appointed an officer of the Legion of Honour in 1869.

THE SEWARD STATUE.—The bronze statue of William H. Seward, in Madison Square, New York, to which we briefly referred last month, was unveiled on September 27th, with appropriate ceremonies, the orator of the occasion being Mr. William M. Evarts. This statue was modelled by Mr. Randolph Rogers, and cast at Munich. It represents the subject in a sitting posture, one leg thrown over the other, the left hand holding a scroll; the right arm, with a pen in the hand, is thrown easily over the arm of a chair, and the head is lifted and slightly averted as if the work of writing had been temporarily suspended for the purpose of reflection. The likeness from the front is only passing good, but from the right side it is excellent. The figure is seated on an antique chair, beneath which is a pile of books. One critic has asked what the manuscript-scroll and the pile of books mean, declaring that they have no connection "with the clear, decided, expressive action of the figure." We do not so judge the composition. To us it appears as if it were intended to represent Mr. Seward in his library: his books lie about him; he is engaged in writing; but his head is lifted in the animation of the thought that possesses him, and he has paused to shape the idea before transferring it to paper. As a whole, this statue seems to us one of the best in the city, and, if in the statues of the future we can maintain the standard which it reaches, we shall have cause to be thankful.

In the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* M. Edmond Bonnaffé, in an article entitled "À propos d'un passage de Plutarque," cites Plutarch, Pliny, and various other writers, to show the small estimation in which the profession of artist was held in the ancient world, especially under the Roman sway. Rome, indeed, entirely abandoned the practice of the fine arts to her slaves and Greek subjects. "We despise such futilities," wrote Cicero, "and leave them to serve as amusement and consolation to our tributaries in their slavery." But possibly this contempt was only of the same sort as that of the fox in the fable, for the Roman mind seems to have had a natural inaptitude for the production of great works of Art. It was not until the Christian Church took Art into her service that the artist was regarded in any other light than as a clever workman.

THERE is, it seems, to be another highly-patriotic statue erected in Scotland. The present one is in honour of King Robert Bruce, Sir William Wallace having with difficulty been already honoured by the erection of a watch-tower on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling. The site for the statue of Bruce is near Stirling Castle. The figure will be a colossal one, and represent the "patriot king" sheathing his sword in the moment of victory.



J. C. ARMYTAGE.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.
(AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE ALBERT HALL.)



AMERICAN PAINTERS.

ALEXANDER H. WYANT, N. A.



AMONG the self-made American artists, and one who has achieved distinction without the aid of a master, or as the professed student of any school of Art, is ALEXANDER H. WYANT, of New York. He was born in Port Washington, a little hamlet in the State of Ohio, in 1839. He early manifested a taste for pictorial Art, but, like many other aspiring young men of genius, he was unable to adopt it as a profession, owing to the little means at his command

for support during a preliminary course of study. Young Wyant, however, did not despair of becoming an artist, but chose sign-painting as a trade, and as one nearest to the object of his ambition. He went to work manfully, and during his leisure moments began to sketch from Nature. His sketches and studies made at this time showed much originality, and, after working a few years at his trade, by the advice of many new-found friends, he determined to adopt Art for a profession. With that object in view, he closed his shop and started for Cincinnati, where he set up his easel at once as a landscape-painter.

Cincinnati at that time was the principal Art-centre of the West,



A Midsummer Retreat.—From a Painting by A. H. Wyant, N. A.

and its citizens had already furnished the means to start many young and deserving artists on the road to future success. Mr. Wyant's earnestness and zeal made for him strong friends in the Art-circles of that city, and his pictures found ready sale. A distinguished artist of this city, who was visiting Cincinnati at that time, first saw Mr. Wyant's pictures as they were exhibited in the window of a second-rate print-store. He said they were unlike the work of any contemporary artist, and their strong individuality induced him to seek an introduction to the painter. He found him earnestly at work at his easel, but crude in his ideas of Art, and as uncultivated as a backwoodsman. The young artist was then in a transition state.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Mr. Wyant, after passing a few years in his Cincinnati studio, determined to increase his knowledge of Art by foreign travel and study. After landing in Europe he went direct to Düsseldorf, where he studied under Hans Gude, while the famous Lessing was director of the Academy. Lessing he describes "as a strange, silent man, and, when I went to see him, sent his portfolio to me, and went off into the woods shooting." Mr. Wyant afterwards went to London, and studied Turner, the elder Linnel, and Constable, with, as he declares, ever-increasing delight.

When Mr. Wyant returned to America he set up his studio in New York. He became at once an exhibitor at the Academy, and, if his pictures did not meet with a ready sale at first, they

secured his early recognition as an artist. His first paintings exhibited at the Academy, in the exhibition of 1865, were views drawn in the Ohio River Valley.

During recent years Mr. Wyant has made the Adirondack region his favourite place for study, and, in speaking of the rich field which is there open to the landscape-painter, he says, "I have

made sketches in many places, but the never-ending charm of landscape-painting for me is to be found in the rich hues of the North woods."

In 1868 he was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and in the following year elected an Academician. His picture exhibited in 1869, and which gained his election as an Aca-



On the Au Sable River.—From a Painting by A. H. Wyant, N. A.

demician, was entitled 'A View on the Upper Susquehanna.' It was a bold and vigorous work, and one of the noticeable pictures in the exhibition.

Mr. Wyant rarely composes. He studies and selects his views from Nature with the object of working them up at his leisure, and seldom is at fault in producing striking pictures. He is inclined to be retiring in his disposition, but the work of his pencil enforces attention in spite of the modesty of the author. Since Mr.

Wyant's return from Europe he has made a great advance in his Art, and, as a painter of the wild and rugged scenery of the great Northern Wilderness of New York, he has but few equals in the Academic ranks.

As examples of Mr. Wyant's work we engrave two of his latest pictures, 'A Midsummer Retreat,' and a 'View on the Au Sable River,' in Northern New York. Both pictures represent scenes in the Adirondack region, and are charming specimens of landscape

Art. 'A Midsummer Retreat' portrays a scene on a forest brook, and is a study of swift-running water and moss-covered rock. The foreground is in shadow, but there are a clearness in the dark forms of the great boulders and a freshness in the effect rendered, which charm the eye and at the same time are suggestive of the beauty of primeval Nature.

The companion picture represents a vista of quiet water on the Au Sable River, with a mountainous background and bordered with the forest-growth peculiar to the region. The mountain is literally bathed in sunlight, but the foreground and promontory which juts out into the river in the middle distance are broken with shadows which give a pleasing variety to the scene.



White Island Light, Isles of Shoals.—From a Painting by W. F. De Haas.

WILLIAM FREDERICK DE HAAS.

THERE are several artists who are recognised as American painters from their long residence in this country, although natives of Europe. Of this class is WILLIAM FREDERICK DE HAAS, who, like his brother Maurice, the eminent marine painter, is a native of Holland. William, the subject of this notice, was born in Rotterdam, in 1830, and is one of the brothers De Haas, all of whom are artists, and well known in the profession. Belonging to an artistic family,

William's taste took the same direction as that of his brothers, and in their company he commenced at an early age to sketch from Nature.

At this period his work was marked by great earnestness, and inspired him with a desire to become an artist, and, with that object in view, he became a student in the Academy of Fine Arts in his native city. He studied there diligently during several years, and won numerous prizes, but finally left the schools and went to the Hague, where he entered the studio of the famous landscape-

painter Roseboom. He made rapid progress in his studies under the instruction of this master, and, on his return to Rotterdam in 1853, he was elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. Mr. De Haas at this time began to look around for a broader field in which to practise his art, and, guided by the advice

of his friends, decided to emigrate to America. He arrived in New York in 1854, but soon after accepted a position as professor of painting in an educational institution, and was for this reason almost lost sight of as an artist.

While engaged as a teacher his love for the art never flagged,



Sunset on the Coast of Maine.—From a Painting by W. F. De Haas.

and his leisure hours were devoted to out-door sketching. His specialty during this period was landscape-painting, but subsequently, owing to ill health, he began to extend his sketching-tours to the seacoast, where he soon acquired a love for marine painting, a branch of Art in which his brother Maurice is the acknowledged head in this country. After his return to the active pursuit of his profession, Mr. De Haas gave his entire attention to the painting

of coast-scenery, and during the last ten years has visited and sketched along the entire Atlantic seaboard from Georgia to Nova Scotia.

We engrave, as examples of Mr. De Haas's work, two recent pictures, one of which illustrates a storm-scene at 'White Island Light, Isles of Shoals,' and the other a 'Sunset, York Beach, Coast of Maine.'

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

(See Frontispiece.)

Sir G. GILBERT SCOTT, R. A., Architect.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Engraver.



Often has mention been made of this elegant structure—a nation's tribute to the memory of a lamented prince—that but little now needs to be said of it. Since its commencement in 1864, down to its almost recent completion, the work has been described at various times in the pages of the former series of this *Journal*. Occasionally woodcuts were given of portions of its details, and large engravings on steel of the sculptured groups of figures and of the designs on the podium have also appeared. Our readers having seen it in separate parts, may, in the accompanying engraving, see the work in its entirety, as it stands on the spot rendered memorable by the great International Exhibition of 1851, in which the

Prince Consort took a very warm interest; thereby contributing by his zeal, energy, tact, and influence, so much to its progress and ultimate success. The keynote to the whole composition is, as the architect has said, the chief statue, overshadowed and protected by a shrine, or canopy, made precious by utmost Art-enrichment. Every portion of the structure, both externally and internally, bears witness to this: beneath a vast and magnificent tabernacle, and surrounded by works of sculpture illustrating those arts and sciences which the Prince fostered, and the great undertakings he originated, stands the statue, resting on a platform which, with the pedestal whereon the figure rests, and the approach of the wide-spreading flights of steps, raises the whole building to the height of one hundred and seventy feet. The view is from the top of Albert Hall.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."—MRS. HEMANS.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

LOWTHER CASTLE.*



WHETHER from its own nobleness of character, the innate beauty and loveliness of its situation, the magnificence and even sublimity of its surroundings, the grandeur and sumptuous richness of its appointments, the extent of its domains, the historical incidents with which it is connected, the interesting and stirring events which have been associated with its history, or the true nobility of character of its long line of illustrious owners, Lowther Castle may indeed be classed as one of the finest, most important, and most stately of the "Stately Homes" in the favoured land of England. Situate in one of the most lovely shires—Westmoreland—and surrounded on all sides by the most magnificent scenery, Lowther is indeed a "favoured spot"—a locality where nature has been profuse in her gifts, and where Art has found a fitting shrine. Here

"— Hills on hills, on forests forests rise;
Spurn the low earth, and mingle with the skies."

Mountain and dale, hill and valley, fell and lake, moor and meadow, wood and stream, are spread around in such lavish

profusion that the eye wanders on from one to another in constant change of scene, and the mind vainly endeavours to grasp their varied beauties. Its situation is indeed a scene of loveliness not easily conceived, and which but few "earthly Edens" surpass.

The castle itself, as it now stands, is modern; but it was erected on the site of an older mansion, belonging to the same family, which was taken down by Sir John Lowther, in 1685, who enlarged and rebuilt it on a scale of much magnificence. The greater part of this second building, Lowther Hall as it was called, was destroyed by fire in 1720, the wings only being left standing; but these were sufficient "to show the ancient magnitude and grandeur of this formerly noble structure." In 1808 Lord Lonsdale, whose predecessor for very many years had been making preparations by cutting down timber and collecting together materials for the work, commenced the erection of the present noble structure. In January, 1808, the first stone was laid, and by the summer of 1809 a portion of the mansion was inhabited by the family. This new structure, which is of thoroughly castellated character, was dignified by



Lowther Castle.

the name of "Lowther Castle," in place of the old designation of "Hall;" it was erected from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke, at an enormous cost, and is considered to be his *chef d'œuvre* in that style of architecture, in which, however, he was not at all times happy. The north front is thoroughly castellated in its design, the south more ornate and ecclesiastical in its character; the whole, however, from whichever side it is seen, has an air of princely magnificence about it.

* The announcement, last month, of the termination of this series of articles, was premature.

Lowther Castle stands in a grand old well-wooded park of some six or eight hundred acres. In front, at some little distance, runs the lovely river Lowther, with its rocky bed and its wildly-romantic banks; at the back (the south front) are the lawns and the deer park; to the west are the terrace and pleasure gardens and wooded walks; and to the east the stables, kitchen gardens, and village.

The family of Lowther, of which the present Earl of Lonsdale is the noble head, is of considerable antiquity in the border counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland; we are, however,

compelled by want of space to postpone a history of the noble family.

Lowther Castle is entered by a massive porch in the centre of its north front; the door, which is garnished with magnificent bronze knockers, giving access to the grand entrance hall. This is a noble Gothic apartment, some sixty feet long by thirty feet in width, ceiled with panelled oak. The entrance doorway is in the centre of the north side, and immediately in front is the grand staircase, across the landing of which is a noble arcade of three lofty pointed archways rising from clustered columns. From the angled corners of the hall doorways open on passages to the domestic offices. At each end of this fine apartment, and again in front of each pillar between and adjoining the flights of stairs, are suits of ancient armour standing on lofty pedestals; ranges of the old "Black Bess" guns of the old Cumberland Militia, and other trophies of arms decorating the walls.

The grand staircase, sixty feet square and ninety feet in height, leads up from the entrance hall to the various suites of apartments. It is entirely of stone, and has a richly-groined ceiling rising from clustered columns. Facing the entrance, on

the first landing, is a magnificent vase, and in canopied niches in the wall are exquisitely-sculptured figures; the arms of Lowther and the alliances of the family, also appropriately decorate the walls. The staircase is of four heights, the upper forming a triforium passage over which are windows filled with rich Gothic tracery and stained glass. The centre of the elaborately-groined ceiling is panelled and bears the inscription: " + Edift. Cul's. Com. de Lonsdale an^o. Regni L^o. Rs. Geoi. III. A^o. Di. MDCCCX: cure. Rob^o. Smirke." Arms and banners decorate the walls, and plants and flowers, arranged to line the staircases in every direction, add immeasurably to the beauty and the elegance, as well as to the stateliness of this fine portion of the edifice.

It will not be necessary to enter fully into a description of the various apartments of this noble residence; they are all sumptuous in their furnishing, admirable in their appointments, and replete with everything that can make a "home of taste" enjoyable. Some of the apartments, however, require special notice, and to each of these we proceed to devote a few lines—not taking them in any given order, but as we saw them on our recent visit.



The Yew Avenue.

Passing to the second landing through an "ante-room to the sleeping apartments," in which is preserved a valuable and extensive collection of Ceramics arranged in glass cases, and also a number of antiquities, is the state bedroom and its suite of dressing-rooms, which are all hung with remarkably fine Gobelins tapestry. These noble apartments occupy the space in the centre of the south front, and from the windows are lovely views of the grounds and deer park. The state bed, which is hung with white satin richly embroidered, is of black and gold, the massive cornice, solidly gilt, being surrounded by angels, five on each side and four at the foot, and reminding one of the charming nursery rhyme of our childish days:—

"Around my little bed
Four angels round me spread;
One to sing, and one to pray,
And two to carry my soul away!"

The appointments of the room are of the most sumptuous character, the toilet service of silver gilt adding much to its magnificence.

On the landing of the grand staircase, among other art

treasures are Lawrence's full-length portrait of George IV., Greenhill's Walpole, Kneller's Duke of Marlborough, Addison, and other paintings; and in the east ante-room, leading to the sleeping apartments in that part of the Castle, are various objects of note.

On the first, or ground-floor landing of the grand staircase, to the right, between the private apartments, a corridor conducts to the Gallery of Worthies, and to the left a similar corridor, from which opens the library and other apartments, gives access to the Sculpture Gallery; it has a groined ceiling and contains a large and powerful organ, wall-cases of books, and some valuable paintings and busts.

The library is in the north front, and is a noble and well-appointed room, fitted in a style of quiet sumptuousness that is in full accord with the rich collection of rare literary treasures with which the walls are lined. The ceiling is of panelled oak of suitable Gothic character, heightened with gold, and the presses for books are also of oak richly adorned with cinquefoil cusps. Besides its literary treasures the library is hung with a fine collection of family portraits of surpassing interest. These are

(beginning at the north-east corner of the apartment) Sir John Lowther of Lowther, Bart., 1657; Sir John Lowther, *filz*, 1675; James, Earl of Lonsdale, known as "the eccentric earl;" Sir Christopher Lowther, Bart.; Eleanor, wife of Sir John Lowther; Henry, third Viscount Lonsdale; Richard, second Viscount Lonsdale; Sir John Lowther, Bart.; Hon. Anthony Lowther; Jane, wife of Sir John Lowther; Rev. Sir William Lowther, Bart.; Sir James Lowther, Bart.; Robert Lowther, Esq.; Sir John Lowther, Bart.; and William, Earl of Lonsdale, K.G. Among other objects of interest preserved in this room is a table formed of the wood of one of the piles of old London Bridge, with a small portion of the "Abdication Tree" of Napoleon inserted. It bears this inscription, "Made out of one of the piles supporting the chapel arch of London Bridge. Supposed date, 1176. The gift of John Rennie, architect, 1829." "Le cinq d'avril dix-huit cent quatorze Napoléon Bonaparte signa son abdication sur cette table dans le cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2^{me} après la chambre à coucher; à Fontainebleau." "Wilkinson & Sons, 14, Ludgate Hill, 1868."

The Billiard-room, not on account of any architectural features or of the use to which it is assigned, but from the remarkably interesting character of the collection of pictures contained within its walls, is one of the most important features of the Castle. Its walls are hung with portraits of "Westmoreland Worthies," forming a gallery of celebrities of which not only

the county but the nation may indeed well be proud, and the founding of which is a lasting honour to the house of Lowther. Well, indeed, would it be if the example of forming local Galleries of Worthies, so nobly set by the Earl of Lonsdale, were followed by the Lords-Lieutenant of other counties whose high functions and important positions point them out especially as the right persons to honour native worth, and their mansions as the right and proper and only place in which such a gallery should be enshrined. The collection of "Westmoreland Worthies" at Lowther Castle is a noble beginning in the right direction, and it is to be hoped the spirit and feeling that caused its foundation by one of the noble heads of the house of Lowther may still actuate his successors, and cause what is now a glorious nucleus to become a full and complete collection. The portraits at present contained in this gallery are Queen Catherine Parr, wife of Henry VIII. and first Protestant Queen of England, born at Kendal Castle; Christopher Baynbrigg, Cardinal of St. Praxedes, Legate to the Court of Rome, Archbishop of York, Master of the Rolls, &c.; George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; Sir Gerard Lowther, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland; The Marquis of Wharton; The Right Hon. Joseph Addison; John, First Viscount Lonsdale; The Hon. Justice Wilson; Sir Alan Chambre; Doctor Burn, LL.D., the historian of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and author of the "Justice of the Peace;" Lord Langdale; Alderman Thompson, Lord Mayor



The Sculpture Room.

of London; Sir George Fleming, Bishop of Carlisle; Gibson, Bishop of London; John Bell, Chancery barrister; Richard Braithwaite, author of the "English Gentleman," &c.; Dean Addison; Doctor Shaw; Waugh, Bishop of Carlisle; Duke of Wharton; Admiral Sir Charles Richardson; John Langhorne, D.D.; Watson, Bishop of Llandaff; Bernard Gilpin; General Bowser; Thomas Barlow; William Hogarth, whose ancestors belonged to the county; The Marquis of Wharton; Dr. Fothergill; The Countess of Pembroke, who once wrote, when pressed to put in a court candidate for the borough of Appleby: "Sir, I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand;" Admiral Pearson, famous for his engagement with Paul Jones; John Robinson, Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests, who is represented holding in his hand a "Report of Acorns planted in and about Windsor Great Park," &c.

Many, indeed most, of these admirable portraits are the work of the greatest Art genius the district has produced, Jacob Thompson, of whom a notice has already appeared in the *Art Journal* (old series), and whose fame as one of the most gifted painters of the English school will live long and endure.

It may be named *en passant* that in various parts of the Castle are a number of paintings—supposed to be veritable Hogarths—which were brought from the old Vauxhall Gardens.

The Drawing-room, opposite the Library, is a lovely apart-

ment—the walls hung with costly figured satin, the ceiling richly groined in elaborate fan-tracery, and the furniture as sumptuous and elegant as the most exquisite and fastidious taste could desire, or the most lavish expenditure procure. Among the furniture is a magnificent suite of couch, chairs, and stools which are of historical interest; they belonged to Tippoo Sahib, and are marvels of Indian Art workmanship in ivory and gold. It is not, however, our province to speak in detail of any of the appointments or furnishing of the rooms; all we can say is that the drawing-room and other apartments are rich storehouses of exquisite gems of loveliness, such as one might naturally expect would characterise a home presided over by a lady of such pure taste and such high accomplishments as the present Countess of Lonsdale. We must, however, casually allude to one literary treasure which is kept in the drawing-room—an album in which have been written by their own hands, at various times when visiting Lowther, poetical or prose contributions by Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey (13th October, 1824), Samuel Rogers (January 23, 1826), the Duke of Wellington (January 2, 1829), Sir Humphrey Davy (Sept. 11, 1826), Hon. G. O'Callaghan, Amelia Opie, and others; while it is also graced by original drawings made on its pages by Dewint, Page, Sir George Beaumont, Lady Anne Beckett, Lady Delamere, Lady Farnborough, Lady F. Bentinck, the Marchioness of Stafford, &c.

The Saloon, in the centre of the south front, has a Gothic

panelled ceiling, and contains many fine paintings by Zuccarelli, Guido, Elisabetta Sirani, &c., and (as well as other parts of the house) some grand old china. The dining-room has two fine paintings, Pitt, by Hoppner, and Wellington, by Jackson, and in the centre of the gorgeous display of gold plate on the buffet is a full-size silver-gilt copy of Flaxman's *chef-d'œuvre*, the Shield of Achilles. The Countess's Breakfast-room contains some of the richest treasures of Art in the castle. Among them are the Wakes, the Feast, and the Fête Champêtre of Teniers; a Holy Family by Rubens; and marvellously fine examples of Vandyck, Eyt, Wouvermans, Leonardo da Vinci, Gerard Dow, Frank Hals, Ruysdael, Borgognone, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Sassoferrato, Titian and others.

The Picture-Gallery, with its glass ceiling, is a noble room, filled with paintings of high merit, many being *chef-d'œuvres* of the various artists. It will be sufficient to say that it contains, among others, no fewer than ten Snyders of large size and of almost unmatched excellence (the only others we know of equal or more excellence being those at Welbeck), and admirable examples of Tintoretto, Titian (a remarkably fine picture), Guido, Paolo Veronese, Paris Bordone, Luca Giordano, Backhuysen, Zuccarelli, Hogarth, Bernardo Canaletto, Poussin, Carlo Cignani, Salvator Rosa, Lely (a nude Nell Gwyn, which contrasts very unfavourably with the Titian on the same walls), Paul Bril, Bronzino, Bassano, Fyt, Murillo, Luca Giordano, Zuccherro, and several others.

The other apartments, beautiful as they all undoubtedly are, and filled with choice works of Art, are not necessary to be named. There are, however, two of the most important features of Lowther yet to be noticed. These are the two Sculpture-Galleries and the passages and corridors leading to them. To these we proceed to direct brief attention.

In one part of the gallery is a marvellously extensive and highly important assemblage of Roman inscribed stones, altars, monumental stones, inscriptions of cohorts, &c., from the Roman Wall and from the old stations in the three counties; Mediæval sculptures from the neighbourhood; and a number of Celtic and Roman urns and other antiquities of more than passing interest.

Among the antique sculpture contained in the galleries are the Venus from the temple of that goddess at Cnidus. The exquisite torso, the rest of the figure being restored, was from the Stowe Collection; it is undoubtedly an example of the purest Greek, of an age "when Art was a religion." It is believed to be the work alluded to by Lucian and Pliny as one of the triumphs of Greek Art; a belief which obtains force with all Art-lovers by whom it has been seen. A statue of Diana, of exceeding beauty; a statue

of Julius Cæsar, half life-size, seated in a consular chair, and of fine conception; the upper half of a seated female figure, draped, brought to England by Lord Guilford, and the only specimen brought home by him, a great work, certainly a production of the best era of Greece, and a majestic yet tender creation; a statue of Agrippina, of rare excellence, from the Stowe Collection; a torso of a Venus, from the Marquis of Hertford's Collection, a work of refined delicacy, yet exhibiting intense power; a statue of Bacchus, a relic of great worth; a beautiful statue of Hygeia, from the Besborough Collection, a work of pure Art, originally from the Capitol, &c., &c.

There are also some fine stone chairs, an Egyptian bath, statues of Pan, Augustus, a Roman Senator, Hygeia, Euterpe, Flora, Cybele, Adonis, Paris, the Water-Carrier, Sphinx, Cicero, Aristides, &c., &c.; and "the Olympian Meta, brought from Greece by the Emperor Nero and placed in the Circus at Rome." This unique and very curious relic of ancient Greek Art was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, and was formerly in his collection. It now forms one of the interesting features of the Lowther Gallery.

The grounds and gardens of Lowther Castle are among its most glorious and charming attractions. Nature has done much for it in the beauty of its situation and the majestic character of its surroundings; and the purest taste in Art, allied to the most consummate skill, has taken advantage of those natural beauties and added charm upon charm to the place. On the west front are lawns (divided from the deer-park by a sunk fence) laid out tastefully in beds rich in their profusion of colours. At the west end of the mansion is the conservatory, and near, but below it, approached by a flight of steps from the terrace, is the "Countess's Garden." The site of this exquisitely-lovely spot is a natural dell, and its sloping sides are turfed and planted, while the centre is somewhat elaborately, and with faultless taste, laid out in geometrical form and filled with the choicest and richest flowers. Near this is the "Yew Avenue"—a walk densely covered in by the intertwined branches and foliage of the rows of yew-trees, hundreds of years old, which range along its sides. This we engrave. From here pathways lead on to the "Terrace" outside the wood.

Of the "Terrace" it is impossible to convey an idea. It is simply a tract of high land, thickly wooded with the finest forest-trees and the most majestic conifers, around the outer edge of which runs a broad grassy walk, or drive, commanding almost a panorama of the finest views that even this district of marvellous scenery can produce. In the wood that skirts the terrace are some gigantic conifers and other trees which are "great among the greatest."

BETWEEN SCHOOL-HOURS.

C. E. PERUGINI, Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.



THE painter of this picture is, as his name implies, an Italian, but he has long been naturalised in England, and during many years past has very constantly exhibited at the Royal Academy; one of his earliest pictures hung there was a large canvas, bearing the title of 'Chi va piano va sano': this was in 1866. Among later works was 'Playing at Work' (1872), a garden-scene, in which some ladies are introduced assuming to be very busy as a kind of amateur gardeners. 'A Cup of Tea' (1874) had special commendation for the careful drawing of the young lady who is drinking the tea, and for the general richness of effect pervading the entire composition. 'A Labour of Love,' another young lady "daintily arranging roses," was exhibited at the same time. 'Gardening,' a delicately-painted little picture, was in the Academy last year; and another work of like interest, 'Choosing a Nosegay,' was among his exhibited pictures of the present year. These are but a few out of the many paintings by Mr. Perugini which have been before the public.

It is unquestionable that he made a bold venture in essaying a

composition of the character of that we have engraved; a number of children on stilts is a subject which seems to border on caricature, or absurdity, and would, undoubtedly, have done so in less judicious hands: but, as we see it, it is simply amusing, attractive from its originality—a quality somewhat in its favour in these days of pictorial platitudes—and also from the very agreeable and clever treatment. Certainly the youngsters have a singular appearance as they move on their "elevations" in the order of march, and as it seems of age also; but the arrangement of the figures is so good, and so varied is the attitude of each, that one loses the formality inseparable, it would be thought, from the subject. The artist shows his skill as a designer by the introduction of a large dog on one side of the group, and of a "flyaway" hat on the other; the effect of these is to modify, to a very great extent, the stiffness of the mounted children.

The boys and girls thus amusing themselves "between school-hours" are not actually portraits, we believe, but the scene, as it is presented, is a reminiscence of what Mr. Perugini once witnessed at the house of a friend in the country. The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1873.



BETWEEN ANDERSON, GUY

TRADITIONS OF CHRISTIAN ART.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

CHAPTER IV.

MEDIÆVAL MSS. AND SCULPTURES.



WHEN we come to the twelfth and following centuries, we find our best literary illustrations of the subject of the Adoration of the Three Kings in the contemporary dramatic offices and mystery-plays.

The Passion-play at Oberammergau has done much to enable us in this day to understand these ancient religious dramatic representations, and to remove prejudices against them. We are all agreed that a great picture of a scriptural subject enables ordinary minds to realise the scene better than any amount of oral description of it; and we all use pictures for educational purposes. A *tableau* composed of living persons would help to a still more vivid realisation; and, if we put the persons into dramatic action, will enable us to represent the successive scenes of a history; and if we put appropriate words into the actors' mouths, the representation becomes the most complete and striking possible. The obstacle we should expect to arise to the realisation of this dramatic mode of putting sacred scenes before the eyes of the people would be the difficulty of procuring actors who would look the characters with sufficient dignity, and act the parts without degrading the idea. The Oberammergau play has shown us that this is possible; that even for the most sacred persons can be found representatives who do not shock a refined taste, and that the most solemn events can be dramatised in a way to satisfy a reverent mind, and even to awe a careless one.

At Oberammergau the actors were the peasantry of a Tyrolese village. In the middle ages the actors were the clergy, aided by such laymen as they found it desirable to enlist in their service. There could be little difficulty in finding fitting actors for such a mystery as that of the Nativity. At the monastery of St. Blaise they performed a Play of the Three Kings which had a great reputation, and the parts of the kings were usually played by representatives of the noblest families in the neighbourhood, as by the Count of Lupfen, the Count of Furstenberg, &c. No doubt the traditional artistic representations formed the models according to which the manager dressed and grouped his characters; and the play, in turn, would supply hints to the artist for his next picture.

Migne's "Dictionnaire des Mystères" says the subject of the Three Kings was the subject of dramatic representations of one kind or other from the ninth century† down to modern times. M. Moleon discovered traces of a special office—"the Office of the Star"—in their honour, at various places along the road by which their relics were transported from Milan to Cologne in 1162, viz. at Soleure, Fribourg, and Besançon.

This office must not be confounded with the mystery-play. It had some dramatic features, but formed a part of the divine

service, and was rendered by the clergy in church in their official vestments. The play might sometimes be performed in church, but if so, it was merely that it was permitted to be held in the nave, much as an oratorio is in modern times allowed to be performed in the nave of a cathedral. It was also frequently performed out of doors, and the performers probably seldom, if ever, included any of the higher orders of the clergy. Two varieties of this Office of the Star are published in the "Dictionnaire des Mystères." One, which is contained in the ancient office-books of the diocese of Rouen, is as follows:—

On the day of the Epiphany, after Tierce, three canons of the first stalls, habited in copes and crowns, and whose names are on the board, arrive from three sides before the altar, with their train, clothed in tunics and amices, and loaded with presents.*

He of the three kings who is in the middle, and who comes from the east side of the church, points out the star with his staff:—

THE FIRST KING. The star is wondrous brilliant.

THE SECOND KING (*who comes from the right side*). It shows us that the King of Kings is born.

THE THIRD KING (*who comes from the left*). The ancient prophecies have announced his coming.

THE THREE KINGS (*assembled before the altar, embracing one another, and singing together*). Let us go, let us seek Him, to offer Him presents, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

At the end the Cantor intones the response, *Magi veniunt, &c.*, and the procession begins its progress.

It is not difficult to imagine the striking and dramatic effect of this performance. Suppose the first king a treble, the second a tenor, and the third a bass, each chants a short recitative; then they meet before the altar and sing a trio; and then the whole choir bursts forth in chorus, as they begin to file out of their stalls and to form in procession, and proceed down the church. With this suggestion we can imagine the remainder of the office:—

If necessary—i.e. if the distance to be traversed by the procession makes it necessary—the second response is said, Interrogabat magos, &c. The procession having arrived in the nave (naissau) of the church, halts; but as soon as it has begun to enter the nave candles are lighted, placed in the middle of a crozier before the altar, to represent the Star. The Magi point out to one another the star; they go immediately towards the image of St. Mary, placed upon the altar of the cross, and sing thus:—

THE THREE KINGS. This star, seen in the east, moves again shining before us. This is the star which announces Him who is born, and of whom Balaam said, A star shall come out of Jacob, and a man of Israel shall rise, and He shall break under Him all the pride of the stranger nations, and all the earth shall be in his power.

(At these words two canons of the first rank, in dalmatics, standing on each side of the altar, shall ask gently:—)

TWO OF THE FIRST RANK OF STALLS. Who are these who, under the guidance of a star, come to us, speaking a strange language?

THE MAGI (*answering*). We whom you see, we are the kings of Tarsus, and of Arabia, and of Saba. We bear presents to Christ the



Fig. 1.—From an Ivory Bookcover from Metz: Eleventh Century.

* Continued from page 272.

† An office of the Magi of the eleventh century is preserved in a MS. of the Munich Library (No. 6264 A., fol. 1).

* A tablet on which was inscribed the names of those to whom the various duties of the divine service were assigned for the day or week.

King, to the Lord who is born; we come, guided by a star, to worship Him.

THE TWO (CANONS) IN DALMATICS (*opening the curtain*) [and no doubt disclosing to view an image of the Virgin and Child]. Behold the Child: behold Him whom you seek; hasten to worship Him, for He is the Redeemer of the world.

THE KINGS (*prostrating themselves together on the earth, and saluting the Child*). Hail, Prince of the world!

A MAN OF THEIR TRAIN (*taking the gold*). O King, take this gold (*and he offers it*).

THE SECOND KING (*offering the incense*). O thou who art very God, receive this incense.

THE THIRD (*offering the myrrh, which is the symbol of the tomb*). [No words in the text.]

(*Meanwhile they make the offertory from the clergy and people, after reserving two parts of it for the two Canons. The Magi are in prayer, and make believe to sleep. Suddenly a child in the pulpit, habited in an albe, and with an amice on his head, representing an angel, says this anthem:—*)

THE ANGEL. All the prophecies are accomplished. Depart by another way, in order that ye may not betray so great a King, and receive punishment.

(*In the end the kings retire by the side of the church where the baptismal font is; they withdraw the choir by the left side; the procession follows them as usual on Sundays; the Cantor begins, if necessary, the response, Tria sunt munera, and Salutis, &c.* The Kings leave the choir, and there are chanted Kyrie, fons bonitatis, Alleluia, Sanctus, and the Agnus.*)

The church of Limoges repeated annually, in its rites for the Day of the Kings, a similar office, which the ancient ordinals of the diocese have preserved, and which Martene has quoted from manuscripts dating at the least from the fourteenth century. ("De Antiq. Eccles. Descriptura," Lyon, 1706, p. 114; and "De Ant. Eccles. Ritibus," Antwerp, 1736, vol. iii. col. 124.) It is as follows:—

(*After the chant of the offertory, and before its presentation, THREE OF THE SERVANTS OF THE CHOIR, habited in silk, with gold crowns on their heads, carrying in their hands gilt ciboria, or some other precious vases, represent THE THREE KINGS coming to adore the Lord. They enter by the principal gate of the choir, and advance majestically, singing this Prose:—*)

O day precious, glorious, and famous! day of the annunciation of Christ who is born! of grace upon earth and glory in the heavens! A sign spreads the news of the birth in the eastern regions; the kings of the East hasten, guided by a star; three kings hasten and worship God in the stable. Three kings do homage to one, and the offering is threefold!

THE FIRST (*elevating the ciborium*). Gold in the first place.

THE SECOND. Incense in the second place.

THE THIRD. Myrrh is the third present.

(*Afterwards, standing in the middle of the choir*) ONE OF THEM raises his hand to point out the star which precedes them—it is suspended by a cord—and he chants more loudly: Behold the sign of the great King.

ALL THREE (*go towards the great-altar singing*):—Let us go; let us seek Him; let us offer him presents, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

(*They go to the offertory and place their precious vases upon the altar.*) Then behind the great-altar a CHILD, in place of the angel who speaks to the kings, intones this verse:—I bring you news from heaven; Christ is born; He is born in Judea in Bethlehem, according to the ancient prophecies, the Lord of the universe!

(*At this voice the kings are seized with wonder and admiration: they return by the gate which leads to the sacristy, singing the anthem, In Bethlehem natus est rex cælorum.*)

It seems to have been the custom of the kings of mediæval Christendom—it certainly was of the English monarchs—to appear in their robes at the Epiphany feast, and at the preceding service to make a special offering at the altar. It was intended to be a recognition that those Eastern kings of Tarsus and the Isles, of Arabia and Saba, were the firstfruits of the

* These are portions of a service which may be found in "Parva cœleste Palmatum." Col. Agrippæ, 1764. It begins "Sancti tres reges," &c.

"V. Tria sunt munera.

"R. Quæ obtulerunt Magi Domino."

OREMUS.

Deus qui tres majos, &c.

Gentiles, and a fulfilment of the remainder of the prophecy, "All kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall do Him service." Even to this day at the Royal Chapel of St. James's, in the divine service on the Feast of the Epiphany, an offering of gold and spices is made on behalf of her Majesty, in pursuance of the ancient custom.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century De Molcon found the figurative office of the Three Kings used at Orleans, at Jarzeau, at Angers, and at Clermont. At Orleans, a MS. Breviary of the fourteenth century speaks, at the day of the Epiphany, of the three mysteries of the Adoration of the Magi, of the Baptism of Christ, and of the Miracle at Cana. At Clermont, at the midnight mass, the *Pastourelle* is still performed by five priests, and one who concludes the ceremony; the words are almost the same as those said at Rouen. Muratori ("Antiq. Ital. Med.," ævi xii. 1017) mentions an Office of the Star which still continued to be used at Epiphany in the convents of the Preaching Friars of Milan.

Of the miracle-play of "Herod; or, the Adoration of the Magi," we are fortunate enough to have a version so early as the twelfth century. It is among the collection of ten miracle-plays in a thirteenth century MS. which formerly belonged to the monastery of St. Benoit sur Loire, and is now in the National Library at Paris.* It is written in Latin hexameters, and is not without considerable merit. Unlike the Office of the Magi, which was introduced as a part of the Divine Service, this was a play, performed by actors dressed in appropriate costumes; not chanted at a service, but spoken in dialogue.

The play is too long to be given *in extenso*, but it is of so great interest as an illustration of our subject that we shall give a sketch of the plot, and sufficient extracts from it to serve as specimens of its language. We have before had to consider the chronology of the visit of the Magi, and have seen that Scripture does not determine it, and that both the two theories were held by divines, and appear in works of Art from very early times downwards. We find the same diversity of opinion in these dramatic representations of the event. The Office of the Star is consistent with the earlier tradition, which does not introduce anything to indicate that the visit was at the time of the Nativity. In the play, on the other hand, the visit is assumed to be at the time of the Nativity, and the shepherds are introduced into the plot.

From the "stage directions," it is clear that the play was intended to be performed in church.

Herod and the other persons being ready, then an ANGEL shall appear in heaven with a multitude, at sight of whom the shepherds are terrified; he shall salute them, the others at present keeping silence:—

Fear not ye, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, &c.; and this shall be a sign to you, ye shall find the Child wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger, in the midst between two animals.

And suddenly the WHOLE MULTITUDE shall say with the ANGEL:— Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will.† Alleluia! Alleluia!

Then at last rising up, they [the shepherds] shall sing among themselves, Let us go, &c., and so proceed to the manger, which shall be prepared at the gates of the monastery:—

Let us go even to Bethlehem and see this Word which is made, which the Lord has made and has shown unto us.

Then TWO WOMEN, keepers of the manger, shall question the shepherds, saying:—Whom seek ye, shepherds, say?

THE SHEPHERDS shall answer:—

The Saviour Christ the Lord,

The Child wrapped in swaddling-clothes,

According to the saying of the angel.

THE WOMEN. Behold the Child with Mary his mother, of whom long since the prophet Isaiah, foretelling, said, Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a son.

Then the SHEPHERDS shall approach and adore the Infant, saying:— Hail! King of the world!

Then rising, they shall invite the people standing round to adore the Child, saying to the crowds about them:—Come ye! come ye! Let us adore the Lord, for He is our Saviour.

* It has been published in England by Mr. T. Wright, "Early Mysteries," &c.

† The play begins like the second part of Handel's *Messiah*.

*Meantime the Magi, each advancing from his corner, as if from his region, come together before the altar, or to the rising of the star, and as they approach the FIRST shall say:—*The star shines with wondrous splendour.

THE SECOND. Which the prophet formerly foretold.

*Then, standing side by side, the one on the RIGHT shall say to the MIDDLE, Peace to thee, brother; and he shall answer, And peace be to thee; and they shall embrace. So also the MIDDLE to the LEFT, and so the LEFT to the RIGHT. Then they shall point out to one another the star:—*Behold the star! behold the star! behold the star!

*The star going before them, they shall follow it, saying:—*Let us go therefore and seek Him, offering to Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh, as the Scripture has taught us. All kings shall worship Him, all nations shall do Him service.

*Crossing to the door of the choir, they ask the bystanders:—*Tell us, O citizens of Jerusalem, where is the desire of the nations; where is He who is born King of the Jews, whom, led by heavenly signs, we are come to worship?

Herod shall send a SQUIRE to them, who shall say [in hexameters]:—

What news or what cause has impelled you

To try unknown ways? Whither do ye journey?

What is your race, your country? Do ye bring peace or war?

MAGI [in Leonine rhymes]:—

Chaldæans are we; we bring peace;

We seek the King of Kings,

Whose birth a star indicates,

Which shines with greater brightness than the rest.

THE SQUIRE *shall return and salute the King, and say on bended knees:—*May the King live for ever!

HEROD. Peace be to thee.

SQUIRE. My lord, there are here three unknown men, coming from the East, seeking some new-born King.

Then Herod shall send his Orators and Interpreters to the Magi, saying, &c.

When the Magi are at length brought before Herod, he asks them [in a hexameter]:—

HEROD. Say, what is the cause of your journey, who are ye, whence come ye?

MAGI [in hexameters]. A King is the cause of our journey; we are kings from Arabia;

Hither we come seeking a King of kings,

Whom a Jewish Virgin has borne and nourishes.

HEROD. By what sign are ye taught that the King whom ye seek is born?

MAGI. Confessing Him to reign,

With mystic gifts we come

From a distant land to adore,

Worshipping the Triune God with threefold gifts.

*Then they shall show the gifts; the FIRST shall say:—*Gold for the King.

THE SECOND. Incense for the GOD.

THE THIRD. Myrrh for the mortal man.

Then Herod shall bid those who sit on his left, to bring the Scribes.

Herod asks them if there is anything concerning this Child in their Book. Then the SCRIBES turn over the Book for a long time, and at length find a place, and pointing it out with the finger, give the Book to the unbelieving king, and say:—

O king, we see

By the writings of the prophets

That Christ shall be born in Bethlehem, a city of Juda,

The Prophet David thus foretelling.

CHORUS. O Bethlehem, thou art not the least among the cities, &c.

Then Herod, in a rage, flings the Book from him, and his son, hearing the noise, comes to pacify his father, and stands saluting him:—

FILIUS. Hail, renowned father!

Hail, illustrious king!

Who reigneth everywhere,

Wielding a royal sceptre.

HEROD. O well-beloved son,

Worthy of praise;

Thou praisest royal dignity,

And sharest it thyself.

A King is born stronger

And more potent than we,

I fear lest He drive us

From the throne and land.

Then the SON, speaking aside, offers to defend him, saying:—

Against this Knight,

Against this new-born Child,

O father, command this thy son

To undertake the contest.

Then at length HEROD should dismiss the Magi, that they may seek the Child, and return to the king and bring him word.

HEROD. Go and diligently seek the Child,

And when ye have found Him, bring me word again,

That I may come and worship Him.

The Magi go out, and then the star, which has not yet been visible to Herod, precedes them; they point it out to one another, and proceed; Herod and his son, seeing it, threaten it with their swords.

Meantime the SHEPHERDS, returning from the manger, come, rejoicing and singing as they go:—

O King of heaven!

*To whom the MAGI:—*Whom have ye seen?

THE SHEPHERDS. According as it was told us by an angel concerning this Child, we found Him wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger in the midst between two animals.

The Shepherds having departed, the MAGI proceed after the star to the manger, singing:—

The heaven and earth and the broad sea

Are not able to comprehend him.

Born of a Virgin's womb,

Laid in a cradle,

Whom the prophecy foretold;

The ox and ass stand by.

A bright star has risen

To pay homage to the Lord,

Who Balaam foretold

Should be born of the Jewish race.

Hac nostrorum oculos fulguranti lumine perstrinxit lucida, This shining star has struck the eyes of our people with its splendid light, Et nos ipsos provide ducens ad currabula resplendens fulgida. Providently leading us also to the cradle shining bright.

And then the NURSES address the Magi:—

Who are these who, led by a star,

Bring us things untold?

MAGI. We whom ye see are the kings of Tarsis, and Arabia, and Saba, bringing gifts to the new-born Christ, the King, whom, led by a star, we are come to worship.

The NURSES show the Child:—

Behold the Child whom ye seek. Hasten and adore, for He is the redemption of the world.

MAGI. Hail! King of the world!

Hail! GOD of gods!

Hail! Salvation of the dead!

*Then the Magi, advancing, worship the Child, and make their offerings. The FIRST says:—*Take, O King, this gold, the sign of a king.

THE SECOND. Take this myrrh, the sign of burial.

THE THIRD. Take this incense, thou very GOD.

*This being done, the Magi lie down and sleep there before the manger. An ANGEL, appearing above, warns them in a dream to return to their own country by another way. The ANGEL says:—*All things are fulfilled which were written by the prophets. Return by another way; be not the betrayers of so great a King, that ye be not punished.

THE MAGI (*awaking*). Thanks be to GOD! Let us arise, warned by the angelic vision, and, returning another way, let us conceal from Herod what we have seen concerning the Child.

*Then the MAGI, departing by another way, unseen by Herod, sing:—*O wonderful dealing! Creator of all.

Then, coming into the choir, let them sing:—

Rejoice, brethren,

Gaudete, fratres,

Christ is born for us,

Christus nobis natus est,

GOD is made man.

Deus homo factus est.

The CANTOR shall begin, Te Deum, &c.

Another play, of much later date, is contained in the MS. of the Chester Whitsun Plays. Mr. T. Wright—a very competent authority—attributes them to the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, and they were played from time to time at Whitsuntide by the trade guilds of the city, down to a period subsequent to the Reformation. We give a very brief sketch of the plot for the sake of comparison with the above.

The opening of the play introduces the Three Kings at once on the stage, referring to Balaam's prophecy, and praying for

further guidance. In answer to their prayers the star appears. In the stage directions we find that an angel carries the star, and addresses the kings :—

ANGELLUS. Rise up, you kinges three,
And come anon after me
Into the land of Judye,
As fast as you can hie ;
The Childe ye seeke their shall ye see,
Borne all of a mayden freye,
That Kinge of heaven and yeirth shalbe,
And all mankinde for-bye.

The kings proceed ; they lose sight of the star, and are distressed. They meet a messenger who brings them to Herod. Conversation ensues between Herod and the kings. He sends for his clerk, or doctor, and asks about the prophecies. The doctor points out the various prophecies which relate to the subject. Herod blusters that no king shall expel him. Bids the kings go and find the Child and return. The star reappears, they follow it, and it stands over a stable ; and there are allusions to the ox and ass, which show that the scene of the Adoration is assumed to be at the time and in the place of the Nativity. They offer, and Christ blesses them, addressing a few words to them. Mary and Joseph also both address them. The angel warns them, and they depart.

The "Oblacio Magorum" of the Towneley MS. whose date is about Henry VI. or Edward IV., makes Herod a coarse, blustering tyrant, whose speeches may be the origin of Shakespeare's proverbial expression about out-Heroding Herod. He sends messengers to bring strangers to him who do not obey him and believe on Mahomed. The kings enter one by one, and meeting accidentally, make one another's acquaintance, and finding they are on the same quest, proceed together. They see the star, which precedes them. The messenger brings Herod word of the journey of the kings and its motive. He sends for them. Sends for his counsellors and doctors to declare where the Child shall be born. The kings, dismissed by Herod, come to Bethlehem. The only passage we need quote as an example of the play is from the offerings of the kings :—

PRIMUS REX. Haylle be thou, maker of all kyn thyng,
That bott of all our baylle may bryng ;
In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,
And shalbe ay,
Resayf this gold to myn offering,
Prince, I the pray.

SECUNDUS REX. Haille, overcomer of kyng and of knyght,
That fourmed fysh, and fowylle in flyght,
For thou art Godes Son most of myght,
And alle weldand ;
I bring the rekyls, as is right,
To myn offerand.*

TERCIUS REX. Haylle, Kyng in kythe, cowrand on kne,
Haylle, oone-fold GOD in persons thre,
In tokyn that thou dede shalbe,
By kyndly skylle,
To thy graving this myr of me
Resave the tulle.

Mary addresses them. They sleep. The Angel warns them, and they set out on their return another way.

Painting and sculpture, and mosaics and glass, ivory carving and miniature painting, have supplied us with our earlier examples ; we draw upon metal-work for our two next illustrations.

A bronze *cul de lampe*, of perhaps the eleventh century, is engraved in Cahier's "Characteristiques des Saints," at p. 142. In this work of metal we have the same traditional design as in the works of painting, sculpture, mosaic, and ivory carving.

* An old French mystery, printed in 4to., black letter, at Paris, without date, entitled "Le Mistere de la Conception Nativite Marriage et Annunciation de la benoiste Vierge Marie, avec la Nativite de Jesu Crist et son enfance," contains a lengthy version of the Adoration of the Three Kings. There is a later edition of the work in the British Museum. A still later and still more prolix play, "Des Trois Rois," is contained in the French collection of mysteries collected by M. Jubinal, vol. ii.

The Virgin sits on the left, with the Child on her knee ; the Magi are habited in tunic and Phrygian cap ; the first kneels and presents his offering on a circular dish, the others stand.

A bronze *corona lucis* in the cathedral of Aix la Chapelle, probably of the twelfth century, is ornamented with little medallions, on which Scripture subjects are represented with very considerable elegance of design. One represents our subject. The Virgin is seated on the right ; the Child stands on her knee, his right hand blessing ; the three kings are crowned ; the first genuflects, and offers a small circular object in the fold of his mantle ; the second holds a box with a cover ; the third is only just seen behind ; the star is represented overhead. It is engraved in Cahier's "Characteristiques des Saints."

It happens that our next example shows that this incident had taken root among the Art traditions of the subject. It is from the Soltikoff reliquary, carved in ivory, in the South Kensington Museum, a work of Rhenish Byzantine style of the twelfth century.

The famous pulpit of the Baptistery at Pisa, executed by Nichola Pisano, and finished about the year 1260 A.D., gives a bas-relief of the Adoration of the Magi in one of its panels. Nichola had studied the remains of classical sculpture, and modelled his style upon it. The result is something far higher in artistic character than the work of his predecessors, but he has still followed the traditional treatment of his subject. The Virgin is seated on the right, with the Child in her lap, taking the first king's present into his hands. Joseph stands behind. We also see that the horses are picturesquely introduced in the background of the group, and the star is replaced by an angel, who points out the holy Child, as in the Caffarella frescoes. Our engraving of it is taken from the cast of the pulpit in the South Kensington Museum.

The miniatures in MSS. now begin to supply us with numerous illustrations, and we find that the designs are of the



Fig. 2.—From the MSS. Royal 2 B. VII. : date c. 1300 A.D.

same character as those with which we have already become familiar. The MS. marked Arundel 157 is of about the middle of the thirteenth century. At folio 4 is a representation of our subject. The influence of a Byzantine original is seen at once in the shape of the crowns of the Virgin and of the kings, and the stiff archaic character of the design. The Virgin is seated on the right, veiled and crowned, and holds a staff tipped with a fleur-de-lys. The Child, unduly large in proportion, sits on

her knee, his right hand in the attitude of blessing, his left holding a small indistinguishable object, like those in the Greek menology above mentioned. The three kings, for they all wear crowns, kneel; two are bearded, one is youthful; their presents are all alike in shape—a bowl containing round objects, but the present of the first king is gilt. The MS. marked Lansdowne 420, in the British Museum, is of about the same date as the preceding MS., viz. about 1250 A.D.; on folio 8 it gives four scenes from the history of the three kings. First, the kings on horseback; second, the kings standing before Herod;* third, the presentation of the gifts.

Comparing it with the same subject in the preceding MS., we find it more free in drawing, and with a more modern spirit in its way of grouping the figures. The Virgin sits on the right, veiled, and with a nimbus, but not a crown; she holds a staff more slender, and with a fleur-de-lys at the top much more elegantly drawn than in the last. The Child, better proportioned, sits on her lap, with the right hand in blessing, and the left extended towards the Magi.

The kings are crowned, but with crowns of more modern shape. The first genuflects and holds up his present,

which is circular; the second stands and points upwards (though no star is visible); the third stands and holds a vase. The fourth subject in the Lansdowne MS. is that of the angel appearing to them in a dream.

The MS., 2 B. vi., of date 1270 A.D., is of English Art, and formerly belonged to St. Alban's Abbey. At folio 8 is a picture of the Adoration of the Magi. The Virgin and Child on the right; the first king, kneeling, offers a cup full of gold pieces; the Child touches the cup in token of acceptance of the offering, and raises the other hand in the attitude of blessing. The second king stands holding what might be taken for a book, but a comparison with another MS., Addl. 28,681, makes it probable that it is intended for a cylindrical box; the third king carries an open dish; the star and clouds are shown above. The picture, of not more than average artistic merit, is outlined with the pen and washed with colours.

The Royal MS., 1 D. x., in the British Museum, is also of the thirteenth century, a folio MS. with pictures of average merit. At folio 2 are two pictures, the Kings before Herod, and the Adoration of the Kings. The latter is of the conventional arrangement, with trifling variations, e.g. the first king half kneels, as in some of the earlier examples, while the others stand. We take our example (Fig. 2) of this group of MS. illuminations from another MS. Psalter of about 1300 A.D., a MS. known as Queen Mary's Psalter (Royal, 2 B. vii.), which is well known as one of the finest existing examples of the pictorial art of that period. In this design we have still the same elements which compose the previous representations of the subject; the Virgin is seated on the right, with the holy Child in her lap, in the attitude of blessing. The Magi are still three in number, and are royal personages, and bear their presents in covered vessels in their hands. But their arrangement and attitude are modified. Here the foremost king is represented as an aged man; he has humbly doffed his crown to the King of kings, and kneels to present his offering, which consists of

gold coins in a cup. The other kings, still wearing their crowns, stand behind, waiting for their turn to do their homage. The whole picture is framed in a kind of canopy, whose sides contain niches filled with figures of female saints; overhead is a triple arch, surmounted by a roof. The picture is sketched with a delicate pen, the figures coloured blue and various shades of red, on a burnished gold background. Another very similar picture occurs in another MS. (Addl. 26,681) of about the same date, which is also a work of English Art of more than average merit. These two pictures illustrate what has been said about

the general similarity of designs of the same period, together with their differences of detail.

On a comparison of the two pictures it will be seen that they are very much alike, but are not copies one of the other, nor both of a common original. In B.vii. the attitudes are more graceful and natural, but the faces in the Addl. 26,681 have more life and elegance. In the former the Child sits naturally on the Virgin's knee, and the attitude of the hands is more natural; the right hand extended in blessing is naturally drawn; in the latter the Child stands, and the attitude is stiff and

awkward. In the former the Virgin is veiled and crowned, and there is little character in the face; in the latter there is neither veil nor crown, but flowing yellow hair, and the face is young and beautiful. The nimbus of the Child is different in the two pictures, and the presents of the kings.

The South Kensington Museum possesses an Italian ivory plaque of about the same date, 1300 A.D., and we engrave this



Fig. 3.—From an Ivory in the British Museum: Fourteenth Century.



Fig. 4.—From an Ivory in the South Kensington Museum: Fourteenth Century.

also as an illustration of the sameness of general design between the illuminator in the English monastery and the ivory carver in an Italian workshop, and of the superiority of the Italian art.

Some of the illustrations described in this chapter are unavoidably postponed to the next.

(To be continued.)

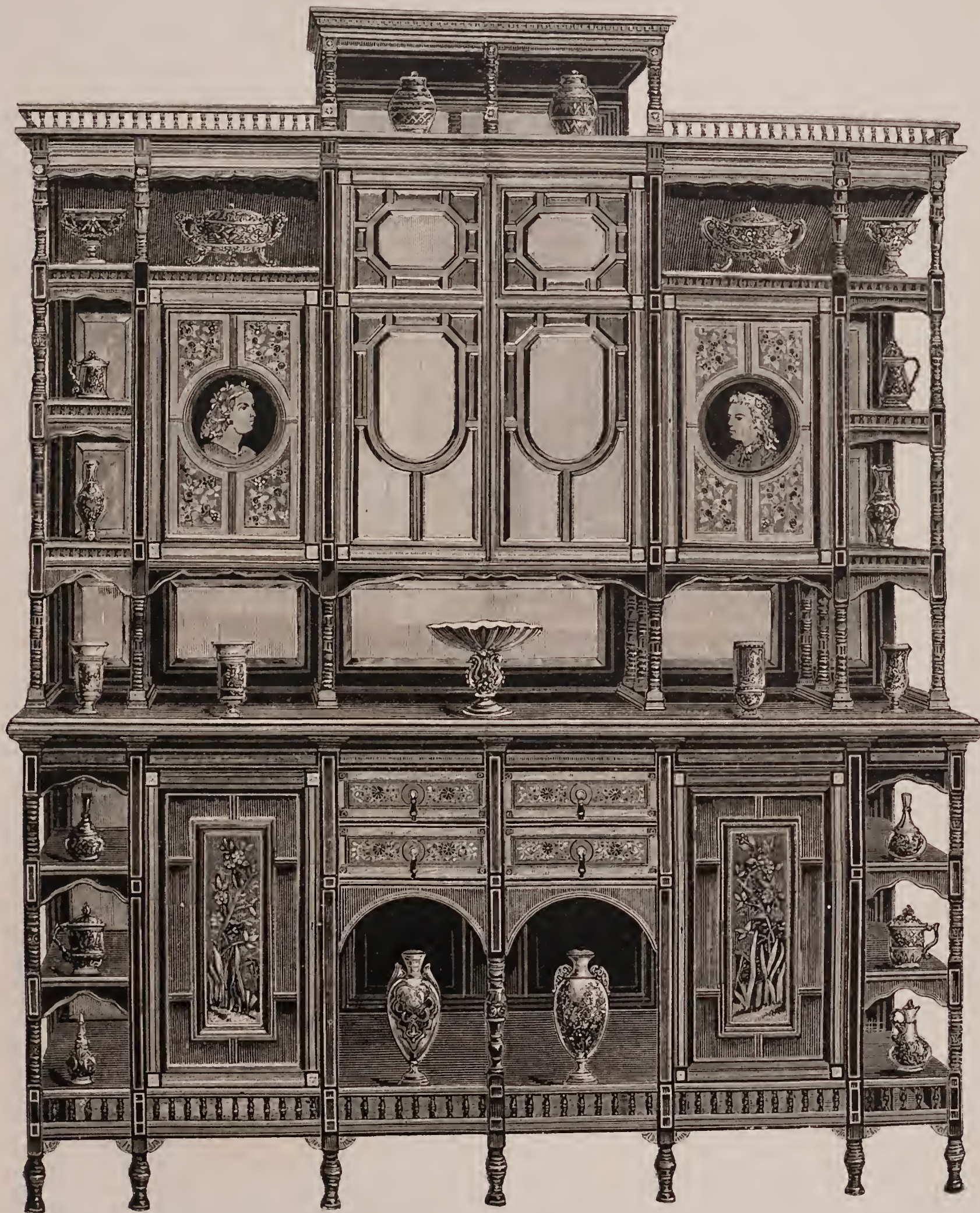
* Perret (vol. ii., pl. xlviii.) gives an early picture, from the cemetery of St. Agnes, of the Magi before Herod.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

VII.

THE display of American furniture at the Philadelphia Exhibition, though good, does not, as a whole, do credit to our manufacturers, many of whom do not appear at their best; and

hence a visit to leading establishments in New York and other cities would give a better idea of our attainments in this direction than the Exhibition affords. England sends some excellent pieces.



Cabinet, by Messrs. Cooper and Holt, of London.

We present here one of the cabinets of Messrs. Cooper and Holt, of London. It is a black cabinet for the drawing-room, with panels of rich coloured woods, inlaid with conventionally-treated designs.

The effect of the various woods, rich Amboyna, delicate grey harewood, satin, purple, white, and low-toned greens, with the brilliant, bevelled, and silvered plate-glass panels, the turned spindles, and

mouldings, partly gilt, is exceedingly good. This brilliant piece of furniture is among the very best contributed by England to the

Exhibition: it has very deservedly received the marked approval of the jurors.



Selections from the Italian Exhibit.

Italy, as represented in the varied forms of household Art, makes perhaps a more admirable showing than in her contributions of painting and sculpture. With the declension of the fervid religious

spirit, in spite of the classic inspirations of the Renaissance, there came a descent from the breadth and grandeur that moved the great mediæval workers in Art. In the application, however, of

conceptions of the beautiful and graceful to the familiar forms of every-day life, Italy has always held her own.

The exhibits at the Philadelphia Exposition happily illustrate

this tendency of modern Art to wed itself to the useful. Our artist in his sketch has grouped picturesque specimens of Italian Art in wood-carving, bronze, and majolica. All these get their special



Selections from the Russian Exhibit.

significance from the period of the Renaissance, being reproductions of the peculiar forms and Art-feeling characteristic of that period. The chair in the foreground of the engraving is a fine specimen of the Florentine style of the fifteenth century. Its sim-

ple, severe grace, and free, bold curves, carry us back to the age when all Art-workmen wrought with a high and earnest purpose.

Something of this elaborate patience we may discern in the style of this Florentine chair. The delicacy of the carving in the upper

part of the back and the legs is specially noticeable. The lions' faces are finished with great minuteness, and even the hair carved with lifelike flexibility and fineness. The scroll-work and the leaf-tracery are no less striking.

The carved seat or settle of the seventeenth-century style, though more elaborate, is much more rigid and conventional in its forms. Still it may be regarded as a fine specimen of the art of wood-carving. The cherubs, in *alto-rilievo*, that constitute



Tiles, from Messrs. Minton Hollins and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, England.

the marked characteristic of the work, are finely executed, but with nothing that indicates any deep Art-feeling. Like most of the cherubs we see in the seventeenth-century Art, they suggest the nursery much more than the angelic choir. There is a certain stiffness in them, which disappears when we come to study the

lines and curves that ornament the patterns of the panels. These are both bold and delicate, and display a fine Art-feeling. The shell-like grace of the extremities may also be noted. Both the chair and the settle have been purchased by public institutions.

The bronze stand to hold plants is one of the masterpieces of

its kind in the Italian department. It is copied after one of the old sacrificial tripods exhumed at Pompeii, and is wrought and ornamented with wonderful delicacy. The bronze is of a clear pale tint, and the figures, representative both of animate and inanimate things, are subtle and vigorous in their style of treatment.

The richness of the tracery, so well brought out by the artist, also attracts admiration and repays study.

The majolica vases are after the Etruscan, and excellent types of that school of form, though there are none in the Italian department that can compare with some of the superb exhibits



Pottery, from the Royal Works at Worcester, England.

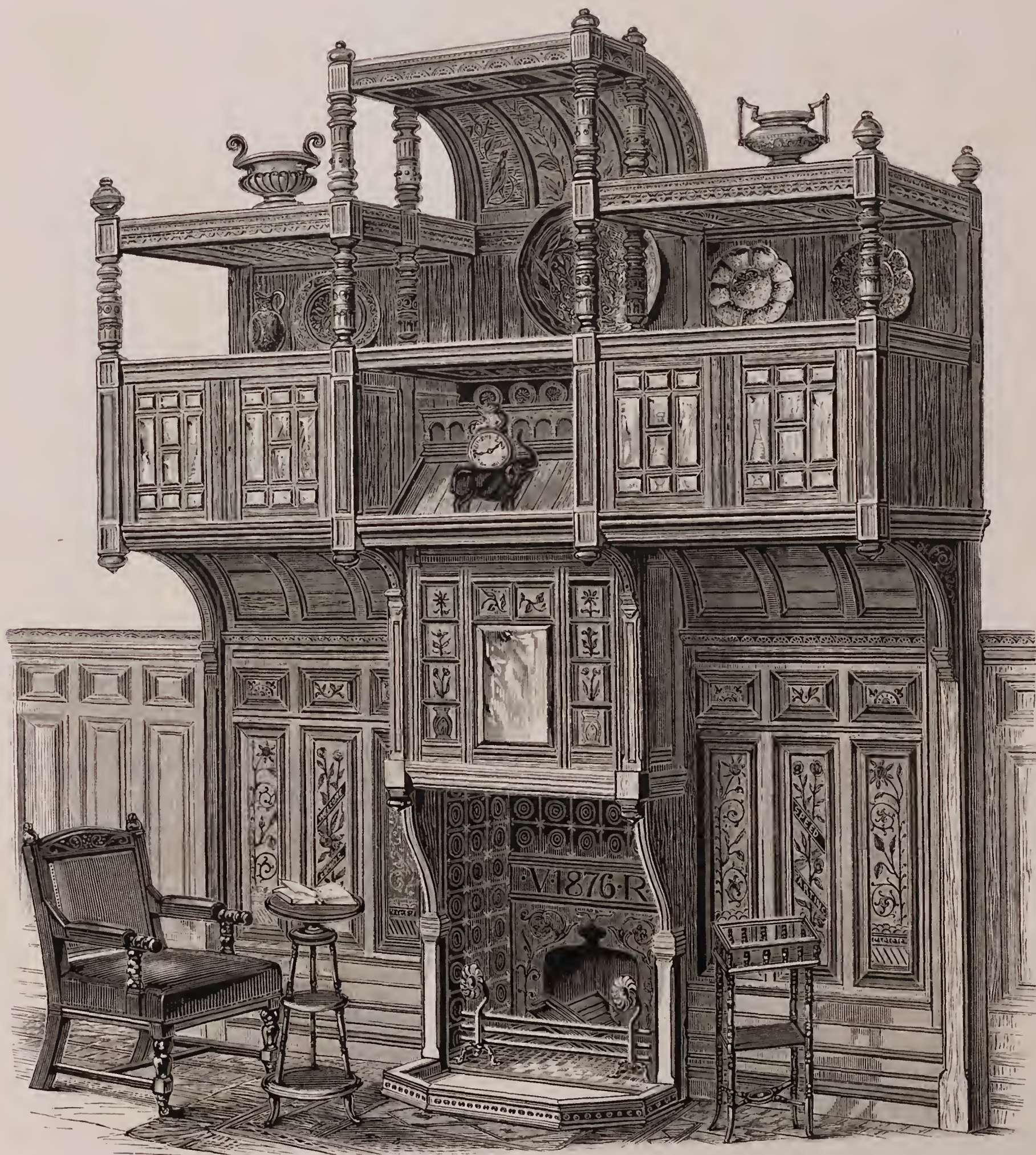
of the same kind in the English, Danish, and Portuguese sections.

Among all the exhibits there is probably none more thoroughly distinctive of nationality than that of Russia. This remark may be taken as applying equally to the work in silver and bronze, in which the reindeer and sleighs alone would be sufficient to remind us that we are in the Russian section, and to such exhibits as are shown in our illustration. The mantel-piece is of wavy, green

malachite, ornamented with bunches of grapes made of amethyst and emerald, and mosaic-work of variously-coloured pebbles. Upon it stands a malachite clock with bronze equestrian figure of Peter the Great, and two statuettes of the same metal mounted on malachite pedestals. The round table and smaller vase are of *lapis lazuli*, and the looking-glass frame and large vase are both of malachite. The chair is of beautifully-carved ebony, with Russia-leather cover and crimson trimmings. The rug consists of a

Russian bear-skin spread on red cloth. Every piece, as will be seen, is distinctive of the wide domain of the Czar, and the group in that respect fairly represents the entire section. The effect of the malachite in appearance is pronounced, and its lavish use is suggestive of wealth rather than of good taste. The individual pieces are, however, very beautiful, and combine with richness of material elegance of design and skilful workmanship.

We give on page 369, in addition to some examples in our August number, specimens of the Tiles of Messrs. Minton Hollins and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, England, prepared for the varied and numerous purposes to which they are applied. The reputation of the firm has been long established; it occupies a very foremost rank among British manufacturers of some most agreeable and useful products of the "Potteries."



Chimney-piece, from Messrs. Howard and Sons, London.

The examples of high-class Ceramic Art, page 370, are productions of the long-renowned Royal Works at Worcester, directed by an accomplished and experienced artist and critic, Mr. W. R. Binns, F.S.A. Four of the articles selected are in the style Italian, and four are suggestions from the Japanese, a style indirectly copied much, of late years, by Mr. Binns, and in which he has attained such excellence as to excite astonishment even in

Japan. The collection exhibited at Philadelphia is not directly contributed by Worcester; it is shown, with a large variety of other British productions, by Messrs. Daniell and Son, of London.

Messrs. Howard and Sons, of London, among other important contributions, have sent to the Exhibition the Chimney-piece and Dado, of which we give an engraving on this page. They are of great excellence, and have excited much admiration. The most

attractive feature is a novelty, being a patented process for inlaying solid woods with any other wood in any conceivable design: a process of great value for all purposes of interior decoration,

which has been patented by Messrs. Howard and Sons, but which will soon be introduced into this country. The chimney-piece here given is of oak inlaid with pollard oak. The fireplace is deco-



Selections from the Egyptian Exhibit.

rated with porcelain tiles; the mantel-piece supports two cabinets with glass doors and several shelves for ornamental pottery.

There is a certain magic in the name and history of Egypt,

which it is difficult in the modern mind to overcome. The mystery of its beginnings, the solemn majesty of its ruins, its intimate association with the early growth of the arts and sciences, invest

it with an interest peculiar to itself. This historic value, and the enlightened sympathy of the present ruler with Western civilisation, would naturally excite expectation to find in the Egyptian department of the Exposition an *ensemble* of unusual interest and attraction. In both the Paris and Vienna Fairs the Egyptian exhibits were remarkably picturesque and suggestive, as illustrating



Silver Flacon, from Tiffany and Co., of New York.

both the ancient and modern civilisations of the land of the Nile.

Not so, however, their present contributions for the most part, for the feeling is one of disappointment. The sole interest of the department relates to the Turco-Arabic element now dominant in Egypt, and we see but little to remind us that this name is one of undying interest in the history of civilisation.

The group of objects in the engraving very fairly illustrates the general character of the Egyptian exhibit. The ebony stand in the background is ornamented with trefoil carvings and quaint tracery, cut with much skill and delicacy, but with nothing especially significant in its Art-character, except carefulness and beauty of workmanship.

The chair, however, also of ebony, is peculiarly graceful in design. The carving of the back is extraordinary for the simplicity, yet the fine detail, of its treatment. The curves are bold and free, and we see in the ornamentation a very close imitation of the natural forms of leaf and flower. This style of carving in wood has attained great perfection in some of the Oriental countries—a fact somewhat strange, as the varieties of tree form and foliage, in



Diamond Feather, from Tiffany and Co., of New York.

the region where this kind of ornament has most flourished, are by no means such as would conduce to their reproduction in Art.

The Arabic door or panel, for it might be either, is perhaps the most characteristic feature of the group. It belongs to what is known as the "block" pattern. The parts that seem to be cut in relief are movable blocks, very dexterously fitted in grooves, but giving a bold and solid effect.

The blocks themselves, of quaint and irregular shape, are ornamented with involved and curious tracings, that seem to grow out of the merest vagary of the designer's fancy. This style of door is a favourite one in what may be called the household Art of the Arabic peoples, and is reproduced in many of the photographs to

be seen at the Exposition, illustrative of Egyptian, Algerian, and Moorish life and architecture.

The ivory and mother-of-pearl stand is rather Turkish than distinctively Arabic in character, and is striking more from the beauty of its material than of workmanship, the effect on the eye being

peculiarly brilliant. The music or book stand is of some dark wood, inlaid with ebony, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, and of a shape something like the early mediæval chair. Its convenience for its purpose, however, would be somewhat questioned by our Western taste.



Axminster Carpets, from James Templeton and Co., of Glasgow.

The porcelain vase is beautifully enamelled in blue, graceful in shape, and ornamented with very natural reliefs of leaves, stems, and flowers. It is an admirable specimen of ceramic ware, and will compare favourably with much of the English, French, and Italian work. By its side we see an indispensable article in the East, where the water is poor, the porous drinking-jug, shaped like a gourd. This acts as a filter, and also cools the water by rapid

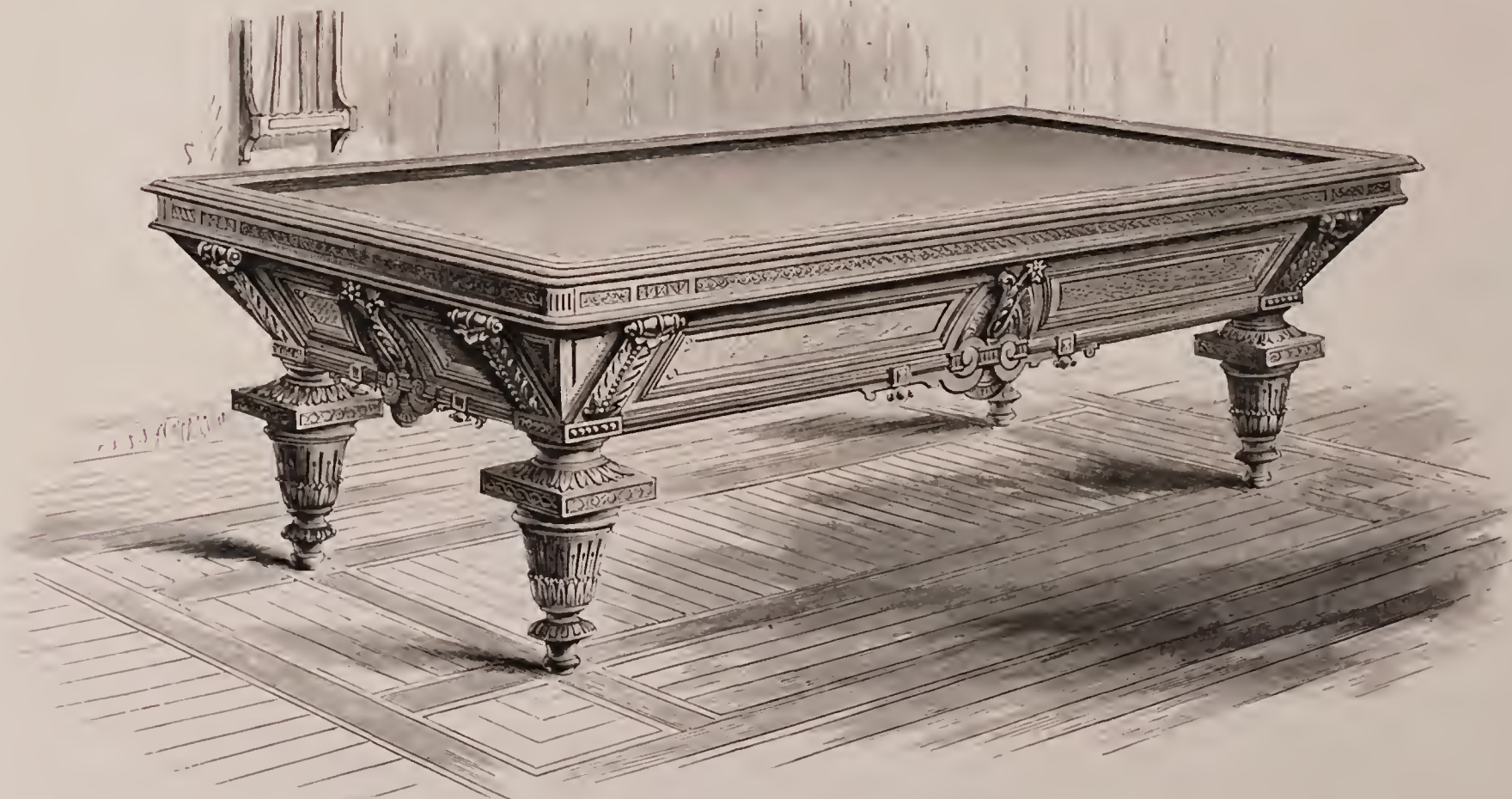
evaporation. The vessel in close juxtaposition is a curiously etched brass receptacle for growing plants and flowers. The drapery thrown over the stand is cloth, embroidered and fringed with gold bullion, and a good example of a numerous class of articles in the Egyptian department in the way of saddle housings and trappings. The pitcher is a pretty though not extraordinary effort of the silversmith's craft.



Piano, from Hallet, Davis and Co., of Boston.

Among the contributions by Tiffany and Co., of New York, which include a varied and most elegant display of jewellery and

silverware, is a massive silver *flacon* for the table. The design was studied from the Syrian style of ornament, and is unique.



Billiard-Table, from H. W. Collender, of New York.

The neck is supported by nondescript animals, and all of the decorations are in relief. The encrusted ornamentation of leaves and flowers is hand-wrought and executed in the most artistic manner. The turban-like stopper gives a tasteful finish to the design, and adds to its gracefulness. (See page 373.)

From the jewel-display by this house we select for illustration an *aigrette* of diamonds which is of great beauty and value. It is in the form of a peacock's feather, exquisitely modelled, and having not a little of the grace, freedom, softness, and fine attenuations, of a real one. The iris is formed of one large canary-coloured brilliant, which belonged to the collection of the eccentric late Duke of Brunswick. Its weight is thirty carats. This splendid brilliant is set in the head of the feather, and is surrounded first by a row of white brilliants set in a band of red gold, and then by a band of white brilliants set in green gold, thus forming a rich variety and contrast of colours. The other parts of this superb piece of jewellery-work are so thickly paved with white brilliants as to form a perfect feather of light. These are set in platinum in an almost imperceptible manner, so that the gems are apparently massed together, producing a most dazzling and beautiful effect.

We have already given (number for September) an engraved example of the Axminster carpets of Messrs. James Templeton and Co., of Glasgow. We now give, on page 374, two other designs from the large display of this house at the Exhibition. They

evinced purity, grace, and appropriateness, which characterise the productions of the artists of this well-known establishment.

Hallet, Davis and Co., of Boston, exhibit a number of very beautiful pianos. The one we engrave is the gem of their collection. It is in ebony, richly inlaid with gilt. The form of the piano, as will be seen by the illustration, is uncommonly handsome, and its carvings are peculiarly elegant and appropriate. The top is surmounted by an urn from which depend elegantly carved festoons of leaves and flowers. The finish of the entire work is excellent.

The billiard-table which we engrave is by H. W. Collender, of New York, and has been awarded a medal of honour. The body is of ebonised wood, with ornamental panels of amaranth, relieved with gilding. The legs, corners, and central brackets, are elaborately carved in relief. The bed of the table is of slate, and the cushions are of the best approved make, and combine the greatest elasticity with the most scientific accuracy in the angles of incidence and reflection. These Collender tables are made of different designs, and to harmonise with the decorations of the apartments in which they may be placed.

We announced last month that this series of Exhibition articles was drawing to a close. At the solicitation of many persons we have concluded to extend the series beyond the limits first intended, and shall, therefore, have the pleasure of presenting our subscribers, in the early numbers of the ensuing volume, further illustrations of some of the rare works of Art gathered at the great Memorial Exhibition.

THE PET OF THE DUCHESS.

Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.



THE history of this picture, so far as we have been able to ascertain it, though we do not vouch for its strict accuracy, is, that the dog belonged to the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, and Landseer made a picture of it about twenty-five years ago. Among the works sold after the artist's death was a slight sketch, showing in the background his monogram under the words "Sketched from memory," as seen in the accompanying engraving; this may be taken two ways, either that the sketch was made from memory of the dog, or from his recollection of the picture he had previously painted of the animal. It matters little, however, so far as concerns our purpose, what construction may be placed on Landseer's writing: the dog is a beauty of its kind, quite worthy of being the "pet" of any duchess, and the painter has done full justice to his subject. The little creature is one of those long-eared and shiny long-haired spaniels which seem only fitted to be the domestic companions of

ladies; it is looking up most appealingly to some one, probably his mistress, as if expecting a savoury morsel of some kind or other. He must have been a beautiful specimen of his race; we never remember seeing one so magnificently "feathered" as this, though the writer had one scarcely inferior in his own possession many years ago. When a boy he lived near the mansion of the late Marquis of Londonderry, well known in the political world as the famous Lord Castlereagh: the marchioness had a strong love for the animal world, and kept a menagerie of various kinds of animals; among them were several wild beasts. He remembers to have often seen her ladyship walking in the grounds of her residence followed by quite a pack of these little spaniels, respectively named King Charles's, Marlboroughs, and Blenheims: he understood they had the range of the house, and would accompany their noble mistress into whatever apartment she entered. How Landseer must have loved dogs of every kind to paint them as he did! and who can wonder at his, or anybody else's, affection for them?

VENETIAN GLASS.



ON the occasion of a recent visit to the establishment in St. James's Street, London, of the "Salviati Glass and Mosaic Company," made with the special object of studying certain important works then just completed by this company in their admirable mosaic, the writer availed himself of so favourable an opportunity for examining the present condition of the collections of the company's productions in the other department of their artistic industry, glass-making. As the reader probably will remember, it was with the desire to restore the almost extinct manufacture of the beautiful glass for which Venice in better times long passed away had been so famous, that Dr. Salviati gave up his Venetian practice as a lawyer of eminence, and devoted his abilities and his wealth to the work it was his good fortune to see crowned with triumphant success. At Murano the mosaic of to-day rivals the best remains of the mosaicists who worked there in the Middle Ages; and now at Venice glass is made in great abundance and almost endless

variety of form and adornment, which is well able to stand side by side with the most choice specimens that enrich the cabinets of collectors of old Venetian glass. With satisfaction the writer observed the successful application by the Salviati company of their resources for the production of glass, as well for useful as for merely decorative purposes. For the cultivation and refinement of public taste the grand agent must be the identification of the useful and decorative arts—it must consist, that is to say, in the habitual familiarity on the part of the public with the presence of true beauty, as an essential element of their construction, in objects designed for the practical uses of every-day life. The Salviati company have taken a bold step in advance in this direction, in their production of decanters, wineglasses, and numerous other objects that may be grouped with them, for application to purposes of domestic utility, all of them exhibiting the beautiful forms, delicate texture, and effective colouring always associated with genuine Venetian glass of a high class. Their glass vases, and the various works in the same material for which they are deservedly cele-



SIR E. LANDSEER, DELT

J. G. LEWIS, SCULPT

THE PET OF THE DUCHESS.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK

brated, designed to be regarded as expressions of the glass-maker's art in its most aspiring character, and consequently not qualified for application to useful purposes, the company continue to produce with well-sustained energy, and the same success that all along has attended their career. As naturally would be the case, they have not failed to reproduce in all their variety the curious objects in glass which the old Venetians loved, and which the glass-makers of the Venice of the olden time delighted to send forth, as if to show what might be achieved that was quaint and singular in the most delicate of materials. But the Salviati company have by no means been content to rival their predecessors in the curiosity of their productions, but, on the contrary, they have resolutely

devoted themselves to the adaptation of their singularly-beautiful glass—glass which apparently can be made *only* in Venice, as in Venice it is made in so high a degree of perfection—to objects distinguished for excellence of form, charm of colour, and artistic adornment. Among the latest novelties are some richly-coloured vases, in which, after the manner of the Portland Vase, glasses of different tints are united by the action of the furnace. To describe the collections of the company, however, or indeed to do full justice by means of description even to a few selected objects from any one particular collection, would be altogether beyond the writer's power. These collections, in fact, and the individual works that compose them, alone are able adequately to describe themselves.

THE SCULPTOR MILLET.



AMONG the living sculptors of France the name of AIMÉ MILLET stands preëminent. With the possible exception of Carpeaux, no modern French sculptor has produced works of such varied and striking merit. Yet his talent differs widely from that of his gifted and lamented countryman. The great defect of the work of Carpeaux was its lack of repose. Something in its feverish and exaggerated movement recalled the extravagances of Bernini. His figures are nearly all petrified in the moment of violent action—dancing, writhing, laughing, springing into the air with dishevelled locks and wildly-flowing drapery. He did indeed waken the cold stone into life and animation, sometimes most admirably and appropriately expressed, as in his group of dancers on the façade of the new Opera-House, at others degenerating into contortion and grimace. The character of Millet's work, on the contrary, is repose. There is a tender sweetness about the nature of his genius that lends itself admirably to the commemoration of the dead. He is an artist lined with a poet. And if Carpeaux, as has been stated, represents the extravagant, turbulent, and splendid epoch of the Second Empire, the genius of Millet may be held to typify that loftier form of artistic existence whose placid atmosphere no blasts from political tempests ever ruffle. The universal recognition accorded to his talent may be read in the fact that all shades of political opinion may be found represented among the orders that he has received. He has sculptured for the Orleans family the tombs for their burial-place at Dreux; the Second Empire commanded from him the colossal Vercingetorix; the Third Republic commissioned him to execute the tomb of Baudin, the republican representative who fell stricken by a musket-ball in the breast during the street conflicts that marked the accession of Napoleon III. to the imperial throne of France.

On approaching the studio of M. Millet, on the Boulevard des Batignolles, the first thing that strikes the eye is a reduced copy of the Vercingetorix, placed in the courtyard before the door. This armed and stern-browed Gaul may be fitly held to typify the spirit of ancient France. On crossing the threshold we are confronted in the hall by a model in plaster of the colossal head of Père Enfantin, the celebrated leader of the St.-Simonians, whose personal fascination is said to have exercised so potent an influence over all those who beheld him that, when he was tried for immorality and illegal practices, it was found necessary to remove him from the presence of the jury. As M. Millet informed us, he was when he died completely bald, and had shaved off his long beard. But, with the pardonable license of an artist, the sculptor had restored to him the flowing locks and beard of his prime, and the result is a head wonderfully noble and beautiful in aspect, resembling a Christ of mature years. The full-length statue, which is of colossal size, has been placed on the monument of Père Enfantin at the cemetery of Montmartre.

The principal work at present in M. Millet's studio is a life-sized figure of Cassandra. Pursued by Ajax, the Trojan princess has taken refuge at the foot of a statue of Minerva, and in her terror and anguish she clasps with one arm the column on which the figure stands, while she raises the other hand in supplication to the deity.

In her flight her robe has fallen from her form, and sweeps in full, graceful folds from the arm that is flung around the pedestal. Her head is thrown back, and her beautiful features bear the imprint of a terror and despair beyond the reach of words. She rests her weight on one foot, the other being placed on one of the three steps leading up to the column, on which stands the image of Minerva, a difficult pose, yet one rendered with perfect naturalness and exceeding skill. The figure of Minerva is very small, while that of Cassandra is the full size of life, and the contrast between the stony calm of the image of the goddess and the wild anguish of the suppliant is extremely impressive. The Trojan princess is represented, not as a slender, undeveloped girl, but as a young and lovely woman in the full prime of life. The modelling of the back and shoulders is remarkably fine, as are also the shape and poise of the head. A graceful compliment was recently paid to M. Millet by a leading French Art-critic. Referring to the sculptor's 'Ariadne,' which was one of his greatest successes, he said: "Monsieur, your 'Ariadne' proved Theseus to have been inexcusable; and now your 'Cassandra' makes us ready to pardon Ajax." This statue, which is nearly completed in marble, is destined for the *Salon* of next year, and also for the Great Exhibition of 1878.

Turning from this beautiful and ideal image of agonised supplication, we find ourselves face to face with a veritable triumph of Art over the exigencies of actual life. The Orleans princes had commanded from the sculptor a tomb for their aunt Madame Adelaide, on which was to be placed a life-sized statue of the lady in a reclining position and in the garb that she habitually wore. Madame Adelaide was an aged lady at the time of her death, and she wore her hair in those stiff little finger-curls, at either side of her head, that are utterly intractable for artistic representation. Yet the sculptor has contrived to present to us a touching and venerable image of repose. The princess lies with her head turned slightly to one side as if in tranquil sleep, her hands are folded on her breast, and a mantilla-veil of Spanish lace, most marvellously wrought, is thrown over her head, and falls in graceful drapery over her shoulders. There is nothing stiff or conventional either about the expression or the attitude, and the venerable lady looks like one who has fallen asleep after the fatigues of a long and wearying day.

Very beautiful and touching was the tomb executed for one of the sons of the Duke de Montpensier, a fine, spirited, intelligent boy, who died at the age of fourteen. There is nothing funereal or death-like about the young sleeper. He lies on his bed, his open shirt thrown back so as to show the fine modelling of his youthful throat and chest. One arm is thrown lightly over his breast, while in the other hand, extended beside him, he holds a half-open book, with his finger between the leaves. The young student has fallen asleep in the midst of his studies, a conception at once poetic and touching. Of extreme artistic beauty is the tomb erected to the memory of one of the daughters of the Duke de Montpensier, who died at the age of nineteen. The princess lies extended upon a couch, her long, profuse tresses, whose length and beauty were celebrated, floating unbound around her. In her hands, relaxed in slumber, she holds a garland of flowers, but the wreath is unfinished—sleep has surprised her before she has completed it. The

pose and conception of the figure recall the dead Ophelia; and the sculptor, on being questioned, replied that the fate of this gentlest heroine of Shakespeare had indeed furnished him with the idea.

In contrast to these monumental reproductions of the forms of those that the tombs were intended to commemorate, is the lovely image that keeps watch above the grave of Henri Murger, that immortaliser of the life of literary and artistic Bohemia, and of the freaks, the follies, the headlong animal spirits, the sorrows, and the frailties, of the youth of that far-famed land. It is the genius of youth that stands, watchful and sorrowing, at the head of Murger's grave, dropping from her outstretched hand a tribute of flowers to the sleeper that lies beneath the storied slab at her feet. This graceful image has been seized upon for the purposes of commerce, and reduced copies in bronze are often to be seen decorating clocks—only the hand, instead of dropping flowers, holds a pendulum.

The model of the statue of Brodin gives a better idea of its expressive and forcible execution than does the tomb itself, which is badly placed in the cemetery, being elevated on a series of steps, while the figure requires to be seen from above to be rightly appreciated. Struck down in the full flush of manhood, the slain republican lies prone, with backward-drooping head, while on one temple is visible the fatal wound. One hand clutches convulsively at his breast; the other, drooping over the side of the sarcophagus on which he lies, touches the stone tablet of the Law, which has been fractured from end to end by a musket-ball. The head, with its wild, dishevelled hair and pain-stricken features, is nobly modelled. No tranquil sleeper is this, but a murdered man, struck down in the prime of life, and the attitude and expression tell forcibly the story of his fate.

The fine group in gilded bronze that crowns the very ugly dome of the Opera-House (which has aptly been compared, by-the-way, to a decarter-stopper), and which represents Apollo holding a lyre aloft in both hands, with the Muse of Dancing seated at one side of him, and the Muse of Poesy on the other, is also due to the genius of Millet. The attitude of the Apollo, he told us, was extremely difficult to arrange. It was essential to introduce the lyre, and to make it a prominent feature, yet how to do so at such a height was a puzzling question. If the god held it aloft in one hand, the figure would lack equilibrium; if he held it before him, his face would be hidden, and the action itself would be clumsy and unmeaning. Finally, as if by inspiration, he struck upon the idea of the present bold, original, and thoroughly graceful and appropriate pose. On submitting a sketch of the projected group to the architect, M. Garnier, he was charmed with it, and counselled the sculptor not to change a line in the central figure. This graceful image in gilded bronze, which, from the street looks no more than the size of life, is in reality seventeen feet high.

M. Millet, who is a Parisian born and bred, is at present fifty-seven years old. His first great success was obtained at the *Salon* of 1857 with his now famous statue of Ariadne, which won for him the first prize in sculpture. This beautiful and pathetic figure is now in the sculpture-room of the Luxembourg. Half seated, half kneeling, Ariadne crouches weeping on the sea-shore, with one hand drooping listlessly over a rock at her side, while she veils her eyes with the other. It has been rendered familiar to the public by numerous reproductions in bronze, and has remained one of the most popular of the artist's works. The original statue has suffered sadly from dirt and disaster. One foot has been broken off and replaced, while the figure has been literally split in two at the bust, and the soiled condition of the marble, the dust and soil still lurking in the coils and curves of the hair, tells eloquently of past misfortune or present neglect. It is said that the statue owes its present condition of dirt and dilapidation to the care wherewith it was hidden during the siege and the Commune. If that be the case, the fair Ariadne might fitly cry, "Save me from my friends!" as Communists or Prussians could hardly have reduced her to a worse condition.

M. Millet's Mercury, now in the court of the Louvre, was exhi-

bited at the *Salon* of 1859, and he received that year the riband of the Legion of Honour. He was named officer of the Legion of Honour for the model of the group of Apollo and the two Muses for the summit of the Opera-House, which model was exhibited in 1870. Previous to this, however, he had won a first medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1867 with his Ariadne. His works are spread over a wide extent of territory. His bronze statue of King Joseph Bonaparte is at Ajaccio. The colossal Vercingetorix, in *repoussé* copper, adorns the plateau of Alise-Sainte-Reine in the Côte-d'Or. His Chateaubriand, also of colossal size and in bronze, is at St.-Malo, where it was installed some two years ago with great pomp and ceremony. None of his works are in the United States, I believe, excepting perhaps a bust or two.

C. Millet is a slender, graceful, vivacious gentleman, with delicate features, sparkling eyes, and a long, drooping grey moustache, which gives to his picturesque head a certain likeness to that of his own Vercingetorix. His energy and industry are untiring. There exist over eighty works by him in the various departments of sculpture, to say nothing of his drawings, for at an early stage of his career he was celebrated for his copies in pencil of the finest pictures in the Louvre. Of these drawings there exists a very remarkable series, of which the reproduction of the 'Joconde' of Leonardo da Vinci is considered the *chef-d'œuvre*. This drawing is now in the possession of M. Viollet-Leduc, the well-known architect. His latest work is a model in plaster for a statue of Law, a draped female figure holding the sword of Justice in one hand, while she rests the other on a shield, bearing in Latin the inscription "Through Law, Liberty," an inscription suggested by M. Gambetta. This statue is intended for the Palais de Justice.

M. Millet manifested much interest in the Art-prospects of America, and spoke admiringly of Bertholdi's statue of Lafayette. "I should greatly like to execute a statue of Lafayette for America," he remarked; "the subject would be peculiarly congenial to me." Respecting the coming Exhibition of 1878, he said that he had used all despatch in order to get his Cassandra finished in time to exhibit it at the *Salon* of 1877, so that the public might have time to be familiarised with it before it was on view in the Universal Exhibition. "At these great exhibitions," he said, "there are so many things to see, and the brain is so bewildered with the multiplicity of objects of interest, that it becomes incapable of rightly receiving fresh impressions. Therefore, only those works of Art wherewith the public is already acquainted have a fair chance of meeting with full and just appreciation."

Some talk then ensued respecting the approaching Exhibition, and an artist present remarked that a prominence was to be given to the Fine Arts department which it had never enjoyed before, even in 1867. Cabanel, it is said, is to unite several of the most important of the pictures completed by him during the past eleven years as his contribution, and other prominent artists will probably follow his example, thus ensuring a choice and splendid representation of the modern Art of France.

As we were about to depart, the sculptor called our attention to a charming little marble figure of a dancing-girl, seated with one leg crossed over the other knee, and resting her hands on the edge of her tambourine. This, he said, was a small-sized reproduction of the Muse of Dancing in the crowning group of the Opera-House. "I have altered the pose," he remarked; "the Muse of the Opera-House rests both feet on the ground, as the projecting leg at that height would have been ungainly and ungraceful. But for the marble statue I have chosen this attitude as the most characteristic of a dancer in repose."

To sum up the impression of the talent of M. Millet, I should say that his productions are characterised by grace, purity, and ideality of conception, as well as by a singularly perfect knowledge of the technique of his art, and what, for lack of a better term, we must be content to call tact; that is to say, a peculiar aptitude for perceiving the fitness of attitude or expression for the situation or object of any single statue or group. It is this quality which is so strikingly manifested in his monumental figures and in the group of Apollo and the Muses.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

NOTES.

NEW STATUES IN PHILADELPHIA.—A statue of Columbus was unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on the anniversary of the discovery of America, October 12th. It was the gift of the Italian residents of that city, and the work of an Italian sculptor. It is of marble, as is also the base, and of a little more than life-size. The statue represents the great navigator, not as the bronzed, toil-worn discoverer who planted the Spanish standard on the shores of a new world, but, rather, as the youthful dreaming scholar whose brain was all afire with unrealised hopes—as the student, not as the doer. The pensive features, the knit brows, the bowed head, the hand grasping the scroll, not the sword, the garb of the clerk, not of the warrior, are all very suggestive of the purpose of the sculptor. The pose is a little artificial and stilted, as if there had been some perplexity about striking just the right medium between the heroic and the meditative mood, or rather of imparting enough of the tinge of the former to the latter. The head is uncovered, and the long locks fall over a singularly noble and striking face. The conception is, perhaps, more fresh and pleasing than that of Columbus at a different period of life, in the fact of its suggestiveness. All statuary has a certain character of rigidity, and it is desirable that the thought underlying the work should have a certain force to obviate this as much as possible, a purpose very well accomplished in the present case. On one side of the base is a boldly-executed relief of Columbus standing at the prow of his boat, the first of a throng of armed men, about to plant the standard of Spain on the newly-discovered shores. On the other sides are the arms of Italy and America, and a brief inscription.

A statue of Dr. John Witherspoon has been erected just outside of the Exhibition-grounds in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It was unveiled October 20th, with suitable ceremonies. It is of heroic size, in bronze, mounted on a pedestal of Scotch granite. Dr. Witherspoon was a lineal descendant of John Knox, and of Scotch birth, having come to America in 1745. He was the only clergyman among the signers of the Declaration, and the memorable words with which he emphasised his act are inscribed on the base of the statue: "For my own part, of property I have some, of reputation more. That property is pledged, that reputation staked, on the issue of this contest; and, as these grey hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they descended thither by the axe of the executioner than desert in this crisis the sacred cause of my country." Dr. Witherspoon was the President of the College of New Jersey from 1788 to 1792, the year of his death, and his statue was presented to the city of Philadelphia by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The figure is rather that of the orator and statesman than that of the clergyman. One hand is outstretched as if in speaking, the other gathering the folds of his cloak, and grasping a roll of manuscript. The stern, massive features are lighted up with an expression of daring and enthusiasm, befitting the descendant of the fiery Scottish reformer, and the utterer of the words we have quoted. The posture is very noble and dignified, and both the conception and workmanship admirable. It is perhaps the most imposing and masterly work in the grounds of Fairmount Park, and worthy of the great man whom it commemorates.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM UNGER.—It has been a reproach that etching is little known and not at all appreciated in the United States. This has been largely due to the fact that there have been no masters of etching among us to make known the art and instruct the public taste therein. Recently, however, there have come from abroad numerous superb examples of the art by accomplished etchers; and these, aided by Mr. Hamerton's recent volume on "Etching and Etchers," are certain ere long to win an appreciation of the etched plate among all persons having taste for or culture in Art. No publication is likely to contribute so largely to this result as a series of etchings by a distinguished German etcher, William Unger, now in course of issue in Germany and here. This work appears in imperial folios, ten in number, and is to contain seventy-two etchings after the old masters, representing such names as Rubens, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Teniers, Guido Reni, Paul Potter, Jan Steen, and many others of the Dutch and Venetian schools. To say that these etchings are admirable, strong as the term is, insufficiently expresses the quality of Unger's work. With a really remarkable dexterity he translates the spirit, the essence, all the characteristics of the picture he copies. His delicacy is no less remarkable than his power, his keenness is always equal to his appreciation, and both are competent to the demands upon them. "Unger," says Hamerton, and there is no better critic, "has none of the narrow-

ness of the ordinary artist, for he can enter into the most opposite styles;" and elsewhere this critic speaks of the "freshness and vivacity of his talent." Hamerton goes so far even as to say that "no engraver who ever lived has so completely identified himself with painters he had to interpret as Unger in the seventy-two plates which compose his works. The faculty of throwing himself dramatically into the minds of different painters is so complete and powerful that this etcher identifies himself with one painter after another as an actor identifies himself with one character after another. . . . He can adopt at will the most opposite styles, and work on each with an ease, a fluency, such as other men can only attain in one manner—their own—and after half a lifetime." This is high praise—it is extreme praise—and, being true, proves that these etchings possess the very highest Art-value. This technical skill being employed in the reproduction of masterpieces, the portfolios, to quote from Hamerton again, "are a school of criticism in themselves; to know them in any real sense—that is, to understand them critically—would in itself be an æsthetic education, so various and so opposite are their qualities." Unger's etchings are issued in a style to delight the Art-lover. Printed in the most perfect manner at Munich, upon paper made expressly for the work, nothing whatever is lost of the engraver's work; each impression, in fact, is a careful proof, in which every line has its exact value. The plates are mounted on large sheets of heavy paper, with the upper edge pasted only, so that those wishing them for other collections can have no difficulty in transferring them. The series consists of ten folios (five of which are now ready), of an average of seven plates to each folio, with accompanying text. The American publisher is Mr. J. W. Bouton, of 706 Broadway, New York. We commend this work to the attention of every Art-lover in the country. No cultivated connoisseur should fail to possess it.

REBISSE'S STATUE OF GENERAL MCPHERSON AT WASHINGTON.—The bronze equestrian statue of General McPherson was unveiled, on the 18th of October, in one of the most beautiful squares of Washington, and which is henceforth to bear the name of that honoured hero. The statue is by Mr. Rebisso, of Cincinnati, a sculptor hitherto unknown here. It stands fourteen feet high, and cost something over \$25,000, the pedestal being the gift of Congress. The general effect of the work is pleasing, and, as an image of the general, has been pronounced excellent by those familiar with his form and features. The horse is full of action, with head drawn under by the curb-bit, and one leg pawing the ground, contrasting with the firm, manly rider that turns in his saddle and gazes intently on one side, his right arm partially extended, holding the field-glass. This posture is full of dignity and ease, while nothing can be more finely rendered than the eager, piercing expression of the eyes so characteristic of McPherson. He wears the usual field-hat, the curled edge of which allows the light to fall upon the fine modelling and finish of the face. The sculptor, however, in aiming at truth of likeness, has perhaps made the nose somewhat smaller, more upturned, and insignificant, than is seen in an authentic photograph of McPherson, where that feature, though of an indifferent, unheroic mould, appears larger than what is here perpetuated in bronze. As it is, the profile of the face is deficient in forcible character. Aside from this defect, the head and form appear noble and easy in bearing from any point of view. The sculptor ought to have represented the general with high boots and simple stirrups, instead of tightly-strapped trousers disappearing in the uncouth Mexican stirrups, that give a clumsy look to the feet, suggestive of elephantiasis. The serious defects of the work are in the modelling of the horse, conspicuous in the under-curve of the neck, and other points that show the sculptor is not so familiar with the proportions of that animal as with the human form. Still there is a general harmony in the group that makes it a pleasing work to look upon. It is seen to advantage from several approaches to the square, but the number of trees near it deprives it of sufficient relief against the sky.

JOSEPH ERNST VON BANDEL.—This eminent German sculptor, the author of the grand Hermann monument, which was unveiled early last year on the Grotenburg field, not far from the city of Detmold, died recently. Von Bandel was one of the most famous sculptors Germany has produced. He was born at Anspach, in Bavaria, in 1800, and obtained his art-education in Nuremberg. He originally intended to become a painter, and entered the Art Academy at Munich to finish his studies, but, before he was graduated, his taste became strongly inclined to plastic art, and he soon decided to adopt sculpture as a profession. When only twenty years of age, he sent to the Munich Exhibition

several sculptures, which were favourably received by the public, and one especially, a reclining figure of Mars, was greatly praised by the critics. Von Bandel studied several years at Nuremberg and Rome, and afterwards returned to Munich, where his technical skill and more thoroughly-developed powers soon placed him high in the ranks of German sculptors. While still a very young man he had conceived the idea of a great monument and statue to Hermann. In 1834 he went to Berlin with the hope of making some advance towards the attainment of this object. He found here many sympathisers with his scheme, and a few practical helpers, but the latter were not liberal enough to afford him much encouragement. In the same year he visited Hanover, where a marble group of his execution was in the Exhibition, and had been greatly admired. The Duke of Cambridge, the patron of the Exhibition, was so pleased with the work that he invited Von Bandel to take up his abode in Hanover, and gave him a commission to execute some of the sculpture decorations which were to be added to the royal castle. The sculptor accepted the offer, and Hanover became for a time his home. Here he produced several works, one of which was the colossal statue of King William IV. of Prussia, erected in the town of Göttingen. Von Bandel, although occupied with the production of minor works, had not forgotten his great design, and in fact it was while living in Hanover that his conception of the Hermann statue first took shape, and was exhibited in the form of a plaster model. It was received with applause by both Germans and foreigners, and so great was the interest expressed at this time that there seemed to be some likelihood that the necessary funds for the execution of the work would be obtained. He removed to Detmold, and in 1838, in conjunction with a committee of townspeople, began the erection of the pedestal. The money for the work came in slowly, however, and so many difficulties were encountered that the pedestal alone was not finished until 1846.

In the meantime, Von Bandel had made all the necessary preparations, and had begun work upon the statue. But about this time the revolution was at hand, and the sculptor was again thrown on his own resources, and for many years scarcely a hand was stretched out to give him any help. He worked diligently, however, when he had the means to do so, and waited hopefully for more favourable times. With only one assistant he went on perfecting his design; his hair turned grey with age, and his hearing was almost destroyed by the continual hammering on copper that necessarily accompanied his labour, yet he never hesitated or lost faith in the success of his work. In 1862 an association was formed in Hanover to aid him in his great work, and with this help he pushed it forward with comparative speed. The subsequent annexation of Hanover to Prussia, and the formation of the German Empire, increased the public interest in the scheme, and in 1874 the aged sculptor was able to place the statue on its pedestal. A description of this monument, the crowning achievement of Von Bandel's life, was published in the *Art Journal* for April, 1875. Von Bandel has produced many other fine works of Art, among which may be mentioned his life-size figure of "Tausneida in Captivity at Rome," and a beautiful statue of Venus, as well as statues of Shakespeare and Goldoni.

ART IN NAPLES.—In one of the lower curves of the Corso Victor Emanuele of Naples, in the *Casa Grifeo*, is a sculptor's studio, containing one work at least of general interest. It is the statue of Mrs. Somerville, to be placed upon her grave in the cemetery of Naples. The young artist Francesco Jerace, originally from Polistena (Reggio, Calabria), has represented his noble subject by a full-length sitting figure. The attitude is that of complete, solemn repose, as if she were revolving elevated and serious thoughts, or the great change from life to death. In observing the face, one forgets to desire physical beauty, for its simple oval, high forehead, intelligent eyes, and cultivated mouth, form lineaments modified by and adapted to the expression of an earnest student. The work is not remarkable, but rather a fitting one, for the sculptor has simply sought to render the statue as truthful a likeness as possible, with the aid of the likenesses and photographs with which he was furnished, and a mask taken from the original by Hiram Powers. Among the other works of Jerace is an 'Ophelia,' which is noticeable in the fact that the face conveys at once, and vividly, the expression of a maiden whose mind has become unbalanced from love. The very attitude, half twisted in its reclining, imparts the same idea, while the face is thin, spiritual, and unsettled. The sculptor has been fortunate in finding a model whose condition and features nearly conformed to the ideal subject. Of quite another character is a group in the studio representing a little girl holding a cat, that she has swathed after the manner, usually, of Italian babies, and is regarding with amused, laughing look. This work attracted much attention at the last Exhibition in Naples. The type, also, of Neapolitan street-boyhood is here seen rendered in a life-

size statue of a nonchalant urchin, whose cap is awry on the back of his head, who has placed both thumbs in the arm-holes of his torn jacket, and stands barefooted, one trouser-leg turned up, ready perhaps to wade in the sea, while he puffs away, with a comical expression, at the stump of a segar. These may be considered, like cabinet-pictures, as made to suit an existing popular taste that is not loath to smile, now and then, even at works carved in the snowy stone usually employed for the expression of high ideal beauty.

Naples is to have an Exhibition of her Fine Arts, which is to be opened to the public on the 2nd of April, 1877. Original works will be received, or reproductions in a mode different from the original, by Italian or foreign artists, whether living or dead, during the last ten years. Painting, sculpture, architecture, in design or relief, engraving, and design of every kind, will be represented. Works will be received from the 1st to the 31st of January, 1877.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AT ROME.—In the new Esquiline quarter, near the Auditorium on the Via Merulana, some foundation-walls, belonging to the buildings that adorned the grounds of Mæcenas, have been found, and along the southern side of the new Piazza Dante, within the Lamiani grounds, some sculptures have been discovered. These consist of a mutilated statue of a man; a headless statue of Minerva; a statuette, supposed of Psyche, with traces of wings on the back; fragments of a colossal statue, probably a Faun; and in another part of the garden five capitals, and a life-size head, in white marble, perhaps of a Menas. In Island XI. of the first zone, a part of a funereal inscription has been unearthed, referring to the Cedecia family, and a small agate, cut with a head entwined with laurel. In Island XV. has been found a statuette of Fortune, sitting, with a cornucopia in her left hand. Besides some trivial remains of the original marble decorations of the so-called Temple of Minerva Medica, within it were discovered the torso of a Faun, life-size, and a piece of marble, with traces of honorary inscription. Near Monte Giustitia, within the limits of the new custom-house, very deep cuttings in the sandstone continue to be found identical with those revealed in the Certosa, Ministry of Finance, and the Macciao. The foundations of the buildings here unearthed hardly present traces of architectural arrangement. Among the objects last discovered here are: a *bas-relief* of an eagle, with the wings spread; a fragment of cornice; four portions of grooved pilasters; and two rectangular blocks of marble. In the excavations for the Via Nazionale, on the summit of the Quirinal Hill, several objects in pottery, of Italo-Greek manufacture, have been found; fragments of sculpture, and of an inscription referring to the First Cohorts of the *Vigili*. A platform of travertine has appeared in Via de' Cerchi, in the excavations for the drains of the Colosseum, and at the extremity of the *trincea* also a travertine stair-way, more than a yard wide, and enclosed with two parallel walls. Farther towards the oratory of the Cerchi other walls have been found, enclosing pavements at the depth of eight yards below the ground.

MR. WOOLNER'S bust of Charles Kingsley was recently unveiled in the Baptistery of Westminster Abbey, London. This is becoming a second "Poet's Corner," the statue of Wordsworth and the busts of Keble and Maurice being already placed there, and the stained window through which the light shines on the brows of Kingsley and Maurice has in it the figures of George Herbert and Cowper. "The ceremony," says the *London Examiner*, "was very simple. Mr. Maurice Kingsley drew the cloth away in the presence of a small group of the family and some few intimate friends, and Canon Duckworth, who succeeded Mr. Kingsley in his canonry, said a few graceful words as an éloge. The bust itself is an extremely fine work, equal to anything Mr. Woolner has done. It is fitly placed hard by that of Maurice, and the presence of Keble also only serves to point the fact that all theological controversies are stilled in the grave, and that the fiery soul which fretted Charles Kingsley's body, and the sweet singer who was also an acrimonious controversialist, are both at rest, where beyond these voices there is peace.

THE committee of artists, to whom was intrusted the task of making selections from the works offered by American artists for exhibition at the Centennial Exhibition, learned in June last that several pictures which they had rejected had been placed on exhibition. They at once addressed a letter to the Director-General protesting against this action. Not receiving any reply, they have publicly protested against the admittance of those rejected works, and disclaim all responsibility for "the mass of crude and ill-arranged works which lower the tone of the American Art-exhibit."

